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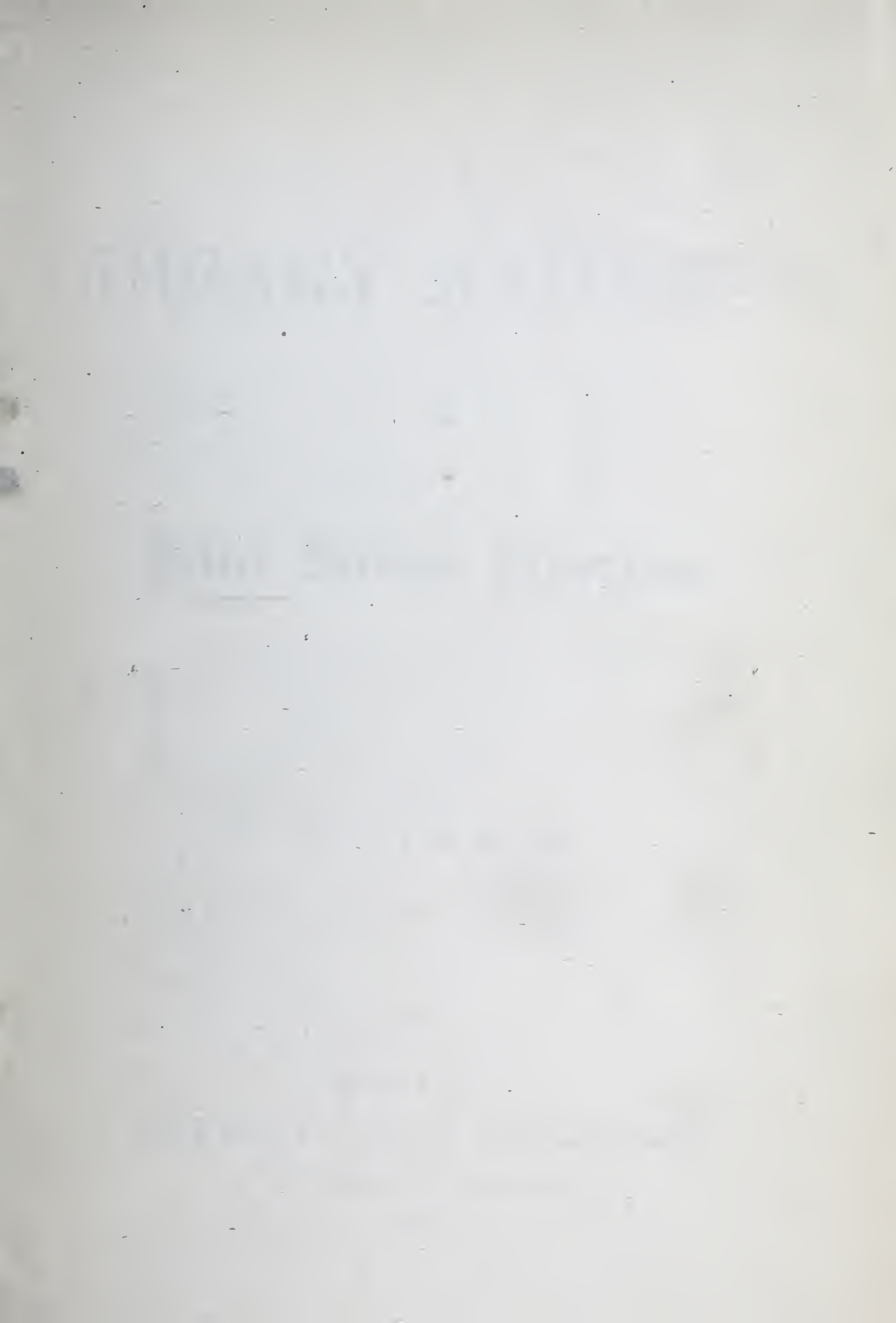
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THE



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OF

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VOLUME 2.

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JULY, 1879.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

The Life of Benjamin Franklin, written by Himself. Now first Edited from Original Manuscripts and from his Printed Correspondence and other Writings, by JOHN BIGELOW. 3 vols. Philadelphia and London: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The appearance of a new edition of Mr. Bigelow's "Life of Franklin" may be, we trust, the means of calling the attention of the reading public in England to a remarkable book, and of modifying in some respects the popular judgment of a more remarkable man. It has often struck us as strange that Franklin should never, in the last hundred years, have become popular in England—should rather, indeed, have been regarded with distrust, if not with dislike, even up to the present time. There is much in his career, as well as in his personal qualities and character, which appeals to popular instincts, and would have led one to expect a very different appreciation of the great New Englander. He was one of the class of self-made men, so indiscriminately honoured by the British public; and a self-made man in the best sense, who had fought his own way to the front, not only without any advantages of birth or education, but with perfectly clean hands: in the moderate fortune he left behind him there was not a dirty shilling. Of the remarkable group of Revolutionary leaders in the great struggle of the colonies, he was the only one in the first rank not gentle born: all the rest were of the gentry—Washington, Madison, and Jefferson, the sons of Virginian planters; Adams, Hamilton, and Jay, of leading New England and New York families—and all of them brought the highest culture the colonies could give to their great work. But Franklin's father (though of good yeoman stock in the old country, which he had left when quite young) worked still with his own hands at his trade of tallow-chandler in Boston, and took Benjamin, the youngest of his ten children, away from school at the age of nine to help him. One would have expected this fact to tell in his favour in England, where, though birth and privilege enjoy a superstitious reverence and immense advantages in the race of life, the deepest popular instincts are after all decidedly democratic. Then, again, he had all the qualities supposed to be most highly valued by Englishmen: he was an excellent son,

husband, and father; moral and temperate from his youth up, but without a tinge of asceticism; scrupulously punctual and exact in money-matters, but open-handed; full of courtesy, sagacity, and humour. He was probably the most popular, certainly the most prolific author of his day. His paper was the most influential in America, and Poor Richard's sayings were in every one's mouth both there and in England. He published works of mark in natural philosophy, politics, political and social economy, morals and general literature. His discoveries and inventions ranged from the lightning conductor to cures for smoky chimneys—his ingenious speculations, from magnetism and ballooning to cheap cookery; and he gave every invention and speculation freely to the world, having never taken out a patent or claimed protection of any kind. He was a staunch free-trader, and an advocate for the rights of neutrals in war, and of the claim that free ships should make free goods. He was decidedly the most successful man of his day—a quality at least as devoutly worshipped in the nineteenth as in the eighteenth century. His position at Paris in the ten years from 1775 to 1785—first as one of three commissioners, afterwards as minister plenipotentiary for the United States—was quite unique; and the figure, full of interest, of the old shopkeeper and journalist, in his plain suit and spectacles—ingeniously adjusted so that the upper half of the glasses served him in society, and the lower half for reading—wearing his own white hair in the midst of all the befrizzed and bepowdered courtiers of the *ancien régime*; a plain, outspoken Republican, not only holding his own, but the most popular man of the day with the royal family, the aristocracy, the ministers (except Chancellor Necker, who had to find him money for subsidies and warlike supplies); an honoured member not only of the Academy and every Continental learned society of note, but of the Royal Society of England, with whose leading members he was in friendly correspondence in spite of the war; of whom there were more medals, medallions, busts, and pictures than his biographer can count up, so that his face was the best known of any on both sides of the Atlantic—surely it is strange that so singularly attractive a figure should never have fairly found its place of honour in the country of which he was all but born a citizen, where he spent thirteen of his best years, and with whose foremost statesmen and learned men he was on affectionate intimacy up to the day of his death.

So, however, it has been, and though complete editions of Franklin's works and numerous biographies have been published, not only in America, but in France, Italy, and Germany, within the present century, one slight biographical sketch in *Chambers's Cheap Library*, and one article in the *Edinburgh Review* of 1806, remain the only notices which have issued from the English press of the greatest of American philosophers and diplomatists. To the English reading public, therefore, the stalwart historical figure which, in all its many-sided attractiveness and strength, is so well brought out in these volumes of Mr. Bigelow's, will be almost a stranger, though it is scarcely possible, we should think, that it will continue to be so. The book is not only of deep interest,

but is a literary experiment of a novel kind. It consists first of the Autobiography written by Franklin for his son—comprising the first fifty years of his life, and here published for the first time from the original manuscript, of which Mr. Bigelow became possessed during his residence as minister of the United States in France; and secondly, of a history of the remaining thirty-five years, compiled, indeed, and edited by Mr. Bigelow, but really a continuation of the Autobiography, as it consists entirely of extracts from Franklin's diary, correspondence, despatches, and speeches, so that from beginning to end he is telling the story of his own life in his own words. In ordinary cases such an attempt must have ended in failure, but the extraordinary activity of Franklin as a correspondent with private friends, and the conscientious regularity and fulness of his public correspondence, have enabled Mr. Bigelow, with the help of a quite insignificant supplement in the shape of occasional notes, to sustain the interest of the narrative, and to give us a complete picture of Franklin painted by himself, in a book which we have no doubt is destined to remain a classic for all English-speaking people.

We propose here to consider, in such detail as our space will allow, the prejudices, political and religious, which have obscured Franklin's fame in England, and upon which Mr. Bigelow's volumes throw a flood of light. The first are founded on the belief that Franklin, while resident in England and a civil servant of the Crown, was undermining the allegiance of the colonies and fanning their discontent, and that, above all, he was the one American commissioner who desired to humiliate England and to impose unworthy terms on her at the close of the war; the second on the belief that, while professing Christianity, he was in fact a sceptic, who veiled real hostility under a cloak of toleration and friendliness to all Churches and denominations.

First, then, as to the conduct of Franklin during the final negotiations for peace in 1782-83. In order to judge this fairly it is necessary to bear in mind what had happened in England years before when he was agent for the colonies. He came to England in 1757 as agent for Pennsylvania, with a European reputation as a man of science, and an English reputation as an able administrator who had made the Post-office in America a paying department, and soon obtained the confidence of the leading statesmen and politicians. One of his first acts was strong opposition to the contemplated abandonment of Canada to France at the end of the Seven Years' War. "No one can more sincerely rejoice than I do on the reduction of Canada, and this not merely as a colonist, but as a Briton. I have long been of opinion," he writes in January, 1760, "that the foundations of the future grandeur and stability of the British empire lie in America; and though, like other foundations, they are low and little now, they are nevertheless broad and strong enough to support the greatest political structure that human wisdom ever erected. I am therefore by no means for restoring Canada. If we keep it, all the country from the St. Lawrence to the Mississippi will in another century be filled with British people.

Britain itself will become vastly more populous by the immense increase of its commerce; the Atlantic will be covered with your trading ships; and your naval power, thence continually increasing, will extend your influence round the whole globe, and awe the world." He adds playfully that his correspondent (Lord Kames) will think these notions the ravings of a mad prophet. In the same earnest desire for the greatness and prosperity of the empire, he pleads, though with serious misgivings, after the commencement of the troubles seven years later: "Upon the whole, I have lived so great a part of my life in Britain, and have formed so many friendships in it, that I love it and sincerely wish it prosperity, and therefore wish to see that union on which I think it can alone be secured and established. As to America, the advantages of such an union to her are not so apparent;" and after speaking of the certainty of America's becoming populous and mighty "in a less time than is generally conceived," and able to shake off all shackles which might be imposed on her, and insisting that the seeds of liberty are universally found there, and nothing can eradicate them, he adds: "And yet there remains among that people so much respect, veneration and affection for Britain that, if cultivated prudently, with a kind usage and tenderness for their privileges, they might be easily governed still for ages, without force or any considerable expense. But I do not see here a sufficient quantity of the wisdom that is necessary to produce such a conduct, and I lament the want of it."

So in his evidence before the Committee of the whole House of Commons on the Stamp Acts, in 1766, while declaring in the plainest terms that the colonies would never submit to pay the stamp duty unless compelled by force of arms, he urged that if aids to the Crown were needed, and were asked for in their own Assemblies according to old-established usage, they would be freely granted, and that the colonies had never murmured at having paid more than their fair proportion of the costs of the French war, because they esteemed their sovereign's approbation of their zeal and fidelity, and the approbation of this House, far beyond any other kind of compensation. If the Imperial Parliament desired the right to tax the colonies, it could only obtain it by admitting representatives from the people to be taxed.

His evidence on this occasion, besides causing the repeal of the Stamp Act within a month, made him at once the most trusted man on both sides of the Atlantic. In the same spirit he worked on for years while the clouds were gathering more and more darkly, now warning the Assemblies not to use such expressions in their "public pieces as 'the supreme authority of Parliament,' and the like, which in reality mean nothing if our Assemblies with the king have a true legislative authority, and are too strong for compliment, as tending to confirm a claim of subjects in one part of the king's dominions to be sovereigns over their fellow-subjects, when in truth they have no such right;" now urging in them, in favor of maintaining the union, that were the general sentiments of England consulted, the terms asked would be at least equitable, for that, "except where the spirit of Toryism prevails, they wish us well and that we may preserve our liberties."

It was not, in fact, until 1774, on the eve of the outbreak of hostilities, that Franklin's position changed, and his hope of a reconciliation between England and the colonies gave way. No doubt a personal insult did much to weaken his efforts for peace during the last year of his English residence. He had become convinced that the irritation between the two countries was fanned by officers in the provinces, who reported falsely to the Home Government on the condition of affairs and the temper of the colonists; and he was confirmed in his suspicions by copies of letters from the Governor of Massachusetts and others which came to his hands. It is not known how these letters were obtained, as Franklin would never say anything except that he came by them honourably. He sent them to the Assemblies, in the hope of lessening the breach between the two countries by showing that "the injuries complained of by one of them did not proceed from the other, but from traitors amongst themselves;" and their publication brought on him at once the bitter enmity of a host of powerful men in England. This broke out on the occasion of the presentation of the petition of Massachusetts for the recall of Governor Hutchinson. After long delay it was at last heard before the Privy Council at the Cockpit, Westminster, thirty-five lords being present. When the case for the petitioners had been opened by Dunning, Wedderburn, the Solicitor-General, replied for the Crown. After giving what he called a history of the province for the past ten years, full of abuse of the Assembly and praise of the Governors, he turned upon Franklin and poured out for an hour a flood of (to use Lord Shelburne's words) "scurrilous invective," encouraged by the thirty-five lords, "the indecency of whose behaviour exceeded, as is agreed on all hands, that of any committee of election." He accused Franklin of being the cause of all the troubles, and in concluding compared the doctor to Zanga in the play of "Revenge," and quoting the lines,

"Know then 'twas I:

I forged the letter, I disposed the picture;

I hated, I despised, and I destroyed."

ended his diatribe with, "I ask, my lords, whether the revengeful temper attributed by poetic fiction to the bloody African is not surpassed by the coolness and apathy of the wily American!"

In chapter viii., vol. ii., will be found Franklin's account to his Government of these transactions. That he felt and resented very keenly the insult to himself, and from this time took up a very different attitude to the English Government, is no doubt true. He was not the man to overlook personal slights, and no one could bide his time more patiently, or hit back harder when that time came. But, greatly to his credit, he did not even then allow his personal feelings to interfere with his duty as agent to the colonies, and he felt the rejection of the petition more on their account than his own. "What I feel on my own account," he writes, "is half lost in what I feel for the public.

When I see that all petitions and complaints of grievances are so odious to Government that even the mere pipe which conveys them becomes obnoxious, I am at a loss to know how peace and union are to be maintained or restored between the different parts of the empire." And, though now thoroughly distrustful of the English Government and Parliament, he still continued to work for reconciliation so loyally as to bring on himself the suspicion of the Colonial Assemblies. He has to assure his constituents of the falseness of reports that he is still in favour at Court and with the Ministers. "I have seen no Minister since January, nor had the least communication with them. The generous and noble friends of America in both Houses do indeed favour me with their notice and regard, but they are in disgrace at Court, as well as myself." These generous and noble friends did their best indeed to atone for the insolent folly of the Government. The greatest of them, Lord Chatham, sought out Franklin, before moving in the House of Lords on American affairs, to set his judgment by Franklin's, "as men set their watches by a regulator." "He stayed with me near two hours, his equipage waiting at the door" (in Craven Street); "and being there while people were coming from church, it was much taken notice of and talked of, as at that time was every little circumstance that men thought might possibly affect American affairs. Such a visit from so great a man on so important a business flattered greatly my vanity, and the honour of it gave me the more pleasure as it happened on the very day twelve months that the ministry had taken so much pains to disgrace me before the Privy Council." Lord Stanhope, by Lord Chatham's request, brought Franklin to the bar of the House of Lords when he introduced his plan for the conciliation of the colonies. In moving its rejection, Lord Sandwich declared he "could not believe it the production of an English peer. It appeared to him rather the work of some American; and, turning his face towards me, who was leaning on the bar, said he fancied he had in his eye the person who drew it up, one of the most bitter and mischievous enemies this country had ever known. This drew the eyes of many lords upon me, but, as I had no inducement to take it to myself. I kept my countenance as immovable as if my features had been made of wood." Notwithstanding the efforts of the Duke of Richmond, Lords Shelburne, Camden, and others, Chatham's plan was summarily rejected, leaving Franklin to moralize on the absurdity of such a body claiming sovereignty over three millions of virtuous people in America when they seemed to have scarce discretion to govern a herd of swine. "Hereditary legislators! thought I: there would be more of propriety, because less mischief, in having (as in some university of Germany) hereditary professors of mathematics." Still, to the last he never allowed himself to neglect the least chance of accommodating the difficulties between the two countries. After the Boston tea-riots had for a moment brought the English Government to its senses, and induced them to re-open negotiations, he gave the most convincing proof of his loyalty as a friend of peace by offering (in the absence of

instructions) himself to guarantee the payment of the value of the tea thrown into Boston harbour if the Massachusetts Acts were at once repealed, thereby risking his whole private fortune; while to the offers of the ministry, through Lord Howe, of immediate payment of the arrears of his salary, ample appointments for himself and his friends, and other subsequent rewards in consideration of his help in this crisis, his reply was, "I shall deem it a great honour to be in any shape joined with your lordship in so good a work, but if you hope service from any influence I may be supposed to have, drop all thought of procuring me any previous favors from ministers; my accepting them would destroy the very influence you propose to make use of; they would be considered as so many bribes to betray the interests of my country."

We cannot within our limits do more than thus indicate in outline the course pursued by Franklin in those critical years ending in March, 1775, when, on the eve of war, he returned to America, hopeless of any settlement except by arms, and resolved to throw in his lot with his own country, and to devote all he possessed of fortune, experience, ability to her service. The more carefully the record is scrutinized the more difficult the situation will appear, and the more trustworthy and able the man who filled it.

After eighteen months at home, during which he sat in the second Congress as delegate, assisted in the compilation of the Declaration of Independence, and presided over the Pennsylvania Constitutional Convention, he went as envoy from the States to France, where he took up his residence at Passy, then a suburb of Paris, and remained till the end of the war. Before starting he converted all his available property into money, and left the proceeds to the Revolutionary Government, and did his best to open Lord Howe's eyes to the real position of affairs in the colonies. That nobleman had taken the command of the British fleet, with a commission to treat with the insurgents in hopes of bringing about a reconciliation. For effecting this he relied much on his old friendship with Franklin and the remembrance of the efforts they had made together in England for a like object. But Franklin, while giving him full credit for sincerity in his desire for peace and reunion, warns him that no peace except "as between distinct States now at war" will ever be accepted by the colonies. Such a peace might even yet be made if England would punish the governors who had created and fomented the discord, but he knows that Lord Howe has no power to offer, and that England in her abounding pride and deficient wisdom will not consent to, such terms. "Her fondness for conquest as a warlike nation, her lust of dominion as an ambitious one, and her thirst for a gainful monopoly as a commercial one (none of them legitimate causes of war), will all join to hide from her eyes every view of her true interests. . . . Long did I endeavour, with unfeigned and unwearied zeal, to preserve from breaking that fine and noble china vase, the British empire; for I knew that, once broken, the separate parts could not even retain their share of the

strength or value that existed in the whole, and that a perfect reunion could scarce ever be hoped for. Your lordship may possibly remember the tears of joy that wet my cheek when at your good sister's in London you once gave me hopes that a reconciliation might soon take place. I had the misfortune to find those expectations disappointed, and to be treated as the cause of the mischief I was labouring to prevent. My consolation under that groundless and malevolent treatment was that I retained the friendship of many wise and good men in that country, and among the rest some share in the regard of Lord Howe."

From December, 1776, to July, 1785, Franklin represented the colonies at the French Court, proving himself a diplomatist of the first rank, and rendering his country, in her extreme need, services only second to those of George Washington. Within a few months of his landing, he had roused in France an enthusiasm for the American cause which he was able to maintain through good and evil fortunes till the negotiations for peace. Deep as was the financial distress of France, and in spite of the opposition of Controller Necker, "who is not well disposed toward us, and is supposed to embarrass every measure to relieve us by grants of money," he obtained from that government loans amounting to eighteen millions, besides free gifts from the king of at least twelve millions, "for which no returns but that of gratitude and friendship are expected," and a guarantee for the loan from Holland. He retained the confidence of the French Court and ministers in spite of the importunity with which he had constantly to press for military and financial help, the efforts of jealous colleagues to undermine him, and of English friends (with whom he still corresponded) to wean him from the French alliance; and it was in great measure through his influence that Spain and Holland were brought into the alliance against England.

The delicacy of the position was such as to make it scarcely possible that accusations of unfaithfulness and insincerity should not be more or less plausibly made against the holder of it. As early as 1778, when the colonies were hardest pressed, emissaries from England were sounding Franklin as to a separate peace, and warning him to take care of his own safety. To one of these, Dr. Hartley, M.P., he replies characteristically: "I thank you for your kind caution, but having nearly finished a long life, I set but little value on what remains of it. Like a draper when one chaffers with him for a remnant, I am ready to say, 'As it is only the fag-end I will not differ with you about it: take it for what you please.' Perhaps the best use such an old fellow can be put to is to make a martyr of him." And again, in 1779, remonstrating with his old friend for thinking him capable of entertaining so base a proposal as the abandonment of the French alliance: "It is worse than advising us to drop the substance for the shadow. The dog after he found his mistake might possibly have recovered his mutton, but we could never hope to be trusted again by France, or, indeed, by any other nation under heaven. . . . We know the worst you can do to us, if you have your wish, is to confiscate our estates and

take our lives, to rob and murder us ; and this, you have seen, we are ready to hazard rather than come again under your detested government. You must observe, my dear friend, that I am a little warm. Excuse me. It is over ; only let me counsel you not to think of being sent hither on so fruitless an errand." This attitude of entire readiness to treat as an independent nation, but not to treat separately, and in the mean time to leave no stone unturned for strengthening the allies and confounding the enemy of his country, was held by Franklin with perfect consistency until, after the change of ministry and the return of his old friend Lord Shelburne to the Colonial Office in 1782, negotiations became for the first time serious and a peace possible.

It is in regard to these negotiations that the prejudice arose against Franklin in England which has lasted till this day. He is supposed to have been vindictive and determined on forcing humiliating terms on England ; to have shown unworthy suspicion himself of the English negotiators ; to have instilled the same feeling into the minds of Messrs. Jay and Adams, his colleagues ; and, lastly, to have been the cause of the ultimate refusal of all compensation to the loyalists, after having led the English Government to expect his assistance in this matter, upon which the king and Lord Shelburne laid the greatest stress.

It is only as to the last of these that any ground exists for the prejudice in question, and that of the flimsiest kind. Early in the preliminary negotiations, Mr. Oswald, Lord Shelburne's agent, asked Franklin for a copy of a paper of notes prepared by the doctor, upon which they had been conferring as to the conditions which might possibly be entertained. The copy was given, and contained the suggestion that so much of the Crown lands of Canada should be sold as would raise "a sufficient sum to pay for the houses burnt by the British troops and their Indians, and also to indemnify the royalists for the confiscation of their estates." The copy had scarcely left his hands when Franklin repented this suggestion, and, in reporting the negotiation to his colleague, John Adams, he omitted a copy of these "notes," merely giving their substance, as "on reflection I was not pleased with my having hinted a reparation to Tories for their forfeited estates, and I was a little ashamed of my weakness in allowing the paper to go out of my hands." With the exception of this suggestion, which occurred in an informal conversation, there appears to be no ground for the belief that he ever did or said anything to mislead the English Government ; but from that time he became undoubtedly the sternest of the American commissioners in his refusal to consider the case of the loyalists, amongst whom was his own son.

The charge of unworthy suspicion of the English negotiators stands upon even more slender foundations. So long as the negotiations were in Lord Shelburne's department, and conducted by Franklin's old friend Oswald, nothing could have been more frank than his conduct, if somewhat hard. But in June, 1782, Mr. Grenville appeared at Paris as a commissioner sent by Fox, then Foreign Secretary, who claimed

that the whole matter was in his department, and who was in open antagonism with Shelburne in the Cabinet on this and other questions. Under these circumstances greater reserve on Franklin's part was only natural. "We might get on very well with either of them," he writes, "though I should prefer Oswald. . . . Mr. Grenville is clever, and seems to feel reason as readily as Mr. Oswald, though not so ready to own it. Mr. Oswald appears quite plain and sincere: I sometimes doubt Mr. Grenville. Mr. Oswald, an old man, seems now to have no desire but that of being useful in doing good: Mr. Grenville, a young man, naturally desirous of acquiring reputation, seems to aim at that of being an able negotiator. . . . I apprehend difficulties if they are both employed." And as he apprehended, so it happened, and the negotiations made no progress till late in July, when on Fox's retirement from the Cabinet, Grenville was recalled, leaving behind him in Paris a Parthian shaft, in the shape of a report that Lord Shelburne was even yet opposed to the acknowledgment of independence. Under such circumstances the first duty of a commissioner would be reserve; and it was not overdone by Franklin.

Nor can he be fairly accused of having insisted on harder terms than his colleagues from his wish to humiliate England. When one remembers that he had obtained from Oswald, before any article had been agreed to, the indiscreet admission, "Our enemies have the ball at their feet," the wonder is that harder terms were not insisted on by him. But, in fact, Franklin never changed his ground, while his colleagues undoubtedly did so. It was Jay, not Franklin, who stood out for a preliminary declaration of independence from England—Jay and Adams, not Franklin, who were afterwards prepared to waive such a declaration, and even to negotiate separately, when they found that the French minister, De Vergennes, was not unwilling that England should delay the recognition of independence, and that Aranda, the Spaniard, was tracing maps of the future boundaries of the United States which his Government was prepared to propose. It is true that the other commissioners had little or no communication with Versailles, and (as Mr. Fitzherbert informed Lord Shelburne) "not only distrust but are strongly distrusted by the court, while Dr. Franklin keeps up (though perhaps in a less degree than formerly) his connection with the French minister, and on that account prevents his colleagues, with whom he has great influence, from persuading the American Congress to abandon their intimate connection with the Court of Versailles and place a due degree of confidence in Great Britain." All which means only that Franklin and Shelburne, both thoroughly upright and able men, were fighting a keen battle, the former to emphasize and perpetuate the alliance between this country and France, the latter to separate France and America, and to cement as close an alliance as possible between the mother-country and the new-born nation, now that reunion had become impossible. That their friendship of a quarter of a century's standing suffered, is true, and much to be regretted; but there is nothing more honourable in either ca-

reer than the part played by each of them in the negotiations which ended in the treaty of January, 1783. Looking back over the hundred years which have passed since their great work was achieved, both nations may be proud of the men who accomplished it: and we doubt if any Englishman who will take the trouble to study the record will rise from it with any feeling but admiration for the steady sagacity with which Franklin stood by the allies who—to serve their own purposes, no doubt, but still staunchly and loyally—had stood by the colonies in their long and arduous struggle for independence. On the other hand, he may cordially sympathize with Shelburne's estimate of "the dreadful price" which was to be offered to America for peace, and with his efforts to use that price as a means of separating America from France, and so of obtaining "not only peace, but reconciliation, upon the noblest terms and by the noblest means."

The prejudice against Franklin on religious grounds is more intelligible, but quite as unreasonable. He was suspected of being a Free-thinker, and was professedly a philosopher and man of science; he was a friend of Tom Paine and other dreadful persons; he had actually published "An Abridgment of the Church Prayer-Book," dedicated "to the serious and discerning," by the use of which he had the audacity to suppose that religion would be furthered, unanimity increased, and a more frequent attendance on the worship of God secured. Any one of these charges was sufficient to ruin a man's religious reputation in respectable England of the last generation, but it is high time that amends were made in these days. Let us glance at the real facts. As a boy, Franklin had the disease which all thoughtful boys have to pass through, and puzzled himself with speculations as to the attributes of God and the existence of evil, which landed him in the conclusion that nothing could possibly be wrong in the world, and that vice and virtue were empty distinctions. These views he published at the mature age of nineteen, but became disgusted with them almost immediately, and abandoned metaphysics for other more satisfactory studies. Living in the eighteenth century, when happiness was held to be "our being's end and aim," he seems to have now conformed to that popular belief; but as he came also to the conclusion that "the felicity of life" was to be attained through "truth, sincerity, and integrity in dealings between man and man," and acted up to this conclusion, no great objection from a moral or religious standpoint can be taken to this stage of his development. At the age of twenty-two he composed a little liturgy for his own use, which he fell back on when the sermons of the minister of the only Presbyterian church in Philadelphia had driven him from attendance at chapel. He did not, however, long remain unattached, and after his marriage joined the Church of England, in which he remained till the end of his life. What his sentiments were in middle life may be gathered from his advice to his daughter on the eve of his third departure for England: "Go constantly to church, whoever preaches. The act of devotion in the Common Prayer-Book is your principal business there, and if properly

attended to will do more toward amending the heart than sermons. . . . I do not mean you should despise sermons, even of the preachers you dislike, for the discourse is often much better than the man, as sweet and clear waters come through very dirty earth. I am the more particular on this head as you seemed to express some inclination to leave our Church, which I would not have you do." As an old man of eighty, he reminded his colleagues of the National Convention (in moving unsuccessfully that there should be daily prayers before business) how in the beginnings of the contest with Britain "we had daily prayers in this room. . . . Do we imagine we no longer need assistance? I have lived now a long time, and the longer I live the more convincing proofs I see of this truth, that God rules in the affairs of men." Later yet, in answer to President Yates, of Yale College, who had pressed him on the subject, he writes, at the age of eighty-four, "Here is my creed: I believe in one God, the Creator of the universe; that He governs it by His providence; that He ought to be worshipped; that the most acceptable service we render to Him is doing good to His other children; that the soul of man is immortal, and will be treated with justice in another life respecting its conduct in this." These are his "fundamentals," beyond which he believes that Christ's system of morals and religion is the best the world is ever likely to see, though it has been much corrupted. As to the question of Christ's divinity, he will not dogmatize, "having never studied it, and thinking it needless to busy myself with it now, when I expect soon an opportunity of knowing the truth with less trouble." To another friend he speaks with cheerful courage of death, which "I shall submit to with less regret as, having seen during a long life a good deal of this world, I feel a growing curiosity to be acquainted with some other; and can cheerfully, with filial confidence, resign my spirit to the conduct of that great and good Parent of mankind who has so graciously protected and prospered me from my birth to the present hour." One more quotation we cannot resist; it is his farewell letter to his old friend David Hartley: "I cannot quit the coasts of Europe without taking leave of my old friend. We were long fellow-labourers in the best of all works, the work of peace. I leave you still in the field, but, having finished my day's task, I am going home to bed. Wish me a good night's rest, as I do you a pleasant evening. Adieu, and believe me ever yours most affectionately,—B. FRANKLIN."

As to his relations with Paine, they should have reassured instead of frightened the orthodox, for he did his best to keep the author of "The Rights of Man" from publishing his speculations. Franklin advises him that he will do himself mischief, and no benefit to others. "He who spits against the wind, spits in his own face." Paine is probably indebted to religion "for the habits of virtue on which you so justly value yourself. You might easily display your excellent talents of reasoning upon a less hazardous subject, and thereby obtain a rank amongst our most distinguished authors. For among us it is not necessary, as among the Hottentots, that a youth, to be raised into the company of men, should prove his manhood by beating his mother."

It is perhaps scarcely necessary to add a word as to his revision of the Prayer-Book, now that the opinion of the Church—in England, at any rate—has come round to him. It is undoubtedly, even in these days of innovation, a somewhat startling document, and shows a disregard of authority and a pursuit of brevity and clearness which mark it as the production of the native of a young and busy community, with no fear of critics before his eyes, and the habit of making straight for his goal.

In our endeavour to remove the prejudices which have in great measure hindered the English public from appreciating and enjoying Franklin's life and writings, we have been unable to do more than indicate the charm which runs through the whole of these volumes, and which should win them a very wide popularity. We allude to the genial, sturdy, humorous common-sense which, even more than his shrewdness, was the secret of his uniform success in the various and difficult tasks of his long career, from the founding of the first public library and the first fire-brigade in America, to the settlement of the terms of the Peace of 1782 with the ablest European diplomatists. We may conclude, however, with a specimen or two of his characteristic sayings, in the hope that they may lead our readers to the book. When his daughter writes to him for lace and feathers amongst other articles from Paris, he replies by sending everything else, but declines to foster "the great pride with which she would wear anything he sent," showing it as her father's taste, with "If you wear your cambric ruffles as I do, and take care not to mend the holes, they will come in time to be lace; and feathers, my dear girl, may be had in America from every cock's tail." "You are young, and have the world before you; *stoop*, as you go through it, and you will miss many hard thumps." "The eyes of other people are the eyes that ruin us. If all but myself were blind, I should want neither fine clothes, fine houses, nor fine furniture." "A rogue hanged out of a family does it more honour than ten who live in it." "If there be a nation that exports its beef and linen to pay for the importation of claret and porter, while its people live on potatoes, wherein does it differ from the sot who lets his family starve and sells his clothes to buy drink?" His opposition to the creation of the Order of the Cincinnati in the States at the close of the war, and his suggestion that if "the Cincinnati go on with their project the badges should ascend to their fathers and mothers, instead of descending to their children, in obedience to the Fourth Commandment," is a delightful specimen of his method of preaching simplicity of life to his countrymen, but too long for quotation, as are the well-known papers on the "Whistle," and his "Conversation with the Gout," and "The Wreckers."

The ideal American as he has been painted for us of late, is a man who has shaken off the yoke of definite creeds, while retaining their moral essence, and finds the highest sanctions needed for the conduct of human life in experience tempered by common sense. Franklin is generally supposed to have reached this ideal by anticipation, and there is

a half-truth in the supposition. But whoever will study this great master of practical life in the picture here painted by himself, will acknowledge that it is only superficially true, and that if he never lifts us above the earth or beyond the domain of experience and common-sense, he retained himself a strong hold on the invisible which underlies it, and would have been the first to acknowledge that it was this which enabled him to control the accidents of birth, education, and position, and to earn the eternal gratitude and reverence of the great nation over whose birth he watched so wisely and whose character he did so much to form.

THOMAS HUGHES.

THE LAST JEWISH REVOLT.

I.

After a sojourn of two years in Rome, the great Emperor Hadrian grew weary of repose and began afresh to dream of travel (A.D. 131). First he visited Mauritania, then turned his steps for the second time in the direction of Greece and the East. Athens held him fast for nearly a year. He consecrated the buildings he had ordered on the occasion of his first journey. Greece was in a festive condition, and lived on him and his doings. Classical memories everywhere revived. Hadrian rendered them permanent by monuments and *cippi*; founded temples, chairs, libraries. The old world previous to dying made a pilgrimage to the places whence it sprung, and seemed to celebrate its last festivals. The Emperor presided as pontiff at these harmless solemnities, which hardly continued to amuse any but the empty-headed and the idle.

The august traveller next pursued his course through the East; visited Armenia, Asia Minor, Syria, and Judea. If we look only to externals, he was everywhere received as a tutelary divinity. Coins struck expressly for him welcomed him to every province. We still possess those of Judea. Alas! how false they were! Beneath the legend ADVENTUI AUG. IVDAEAE appears the Emperor in a noble and dignified attitude graciously receiving Judea, who presents her sons to him. We can trace in the Emperor that fine, gentle, philosophical expression of countenance that belongs to the Antonines, and seems the very personification of calm civilization holding fanaticism in check. Children bearing palms precede him. In the midst a pagan altar and a bull symbolize religious reconciliation. Judea, a *patra* in her hand, seems to participate in the sacrifice about to be offered.

This is the way in which official optimism keeps sovereigns informed. At bottom, the opposition of the East and West was only becoming more sharply defined and felt; and soon infallible symptoms no longer permitted the Emperor to doubt of it. His benevolent eclecticism occasionally received strange shocks.

From Syria Hadrian passed into Egypt by way of Petra. His dissatisfaction and annoyance with the Orientals increased at every

step. Egypt had hitherto been but little agitated. The revival of the old faiths going on on all sides now led, however, to some ferment there. It was very long since an Apis had been seen; people began to forget those old chimeras, when all at once a clamour arose: the miraculous animal had been found; every one claimed it, contended for its possession. Christianity itself was less rigid in its attitude in Egypt than elsewhere, and many pagan superstitions were mixed up with it. Hadrian diverted himself with these absurdities. A pleasant letter, written by him to his brother-in-law Servian, has been handed down to us:—

“This Egypt that thou didst use to boast of to me, my dear Servian, I find frivolous, suspended to a thread, fluttering at every breath of the prevailing fashion. There the adorers of Serapis are at the same time Christians, and those who call themselves bishops of Christ are devotees of Serapis. There is no president of a Jewish Synagogue, no Samaritan, no Christian priest, who does not add to his functions those of the astrologer, diviner, and charlatan. The patriarch himself when he visits Egypt is forced by some to adore Serapis, by others to adore Christ. Seditious, vain, impertinent generation! Opulent, rich, productive city, where no one lives in idleness! Some blow glass, others make paper, others are dyers. All profess and practice a business of some sort. The gouty find something to do, the purblind have employment, the very blind are not without occupation, the maimed even do not remain inactive. Their only god is money. That is the divinity that Christians, Jews, people of every sort, adore. One regrets to find so little morality in a town assuredly worthy, both as to size and productiveness, to be the capital of Egypt. I have granted it everything; have restored its ancient privileges, have added new, have forced them to thank me while I was present; but no sooner had I left than they began to gossip about my son Verus, and to say on the subject of Antinous what thou I think knowest. For all revenge I wish that they may perpetually eat their chickens fecundated in a way that is best unmentioned. I have had forwarded to thee some *allassontes* glasses (of changing colour), offered to me by the priest of the temple; they are specially dedicated to thee and to my sister. Use them at dinner on festive occasions; but see, however, that our Africanus do not let himself make too much use of them.”

From Egypt Hadrian returned to Syria. There he found disaffection. People were growing bolder. Antioch received him ill; he regained Athens, where he was adored. There he heard of grave events. The Jews were arming for the third time. The access of furious madness of 117 seemed about to recommence. Israel felt a deeper repugnance than ever to Roman government. Every malefactor who revolted against authority was a saint. Every brigand became a patriot. To arrest a thief appeared a treachery. “Vinegar, son of Wine,” said a Rabbi to a Jew whose function it was to hunt out malefactors, “wherefore dost thou denounce the people of God?” Elias also meets this worthy gendarme, and counsels him to throw up his calling as soon as possible.

It would seem that Roman authority on its side erred in more ways than one. The administration of Hadrian daily became less tolerant toward those Oriental sects which the Emperor turned into ridicule. Many priests were of opinion that circumcision as well as castration was a punishable malpractice. The cases in which such as had had recourse to epispastric measures were forced by fanatics to be recircumcised, especially afforded grounds for prosecution. To what point did

Imperial justice advance in this wrong direction, contravening liberty of conscience? We are ignorant as to this. Hadrian was certainly not a man prone to excesses. In Jewish tradition all the odium of these measures weighs on Tineius Rufus, then the Pro-prætor legate of the province of Judea, whose name was changed to that of Tyrannus Rufus.

These vexatious interferences, which it was easy to evade in the only cases of much importance to pious families—those, namely, connected with the circumcision of children—were not the principal causes of the war that ensued. What really placed arms in the hands of the Israelites was the horror occasioned them by the transformation of Jerusalem; or, in other words, the progress of the building of *Ælia Capitolina*. The contemplation of a pagan tower rising on the ruins of the Holy City, of the site of the Temple profaned, of pagan sacrifices, of theatres built with the very stones of the venerated edifice, of strangers dwelling in the city that God had given to the Jews,—all this seemed to them the very climax of sacrilege and defiance.

Far from desiring to return to this new and profaned Jerusalem, they shunned it as an abomination. The South of Judea, on the contrary, was more than ever Jewish land. There a number of large villages had grown up, all capable of defending themselves, thanks to the arrangement of the houses, which were crowded in a compact mass on the summit of the hills. Bether had become for the Israelites of these districts a second Holy City, an equivalent for Sion. The fanatical population procured themselves arms by a singular stratagem. They were bound to furnish the Romans with a certain quantity of warlike weapons; these they made badly, so as to insure their being rejected, and the condemned arms remained at their own disposal. In default of visible fortifications they constructed immense subterraneous works, and the defences of Bether were completed by advanced works in small stones. The Jews left in Egypt and Libya hastened thither to swell the mass of the rebels.

We must do this justice to the enlightened portion of the nation, that they took no part in a movement involving prodigious ignorance of the world and complete blindness. The Pharisees in general maintained an attitude of suspicion and reserve. Many of their doctors fled into Galilee, others into Greece, to avoid the impending storm. Many made no secret of their fidelity to the Empire, and even attributed to it legitimate claims. Rabbi Joshua ben Hananiah seems to have acted in a conciliatory manner up to extreme old age, and it was after his time, say the Talmudists, that good counsel and reflection were lost. We can observe in the circumstances under consideration what might have been invariably seen for more than a hundred years—the people easily duped by the faintest breath of Messianic hope, rushing forward in spite of their doctors, who for their part had no thought save for their casuistry; and if indeed they died, did not die fighting, but guarding themselves from any failure in respect to the law.

The Christians resisted temptation even better. Although revolt might, indeed, have gratified the enmity of some of them against the Roman Empire, an instinctive mistrust of whatever proceeded from fanatical Israel arrested them on the dangerous incline. The Christian course had already been decided on. The form their resistance to the Empire took was not rebellion, but martyrdom. They were pretty numerous in Judea, and, unlike the orthodox Jews, even permitted themselves to inhabit *Ælia*. Naturally the Jews sought to influence these their quasi-countrymen, but the disciples of Jesus were already very far removed from all terrestrial policy. Their Master had for ever buried the hopes of a material patriotism and Messianism. The reign of Hadrian was anything but unfavourable to the Christian churches. They did not stir. Nay, there were even found among them voices predicting to the Jews the consequences of their stubbornness, and the extermination that awaited them.

II.

All Jewish revolts had connected themselves more or less with Messianic hopes, but no one had positively claimed to be the Messiah. This was what now happened. Doubtless, under the influence of Christian ideas and in imitation of Jesus, a personage gave himself out as the long-expected celestial envoy, and succeeded in seducing the people. We can only discern as through a cloud the history of this singular episode. The Jews, who alone could have told us what was the real intimate idea and secret motive of the agitators, have only afforded us on this subject a series of confused images resembling the recollections of a man who has come through a fit of delirium. They had no longer any Josephus among them. Barcochebas, as the Christians call him, remains an insoluble problem, upon which imagination itself cannot work with any chance of hitting upon the truth.

The name of his father or of the place in which he was born was Coziba, and he was never called anything but the "Son of Coziba" (Bar or Ben Coziba). His true proper name is unknown. Perhaps his followers were led intentionally to conceal his name and that of his family in the interest of the Messianic part he had to play. He was, it appears, a nephew of Rabbi Eleazar of Modin, an *agadist* of great reputation, who had lived much with R. Gamaliel II. and his companions. Perhaps the memory of the Maccabees, which was a still living one at Modin and consecrated by a superb monument, excited a patriotic heroism in Bar-Coziba. His courage seems to have been beyond doubt, but the paucity of our historical data does not allow us to say more. Did his character indeed possess seriousness, religious enthusiasm, fanaticism? Was he a late but sincere Messianist? Or ought we rather to see in this equivocal personage a mere charlatan, a perverted imitator of Jesus, a gross impostor, nay, a scoundrel, as Eusebius and St. Jerome declare him to have been? We are quite ignorant on this head. The one circumstance which might weigh in his favour is that he obtained the adherence of the chief Jewish doctor of

the time, one who, from his mental habitudes, ought to have proved the most opposed to the chimeras of an impostor ; we mean the Rabbi Aquiba.

Rabbi Aquiba had been for long years the highest authority among the Jews. They likened him to Esdras, and even to Moses. In general, the doctors were little partial to agitators. Occupied with their own discussions, they made the whole destiny of Israel to consist in the observance of the law ; their Messianic dreams were limited to the realization of the Mosaic ideal by scrupulous devotees. How, then, was Aquiba able to involve the people, whose confidence he possessed, in a positive act of madness ? Perhaps his popular origin and democratic tendency to contradict the Sadducean tradition contributed to mislead him. Perhaps, too, the absurdity of his exegesis deprived him of all practical rectitude. One can never with impunity trifle with good sense or strain the springs of the mind at the risk of breaking them. In any case the fact appears certain. Difficult though it be to conceive, Aquiba did recognize the Messiahship of Bar-Coziba. In some sort he bestowed on him investiture in presence of the people by solemnly committing to him the rod of command, and holding the stirrup for him when he mounted his war horse to inaugurate his reign as Messiah. The name of Bar-Coziba was unfortunate and lent itself to unlucky allusions. Aquiba, regarding, as he did, the one who bore it as the predestined Saviour of Israel, is said to have applied to his Messiah Numbers xxiv. 17, "A star" (Kokab) "shall come out of Jacob,"—a verse to which was ascribed a Messianic meaning. Thus, the name of Bar-Coziba was changed into that of Bar-Kokaba, "The son of the star."

Bar-Coziba, being thus recognized by the man who, without official title indeed, but in virtue of a kind of general acceptance, passed as the religious guide of the Israelitish people, became the head of the revolt, and war was decided on. At first the Romans took no notice of these foolish agitations. Bether, in an out-of-the-way situation, and far from the great roads, attracted little of their attention ; but when the movement had spread over all Judea, and the Jews everywhere began to form threatening groups, they were obliged to open their eyes. Attacks, ambuscades against Roman authority multiplied and became murderous. And moreover, the movement—like those of 68 and 117—had a tendency to spread all over the East. The Arab brigands, on the borders of the Jordan and the Dead Sea, given back to anarchy by the destruction of the Nabalian kingdom of Petra, discerned a prospect of pillaging Syria and Egypt. The commotion was general. Those who had practiced epispasm in order to escape from the capitulation, now submitted anew to a painful operation in order not to be excluded from the hopes of Israel. Some so entirely believed that the Messianic time had indeed come, that they considered themselves authorized to pronounce the name of Jehovah as it is written.

During Hadrian's stay in Egypt and Syria the conspirators dissembled, but no sooner had the Emperor left for Athens than the revolt

broke out. It appears that a rumour was circulated of the Emperor being ill and stricken with leprosy; Ælia, with its Roman colony, was strongly guarded; the *Legio Decima Fretensis* continued to garrison it; and no doubt the road between Ælia and Cæsarea, a town which was the centre of Roman governments, remained equally free. Hence Ælia was never hemmed in by the insurrection. It was easy to maintain its communications, thanks to a belt of colonies established to the west and north of the city, and especially thanks to the situation of Nicopolis and Lydda, of which the Romans were secure.

It is therefore probable that the rebels in their march towards the north did not go beyond Bether, and never reached Jerusalem. But all the villages of Judea which were not garrisoned proclaimed the independence of Israel. Bether, more particularly, became a kind of small capital—a Jerusalem in expectation—on a level with the greater, which it was hoped would soon be conquered. The situation of Bether was one of the strongest possible; it was the head of a line commanding all the valleys of the insurgent district, and rendered almost impregnable by enormous works, the remains of which are still to be seen.

The first care of the insurgents was the monetary question. One of the daily tortures faithful Jews had to undergo was the handling of money bearing the effigy of the Emperor and idolatrous images. For religious offerings, more particularly, coins of the Asmonean princes, which still circulated in the country, were assiduously sought out, or else those struck in the time of the first revolt, when the Asmonean coinage had been imitated. The new insurrection was too poor and too ill provided with tools to issue new types. Its members were contented to withdraw from circulation such pieces as bore the images of Flavius and Trajan, and to strike them anew with orthodox types that the people were familiar with, and which had in their eyes a national significance. It is probable that some ancient coins were discovered and facilitated the operation. The beautiful coins of Simon Maccabeus, the first Jewish prince who ever coined money, were especially chosen for this purpose. Their era, which was that of “the liberty of Israel,” or “of Jerusalem,” pointed them out as expressly made for existing circumstances. Still more appropriate were those that displayed the temple surmounted by a star, or those presenting the simple image of the two trumpets, destined, according to the law, to convoke Israel to the holy war. The superimposed impression was coarsely done, and in a great number of coins the primitive Roman type is still visible. This coinage is called “the money of Coziba,” or “the money of the revolt.” As it was partly fictitious, it lost, later on, much of its value.

The war was long and terrible. It lasted over two years, and the best generals seem to have been worn out with it. Tineius Rufus, finding himself outnumbered, asked for help. His colleague, Publicius Marcellus, legate of Syria, joined him in all haste, but both were baffled. In order to crush the insurrection, it was necessary to summon from

his command in Britain the first captain of his day, Sextus Julius Severus. On him was bestowed the title of Legate of the province of Judea in the place of Tineius Rufus. Quintus Lollius Urbicus seconded him as the legate of Hadrian.

The rebels never showed themselves in the open plain, but they were masters of the heights, where they raised fortifications, hollowing out between those crenelated villages of theirs covered ways and subterranean communications lighted from above by openings admitting the air. These secret tunnels served them as places of refuge when they were driven back, and enabled them to go and defend another position. Poor race! Chased from its own soil, it would fain sink into the bowels of the earth rather than quit it, or suffer it to be profaned. This mole-like warfare was an extremely bloody one. Jewish fanaticism equalled in intensity its outbreak in 70. Julius Severus never ventured to come to an engagement with his foes; seeing their numbers and their despair, he feared to expose the heavy Roman masses to the dangers of a war of barricades and fortified mounds. He attacked the rebels separately, and thanks to the number of his soldiers and the skill of his lieutenants, he almost always succeeded in hemming them in in their trenches and starving them.

Bar-Coziba, at bay before the impossible, became daily more violent. His sway was regal, he ravaged the whole country round. As to his part of Messiah, it would appear that in order to sustain it he did not shrink from gross imposture. The refusal of the Christians to admit his Messiahship and make common cause with him was a source of much irritation. He ended by persecuting them most cruelly. The admitted Messiahship of Jesus was tantamount to the denial of his, and formed a grave obstacle to his plans. Those who refused to deny and blaspheme the name of Jesus were slain, scourged, tortured. Jude, who appears to have been at the time bishop of Jerusalem, may have figured among his victims. The political indifference of the Christians, and their loyal fidelity to the empire, must, to the fanatic Jews, have borne the semblance of a want of patriotism. It appears, indeed, that reasonable Jews themselves frankly expressed their discontent. One day when Aquiba exclaimed, on catching sight of Bar-Coziba, "Behold the Messiah," Rabbi Johanan ben Torta replied to him, "Aquiba, the grass shall have grown between thy jaws before the Son of David shall come."

Rome, as always, ended by overcoming. Each centre of resistance fell in turn. Fifty of the improvised fortresses that the rebels had built for themselves, and nine hundred and fifty-five villages, were taken and destroyed. Beth Rimmon, on the frontiers of Idumea, retained the memory of a fearful slaughter of fugitives. The siege of Bether was particularly long and difficult; the last extremities of hunger and thirst were there endured; Bar-Coziba perished there, but nothing is known of the circumstances of his death.

The massacre was horrible. One hundred and eighty thousand Jews were killed in the several encounters. As to the number that perished

by hunger, fire, and disease, it is incalculable. Women and children were slaughtered in cold blood. Judea literally became a desert; wolves and hyenas entered its dwellings howling. Many of the towns of the Darom were ruined for ever, and the desolate aspect that the country presents at this day is the living witness of a catastrophe that took place seventeen centuries and a half ago.

The Roman army also had been severely tried. Hadrian, writing to the Senate from Athens, does not employ the customary Imperial preamble: "*Si vos liberique vestri valetis, bene est; ego quidem et exercitus valeamus.*" Severus was recompensed as he deserved for this well-conducted campaign. The Senate, at the suggestion of Hadrian, decreed him triumphal ornaments, and he was raised to the dignity of Legate of Syria. The army of Judea was laden with rewards. The Emperor received the imperial salutation for the second time.

Those of the conquered who were not killed were sold at the same price as horses at the annual Terebinth fair near Hebron. This was the spot where Abraham was supposed to have been encamped when he received the visit of the three divine personages. The field where this fair was held, marked out carefully by a rectangular boundary, still exists. Thenceforth a fatal memory was associated in the mind of the Jews with the spot, hitherto so sacred in their eyes. They no longer spoke of the Terebinth fair but with horror. Such as did not find purchasers there were taken to Gaza, and exposed for sale at another fair that Hadrian had instituted. As for the unfortunates that could not be got rid of in Palestine, they were transported into Egypt, numbers were shipwrecked, others died of hunger, others again were slaughtered by the Egyptians, who had not forgotten the atrocities committed by the Jews in those very regions eighteen years before. Two brothers who still continued their resistance at Kafar Kharouba were, with their partisans, annihilated.

Nevertheless, the caverns of Judea still contained a crowd of unfortunates who did not dare to quit them for fear of meeting their death. Their life was a horrible one; every unusual sound seemed to them to denote the approach of the enemy, then in their panic they rushed off, crushing each other to death. They had nothing to satisfy their hunger, except the bodies of their kindred, and of these they ate. It would appear that in certain cases Roman authority, in order to render the sense of chastisement still more vivid, forbade the burying of the dead. Judea was like a vast charnel-house. The wretches who succeeded in reaching the desert esteemed themselves the favoured of God.

All, assuredly, had not deserved this severe chastisement. On this occasion, as too often happens, the wise had to pay for the fools. A nation is a solidarity; the individual who has in no way contributed to the faults of his countrymen, who has even groaned over them, is no less punished than the rest. The first duty of a community is to hold its absurd elements in check. Now the notion of retreating out of that great Mediterranean confederation created by Rome was absurdity

itself. In proportion as the gentle and pacific Jew, who only asked liberty to meditate on the law, is worthy of the sympathies of the historian, our principles oblige us to be severe upon a Bar-Coziba plunging his country into an abyss of woe, or upon an Aquiba lending the support of his authority to popular folly. Respect is, indeed, due to whosoever sheds his blood in a cause he deems righteous, but this does not entitle him to approbation. The Israelitish fanatics were not fighting for liberty, but for the theocracy, for liberty to vex pagans and exterminate whatever they judged to be evil. The ideal they sought after would have been an unbearable condition. Comparable for intolerance to the melancholy Asmonean epoch, it would have been the reign of zealots, radicals of the worst sort. It would have been the massacre of the infidels—in short, the terror. All the Liberals of the second century viewed it in this light. A man of high intelligence, belonging, like the Jews, to a noble and conquered race, the antiquary Pausanias expresses himself thus, “In my time reigned that Hadrian, who showed so much respect to all gods, and had the welfare of his subjects so much at heart. He never undertook any war without being forced to it. As to the Hebrews, neighbours of Syria, it was because they rebelled that he conquered them.”

III.

The immediate consequence of this insane rebellion was a real persecution of Judaism. A tribute still heavier than the *Fiscus Judaicus* imposed by Vespasian now weighed on all Jews. The exercise of the most essential portions of the Mosaic religion, such as circumcision, the observance of the Sabbath and of Feast days, even simple customs apparently insignificant, were all forbidden under pain of death. The one fact of teaching the law led to prosecution; Jewish renegades, turning spies, tracked the faithful who gathered together in the most secret places they could find to study the sacred code; they were reduced to reading it on their house-tops. Doctors were pursued with inveterate animosity; rabbinical ordinations subjected the confirmed and the confirming alike to pain of death. There were numerous martyrs in Judea and in Galilee; to be a Jew was looked on as a crime throughout Syria. This seems to have been the time of the execution of the two brothers, Julianus and Pappus, who remain celebrated in Jewish tradition for having preferred death to an apparent violation of the law publicly committed. They were offered water in a coloured glass that it might be supposed they had drunk pagan wine; they refused to drink.

It is about this time that we find the schools of the Casuists most occupied with distinguishing between the precepts that may be infringed to escape death and those for which martyrdom has to be suffered. The doctors generally admit that in times of persecution all observances may be given up, and three prohibitions only observed—idolatry, fornication (that is, illegal marriages), and murder. Prominence was given to the not unreasonable principle: “It is suicide to

resist the orders of the Emperor." It was admitted that religious services might be kept secret; and instead of a noisy celebration of infant circumcision, it was held enough to announce it by the sound of hand-mills. Further, it was pointed out that, according to Leviticus xviii. 5, the observance of the law produces life, and that consequently he who dies for the law is responsible for his death; hence, when placed between two precepts, observance of the law, conservation of one's own life, one is bound to obey the second as the most imperative, at least when death is certain, just as in a grave illness one may take medicine into which impure substances enter. Another point which was equally agreed on was that death must be met rather than consent to the public violation of the least commandment.

Finally, all agreed in placing the duty of teaching above every other obligation. It was at Lydda especially that these questions were agitated, and this town had, indeed, celebrated martyrs who were called "the slain of Lydda."

What rendered the position of these martyrs singularly painful was that great doubt as to Providence which harasses the mind of the Jew the moment he is no longer prosperous and triumphant. The Christian, entirely depending on a future life, is never more firm in his faith than when he is persecuted. The Jewish martyr has not the same certainty. "Where is now your God?" is the ironical question that he always believes himself to hear from the mouth of the heathen. Rabbi Ismael ben Elischa never ceases his conflict with the thoughts that rose in his soul and in the souls of his companions against the Divine justice. "Hast thou still confidence in thy God?" was the question put to him. "Though He should slay me, I should hope in Him," answered Ismael, using a wrongly interpreted expression of Job's.

Aquiba, who had been long a prisoner, never ceased, spite of his captivity, to maintain his relations with his disciples. "Prepare yourselves for death, dreadful days are at hand," were words always in his mouth. Some private teaching of his of which the Romans received information led to his being put to death. He was flayed, we are told, with red-hot iron hooks. While he was being torn to pieces he went on crying, "Jehovah is our God; Jehovah is the *only* (*éhad*) God." His voice dwelt lingeringly on this word *only* till he expired. Then a celestial voice was heard: "Happy Aquiba, who died pronouncing the word 'only!'"

Israel did not arrive at the idea of immortality till late and through successive experiences. Martyrdom, by a kind of necessity, brought about that belief. How could it be pretended that those scrupulous observers of the law who died for it had their recompense here below? The answer that sufficed for such cases as those of Job and Tobias no longer sufficed here. How speak of a long and happy life for heroes expiring in atrocious torments? Either their God was unjust, or the saints thus tortured were great criminals. We see, indeed, mediæval martyrs sustaining this last thesis with a kind of despair, and declaring

when led to the stake that they had deserved it, having committed all kinds of crimes. But such a paradox was rare. The reign of a thousand years reserved for the saints was the first solution essayed for this formidable problem. Later, it was a received doctrine that ascensions to heaven in spirit, apocalypses, contemplation of the sublime secrets of the Cabala, were the martyrs' rewards. But in proportion as the apocalyptic spirit died away, the *tikva*, that is to say, the invincible trust of man in the justice of God, assumed forms similar to the permanent Paradise of Christians. Still, never did this faith become an absolute dogma with the Israelites; there was no trace of it in the *Thora*, and how could it be supposed that God had purposely deprived the ancient saints of so fundamental a dogma?

Henceforth all hope of seeing the temple rebuilt was lost. The very consolation of dwelling near the holy places had to be renounced. The kind of reverence that the Jewish people had for the soil that they believed had been given them of God, was the evil that Roman authority was determined to cure at any price, so as to cut for the future at the root of all Judaic wars. An edict drove the Jews from Jerusalem and its environs on pain of death. The very sight of Jerusalem was denied to them. On only one day of the year, the anniversary of the sacking of the city, they obtained an authorization to come and weep over the ruins of the temple, and to anoint with oil a certain pierced stone, which they regarded as marking the site of the Holy of Holies. And even this permission was dearly bought. "On that day," says St. Jerome, "you might see a mournful crowd of people—miserable without availing to win pity—assemble, approach. Decrepit women, old men in rags, all weep—and behold, while the tears are running down their cheeks, while they raise their livid arms, and tear their dishevelled hair, a soldier draws near and bids them pay for the right of weeping a little longer." The rest of Judea was also forbidden to the Israelites, but less rigorously, for certain localities, as, for instance, Lydda, always retained their Jewish peculiarities.

The Samaritans, who had taken no part in the war, hardly suffered less in consequence of it than the Jews. Gerizim, like Moriah, had its temple of Jupiter, the prohibition of circumcision hampered them in the free exercise of their cultus, and the memory of Bar-Coziba appears to have been laden with maledictions among them.

The building of *Ælia Capitolina* went on more actively than ever. All efforts were made to efface the memory of a past fraught with menace. The old name of Jerusalem was almost forgotten. *Ælia* replaced it throughout the East, and a hundred and fifty years later Jerusalem was a term of ancient geography that no one knew any more. The town became filled with profane edifices, forums, baths, temples, theatres, tetranympha, &c. Statues were abundant everywhere; and the subtle mind of the Jews found in them ironical intentions that Hadrian's engineers assuredly did not entertain. Thus, over the gate which led to Bethlehem, there was a marble sculpture in which it was thought swine might be distinguished, and this was considered a cut-

ting sarcasm against the conquered people. But they forgot that the boar was a Roman emblem, and figured on the standards of the legions. The outer boundary of the town was slightly changed on the south side, and became nearly what it is at the present day. Mount Sion remained outside the walls, and was covered with market-gardens. Those parts of the town which were not rebuilt, afforded masses of displaced masonry, which served as quarries for new buildings. The substructure of the temple of Herod (the present *Hārām*) excited amazement by its solidity; the Christians early pretended that those colossal foundations would only be shaken asunder at the coming of Antichrist.

On the site of the temple, as we have already said, rose the temple of Jupiter Capitoline. Bacchus, Serapis, Astarte, the Dioscuri were associated therein with the chief divinity. The statues of the Emperor were, as usual, numerous; one at least of these was an equestrian one. The statues of Jupiter and Venus were likewise raised near Golgotha. When, at a later epoch, the sacred topography of the Christians became fixed, this proximity occasioned great scandal, and was looked upon as an intentional outrage. It was even supposed that the Emperor had meant to profane Bethlehem by installing there the worship of Adonis.

Antoninus, Marcus Aurelius, and Verus occupied themselves with the embellishment of the city and the amelioration of the roads leading to it. These public works irritated true Jews. "After all, the works of this nation are admirable," said Rabbi Judah-bar-Ilai one day to two of his friends who were sitting with him. "They establish forums, construct bridges, build thermæ." "A great merit truly!" replied Simeon-ben-Jochai; "it is because of their utility that they do all this; forums for brothels, baths for amusement, bridges for the sake of toll." The hatred of Greek life, always lively in the Jew, was redoubled at the sight of a material renewal which appeared its dazzling triumph.

Thus ended the last attempt of the Jewish people to continue a nation possessing a city and a definite territory. It is with good reason that the war of Bar-Coziba is called in the Talmud, "The war of extermination." Some serious commotions, and as it were revivals of quenched fires, occurred, indeed, in the first years of Antoninus but they were easily repressed. From henceforth Israel had no name nor country, and begins the wandering life which is, during centuries, to mark it out for the world's wonder. In the Roman Empire the civil position of the Jew was lost irreparably. Had Palestine so willed, it might have become a province like Syria; its fate would neither have been better nor worse than that of the other provinces. In the first century many Jews had attained to posts of extraordinary importance. This will no more be seen; it seems as though the Jews had vanished under the earth. They are only heard of as beggars who have taken refuge within the jurisdiction of Rome, seated at the gates of Aricia, assailing chariots and clinging to their wheels in order to obtain some trifle from the compassion of travellers. They are a flock of *rayahs*, having,

indeed, their statutes and personal magistrate, but outside of the common law, forming no portion of the State, occupying a position somewhat similar to that of the Tzigani in Europe. There was no longer a single rich, notable, respected Jew to be found dealing on equal terms with men of the world. The great Jewish fortunes only reappeared in the sixth century,—especially among the Visigoths of Spain,—in consequence of the false ideas spread by Christianity about usury and commerce. The Jew then became, and continued for a great part of the Middle Ages, a necessary personage, without whom the world could not accomplish the most simple transaction. It was reserved for modern Liberalism to put an end to this exceptional position. The decree of the Constituent Assembly of 1791 re-made the Jews members of a nation and citizens.

ERNEST RENAN, in *Contemporary Review*.

DRUNKENNESS IN ENGLAND.

There is a popular belief that drunkenness in England among the upper classes is dying out. It is true, I suppose, that men of birth and position are no longer in the habit of drinking their six bottles at dinner and sprawling under the table helpless. A man who would drink like this, at his own or a friend's table, nowadays would hardly be tolerated in respectable society. Drunkenness in England among the upper classes, though it may be dying out, I believe is very far from dead yet.

There is great difficulty in arriving at any definite knowledge of the amount of drunkenness in the so-called upper classes of society: for while the lower classes seem to live out of doors, and all they do is known, the habits of the other class are so covered by the circumstances of their position that we only see and know that which crops out on the surface, and only occasionally are there reports of their intemperance at the police-courts, while the lower classes are represented there every day. Since my arrival in this country last summer I have received many letters from gentlewomen, persons of education and refinement, ladies who belong to the aristocratic circles, confiding to me the story of ruined homes, broken hearts, tarnished careers, the writhings of unnecessary sickness, the horror of the maniac's death—revealing to me scenes perfectly appalling, all brought about by drink. It would be utterly out of place here to go into detail; but I may just mention one case among many. A gentleman, by his drunkenness, had dragged his wife, a lady of birth and refinement, from a high social position to one room in a low locality, a heap of rags for a bed, a box, with a cup of weak tea and a piece of dry bread on it—six children, the youngest a babe fourteen days old. The very day they were visited, through a letter I received, he had stolen the last blanket and got a shilling for it. The poor children were without shoes—he had

pawned them off their feet. This is not an isolated case. The records of the police-courts give us cases of gentlemen, clergymen, lawyers, physicians being fined for drunkenness; but I rejoice that, though there is abundant evidence that intemperance prevails to a certain extent among the higher classes, the custom of drinking to excess is becoming more 'honoured in the breach than the observance.' But what shall I say of its ravages among the lower classes—the rank and file? The subject is appalling. With my voice I can speak: but on paper words fail me. By day I walk this brilliant metropolis, and the keynote struck in every street is drink. At night alone, or in the viler quarters accompanied by a detective, I peer into the slums, and there behold sights of orgie which compel me to believe that drunkenness in England, among the lower classes, is far more prevalent now than it was when, twenty-five years ago, I made similar investigations. Mighty, mysterious, and midnight London is a vast and seething caldron, where the Devil and his earthly agents brew the curse of England—drunkenness!

Yes, the great curse of England is the drink. The fact is news to nobody. In re-stating it here, I simply say over again in a new form, through a new channel, that which I have been saying in the form of public addresses in Great Britain and in the United States, with all my strength, and all my power, and all my energy, for the past thirty-seven years; and mean to go on saying, with God's help, to the last hour of my life. It is impossible that a fact should be constantly reiterated by any human being for such a length of time, and with an earnest purpose, without its becoming hackneyed, as the phrase is; and no one who is familiar with my utterances will look in this place for anything new. My hope is that those utterances may here reach many who have never heard the sound of my voice, and to whom therefore the newness of what I say lies in their unfamiliarity with it. As time goes on, the knowledge of the evils involved in prevalent drinking customs must spread and spread, until every creature shall be perfectly familiar with the hard fact that stands at the head of this paragraph: 'The great curse of England is the drink.'

It is the theory of those—and I thank God they are many now, many and noble men and women—who have accepted this hard fact as the basis of their war upon existing customs; it is their theory that the sole and only cure for this gigantic curse lies in TOTAL ABSTINENCE. There is no half-way measure. Every individual is ready to admit that drunkenness is an evil, and that it is our duty to do all we can to remove that evil. So far we are all agreed. But our theory is, that the only way to remove that evil is to remove the cause. The cause is perfectly simple in its form—it is the drink. The cure is to leave it absolutely alone. It is not against moderate drinkers we wage war; it is not against any class or condition of men: it is against the thing itself, and its use as a beverage. Some say it is useful as a medicine. It has been recommended to me as a medicine. One man said to me that the water on the Continent would be sure to make me ill, and that

I ought at my age to take a little claret to qualify it. I was told a similar thing about the water in Canada, and about the water in California, and I always said I would take the risk. Let him who will be afraid of water. The danger is not there. In my sixty-second year, after having traveled 420,000 miles and delivered nearly 8000 public addresses on the subject of temperance and other topics, I am able to say that, since 1846, I have never been in bed a whole day from illness. Yet I do not argue that alcohol is useless as a medicine; I leave that to men who are better able to present the scientific phases of the subject. I deal with facts only, and lay no claim to being either a man of science or a logician. It is enough for me to present plain facts and truths. Find me a man, sixty years old, who will say, 'I am sixty years of age, and I never drank a drop of intoxicating liquor, but I regret that I did not learn to drink it when I was a young man.' Where can you find such a man as that? The whole world cannot produce him. But it can produce men enough to curse the day they touched the first drop—men enough who can trace all their troubles, all their sorrows, and nearly all their offences against God and humanity, to that one cause. It is not necessary to argue that they can also lay at drink's door their bodily ills. The wrecks of manhood who may be seen shambling through English streets covered with sores, bloated, the waters of death lying stagnant in their eyes, the fevers of death burning on their hot foul breaths—these are no doubt examples which seem so far removed from the readers of this magazine, that they can hardly touch them with their lesson. But there is abundant testimony of physicians and scientific men to the evils wrought in every frame by the drink. Says Sir William Gull, 'Many a man is poisoned by drink who has no conception that he is at all injured by it.'

I might fill these pages easily with the testimony of others regarding the terrible curse which drink is to this country. There is no lack of witnesses. They tell us that 140,000,000*l.* are annually spent in Great Britain for drink. This is only about 10,000,000*l.* more than are spent for this purpose in the United States, according to the statisticians. Only! But it represents vastly more sorrow, vastly more crime, vastly more ruin and woe; for the drink in America costs much more money than it does here, and consequently the figures do not relatively indicate the gallons of liquor swallowed. The *London Times*, in commenting upon the money spent for drink in England and Wales, on one occasion, said:

'We drank, it appears, last year, in spirits, malt-liquors, wine, cider, &c., more than seventy-two million gallons of pure alcohol, at a cost, in round numbers, of 120,000,000*l.* It is calculated that at least half of this money is spent by the working classes; and as they desire principally strength or quantity in their drink, we shall probably not be wrong in assigning to them very much more than half our entire yearly consumption. There is no more alcohol in a bottle of wine than in half a pint of ardent spirits, and the cost of one may be a guinea, and of the other ninepence or a shilling. It is clear that if the work-

ing classes have spent their 60,000,000*l.* in a cheaper form of intoxicating drink, they have got much more for their money, and may probably be debited with fifty million gallons out of the entire seventy-two millions of the year.'

The American working man cannot buy, except in the vilest gin-saloon in the United States, a glass of the very worst whisky sold there for a sum so small as that which will enable a British working man to satisfy his craving for a dram.

But my appeal here should, perhaps, be more particularly to the moderate drinker. It is from the moderate drinkers of Great Britain that the labourers to abolish drunkenness receive their strongest opposition ; partly because the moderate drinker is harder to convince of the evils of drink than any other man is, but particularly because the moderate drinkers hold the influence. If none drank but sots, it would not take long to close every dram-shop in England, the influence of the sot goes for very little ; and in point of fact it may be said that upon the moderate drinker rests the burden of responsibility. He contends that the drink does him no harm ; and because it does him no harm it must be a good thing. If sots abuse it, is that any reason why he, who is not a sot, should not use it ? If he finds it is hurting him he will stop ; and so forth, and so on. Precisely at what moment the drink begins to do a man harm, no one can tell. If the physicians and scientists, who tell us alcohol is a poison, speak truth—and I am quite sure they do—then the first dram he drinks must begin an evil work upon him ; and the day will come—it almost always does come—when he will be forced to admit that he is being harmed. He may not become a sot, though his vital organs may be fearfully diseased ; but as I have more than once said, no man ever became a drunkard who was not a moderate drinker in the first place. Cut off the supply of moderate drinkers, and the drunkards would all vanish from the face of the earth within thirty years. Death would do that work, and do it thoroughly ; not a human being would be left, who was not a teetotaller. Once I heard the Rev. E. H. Chapin, standing in the Tremont Temple, Boston, say, 'Would to God that the first drop of intoxicating liquor a man should take into his system would produce in him *at once* the result of years of drunkenness !' It seemed an awful thing to say, but a moment's reflection showed what it signified. If this were so, no man would drink the first glass. He would no more drink it than he would drink sulphuric acid. He would recognise it then for what it really is—a terrible poison. Now its slow insidious work is accomplished with such stealth, in each individual case, that men dare take the risk, just as they dare take the risk of hell. If the penalty were instantaneous upon the sin, none would dare to sin. If the parent who sees his son drink a glass without fear of ill results could see that son transformed at once into a drunkard, with blistered lips and besotted gaze, think you he would set the decanter on the table ? No, no. It is only because the danger is remote that we dare it ; it is only because the day of reckoning is afar off that we think we may escape it. Some do escape. That

is the one fact which dooms uncountable thousands to a dark and dreadful end.

It is the example of the moderate drinker which is so terribly harmful. Sometimes people say we are unjust in trying to deprive moderate drinkers of that which is a lawful gratification. We do not seek to deprive them of the drink, however. What we seek to do is to induce them to give it up themselves. We believe they should do this for their own sake—as a man abandons any harmful thing, and turns to that which is harmless. But if there are any who are immovable in their belief that the use of alcoholic beverages is beneficial to them, then we have recourse to the loftier appeal. We appeal to the noblest instinct of a true man's nature—the nature of a man created in the image of God, and ask him to give up the drink for the sake of others. This is the principle which lies at the foundation of all heroic endeavour, all grand achievement; and it is a principle which is as beautiful in small things as in great. By the pain it costs him to abandon the custom of drinking may be estimated the degree of self-sacrifice involved. If the pain is great, the virtue is all the greater. So too is the peril. The disposition of some persons to look upon this matter as a mere question of giving up a harmless luxury is a disposition which overlooks the grave and ghastly side of the question. This luxurious thing—call it wine, call it brandy, call it pale ale, or what you will—it is always the same, to wit, alcohol; and this thing is the cause of nine-tenths of all the crime perpetrated in Great Britain. It is the cause of the vast majority of ills of every sort, physical and mental. I cannot here go into statistics; but my readers must believe I frame no assertion that is not based on fact of the most uncompromising and indisputable character. So in asking the moderate drinker to give up the drink, it is not a matter of the digestion; it is not as we should advise him to give up a dish which made him ill, even one which gave him the gout: it is a matter of life and death to thousands. The widowed and the fatherless cry out to him; wives who shrink beneath the blows of drunken husbands; children whose drunken fathers beat and maim and rob and starve them; countless thousands whose physical frames not only are ruined, but whose immortal souls are perilled;—all plead with the trumpet-tongues of angels to the moderate drinker to give up the drink.

It will never be possible to inculcate that healthy moral sentiment in this land which will make drink-quelling laws effective until moderate drinking itself comes to be looked upon in its true light. It is a question of influence. The moderate drinkers are, it may safely be assumed, the only men in any community, except total abstainers, who have influence in that community. When they cease to be moderate drinkers—having now become drunkards—their influence is gone. Drunkards have no control over public sentiment. But so long as the leading men in any community drink, the drunkards of that community can point to these leading men as their examples. 'The squire drinks; the parson drinks; the doctor drinks; my lord in the grand

castle drinks; why shouldn't I drink?' 'Ah, but they are moderate drinkers!' 'Well, so was I once.' It is when we hear such remarks as this that we cry out in despair, how can we ever lift this load from the shoulders of mankind, unless the moderate drinkers will give up their drink for the sake of others? Admit that your glass of wine or toddy does you no harm, O most worthy and estimable Moderate Drinker! nay, admit that it does you good, will not a sense of the higher law of duty move you to abandon it for the sake of your race?

It is gravely said that the influence of the enormous brewing interest in England will for ever prevent the success of total abstinence here on any grand or general scale. Beer, they say, is king—just as they used to say in America, Cotton is king, and bid us keep our hands off the divine institution of human slavery, or we should ruin the country. Well, what happened? Slavery is dead. And I say the time will come when Great Britain will be free from the slavery of drink. I may not live to see it, nor you; we cannot measure God's movements with the little tape line of our mortal lines; but the day will surely come when beer will be dethroned here. It is only about fifty years since the first temperance society—at least the first total abstinence society—was formed in the United States; there the first step towards this movement may be said to have been taken, among a cluster of the yeomanry of Saratoga county in New York State. The time has not been long, measured by any other standard than individual human life; but the work of reform accomplished has been enormous. You have drinking customs here which have been utterly unknown in America now for many years; bar-rooms in theatres; women entering ginshops just like men; many such customs as these formerly prevailed in America, and are now absolutely dead. These facts are merely indices of the progress we have made in fifty years. I know that societies organised to war against the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage were in existence in Europe as long as four hundred years ago; and Mahomet's efforts to induce his followers to entirely give up the use of wine dates back some twelve centuries: but the existing plan of reform, which is succinctly labelled 'teetotalism' in popular phraseology, is a thing of American birth and of the present century.

We total abstainers do not underrate that beer 'influence' which is spoken of. Very far from it. Perhaps we have a clearer conception of its tremendous power than even the majority of those who have called our attention to it. From that uninteresting town of Burton-on-Trent emanates an influence which I should be very sorry to see underrated. Do all Englishmen quite comprehend it? Here is a town given up almost wholly to the manufacture of beer. The place is nothing more than a huge brewery, or nest of breweries, with dwelling-houses in the interstices. Besides those of lesser celebrity, here are the beer-factories of Bass, Allsopp, Ind & Coope, Worthington, Nunneley, Evershed, Robinson, &c., all names of power in England, because their owners represent millions of barrels of beer. Bass! What a name to conjure with is Bass! Here are his big beer-mills, covering a hundred

acres of ground, and using two or three hundred quarters of malt every day—say the barley grown upon sixty thousand acres of English land. Times are hard in England, are they? Bass uses up every year, besides, the hops grown on some two thousand acres of land; and he yearly rolls into the groggeries of London and the other great English towns something like a million barrels of beer, I am told. Why, this one brewer could serve one-half the entire human race with a glass of beer per head from his own brewing in a single year. He owns over five miles of private railway in Burton, and pays out 2000*l.* every week in wages to his beer-makers. Underrate a power represented by such figures as these? No. Mr. Bass is a member of Parliament, I believe; so is Mr. Allsopp; so are other brewers. It is true they do not make much stir there, but there is an old adage about '*still* waters' running deep, and I have no doubt it will apply to beer too. Underrate it! Why, I honestly believe that there is no single power in Great Britain which so influences British character and so sways the material and moral destinies of the British people as that influence which sits enthroned on the beer butts of Burton!

There is a large class of good men in both Great Britain and America, who look upon beer-drinking as a thing almost harmless—a very good substitute indeed for rum and gin—if only we could get people to drink it. Well, it is time all this were changed. BEER is the arch-enemy of our reform; upon beer let us concentrate special energies. Let beer henceforth stand type of THE DRINK. It is the British '*national beverage*,' is it? Well, let the toppers say that. The idea that if we could induce men to drink beer instead of gin there would be less intemperance is not a new idea. The Beer Act of 1830 was received everywhere in England with acclamation when it was passed. This legislative measure was designed to supply what Lord Brougham called a '*moral species of beverage*,' instead of immoral gin and rum; and it was to prove an inestimable blessing to the British working-man by giving him free access to this cheap and '*wholesome*' beverage—beer. The express purpose of the Act was to encourage the erection of beerhouses and discourage gin-palaces. What was the result? Sydney Smith told the story in a nutshell. Thus he wrote: '*The new Beer Bill has begun its operations. Everybody is drunk. Those who are not singing are sprawling. The sovereign people are in a beastly state.*' The scheme was a bitter disappointment to its friends, and the beer-house-encouraging policy has been abandoned. Unfortunately, no great encouragement is needed in this direction.

In spite of the vast extent of the beer interest in Great Britain, the advocates of total abstinence are confident in the ultimate triumph of their cause. There was more money invested in slaves in America than there is in beer in England. There were one thousand millions sterling invested in slaves. Beer is great, but his proportions do not quite equal this. I do not compare these two evils lightly. If slavery was the '*sum of all villanies*,' beer is its worthy compeer in the infernal rivalry. Missionaries from Africa have gone down into the

slums of London, where beer and gin join their forces to convert human beings into the semblance of fiends, and these missionaries have declared there is no heathenism in Africa like that of lower London. And yet we must not 'rob the poor man of his beer,' they say! God grant the poor man could be robbed at once, not only of his beer, but of his alcohol in every shape. The sudden check to the tide of crime and woe in this land would be such as would fill every honest man's heart with thanksgiving. The poor man's sins of commission are awful, no doubt; but what of our sins of omission?

It will be hard work to overcome the drink evil in Great Britain. Of that there is no question. I sometimes feel as if it were a hopeless task to combat the beer interest, which is so strong in this beautiful land. But I take heart of grace when I remember what has been done in other lands and other days in opposition to influences which seemed even more unconquerable.

JOHN B. GOUGH, in *Time*.

ETNA.

There is a marked contrast between the circumstances of the present eruption of Etna and those of the last. For many years the great South European volcanic system has shown but few signs of disturbance, and those only slight. Vesuvius has occasionally threatened an outbreak. The crater of that mountain has filled several times to the brim, and has once or twice overflowed; but there has been no great eruption of Vesuvius. Etna has been almost entirely quiescent for the last ten years. The other less important outlets of the South European volcanic system have been equally free from disturbance.

It was otherwise when in November, 1868, Etna burst into eruption. During thirteen months the volcanic system of Southern Europe had been disturbed by subterranean movements. Scarcely a single portion of the wide area included under that name had been free from occasional shocks of earthquake. There had been shocks at Constantinople, at Bucharest, at Malta, and at Gibraltar. Mount Vesuvius, the most active though not in all respects the most important of the outlets by which that system finds relief, had been in a state of activity during the whole of the preceding year, and three several times in actual eruption. But it had seemed as though Vesuvius—owing perhaps to changes which had taken place in its subterranean ducts and conduits—had been unable to give complete relief to the forces then at work beneath the southern parts of Europe. Whenever Vesuvius had been quiescent for a while during 1868, earthquakes occurring at far distant places not only showed the connection which exists between the action of Vesuvius, and the condition of regions far remote from Vesuvius, but that the great Neapolitan outlet was not able to relieve as usual the remote parts of that wide volcanic region. Even in England and Ireland there were earthquakes, at times corresponding significantly with

the temporary quiescence of Vesuvius. In fact, scarcely ten days had passed after the occurrence of an earthquake which alarmed the inhabitants of Western Europe, before a great eruption of Vesuvius began. A vast cone was thrown up, from which the imprisoned fires burst forth in rivers of molten lava; and round the base of this cone smaller ones formed themselves which added their efforts to that of the central crater and wrought more mischief than in any eruption of Vesuvius since that of 1797.

But, enormous as was the quantity of lava which those cones poured forth, it would seem that Vesuvius was still unable to give perfect relief to the imprisoned gases and fluids which had long disturbed the South of Europe. All that Vesuvius could do had been done; the smaller cones had discharged the lava which communicated directly with them, and had then sunk to rest; the great cone alone continued—but with diminished energy—to pour forth masses of burning rock and streams of liquid lava. That the imprisoned subterranean fires had not fully found relief was shown by the occurrence of an earthquake at Bucharest, late on the evening of November 27, which was only a day after the partial cessation of the eruption of Vesuvius. Probably the masses of liquid fire which had been flowing towards Vesuvius had collected beneath the whole of that wide district which underlies Etna, Stromboli, and the Neapolitan vents. Be this as it may, it is certain that but a few hours after the occurrence of the earthquake in Wallachia Mount Etna began to show signs of activity, and by the evening of November 28, 1868, was in violent eruption.

When we consider these circumstances in connection with the recognised fact that Etna is an outlet of the same volcanic system, we can hardly be surprised that the ineffectual efforts of Vesuvius should have been followed by an eruption of the great Sicilian volcano. We can imagine that the lakes of fire which underlie the Neapolitan vent should have been inundated, so to speak, by the continual inrush of fresh matter, and that thus an overflow should have taken place into the vast caverns beneath the dome of Etna which had been partially cleared when the Sicilian mountain was in eruption in 1865. During a whole year some such process had probably been going on, until at length the forces which had been silently gathering themselves were able to overcome the resistance of the matter which stopped up the outlets of Etna, and the mountain was forced into violent and remarkably sudden action.

Unlike Vesuvius, Etna has always, within historic times, been recognised as an active volcano. Diodorus Siculus speaks of an eruption which took place before the Trojan war, and was so terrible in character as to drive away the Sicani who had peopled a neighbouring district. We learn also from Thucydides that in the sixth year of the Peloponnesian war a lava-stream destroyed the suburbs of Catania. This eruption, says the historian, was the third which had taken place since the island had been colonized by the Greeks. Classical readers will scarcely need to be reminded of Pindar's graphic description of

the eruption which took place fifty years before the one referred to by Thucydides. Although the poet only alludes to the mountain in passing, he has yet succeeded in presenting with a few skilful strokes the solemn grandeur of ancient Etna, the scene of the struggles of the buried giant Typhœus. He portrays the snowy mountain as "the pillar of the heavens, the nurse of eternal snows, hiding within deep caverns the fountains of unapproachable fire ; by day a column of ed-dying smoke, by night a bright and ruddy flame ; while masses of burning rock roll ever with loud uproar into the sea."

The cone of Etna rises to more than twice the height of Mount Vesuvius. Of old, indeed, the Sicilians assigned to their mountain a height not falling very far short of that of the grandest of the Alpine mountains. But in 1815, Captain (the late Admiral) Smyth ascertained by a careful series of trigonometrical observations that the true height of the mountain is 10,874 feet. The Catanians were indignant that a young, and at that time undistinguished, Englishman should have ventured to deprive their mountain of nearly 2,000 feet of the height which had been assigned to it by their own observer Recupero, and they refused to accept the new measurement. Nine years later, however, Sir John Herschel from barometrical observations estimated the mountain's height at 10,872½ feet. The close agreement between the two results was spoken of by Herschel—Lyell tells us—as a "happy accident ;" but, as Dr. Wollaston remarked, "it was one of those accidents which would not have happened to two fools."

The figure of Etna is a somewhat flattened cone, which would be very symmetrical were it not that on the eastern side it is broken by a deep valley called the Val del Bove, which runs nearly to the summit of the mountain, and descending half-way down its banks is connected with a second and narrower valley, called the Val di Colonna. The cone is divided into three regions called the desert, the woody, and the fertile regions. The first of these is a waste of lava and scorïæ, from the centre of which uprises the great cone. The woody region encircles the desert land to a width of six or seven miles. Over this region oaks, pines, and chestnut-trees grow luxuriantly ; while here and there are to be seen groves of cork and beech. Surrounding the woody region is a delightful and well-cultivated country lying upon the outskirts of the mountain and forming the fertile region. This part of Etna is well inhabited and thickly covered with olives, vines, and fruit-trees. One of the most singular peculiarities of the mountain is the prevalence over its flanks of a multitude of minor cones, nearly a hundred of which are to be seen in various parts of the woody and fertile regions. Of these, Sir Charles Lyell remarks, that "although they appear but trifling irregularities when viewed from a distance as subordinate parts of so imposing and colossal a mountain, they would, nevertheless, be deemed hills of considerable magnitude in almost any other region."

It has been calculated that the circumference of the cone is fully eighty-seven English miles ; but that the whole district over which the lava extends has nearly twice that circuit.

Of the earlier eruptions of Mount Etna we have not received very full or satisfactory records. It is related that in 1537 the principal cone, which had been 320 feet high, was swallowed up within the hollow depths of the mountain. And again, in 1693, during the course of an earthquake which shook the whole of Sicily and destroyed no fewer than 60,000 persons, the mountain lost a large portion of its height, in-somuch that, according to Boccone, it could not be seen from several parts of the Valdemone whence it had before been clearly visible. Minor cones upon the flanks of the mountain were diminished in height during other outbursts in a different manner. Thus in the great eruption of 1444, Monte Peluso was reduced to two-thirds of its former height, by a vast lava-stream which encircled it on every side. Yet, though another current has recently taken the same course, the height of this minor mountain is still three or four hundred feet. There is also, says Sir Charles Lyell, "a cone called Monte Nucilla, near Nicolosi, round the base of which successive currents have flowed, and showers of ashes have fallen, since the time of history, till at last, during an eruption in 1536, the surrounding plain was so raised, that the top of the cone alone was left projecting above the general level."

But the first eruption of which we have complete and authentic records is the one which occurred in the year 1669. An earthquake had taken place by which Nicolosi, a town situated about twenty miles from the summit of Etna, was levelled to the ground. Near the site of the destroyed town two gulfs opened soon after, and from these gulfs such enormous quantities of sand and scorix were thrown out that a mountain having a double peak was formed in less than four months. But, remarkable as was the evidence thus afforded of the energy of the volcanic action which was at work beneath the flames of the mountain, a yet more striking event presently attracted the attention of the alarmed inhabitants of the neighbouring country. On a sudden, and with a crash which resounded for miles around, a fissure, *twelve miles in length*, opened along the flanks of the disturbed mountain. The fissure extended nearly to the summit of Etna. It was very deep—how deep is unknown—but only six feet in width. Along its whole length there was emitted a most vivid light. Then, after a brief interval, five similar fissures opened one after another, emitting enormous volumes of smoke, and giving vent to bellowing sounds which could be heard at a distance of more than forty miles.

At length the eruption commenced in earnest. The volume of lava which was poured forth was greater than any that has ever been known to flow from the mountain during historical times. According to the estimate of Ferrara, no less than 140 millions of cubic yards of lava were poured down the sides of the mountain. The current, after melting down the foundations of a hill called Mompiliere, overflowed no fewer than fourteen towns and villages, some of which had as many as three thousand and four thousand inhabitants. Alarmed at the progress of the sea of lava which threatened to overwhelm their city, the Catani-ans upreared a rampart of enormous strength and sixty feet in height.

So stoutly was this bulwark established that the lava was unable to break it or to burn it down. The molten sea gradually accumulated, until at length it rose above the summit of the rampart, from which it poured in a fiery cascade, and destroyed the nearer part of the city. "The wall was not thrown down, however," says Sir Charles Lyell, "but was discovered long afterwards by excavations made in the rock by the Prince of Biscari; so that the traveller may now see the solid lava curling over the top of the rampart as if still in the very act of falling. The current had performed a course of fifteen miles before it entered the sea, where it was still six hundred yards broad and forty feet deep. It covered some territories in the environs of Catania, which had never before been visited by the lavas of Etna. While moving on, its surface was in general a mass of solid rock; and its mode of advancing, as is usual with lava-streams, was by the occasional fissuring of the solid walls. A gentleman of Catania, named Pappalardo, desiring to secure the city from the approach of the threatening torrent, went out with a party of fifty men whom he had dressed in skins to protect them from the heat, and armed with iron crows and hooks. They broke open one of the solid walls which flanked the current near Belpasso, and immediately forth issued a rivulet of melted matter which took the direction of Paterno; but the inhabitants of that town, being alarmed for their safety, took up arms and put a stop to further operations."

In the eruption of 1755 a singular circumstance occurred. From the Val del Bove, usually dry and arid, there flowed a tremendous volume of water forming a stream two miles broad, and in some places 34 feet deep. It flowed in the first part of its course at the rate of two miles in three minutes. It is said to have been salt, and many supposed it had been in some way drawn from the sea, since its volume exceeded that of all the snow on the mountain. It has, however, since been found that vast reservoirs of snow and ice are accumulated in different parts of the mountain beneath the lava. The snow was melted by the heat of the rising lava, and was made salt by vaporous exhalations.

Of the singular solidity of the walls of an advancing lava-stream, Recupero has related a remarkable instance. During the eruption of 1766, he and his guide had ascended one of those minor cones which lie, as we have said, on the flanks of the mountain, and from the summit of this hill they watched with feelings of awe the slow advance of a fiery river two miles and a half in breadth. Suddenly they saw a fissure opening in the solid walls which encircled the front of the current of lava; and then, from out this fissure, two streams of lava leapt forth and ran rapidly towards the hill on which the observers were standing. They had just time to make their escape, when, turning round, they saw the hill surrounded by the burning lava. Fifteen minutes later the foundations of the hill had been melted down, and the whole mass floated away upon the lava, with which it presently became completely incorporated.

It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that such an occurrence

as the one we have just related is often observed. On the contrary, it seems that when burning lava comes into contact with rocky matter, the latter is usually very little affected. It is only when fresh portions of incandescent lava are successively brought into contact with fusible rocks that these can be completely melted. Sir Charles Lyell quotes a remarkable story in illustration of the small effects which are produced by lava when there is not a continuous supply of fresh material in an incandescent state. "On the site of Mompiliere, one of the towns overflowed in the great eruption of 1669, an excavation was made in 1704; and by immense labour the workmen reached, at the depth of 35 feet, the gate of the principal church, where there were three statues held in high veneration. One of these, together with a bell, some money, and other articles, were extracted in a state of preservation from beneath a great arch formed by the lava." This will seem the more extraordinary when it is remembered that eight years after the eruption the lava was still so hot at Catania, that it was impossible to hold the hand in some of the fissures.

Among the most remarkable of the eruptions of Etna which have taken place in recent times are those of 1811 and 1819.

In 1811, according to Gemmellaro, the great crater gave vent, at first, to a series of tremendous detonations, from which it was judged that the dome of the mountain had become completely filled with molten lava, which was seeking to escape. At length a violent shock was experienced, and from what followed it would seem that by this shock the whole internal framework of the mountain had been rent open. For, first a stream of lava began to pour out from a gap in the cone not far from the summit. Then another stream burst out at an opening directly under the first, and at some distance from it. Then a third opening appeared, still lower down; then a fourth, and so on, until no less than seven openings had been formed in succession, all lying in the same vertical plane. From the way in which these openings appeared, and the peculiarity that each stream of lava had ceased to flow before the next lower one burst forth, it is supposed that the internal framework of the mountain had been rent open gradually, from the summit downwards, so as to suffer the internal column of lava to subside to a lower and lower level, by escaping through the successive vents. This, at least, is the opinion which Scrope has expressed on the subject, in his treatise on "Volcanoes."

The eruption of 1819 was in some respects even more remarkable. I have already mentioned the Val del Bove, which breaks in upon the dome of Etna upon the eastern side. In the eruption of 1819 the whole of this great valley was covered by a sea of burning lava. Three large caverns had opened not far from the fissures, out of which the lava had flowed in 1811; and from these, flames, smoke, red-hot cinders, and sand were flung out with singular impetuosity. Presently another cavern opened lower down, but still no lava flowed from the mountain. At length a fifth opening formed, yet lower, and from this a torrent of lava poured out, which spread over the whole width of the

Val del Bove, and flowed no less than four miles in the first two days. This torrent of lava was soon after enlarged by the accession of enormous streams of burning matter flowing from the three caverns which had formed in the first instance. The river of lava at length reached the head of the Colonna valley, where there is a vast and almost vertical precipice, over which the lava streamed in a cataract of fire. But there was a peculiarity about the falling lava which gave to the scene a strange and awful character. As the burning cascade rushed down, it became hardened through the cooling effects due to its contact with the rocky face of the precipice. Thus, the matter which had flowed over the head of the valley like a river of fire fell at the foot of the precipice in the form of solid masses of rock. The crash with which the falling crags struck the bottom of the valley is described as inconceivably awful. At first, indeed, the Catanians feared that a new eruption had burst out in this part of the mountain, since the air was filled with clouds of dust, produced by the abrasion of the face of the precipice as the hardened masses swept over it.

The length of time during which the lava of 1819 continued to flow down the slopes of the great valleys is well worth noticing. Mr. Scrope saw the current advancing at the rate of a yard per hour nine months after the occurrence of the eruption. The mode of its advance was remarkable. As the mass slowly pushed its way onward, the lower portions were arrested by the resistance of the ground, and thus the upper part would first protrude itself, and then, being unsupported, would fall over. The fallen mass would then in its turn be covered by a mass of more liquid lava, which poured over it from above. And thus "the current had all the appearance of a huge heap of rough and large cinders rolling over and over upon itself by the effect of an extremely slow propulsion from behind. The contraction of the crust as it solidified, and the friction of the scoriform cakes against one another, produced a crackling sound. Within the crevices a dull red heat might be seen by night, and vapour issuing in considerable quantity was visible by day."

The circumstance that Etna uprears its head high above the limit of perpetual snow has a remarkable bearing on the characteristics of this volcano. The peculiarity is touched on by Pindar in the words already quoted, in which he speaks of Etna as "the nurse of everlasting frost concealing within deep caverns the fountains of unapproachable fire." It will be readily conceived that the action of molten lava upon the enormous masses of snow, which lie upon the upper part of the mountain, must be calculated to produce—under special circumstances—the most remarkable, and, unfortunately, the most disastrous effects. It does not always happen that fire and ice are thus brought into dangerous contact. But records are not wanting of catastrophes produced in this way. In 1755, for example, a tremendous flood was occasioned by the flow of the two streams of lava from the highest crater. The whole mountain was at the time (March 2nd) covered with snow, and the torrent of lava formed by the union of the two streams

was no less than three miles in width. It will be readily conceived that the flow of such a mass of molten fire as this over the accumulated snows of the past winter produced the most disastrous effects. "A frightful inundation resulted," says Sir Charles Lyell, "which devastated the sides of the mountain for eight miles in length, and afterwards covered the lower flanks of Etna (where they were less steep), together with the plains near the sea, with great deposits of sand, scorïæ, and blocks of lava."

In connection with this part of the subject I may mention the singular and apparently paradoxical circumstance that, in 1828, a large mass of ice was found, which had been preserved for many years from melting by the fact that a current of red-hot lava had flowed over it. We might doubt the occurrence of so strange an event, were it not that the fact is vouched for by Sir Charles Lyell, who visited the spot where the ice had been discovered. He thus relates the circumstances of the discovery:—"The extraordinary heat experienced in the South of Europe, during the summer and autumn of 1828, caused the supplies of snow and ice which had been preserved in the spring of that year for the use of Catania, and the adjoining parts of Sicily, and the island of Malta, to fail entirely. Great distress was consequently felt for want of a commodity regarded in those countries as one of the necessities of life rather than an article of luxury, and the abundance of which contributes in some of the larger cities to the salubrity of the water and the general health of the community. The magistrates of Catania applied to Signor Gemmellaro, in the hope that his local knowledge of Etna might enable him to point out some crevice or natural grotto on the mountain where drift snow was still preserved. Nor were they disappointed; for he had long suspected that a small mass of perennial ice at the foot of the highest cone was part of a large and continuous glacier covered by a lava-current. Having procured a large body of workmen, he quarried into this ice, and proved the superposition of the lava for several hundred yards, so as completely to satisfy himself that nothing but the subsequent flowing of the lava over the ice could account for the position of the glacier" (in other words, the ice had not accumulated in a cavern of moderate extent accidentally formed beneath overhanging lava masses). "Unfortunately for the geologist," adds Lyell, "the ice was so extremely hard, and the excavation so expensive, that there is no probability of the operations being renewed."

This strange phenomenon is explained, in all likelihood, by the fact that the drift of snow over which the lava flowed had become covered with a layer of volcanic sand before the descent of the molten matter. The effect of sand in resisting the passage of heat is well known. Nasmyth, the inventor of the steam hammer, illustrated this property in a remarkable manner by pouring eight tons of molten iron into a caldron one-fourth of an inch thick, lined with a layer of sand and clay somewhat more than half an inch thick. When the fused metal had been twenty minutes in the caldron the outside was still so cool

that the palm of the hand could be applied to it without inconvenience. And lava consolidates so quickly that there must soon have been formed over the snow a solid covering, strong enough to resist the effects of the fresh molten matter which was continually streaming over it. In this way we may readily conceive, as Sir Charles Lyell has remarked, that a glacier 10,000 feet above the sea level would endure as long as the snows of Mont Blanc, unless heated by volcanic heat from below.

It is worthy of notice that in the Antarctic seas there is an island called Deception Island, which is almost entirely composed, according to the authority of Lieut. Kendall, of alternate layers of ice and volcanic ashes.

One of the most perplexing subjects to geologists is the existence of so remarkable a valley as the Val del Bove, breaking the contour of the dome of Etna nearly to the summit. It must be remembered that there are few subjects which have been more carefully examined than the question of the formation of valleys and ravines. The primary agent recognised by geologists is the action of subterranean forces in upheaving and depressing the land. In this way, doubtless, all the principal valleys have been formed. But fluvial influences have also to be considered; and a valley which exists upon the flank of a mountain may, in nearly every instance, be ascribed to the action of running water.

In the case of the Val del Bove, however, we are forced to come to a different conclusion. If this valley had been formed by the action of running water in some long-past era of the mountain's history, the chasm would have deepened as it approached the base. On the contrary, the precipices which bound the Val del Bove are loftiest at the upper extremity, and gradually diminish in height as we approach the lower regions of the mountain.

Nor can we imagine that the valley has been formed by a landslip. The dimensions of the depression are altogether too great for such an explanation to be available. And, passing over this circumstance, we are met by the consideration that, if the land which once filled this valley had "slipped", (in the ordinary sense of the term), we should see the traces of the movement, and be able to detect the existence of the removed mass. Not only is there no evidence of a motion of this sort, but the slightest examination of the valley at once disposes of the supposition that such a motion can at any time have taken place.

It remains only that we suppose the valley to have been caused by the bodily subsidence of the whole mass which had formerly filled up what is now wanting to the dome-shaped figure of the mountain. And the subsidence must have taken place in a sudden manner,—not necessarily in a single shock, but certainly not by a slow process of sinking. For the mass which has sunk is sharply separated from the rest, so that the precipitous walls of the valley exhibit the structure of the mountain's frame, to a depth of from 3,000 to 4,000 feet below the summit of the cone. In other words, a portion of the crust has been sepa-

rated from the rest and has sunk bodily down, leaving the remainder unchanged.

When we consider the dimensions of the valley, such an event becomes very startling. "The Val del Bove," says Lyell, "is a vast amphitheatre, four or five miles in diameter, surrounded by nearly vertical precipices." One might almost be prepared to doubt that such a valley as this could be formed in the manner described, were it not that within recent times we have had evidence of the occurrence of similar events. During a violent earthquake and volcanic eruption which took place in Java in 1822, the face of the mountain Galongoon was totally changed, "its summits broken down, and one side, which had been covered with trees, became an enormous gulf in the form of a semicircle. This cavity was about midway between the summit and the plain, and surrounded by steep rocks." Yet more remarkable was the great subsidence which took place in the year 1772 on Papendayang, the largest volcano in the island of Java. On that occasion "an extent of ground fifteen miles in length and six in breadth, covered by no less than forty villages, was engulfed, and the cone of the mountain lost 4,000 feet of its height.

There is nothing unreasonable, therefore, in supposing that some such event may have resulted in the formation of the strange valley which mars the dome-shaped figure of Mount Etna, although no such events have been witnessed in the neighbourhood in recent times.

One singular feature of the valley remains to be mentioned. The vertical face of the precipices which bound it are broken by what, at a distant view, appear to be dark buttresses, strangely diversified in figure, and of tremendous altitude. On a closer inspection, however, these strange objects are seen to be composed of lava jutting out through the face of the cliffs. Being composed of harder materials than the cliffs, they waste away less rapidly, and thus it is that they are seen to stand out like buttresses. Now, we would invite the close attention of the reader to this part of our subject, because, as it seems to us, it illustrates in a singularly interesting manner the mode in which volcanic cones are affected during eruption.

We have seen that in the eruption of 1811 there was evidence of a perpendicular rent having taken place in the internal framework of Etna, and in 1669 a fissure was formed which extended right through the outer crust. In one case lava was forced through the rent, and burst out at the side of the mountain. In the other, the brilliant light which was emitted indicated the presence of molten lava deep down in the fissure. Now, when we combine these circumstances, with the *dylkes* seen in the Val del Bove, and with the similar appearances seen round the ancient crater of Vesuvius, we can come, as it appears to me, to but one conclusion. Before and during an eruption, the lava which is seeking for exit must be forced with such tremendous energy against the internal framework of the mountain's dome, as to fracture and rend the crust, either in one or two enormous fissures, or in a multitude of smaller ones. It does not follow that all or any of the fissures would

be visible, because the outer surface of the crust may not be rent. Into the fissures thus formed the lava is forced by the pressure from below, and, there solidifying, the crust of the dome remains as strong, after the liquid lava has sunk to its usual level, as it was before the eruption. When we see dykes situated as in the Val del Bove, we learn that the fissures caused by the pressure of the lava extend far down the flanks of a volcanic mountain. That they are numerous is evidenced by the fact that those seen in the Val del Bove amount, according to Sir Charles Lyell, to "thousands in number."

And perhaps we may understand from such considerations as these the manner in which the Val del Bove itself was formed. For a wide strip of country between two great fissures might be so waved and shaken by the action of the sea of molten lava beneath as to be fractured cross-wise; and then, on the subsidence of the lava, the whole mass below the fracture would sink down bodily. We gain an extended conception of the energy of the forces which are at work during volcanic eruptions, when we see that they thus have power to rend the whole framework of a mountain.

Among recent eruptions of Mount Etna, one of the most singular was that of the year 1852, which began so suddenly that a party of Englishmen, who were ascending the mountain, and had nearly reached the foot of the highest cone, were only able to escape with great difficulty. The eruption which had commenced so abruptly did not cease with corresponding rapidity, but continued with but a few slight intermissions for fully nine months.

The eruption in progress as I write has not yet attained any remarkable degree of energy, though possibly before these lines appear, another story may have to be told. In the last week of May a fissure opened on the north side of the mountain, "and thence volumes of smoke and flame were seen to issue from it. From the crater itself, a great cloud of black ashes has been poured forth, rendering the mountain invisible and obscuring the rays of the sun" (by which the writer must surely mean obstructing their passage), "even at a distance of many miles. These ashes have been carried far and wide, and have even covered the ground so far away as Reggio, on the adjacent coast of Calabria. Three new craters have opened in the direction of Randazzo, on the north side of the mountain, and the lava is running rapidly towards the town of Francavilla, where great alarm is felt, though that town is situated beyond the river Alcantara, and on the very outskirts of the region usually threatened by eruptions. On the opposite side of the mountain, Palermo and the adjacent villa of Santa Maria di Licodia are reported to be greatly alarmed." But at present the direction of the disturbance is towards the north, and the chief danger lies therefore also in that direction. The new craters, and the fissure with which the eruption began, lie all on the northern side of the mountain. "The stream of lava, which is estimated to be 70 metres" (about 75 yards) "in width, is flowing in a direction somewhere between Francavilla and Randazzo, and seems to have reached the high road

which encircles the mountain, and connects the latter town with the villages Linguaglossa and Piedimonte. These villages are enshrouded in a canopy of ashes, and almost total darkness prevails in them. None of the ordinary concomitants of a great eruption seem to be absent. Balls of fire, or what are taken for such, are hurled into the air from the new craters and fissurés, and, having reached a great height, they burst with a loud crash. Reports like the rolling of artillery are heard in the night, while night and day alike the stream of lava flows stealthily and irresistibly on, until by the latest accounts it has reached to within a few miles of Linguaglossa."

Whether the eruption now in progress will attain the dimensions of the more remarkable of those which have preceded it, remains to be seen. As the last took place ten years ago, and was considerable, though following one which had occurred but three-and-a-half years earlier, it seems not unlikely that the present may be an important eruption. What we know already respecting it, tends to confirm the belief of Sir Charles Lyell, that, if the earth's internal fires are diminishing in intensity, the diminution takes place very slowly. A process of change may be going on which will result one day in the cessation of all subterranean movements. But the rate at which such a process is going on is so slow at present as to be imperceptible. We cannot point to a time within the historical era, or even within that far wider range of duration which is covered by geological records, at which the earth's internal forces were decidedly superior in energy to those at present in action. Nor is this to be regarded as of evil import, but altogether the reverse. The work achieved by subterranean action, destructive though its immediate effects may often appear, is absolutely necessary to the welfare and happiness of the human race. It is to the reproductive energy of the earth's internal forces that we are indebted for the existence of continents and islands on which warm-blooded animals can live. "Had the primeval world been constructed as it now exists," says Sir John Herschel, "time enough has elapsed, and force enough directed to that end has been in activity, to have long ago destroyed every vestige of land." So that, raising our thoughts from present interests to the future fortunes of the human race, we may agree with Sir Charles Lyell that the most promising evidence of the permanence of the present order of things consists in the fact that the energy of subterranean movements is always uniform, when considered with reference to the whole of the earth's globe.

RICHARD A. PROCTOR, in *Gentleman's Magazine*.

OUR NEW WHEAT-FIELDS IN THE NORTH-WEST.

Last season witnessed the development of a new wheat-growing district in the North-west of America of so extraordinary an extent, and surrounded by so much that is novel and unexpected, that an account of what is actually taking place in that little known portion of the continent cannot but deserve attention, destined as it undoubtedly is to alter materially the sources from which Great Britain will derive her future supplies of breadstuffs, and possibly to interfere seriously with existing markets. The extensive territory now rapidly filling up with inhabitants, the reclamation of which only fairly commenced in the spring of 1878, exists on both banks of the Red River of the North, and on both sides of the international boundary between Canada and the United States. The fertile belt, of which this is the western extremity, sweeps then in a north-western direction some 300 miles wide along the course of the two Saskatchewan Rivers, and forward to the Rocky Mountains of the West, embracing an area of at least 200,000,000 acres, nearly the whole of which is to-day an untouched prairie of the richest description.

The Red River has its source in several lakes situated on the high land in the State of Minnesota, other lakes in the immediate neighbourhood of these being the sources of the Mississippi, running south to the Gulf of Mexico, and others again being drained by the St. Louis, which, running west to Lake Superior, is in fact one of the principal affluents of the great St. Lawrence. So closely contiguous are the head waters of these three great hydrographic systems, that surveys have been made with a view to unite them all into one magnificent internal navigation, which would thus connect the waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the Gulf of Mexico, and the Arctic Ocean. The plateau in which they all take their rise is by no means mountainous, the summit level of the canal would only be 1,200 feet above the sea level, and the length of artificial channel to construct would be but sixty-three miles to connect an available navigation of over 20,000 miles already in use on the three great fluvial systems of the continent.

The Red River of the North, the least developed of the three, issues primarily from Elbow Lake, in the west of Minnesota, one of this lacustrine group, running at first in a south-west direction through a beautiful chain of lakes disposed on the stream, like beads upon a string, until it receives the waters of the Sioux Wood River, the outlet of Lac Traverse, the united course of the two being then generally north till it empties its muddy waters into the basin of Lake Winnipeg, where its four outlets are rapidly creating a series of deltas, the increase of which in the future bids fair to interfere with the navigation of this important inland sea. The course of the Red River is extremely tortuous, so that its estimated length of 665 miles is more than double the distance between its source and its mouth in a direct line, and of

this total length 500 miles is in the United States, where it forms the dividing line between Minnesota and Dakota. At the new town of Winnepeg, the capital of the British province of Manitobah, halfway between the international boundary and the outlet of the Red River, the Assiniboine, which is wholly in Canada, comes in from the west, having a length of 600 miles, of which 300 are navigable, whilst other affluents to both make up altogether a length of over 2,000 miles of large-sized rivers, of which half is navigable for steamboats.

From causes which it is unnecessary to particularise, an immense immigration last year set in to this favoured district. Minnesota has long been known as probably the best wheat-growing district in the United States, and its progress, especially along the waters of the Upper Mississippi and its branches, has been most marvellous; but the difficulty of access to the Red River, and its distance, have so far been a drawback either to settlers getting into the country or agricultural products coming out. The Northern Pacific Railway, commencing at the western extremity of Lake Superior, and intended ultimately to reach the Pacific Ocean, became involved in financial embarrassment, and ultimately broke down at the commencement of the present depression in business, but luckily not before the section from Lake Superior to the Red River was nearly completed. Another equally unfortunate railway, the St. Paul and Pacific, had opened for traffic before its collapse, a communication between St. Paul, already included in the railway system of the continent, and the Northern Pacific, giving between them a continuous but somewhat indirect communication between St. Paul, the enterprising capital of Minnesota, and the then little appreciated Red River. This was in 1873. Since then Canada has established a firm government in the province of Manitobah; the city of Winnepeg has sprung up from an Indian post of the Hudson's Bay Company to be a nicely built town of 8,000 inhabitants; steamers have been introduced into the two rivers that unite their waters at her wharves; and since last year a daily line of steamers offers a continuous steam communication between Winnepeg the British, and St. Paul the American, capital of these respective provinces, superseded in November last by a continuous railway, 460 miles long, between the two cities. Besides the Northern Pacific and the St. Paul and Pacific Railways, several other similar corporations in the States of Minnesota and Dakota have been subsidised by the United States Government, with large grants of public lands to aid them in the construction of their respective undertakings. These railway lands have generally been given in alternate blocks or townships of six miles square, so that each railway block is surrounded on each side by Government land, which on certain and generally very easy terms can be acquired by actual settlers. Both the Government and the companies have opened offices in different sections, and a regular departmental establishment to regulate the disposal of these lands, and the railways, by advertisement and other inducements, have spared no exertions to draw attention to the domain which they are anxious to dispose of. There is little

doubt that to this joint system of ownership and land selling the rapid peopling of the North-western States of the Union has been principally due. But the present immigration, especially perhaps to Minnesota, is utterly unparalleled in the history of any of these States, and it is accompanied by a rush for railroad and public lands beyond any precedent. The offices of the Northern Pacific, the St. Paul and Sioux City, and other railways with land to dispose of, are daily crowded with applicants for the purchase of these new wheat-fields, whilst the Government offices are literally besieged by claimants under the homestead and pre-emption laws, in a manner surpassing all previous experience, even of the great immigration rush from 1854 to 1857. The railways have been compelled to alter and increase their train accommodation to supply the new demands made upon them for travelling, and to extend and improve their locomotive and other facilities to satisfy the requirements of a new and unprepared-for traffic.

This influx of people began about October of 1877, just after the magnificent harvest of that year had been gathered, and the despondency which had weighed over the farming interests in consequence of several successive locust visitations had been followed by a reactionary feeling of hope and confidence. During the three months ending the 30th of November, 1877, the different land offices of the United States Government in Minnesota disposed of 429,467 acres, and more than three-fifths of the whole sales of the year were in the four months ending the 31st of December, the total sales during that period being three times as much as in the corresponding months of the preceding year. Besides the Government sales of the three months specified, the railway companies sold in the same time 539,136 acres of land in Minnesota and Dakota, this being exclusive of the Winona and St. Peter's Railway, which made no return. In all, over a million acres of land were appropriated to actual settlers in the two Red River States in these three months, and most of it in the immediate water-shed of that river.

The winter, mild as it was, proved unfavourable for land hunting and exploring, but the tide of immigration still flowed, though with diminished volume, till March, 1878, when it rose again to a flood, the extent of which still increasing bids fair to overshadow all previous immigration movements, and to revolutionise the position and importance of these North-western States. For the three months ending April 1, 1878, the sales of the undermentioned land offices in Western Minnesota were as follow :—

	Entries.	Acres.
Worthington.....	542	66,061
Benson.....	1,029	141,619
New Ulm.....	696	86,696
Redwood Falls.....	535	68,605
Detroit.....	575	83,512
Fergus Falls.....	394	50,722
	<hr/> 3,771	<hr/> 497,215

The Land office in Dakota, on the Northern Pacific Railway, just across the Red River boundary, alone disposed of 350,000 acres in these three months, usually the dullest season of the year. The general summary for the quarter ending March 31, 1878, in this district of Minnesota, was as follows:—

	Acre.
Sales by Northern Pacific Railway.....	119,300
“ St. Paul and Pacific.....	120,356
“ St. Paul and Sioux City, about.....	56,000
“ Western Minnesota Land Offices.....	497,215
“ Fayo Land Office, estimated.....	415,000
	<hr/> 1,207,871

These actual sales in the first three months of this year do not include purchases of large tracts by colonies under contract, or in course of negotiation, and exclusive of these, which have been very large, the sales of the seven months ending March 31, 1878, by the United States Government, and railways in Minnesota and Northern Dakota, have been about 2,550,000 acres for actual and immediate settlement.

To throw further light upon this marvellous movement and to explain more forcibly than by dry figures the change that is taking place, the present position of the Northern Pacific Railway may be taken as an illustration. It is nearly three years since the collapse of the well-known banking-house of Jay Cooke and Co., the financial agents of the Northern Pacific, led to the bankruptcy and complete stoppage of all works of construction on that unfortunate line of road. The preference stock of the railway, the principal description of security on the market, became then valueless, there was no sale for it, and, although nominally quoted at ten cents in the dollar, it was useless to offer it in the market. The land sales of the railway are now made principally for this preferred stock, which the company accept at par in purchase of their land. In 1877 they sold 270,996 acres at a little over 1*l.* sterling per acre, nearly all of which was paid for in this scrip, and in the first three months of 1878 119,300 acres have been sold to 230 purchasers at from 16*s.* to 30*s.* per acre; but the scrip in the meantime appreciated considerably in value, and in the middle of 1878 could scarcely be bought at 20 per cent. of its full value. The effect of this sudden demand for the securities of the road, and the increased traffic brought upon it, revived this till lately stagnant enterprise. The influence is being felt in every pulse of social and commercial life, values are advancing, trade has revived, money is plentiful, energy and confidence are being restored. In 1871 there was scarcely a settlement along its route either in Dakota or the Red River Valley. In 1872 the road was partially opened, its business being the transportation of supplies to its own employes, materials for the extension of the road, and for the wants of the few pioneer settlers who followed on the heels of the construction parties. At the close of the sixth year of its existence, after labouring under all the embarrassments of its failure and suspension, and the stagnation of business all over the country, the whole aspect

of its affairs brightened, the district it traverses is enlivened by the influx of settlers, whose houses, stores, schools, churches, and other appliances of civilized life are dotting the surface in all directions, and during the past year a quarter of a million acres of land have been opened for cultivation, and 65,000 souls have been brought into the country, to which hundreds are being added every day. The general business of the road is being increased and developed in corresponding proportion, and during the first quarter of 1878 the traffic, which in 1877 produced \$78,717, increased to \$139,319, or 77 per cent.; whilst the passengers rose in number from 4,298 to 10,746, showing an increase of 150 per cent. The experience of other railways in the same district is similar. The St. Paul and Pacific, which is a north and south line, opened recently their branch to St. Vincent, the American border town opposite to Emerson on the British side, this line with the Pembina Branch of the Canadian Pacific forming the through international route between Winnipeg and St. Paul. The announcement that this line would be opened in November last produced a rush for land in that direction, and during the first three months of 1878 73,960 acres were sold on the branch in addition to 44,356 on the main line. This land sold for an average of 26s. per acre, the receipts from this source having been nearly 150,000*l.*, which has been almost sufficient for the expenses in constructing and equipping the railway. The income from traffic during the same three months was \$41,660 in 1877, and nearly \$70,000 last year, and the receipts from both sources are not only enabling these companies to push on the extension of these railways, but to wipe out their old indebtedness.

So much for the American side: enormous as the influx of immigrants and the development of Northern Minnesota have been, it is nothing to what is now going on in Manitobah across the Canadian boundary. This rush could only take place on the opening of navigation, but as soon as the season opened, it was estimated that the influx of immigration added about 400 persons per day to the population of the province. In 1876, the total sales of land to 807 settlers were 153,535 acres; in 1877, the sales to 2,283 applicants amounted to 400,423 acres; and to the 31st of October, 1877, the total land sales in the province from its commencement amounted to 1,392,368 acres to 8,648 applicants. In April of 1878 the Emerson land office alone disposed of 52,960 acres, and in the first week of May 30,400 acres were appropriated. Emerson is on the American boundary immediately north of the line, and about seventy miles south of Winnipeg, which is the principal land office for the Dominion. From the influx of population and the rate of sales just referred to, it appears that about 3,000,000 acres of wheat land were allotted last year to actual settlers in this province of Canada alone, and when the rail communication is complete the rush of immigration and the rapid breaking up of the land into cultivation bid fair to be something beyond all previous experience.

Another most important point is the character of the immigration.

now going on, and this again shows a marked difference and improvement upon former years. Most of the new-comers are not the idlers and poverty-stricken offscourings of Europe, but well-to-do farmers from the older States and settlements, from Northern Iowa, from Wisconsin, and other of the newer States of the Union, but old in comparison to this; from Canada, and especially from the best parts of Ontario, and from the richest and most fertile districts of the older provinces. These are men principally who have sold their old farms at high prices, who are accustomed to pioneer life, and who have brought their experience and the families they have raised in the old homestead to these newer fields, possibly to go again further west when these lands are reclaimed from the wilderness and brought into good cultivation. Nearly all of the new arrivals are of a class far in advance of the immigration of former years, and they include a great number of men with capital and experience who are going into Western farming with all modern appliances and ample means as the most promising speculation of the day. The dominant nationalities settling on the Minnesota farms are Americans, Scandinavians and Canadians in about equal proportions. The Americans are nearly all from Southern Minnesota, Iowa, Wisconsin, Michigan, and Illinois, all wheat-growing districts, and many of these settlers were pioneers in those States when these lands were new and unknown, who have sold the farms they originally made out of the prairie for 25 or 30 dollars per acre, and, moving to this new North-West with the money and experience they have accumulated, are buying land at from one-fifth to one-tenth of the price they have received for their old place, and will make in five or six years farms twice as valuable as those they have left.

The secret of all this is the knowledge, that seems to have been only lately arrived at, that farming is profitable, and that it pays to 'make land.' Farming is less exposed to vicissitudes than any ordinary business, and the depression, when it comes, is less disastrous and more easily evaded. There is really no better investment than wheat-raising, and a prairie farm once brought under cultivation will always have a surplus, however disastrous external matters may be. Capitalists now going into these large farming speculations have gone into it after careful calculation as a business that offers the very best return for their money, and a certainty that at least there will be no bad debts; that Nature, however she may occasionally disappoint an oversanguine speculator, will average all right, and that the surplus after any partial failure will still net something tangible, the principal being always intact and the interest tolerably secure. The experience of some sharp experimenters on the St. Paul and Sioux Railway lands in large blocks, say from 600 to 3,000 acres, is, that a crop of No. 1 hard Minnesota wheat can be got into the railway elevators at a cost of from $7\frac{1}{2}$ to $8\frac{1}{2}$ dollars (say under 2*l.* sterling) per acre, including fall ploughing, seed-sowing, harvesting, threshing, hawling to the railway, depreciation of land and machinery, wear and tear, and interest on

capital employed. Ten bushels of wheat at 75 to 85 cents per bushel pays, therefore, all these expenses, and twenty bushels more per acre (which is still under the general production from the first crop) pays for the land, preliminary expenses, and the breaking up of the prairie ready for the farming operations that follow. Thus 30 bushels to the acre of the first crop clears all outlay up to that time, returns the capital invested, and leaves a first-rate fenced farm in a high state of cultivation for succeeding agricultural employment. All over 30 bushels is a profit after capital and interest have been restored, the farm paid for and made within a year; and yet this land produces often 40 and 50 bushels to the acre, leaving 2*l.* and 3*l.* per acre profit over all expenses and outlay both for capital and revenue. Where else is there a business that in twelve months repays all advances of its purchase and establishment, and leaves as a profit a money return and plant worth four times the original outlay? It is this enormous profit that is bringing so many heavy capitalists into the ranks of this novel immigration, and inducing men who have already worked themselves into a good position to abandon for a time the amenities of a settled life, and embark once more in pioneer farming. A number of farms in all the districts alluded to broke up last year from 500 to 1,000 acres of land, and the Northern Pacific Company alone expected that not less than 125,000 acres of wheat would be gathered, and that that quantity will be at least doubled during the present season. Instances are numerous of large profits being made in wheat farming. A Mr. Dalrymple is quoted in the *St. Paul Pioneer Press* as having had in 1877 8,000 acres under wheat, which yielded him all round 25 bushels to the acre, or over 200,000 bushels. His total outlay for seed, cultivation, harvesting, and threshing was under 2*l.* per acre, leaving him a margin of over 3*l.*, or 24,000*l.* on his 8,000 acres. Last year he had 12,000 acres under cultivation, and all in wheat. This was in Minnesota; but north of the Canadian line they get a much larger yield than this, and in twenty-seven miles along the Assiniboine River in 1877 over 400,000 bushels were harvested that averaged considerably over 30 bushels to the acre. In the North-western provinces of Canada wheat often produces 40 and 50 bushels to the acre, while in South Minnesota 20 bushels is the average crop, in Wisconsin only 14, in Pennsylvania and Ohio 15. The fact established by climatologists that the cultivated plants yield the greatest products near the northernmost limit at which they grow, is fully illustrated in the productions of the Canadian territories; and the returns from Prince Albert and other new settlements on the Saskatchewan show a yield of 40 bushels of spring wheat to the acre, averaging 63 lbs. to the bushel, whilst one exceptional field showed 68 lbs. to the bushel, and another lot of 2,000 bushels weighed 66 lbs., producing respectively 46 and 42½ lbs. of dressed flour to the bushel of wheat. In southern latitudes the warm spring develops the juices of the plants too rapidly: They run into stalk and leaf, to the detriment of the seed. Corn maize, for example, in the West Indies runs often thirty feet high, but it produces only a few grains at the bottom of a spongy cob too coarse for human food.

Whatever be the cause, the ascertained results in this new North-West seem to prove that its soil possesses unusually prolific powers. In 1877 carefully prepared reports were made by thirty-four different settlements, and although lessened in many cases by circumstances local and exceptional—as, for instance, a series of very heavy rain-storms which caught the wheat just as it was ripening—the yields per acre were: of wheat, from 25 to 35 bushels, with an average of $32\frac{1}{2}$; barley, from 40 to 50, average $42\frac{1}{2}$; oats, 40 to 60, average 51; peas averaged $32\frac{1}{2}$, potatoes 229, and turnips 662 bushels per acre. Individual cases were enumerated of 100 bushels of oats per acre, barley as high as 60 bushels, and weighing from 50 to 55 lbs. per bushel. Potatoes have yielded as high as 600 bushels to the acre, and of a quality unsurpassed, as are all the root-crops. Turnips have yielded 1,000 bushels to the acre, 700 being common, whilst cabbage, cauliflower, and celery grow to an enormous size and of excellent quality and flavour.

Having now glanced at the immigration that is taking place into this new district as to its extent and character, and got an insight into its agricultural capabilities per acre, let us try to arrive next at an idea of the size of this territory, which but nine years since was the property of 'the Company of Adventurers of England trading into the Hudson's Bay,' and whose charter, granted in 1669 to Prince Rupert and nineteen other gentlemen, made them despotic rulers over half a continent on the easy terms that two elks and two black beavers should be paid to the sovereign whenever he should come into the district. - This enormous territory thus easily disposed of, and the value of which for agricultural and mining purposes is unsurpassed, the last and best acquisition of the Dominion of Canada, comprises, as near as can be calculated, 2,984,000 square miles, whilst the whole of the United States south of the international boundary contains 2,933,600 square miles. Including the older portions of Quebec, Ontario, and the maritime provinces, Canada measures 3,346,681 square miles, whilst all Europe contains 3,900,000. Well may the *Times*, in reviewing Lord Dufferin's speech at Winnipeg (November 28, 1877), say:

We have hitherto had scarcely any notion at all of British America in the full sense of the terraqueous region between the Atlantic, the Pacific, the United States, and the Arctic. In the maps it looks all a mere wilderness of rivers and lakes, in which life would be intolerable, and escape impossible. The succession of enormous distances and strange surprises through which Lord Dufferin takes his hearers read more like a voyage to a newly discovered satellite than one to a region hitherto regarded simply as the fag-end of America and a waste bit of the world.

The late Hon. William Seward, at that time Prime Minister of the United States, thus writes his impressions of Canada:

Hitherto, in common with most of my countrymen, as I suppose, I have thought Canada a mere strip lying north of the United States, easily detached from the parent State, but incapable of sustaining itself, and therefore ultimately, nay right soon, to be taken on by the Federal Union, without materially changing or affecting its own development. I have dropped the opinion as a national conceit. I see in British North America, stretching as it does across the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific, in its wheat-fields of the West, its invaluable fisheries, and its mineral wealth, a region grand enough for the seat of a great empire.

In the very centre of this great Dominion of Canada, equidistant from the Gulf of Mexico and the Arctic Ocean, and midway in the other direction between the Atlantic and Pacific, lies the low depression of Lake Winnipeg, 300 miles long, 50 to 60 miles wide—the future Black Sea of Canada. Its shape is roughly a parallelogram lying north and south; at three of its four corners it receives the waters of a large river, the main trunk of a hundred smaller ones: at the remaining north-east angle, a fourth and larger river, the Dardanelles of the system, conveys the accumulated waters of nearly a million square miles into Hudson's Bay. This Lake Winnipeg receives the drainage of the future wheat-field of the world. The Red River of the North, with its affluents, the Assiniboine, the Qu'appelle, the Red Lake River, the Souris, and a score of others, discharges its waters into it through the grass-covered deltas at the south-west angle. At the south-east, and only twenty-five miles distant along the shores of the lake, the large impetuous river which gives its name to the freshwater sea into which it rushes pours its wild majestic flood from the Lawrencian highlands which separate the waters of Lake Superior and the affluents of the St. Lawrence from those that seek Lake Winnipeg. In Lord Dufferin's speech at the capital of Manitobah, he describes so felicitously this noble river that any more meagre description than his appears almost presumptuous. After describing the route of the traveller from Lake Superior up the Kamanistagua, over the height of land, down the beautiful Rainy River into the lovely Lake of the Woods—

For the last eighty miles of his voyage (he says) he will be consoled by sailing through a succession of land locked channels, the beauty of whose scenery, whilst it resembles, certainly excels, the far-famed Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence. From this lacustrine Paradise of sylvan beauty we are able at once to transfer our friend to the Winnipeg, a river whose existence in the very heart of the continent is in itself one of Nature's most delightful miracles, so beautiful and varied are its rocky banks, its tufted islands; so broad, so deep, so fervid is the volume of its waters, the extent of their lake-like expansions, and the tremendous power of their rapids.

The Winnipeg, in its short but picturesque course of 125 miles from the Lake of the Woods, falls 500 feet, and, though not navigable in consequence for steamers, was for over two centuries the route by which all the trade of the interior continent was conducted by the great fur companies from and to their depôts at Mackinaw and Montreal. The Lake of the Woods itself is a noble expanse of water, and with its 2,000 islands offers some lovely places for settlement. At the outlet to the river an Icelandic colony has been lately formed, and its Indian name Keewatin has been attached now to the whole province, which covers the area between the old province of Ontario and Manitobah, the pioneer of the new Western Provinces. From Keewatin village the Pacific Railway is fast approaching completion to Winnipeg, 113 miles, and a large side-wheel steamer will meet the railway when it strikes the Lake of the Woods, and continue the communication, going east through the lake and Rainy River to Alberton, 120 miles from

Kewatin. Here the government are now constructing a dam and locks, which when complete will extend the navigation 80 miles further, through Rainy Lake to the Sturgeon Falls of its main affluent. Between Albion and Lake Superior the different navigable reaches and lakes have been supplied with altogether ten small steamers, which, connected by good roads, form what is called the Dawson route from Lake Superior to Lake Winnipeg, by which emigrants from Canada have found their way into the territories of the North-West. This is the body of water that falls into the south-eastern angle of Lake Winnipeg. Passing now to the north-west corner of the same inland reservoir, the mouths of the two rivers being diagonally across the lake, about 275 miles apart, we find another great river, the Danube of North America, stretching its long twofold channel, each 1,000 miles in length, to the foot of the Rocky Mountains of the West. This is the Saskatchewan, whose two arms or branches, rising not very far asunder in the great backbone of the continent, gradually diverge until the distance between them is over 300 miles, and then converging up finally join at a point 773 miles from the source of the north branch and 810 by the south branch, from whence the united stream runs 282 miles to its debouchure into Lake Winnipeg, making the total length from the lake 1,054 miles by one branch and 1,092 by the other, to their sources in the Rocky Mountains. Both these rivers run their whole length through the prairie land of the North-West, and it is from isolated settlements on these rivers, such as Prince Albert and Carlton, that the largest returns of agricultural yields have been received. Both rivers are navigable throughout, excepting the $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles near the mouth, where the river passes over rapids and falls of a total height of 44 feet into the lake. Last year the Hudson's Bay Company constructed a tramway four miles long to overcome these obstructions, and they also placed a steamer, the 'Northcote,' at the head of this tramway, which during the season made five double trips from the Grand Rapids to Carlton, 550 miles, and one trip up to Edmonton; over 1,000 miles from the lake along the north branch. Last season a second steel steamer was placed on the river, and during the year the navigation of both branches was thoroughly tested. The two Saskatchewan drain what is especially known as the 'fertile belt,' containing not less than 90,000,000 acres of as fine wheat land as can be found in any country.

Such are the three main rivers that pour their accumulated waters into Lake Winnipeg, all of them of a size and capacity which in Europe would class them as first-class rivers. Their united length, with their most important affluents, is not less than 10,000 miles, of which certainly 4,000 are available for steam navigation. The outlet of this magnificent and comprehensive water system is the large but little known Nelson, which, issuing from the north-east angle of the lake, discharges its surplus waters into Hudson's Bay. This river—broad, deep, first-class in every respect—may have probably an important bearing on the future prospects of all this northern section of America. Lake Winnipeg is 700 feet above ocean level; as far

as known the Nelson has neither rock, nor shoal, nor excessive rapid to interfere with its navigation by properly constructed steamers. Its even gradual slope of twenty inches to the mile is not more than is constantly and safely worked on other American rivers. The Upper Missouri and Yellowstone, with far worse water to contend with, were constantly navigated in 1877 by twenty-seven steamers; whilst the old Danube at its Iron Gate has water quite as strong to contend with, and not half the breadth and depth of water for a vessel to pick her way in. The question remains to be solved whether this river is really available or not for ocean steamers to work through to the lake above, and, if not, whether the lake steamers can be trusted to bring their cargoes down with a certainty of being able to reascend again. The outlet of Nelson River on salt water forms itself a fine natural safe harbour, a mile wide, and with any depth of water. It is called Port Nelson, and not very far from it is the old York Factory, for a long time the headquarters of the Hudson's Bay Company, and from which, for the last two hundred years, from two to five vessels have annually sailed for England, and not unfrequently under the convoy of a man-of-war. Port Nelson, although situated in 93° of west longitude, in the very heart of the continent, is *eighty miles nearer to Liverpool than New York* is. For four certainly, probably for five, months in the year it is as clear of ice as any other of the North Atlantic ports. There is no question about its accessibility for ordinary ocean steamers from June to October, and it only remains to be proved whether these same vessels cannot force their way up the great Nelson River, and load their cargoes directly at the mouth of the Saskatchewan, the Red River, or the Winnepeg, in the very centre and heart of this great wheat-field of the North-West, where 200,000,000 acres now await the advent of the farmer to be rapidly brought into cultivation.

At the present rate of immigration and the rapid reclamation of this easily cultivated land, it is by no means unlikely that within the next two years 2,000,000 acres of this prairie will be under wheat cultivation, and this probably will be doubled within five years from the present time. This means an addition to the wheat products of the world of 100,000,000 bushels, which may be increased almost indefinitely. The exports of all America to the United Kingdom from the 11th of September, 1877, to the 11th of May, 1878—that is the eight shipping months—from Boston, New York, Montreal, and all Eastern and Canadian ports, and from San Francisco to the 2nd of the month, were as under:—

Flour.....	1,427,584 bushels
Wheat.....	44,516,823 bushels
Maize Corn.....	45,312,427 "

which, with some other cereals, may be put down as equal to 100,000,000 bushels, an amount which, large as it is, is not more than may be expected within the next few years to be the annual production of this new wheat-field of the Winnepeg watershed. Even last year the volume of cereals going forward was considerably more than the ordinary

quantity. From the 1st of January 1878 the receipts and shipments of grain at the principal Western depôts were 50 per cent. in advance of those for the same period last year, and the most noticeable increase was in wheat, which was more than double in quantity.

The corn export of Russia during 1877, notwithstanding the closing of the southern ports, amounted to 188,625,000 bushels, or 42,567,000 more than in 1876. The large increase was in shipments from the Baltic, which were 94,387,000 in 1877 against 57,724,000 in 1876. This is the largest yield from Russia for some years, but it is only the product of 4 per cent. of the Winnepeg wheat-field.

The total importation of wheat has not averaged for the whole of the United Kingdom, reducing flour to its equivalent of wheat, more than 100,000,000 bushels per annum—the produce of only 4,000,000 acres of this land, the sales only of six months in the Red River valley alone. The influence of the opening up of this new district cannot but have, therefore, a most important effect upon the supply of the English market; it will make the mother country entirely independent of foreign supply, and it is to be hoped that it will form another bond that shall draw more closely together the many ties that already lock Great Britain to her largest and most promising colony.

T. T. VERNON SMITH, in *Nineteenth Century*.

GENERIC IMAGES.

In the pre-scientific stage of every branch of knowledge, the prevalent notions of phenomena are mainly founded on general impressions. But when that stage is passed, and the phenomena are submitted to measurement and numbering, very many of the notions that were derived from general impressions are discovered to be wrong, even absurdly so. I do not speak only of such matters as astrology and alchemy, but of those also with which most persons are acquainted. Think of the nonsense spoken every day about signs of coming weather, in connection, for example, with the phases of the moon, and firmly believed in by many respectable people. Think of the ideas about chance, held by those who are unacquainted with the theory of probabilities. Think of the notions entertained on heredity before the days of Darwin. Think of the ridiculous nostrums that have been prescribed for common ailments by gifted and experienced practitioners, the merits of which have been also vaunted by the invalids who tried them. It is not necessary to go into more detail in illustration of the fallacies of popular generalisations. The list of them is endless; they are to be abundantly found, as already observed, in every branch of knowledge, before it has been seized in the firm and sure grasp of processes that depend upon exact measurement and number. That popular notions are habitually incorrect may be taken for granted, and my purpose in this memoir is to explain one cause of their incorrectness.

I propose to call attention to an error in the operations of the mind, whenever it blends memories together, and to show why the brain is a faulty apparatus for elaborating general impressions. I shall argue that we have no means of correcting its necessarily fallacious results, except by picking them to pieces, and going back to the facts whence the general impressions were derived, and by dealing with those facts on true statistical principles. Thus if we hear that some medical nostrum is highly reputed, or that some particular appearance is an excellent prognostic of coming weather, our first step towards investigating the truth is not to ask whether the belief is firmly held, or of old standing, or shared by many, but to obtain a considerable number of instances and to set off the failures against the successes.

The general impressions and ideas to which I refer guide the great majority of our everyday actions. We have a general impression that the day looks rainy, and we take an umbrella. We find ourselves in a railway carriage with a person who looks sociably inclined and agreeable, and we accost him accordingly.

In an infinity of cases like these, the opinion on which we act has not been formed by any process of reasoning; neither has it been made by considering what similar experiences we have had, and counting their results on this side and on that, but it is the effect of blending together a large number of similar incidents. These blended memories are the subject of my present memoir. I shall try to prove that blended memories are strictly analogous to blended pictures, of which I have produced many specimens by combining actual portraits together; and I shall explain the peculiarities of the images by those of the portraits; then I shall show that the brain is incompetent to blend images in their right proportions. My conclusion will be that our unreasoned impressions are of necessity fertile sources of superstition and fallacy from which the child and the savage are never free, and with which all branches of knowledge are largely tainted in their pre-scientific stage. Lastly, that it is only by the strict methods of scientific inquiry, namely by measurement and number, that these fallacies can be cleared away and the truth discovered.

The physiological aspect of simple and blended memories is intelligible enough in its broad outlines, and may be briefly described. Whenever any group of brain elements has been excited through an impression of one of the senses, it becomes, so to speak, tender and liable to become again excited, under the influence of other kinds of stimuli. Whatever may be the cause of any new excitation, the result of its reproduction is to create an imaginary sense-impression, similar to that by which the first excitation had been caused; and this we call memory. Blended memories must necessarily follow the excitation of many associated groups of brain elements, under the influence of a stimulus that sets them simultaneously in action.

Faint memories are particularly apt to blend together, and they often defy analysis afterwards. We are shown some picture of mountain and lake, from a country we have never visited, yet it seems familiar

to us; it accords with what we have seen dozens of times in Scotland or Switzerland or elsewhere, but our memories are confused and obscure, and we cannot wholly disentangle the incidents to which they relate.

Memories that are extremely vivid may at the same time be very mobile, and capable of blending together. Much instruction on these matters can be derived from those who possess the power of what is called the visualising faculty, in a high degree. The objects of their memory are conspicuous images; they can retain them for a long time before the eye of their mind, they can dismiss or change them at will, and they can, if they please, subject them to careful examination from every side. I do not know any faculty that varies so much as this in different persons. None can vary more, because its range lies between perfection and nothingness. It is sometimes absolutely deficient, for there are persons who never see mental images even in dreams, and there are others who are said to have lost the power of seeing them. I need not speak of cases where the visualising power is feeble, as they are common. Many are like those to whom St. James alludes when he speaks of 'a man beholding his natural face in a glass, who beholdeth himself and goeth his way, and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was.' It will be more to my point to show how perfect the visualising faculty sometimes is, at the same time that the images may be moved with the utmost facility in the field of the mind's eye, which is a first step towards their blending together. Out of the many available instances I will only quote one, and will choose that one chiefly because it has recently excited some public attention. There appeared in the *Spectator*, of December 28 last, two very interesting letters concerning a peculiar form of visualising possessed by the late Mr. Bidder, the engineer, known in early life as the 'calculating boy,' and this gift is possessed in a high though less degree by several of his descendants. Thus the eldest son, Mr. George Bidder, Q.C., can mentally multiply fifteen figures by fifteen, though not with the same precision and rapidity as his father. One of the two letters is from Mr. Bidder's friend, Professor Elliot, who writes thus:—

If he saw or heard a number, it seemed permanently photographed in his brain. In like manner he could study a complicated diagram without seeing it, when walking and apparently listening to a friend talking to him on some other subject. The diagram stood before him in all its lines and letters.

The second letter is from Mr. George Bidder, who writes:—

His memory was of a peculiar cast, in which figures seemed to stereotype themselves without an effort . . . (accompanied) by an almost inconceivable rapidity of operation. I speak with some confidence on the former of these faculties, as I possess it to a considerable extent myself (though not to compare with my father). Professor Elliot says he always saw mental pictures of figures and geometrical diagrams. I always do. If I perform a sum mentally it always proceeds in a visible form in my mind; indeed, I can conceive no other way possible of doing mental arithmetic.

Mr. Bidder continues in a letter addressed to myself:—

If my mind is engaged solving a geometrical problem including the relations of lines, plans, &c., I *deliberately* build up in my mind a figure plane or solid as the case requires; but there is a limit to my power in this respect, *e. g.* if the problem includes the relative positions and intersections of many surfaces, it becomes a painful effort to grasp them all simultaneously.

All this shows that mental impressions of extreme vividness may at the same time have great mobility and be subject to 'an almost inconceivable rapidity of operation, and that they need not be fixed in the way that hallucinations often are.

Next as regards actual blending. Mr. G. Bidder, in very kindly replying to some questions that I put, writes:—

Nothing is easier than to imagine, and to watch mentally, the rotation of anything to which such motion is natural, *e. g.* a wheel, a crank, &c. In many such cases I incline to think the process consists in calling up a sort of typical image, formed out of innumerable bygone experiences.

This was Mr. Bidder's own view, quite independent of any suggestions from myself, and is therefore all the more valuable.

The strongest proof that those who have vivid memories of special objects are also capable of blending them, is found in the works of such men as Macaulay. I am assured on excellent authority that his visual memory of book, page, and line was of the clearest possible character; it was described to me as having been 'spectral' in its perfect definition. Yet no one better than Macaulay had the power of vivid generalisation, that is, of creating a single clear image out of a multitude of allied facts. Many poets and painters have had the visualising faculty in an extraordinary degree, while it is in the brains of poets and painters generally that we find the artistic power to reside of producing pictures that are not copies of any individual, but represent the characteristics of large classes. Painters and poets create blended portraits in profusion, and we who are not gifted as they are, can nevertheless understand and appreciate their works. In other words, their blended images are well-defined representations of what we ourselves had already conceived in a dim and confused way.

There seems then to be no doubt, from whatever side we may approach the subject of memory—whether from its material or its mental aspect, and, in the latter case, whether the visualizing faculty be faint or vivid—that different special memories admit with facility of being blended into a common image. From blended memories to general impressions and ideas is a step on which we need not linger, the latter being derived from the former. They are faint traces of them, and they inherit all their errors.

I conclude, then, that the formation of blended images is an habitual operation of the mind, whence those general impressions have arisen by which the great majority of our daily actions are guided.

I will now proceed to speak of blended portraits, in order to illustrate the formation of blended memories and the effect of the resultant

images; or let me henceforth describe them as generic portraits and generic mental images. The word generic presupposes a genus. The objects to be portrayed must all have many points of likeness in common, and it is of especial importance that characteristics of a medium quality should be much more common among them than those that deviate widely. No statistician dreams of grouping heterogeneous facts in the same table; no more do I propose to group heterogeneous forms in the same picture. Statistical averages, and the like, are nonsensical productions unless they apply to objects that cluster towards a common centre; and composite pictures are equally monstrous or meaningless unless they are compounded of objects that have a common similarity to a central ideal type.

It might be thought that blended portraits would form mere smudges, and so they would if only a few specimens of extremely different casts of features were combined, but in all groups that may be called generic the common points of resemblance are so numerous, and medium characteristics are so much the most frequent, that they predominate in the result. All that is common to the group remains; all that is individual disappears.

Generic portraits are made by a method which I described for the first time last year, under the title of composite portraiture. I showed that it was possible in many ways to combine two or more portraits into a single one, if they are of the same size and taken in the same attitude. I have produced the combination by various optical means, such as the convergence of images from different magic lanterns upon the same screen, and by a small apparatus which is, in fact, six cameras in combination, in which six different images may be simultaneously viewed, and afterwards thrown upon the same photographic plate. In addition to these is the plan I originally employed, of throwing carefully adjusted images of different portraits in succession upon the same portion of the same sensitised photographic plate. It is by the latter process that blended memories are illustrated. In all these methods the general result is substantially the same, subject only to such discrepancy as will always exist between a photograph and the image from which it is made. A composite portrait is in all cases produced, in which the whole of the components co-exist. It is surprising with what excellent effect we can combine the features of persons who are not too dissimilar in their general appearance. We obtain from them a composite portrait that is identical with no one of the components, but which comprises all, each having its own fractional share in the total effect. I have made several composites from medals of historical personages; such as from different coins bearing the effigy of Alexander the Great, none of which are closely alike. Thus I have brought out the common features of all of them and produced what is presumably a nearer approach to the ancient ideal type than has ever previously existed. I am much indebted to the kindness of Mr. R. Stuart Poole, the learned curator of the magnificent collection of medals and gems in the British Museum, for having selected the best

and most suitable specimens, and having procured plaster casts of them for me, whence my photographs were made. The portraits on coins are very convenient for composites, as they are pure profiles. I have also various criminal types, composed from the photographs of men convicted of heinous crimes. They are instructive as showing the type of face that is apt to accompany criminal tendencies, *before* (if I may be allowed the expression) the features have become brutalised by crime. The brands of Cain are varied; therefore the special expressions of different criminals do not reinforce one another in the composite, but disappear. What remain are types of faces on which some one of the many brands of Cain is frequently destined to be set. I am particularly struck by three of these types that were each deduced from six or seven components; two of the groups are of men convicted of manslaughter and crimes of violence, the other of habitual thieves. These three composites are as alike as brothers; the compound composite gives a low class of face, but not one, I think, that most persons would associate with especial villany. I have also two other composites very like these three, and I find that whenever I put any three of the five together, I arrive at very nearly the same typical face.¹

The process is one of pictorial statistics, suitable to give us generic pictures of man, such as Quetelet obtained in outline by the ordinary numerical methods of statistics, as described in his work on *Anthropométrie*. He procured the measurements of the limbs of a large number of persons of both sexes and of various ages, and of the distances between such points on the surface of the body as are sufficiently defined to measure from. From these numerical data he calculated and laid down upon paper the average positions of those points, and therefrom constructed sketches of the typical man at various periods of his growth, like Flaxman's drawings or Retsch's outlines. By the process of composites we obtain a picture and not a mere outline. It is blurred, something like a damp sketch, and the breadth of the blur measures the variability of individuals from the central typical form.

It may be objected that the contribution from each portrait when there is a multitude of them is so small that, in the great majority of cases, it might perhaps leave no trace at all in the generic portrait, or, at all events, on the photograph; consequently, that the result may not be what it professes, but is perhaps due to a comparatively small portion of the components, in which the lights and shades happen to be sufficiently marked to create a decided impression. I therefore tried a simple experiment, which leaves no doubt that this objection is unfounded under even very exceptional circumstances, so far as the photographs are concerned, and, therefore, *à fortiori*, as regards composite results by purely optical means. I contrived a small apparatus to be held in one hand. It had a receptacle behind for sensitised pa-

¹ I exhibited many photographic composites at the Royal Institution on the 25th of April. Some were transparencies thrown upon a screen, others were made before the audience by converging magic lanterns.

per, in front of which was a hole closed by a shutter, that sprang back when I pressed my finger on a catch, and closed at the moment that I released the pressure. In the other hand I held a chronograph, in which the hand that marked quarter-seconds began to travel the instant I pressed a catch, and stopped when I released it. I worked these two instruments simultaneously, holding one in each hand. The chronograph readings gave me the sum of the successive short periods of exposure to the sensitised paper, and I could watch the length of each of them. Thus provided I made several experiments, and can testify to the identity of the tint made by one thousand short exposures with that made by a single exposure of the same length of time as all the thousand put together. What differences there were, lay well within the limits of error in experimenting.

Composite portraits are, therefore, much more than averages, because they include the features of every individual of whom they are composed. They are the pictorial equivalents of those elaborate statistical tables out of which averages are deduced. There cannot be a more perfect example than they afford, of what the metaphysicians mean by generalisations, when the objects generalised are objects of vision, and when they belong to the same typical group, one important characteristic of which is that medium characteristics should be far more frequent than divergent ones. It is strange to notice how commonly this conception has been overlooked by metaphysicians, and how positive are their statements that generalisations are impossible, and that the very idea of them is absurd. I will quote the lucid writing of Sir W. Hamilton to this effect, where he epitomises the opinions of other leading metaphysicians. I do so the more readily because I fully concede that there is perfect truth in what he says, when the objects to be generalised are not what a cautious statistician would understand by the word generic.

Sir W. Hamilton says :²—

Take, for example, the term *man*. Here we can call up no notion, no idea, corresponding to the universality of the class, or term. This is manifestly impossible. For as *man* involves contradictory attributes and as contradictions cannot exist in one representation, an idea or notion adequate to *man* cannot be realised in thought. The class *man* includes individuals, male and female, white and black and copper-coloured, tall and short, fat and thin, straight and crooked, whole and mutilated, &c., and the notion of the class must therefore at once represent all and none of these. It is therefore evident, though the absurdity was maintained by Locke, that we cannot accomplish this ; and this being impossible, we cannot represent to ourselves the class *man* by any equivalent notion, or idea. All that we can do is to call up some individual image and consider it as representing, though inadequately representing, the generality. This we can easily do, for as we can call into imagination any individual, so we can make that individual image stand for any or for every other which it resembles, in those essential points which constitute the identity of the class. This opinion, which, after Hobbes, has been in this country maintained among others by Berkeley, Hume, Adam Smith, Campbell, and Stewart, appears to me not only true but self-evident.

If Sir W. Hamilton could have seen and examined these composite

² *Lectures* ii. 297.

portraits, and had borne in mind the well-known elements of statistical science, he would certainly have written very differently. No doubt, if what we are supposed to mean by the word *man* is to include women and children and is to relate only to their external features and measurements, then the subject is not suitable for a generic picture, other than of a very blurred kind, such as a child might daub with a paint-brush. If, however, we take any one of the principal races of man and confine our portraiture to adult males, or adult females, or to children whose ages lie between moderate limits, we ought to produce a good generic representation.

It will, I trust, be quite understood that, although for the sake of brevity I chiefly confine my remarks to visual representations, they are intended to apply equally to all the senses.

A generic image appears to be nothing more than a generic portrait stamped on the brain by the successive impressions made by its component images. Professor Huxley, from whom I have borrowed the apt phrase, has expressed himself to a similar effect in his recent *Life of Hume*, p. 95. I am rejoiced to find that from a strictly physiological side this explanation is considered to be the true one, by so high an authority, and that he has, quite independently of myself, adopted a view which I also entertained and had hinted at in my first description of composite portraiture, though there was not occasion at that time to write more explicitly about it.

When I am adjusting portraits to make a composite, and at the moment when the adjustment is being effected, I always experience a quick sense of satisfaction curiously analogous to that which is felt on the first recognition of a doubtful likeness of any kind. I have the same disagreeable feeling of the existence of a puzzle which I cannot make out, accompanied by the conviction that the puzzle is on the point of being solved. In the next instant coalescence takes place between what is seen and what was recollected. I am as sure as it is possible to be on such grounds as these, that the analogy between catching the coincidence of two similar portraits when optically superposed, and that of the coincidence of a visible object with a past impression or with a pre-existent general idea, is true and not metaphorical only.

It is very instructive to note the first appearance of a generic image and to watch the way in which the mind carves images out of the medley of its available material. It cannot grasp an image of any complexity unless the elements of which it consists form a congruous composition, that is to say, one whose parts are connected by such easy lines of association that the mind runs rapidly over the whole of it, and takes it all in by what seems to be a single glance. Generic images begin, at least according to my own experience, by being exceedingly imperfect and vague because they are very comprehensive. Then limitations commence, each of which is the cause of a more distinct picture being formed, and so the mind runs first through genera, then through species, continually seeking more congruity and clearer definition, but at each step with a loss of comprehensiveness. If allowed to do so, it descends to individuals.

Let us, as an example, call up a generic image of a clergyman preaching. I first see a pulpit of somewhat undefined height, with a vague figure in it. This figure becomes white, in a surplice; a competing figure in a black ground temporarily yielding place. Then I see various accessories suitable to the surplice, such as Gothic architecture, Ritualistic decorations, and the like. After this the interiors of particular churches begin to present themselves, but as I wish to confine my thoughts to generalities, I refuse to dwell upon single cases. While waiting for some new general idea to suggest itself, I have the consciousness of there being many competing images struggling to appear, which do not belong to the same genus, and therefore restrain instead of reinforcing one another. At length the black-robed figure suddenly reappears; on viewing which, the accessories assume an appropriate character, and the mind wanders among a variety of these, as it had previously done among the others. In the course of the degradation of highly generalised pictures to individual ones, many generic representations are sure to appear which are good so far as they go, but are not complete pictures. Whenever the mind has halted in a vain effort to make the image more comprehensive without injuring its congruity, the dead-lock is relieved by the sudden obliteration of a large part of it, leaving a vacancy which is filled by some one of the competing associations overcoming the others, and presenting itself within the narrow field of view of our full consciousness and attention.

Other conditions being the same, it is reasonable to suppose that the idea that has been most frequently dwelt upon will have left the deepest impression on the brain, and will have precedence. Thus, in making a drawing of a pendulum in the act of swinging, we should always represent it at one or other side of its excursion, when it delays, stops for an instant, and returns. We see it longer in either of those extreme positions than in any of the intermediate ones. Similarly, we draw a man walking, or otherwise in motion, in the attitude where is a momentary change of direction, and consequently more or less of rest at or about that position. It is different when the movement is continuous; the wheel of a moving carriage is drawn in a blur, with, however, numerous radial streaks, showing, if I mistake not, that attentive observation is never continuous, but acts in rapid pulses, so that the revolving wheel is seen in many momentary positions. I have endeavoured, in this way, to measure the intervals between the successive throbs of close attention. If a wheel revolves rapidly, it is impossible to analyse its motion, and its spokes form an apparently equable shade.

In my memoir, read about a year ago before the Anthropological Institute, on composite portraits, I used a phrase, which I wrote with a little misgiving, which I have since quoted, and which I wish now to amend. I desired briefly to convey the idea that composite portraits were in a true sense generalisations and analogous to the images stamped on the brain, as already described, and I used these words: 'A composite portrait represents the picture that could rise before the

mind's eye of an individual who had the gift of pictorial imagination in an exalted degree.'

The question we have now to answer is this:—

If a person gifted with the visualising power in perfection should pose his eye in the place of the object-glass of the camera, would the generic image in his brain be identical with the photographic composite? (I am assuming, for argument sake, that the photograph gives a true rendering of any optical image, which, in strictness, it does not.) Suppose a succession of many different pictures are to be displayed, each for the same brief period, and if a single other picture is displayed fifty times in succession, or for fifty times as long, would its share in the generic image be fifty times as large as that of any of the others, or if not, what would its share be?

The reply is, that both in the photographic composite and in the processes of numerical statistics, its effect would be exactly fifty times as great, but in mental imagery this would certainly not be the case, and therein lies a fertile source of error in our general impressions. I have made some experiments on the subject, which are not as yet sufficiently advanced to be worth recording, but I may say that at present I see nothing in the results incompatible with the very reasonable supposition that the relation between the varying periods of exposure and the strength of the corresponding mental impression follows the law of Weber. This law is founded in the fact that the more highly our senses are stimulated, the more is their discriminative power blunted. Thus a double number of candles does not double the apparent illumination; it only increases it by a certain amount, which is always the same, whether the light of a single candle be added to that of another single candle, or the light of a 1,000 candles be added to that of another 1,000 candles. The law is true of all the senses. The difference of noise made by dropping one shilling or two shillings on a table, is not always distinguished by the ear, neither is that of discharging one or two 38-ton guns from the turret of the same ironclad ship, as was shown in evidence concerning the recent frightful accident on board the 'Thunderer.' That is to say, the same increment of noise may be produced by the fall of a shilling on a table, in the one case, as by a 38-ton gun in the other.

Let me take the present opportunity of saying that one effect of Weber's law is that a true composite never appears true, and is never what our uncorrected senses teach us to expect. If we mix a very dark grey with a very light grey, we might on first thoughts expect that their mixture would appear to be a medium grey, but Weber's law tells us that the eye judges differently, and we find, in trying the experiment, that the mixture is brighter than we had expected.³ Of course,

³ Weber's law may be well illustrated by placing in a row, say, five cards, painted quite black, each the size of half a sheet of note-paper. Then taking a whole sheet of white note-paper, tear it in half and lay one-half on card 5 so as to cover it entirely. Tear the remaining half exactly across its middle, and lay one-half upon card 4;

we could learn by much practice to correct the judgment of our senses, but it is only in rare and special cases that we have the necessary practice. I have often noticed my own ludicrous failures in estimating the relative depths of two parts of the same pool by the relative obscurity of the bottom. Maps of ocean depths are never made on what may be called natural scales, but always on symbolic ones, in which consecutive increases of tint, as judged by the eye, correspond to successive increases of depth. According to Weber's law (which I content myself here with expressing in its original and approximative form) if it requires a tenfold period of exposure to make a doubly deep impression on the mind, it would require a hundredfold period to make a trebly deep one, a thousandfold period to make it quadruply deep, and so on. The one series follows an arithmetical, the other a geometrical progression.

Whatever the true law may be that connects the strength of the impression with the time that the object is before our eyes, or with the frequency with which it is seen, its form is certainly not very dissimilar to that of the law of Weber. Otherwise it would not accord with the fact that sights on which we have not lingered, often leave abiding impressions, while the pictures that hang on our walls, before our eyes, every day of our life are not always remembered with vivid distinctness. The effect of the law, whatever its precise form may be, is to prevent generic images from having the same definition and simplicity as the corresponding photographs. The most extreme elements will always leave their traces very visibly because the medium elements are not present in sufficient number to overpower them. These images cannot be otherwise than blurred and surrounded by monstrous and faint imagery. The attention is unable to deal with such pictures, because when it is engaged on one part of them the remainder slips out of memory. All parts of an image must be congruous and well defined before the attention can sweep so swiftly over the entire field of view as practically to bring it all at once into sight. If an image is incongruous and vague, the mind follows the course already described when the illustration was used of a clergyman in a pulpit.

The conclusions to be drawn from what I have said are that composite portraits are perfectly trustworthy when made by optical means and with proper precautions, and that photographic composites are as correct representations of these as photographs ever are of the pictures

again tear the remainder in half and lay one-half on card 3. Proceed similarly up to card 1; the fragment that remains is not wanted. Cut these papers into shreds (excepting No. 5, which can be left as it is), and distribute the shreds as evenly as possible over their respective cards. Then 1 will have one portion of white, 2 will have two portions, 3 will have four portions, 4 will have eight, and 5, which is wholly covered with white, will have sixteen. The effect of the scattered white on the cards is to produce various greys which the eye will judge to be separated by equal intervals of tint. Card 4, which contains eight portions, has the medium amount of white (eight and a half is the precise medium), but the eye reckons differently; it places the medium tint at card 3, which contains only four portions of white.

from which they are taken. Composite portraits are therefore to be considered as pictorial statistics. Also it is conceivable that general mental images should sometimes closely resemble these portraits except in one important respect; namely, that the effect produced by the huge bulk of ordinary facts is never in proportion to their numbers. Consequently we find that undue consideration is inevitably given in generic images to all exceptional cases. When the exceptions in excess are balanced by those in deficiency, the value of the average will not be affected, and there is always a tendency towards that result. The fault that remains wholly uncorrected is that the great prevalence of mediocre instances is overlooked, and the number and importance of the deviations are largely over-estimated. The tendency of the mind of the child and of the savage, and in all branches of knowledge in their pre-scientific stage, is necessarily towards the marvellous and the miraculous.

The generic images that might arise in a mind superhumanly logical and active would be subject to no other error than this, but in the human mind it is not so. Some of the images in every presumed generic group are sure to be aliens to the genus and to have become associated to the rest by superficial and fallacious resemblances, such as common minds are especially attentive to. Again, the number of pictures that are blended together is sure to fall far short of the whole store that would be available if the memory were immeasurably stronger than it is, and more ready in its action. Knowing also, as I do, from considerable experience of composites, what monstrous and abortive productions may result from ill-sorted combinations of portraits, and how much care in selection and nicety of adjustment is required to produce the truest possible generic image, I cease to wonder at the numerous shortcomings in our generalisations and at their absurd and frequent fallacies. The human mind is a most imperfect apparatus for the elaboration of true general ideas. Compared with the mind of brutes, its powers are marvellous; but for all that they fall vastly short of perfection. The criterion of a perfect mind would be the power of always creating vivid images of a truly generic kind, deduced from the whole range of its past experiences.

General impressions are the faint traces left by generic images, and have all their defects, as well as others due to their own want of definition. They are never to be trusted. Unfortunately, when general impressions are of long standing they become fixed rules of life, and assume a prescriptive right not to be questioned. Consequently those who are not accustomed to original inquiry entertain a hatred and horror of statistics. They cannot endure the notion of submitting their sacred general impressions to cold-blooded verification. But it is the triumph of scientific men to rise superior to such superstitions, to devise tests by which the value of beliefs may be ascertained, and to feel sufficiently masters of themselves to discard contemptuously whatever may be found untrue.

FRANCIS GALTON, in *Nineteenth Century*.

HIDDEN TREASURES : TORLONIA MUSEUM.

Whoever has read Winckleman's Letters will remember the enthusiasm he showed when he wrote of Cardinal Albani and of the Villa Albani, with its then remarkable collection of ancient sculpture.

"This cardinal," says the celebrated German archæologist, "is the greatest antiquary living. He brings to light of day that which was buried in darkness, and he pays with the generosity of a king. What a man he is! He is over seventy-three, but he has the head of a man of sixty, and builds as if he were sure of living a quarter of a century longer." *

Change the name of Cardinal Albani to Prince Torlonia and these encomiums are as perfect in application, except that the prince of our day has done much more than the prelate of Winckleman's time. He has drained an immense lake—that of Fucino—a labour which the emperors of ancient Rome, with all their unlimited means, were not able to accomplish,—and thereby restored acres of land to the cultivator. As for galleries of art, the cardinal's collection at the Albani Villa was much inferior to those of Prince Torlonia's. Setting aside other works of art which the Prince has in various palaces, the Roman Lungara sculpture-gallery alone rivals in rarity and value most of the famous collections of other cities, without excluding the museums of Rome.

In the Lungara—Roman Trastevere—nearly opposite the beautiful Farnesina, and beside the Corsini Palace, is a little street called *Via delle Scuderie*—street of the stables—so named from the stables that were used in former days by the Corsini. In the seventeenth century, when Queen Christina of Sweden held literary court in the Corsini Palace, she also stabled her horses and housed her splendid coaches in those ample *scuderie*. In these *ci-devant* stables, Prince Torlonia has established a provisional gallery for a matchless collection of sculpture. This museum is not open to the public. Indeed it is a difficult matter to obtain permission to see it. Probably not a dozen persons outside the Prince's art-council have had the good fortune to visit this fine collection which is so jealously shut out from the world. A little garden surrounds the building. Last spring I used to find the walk leading from the entrance gate to the first gallery white with orange-blossoms; they lay as thick as December snows; the path was shaded by the branches of orange-trees, and bordered by great bushes full of superb roses. I have sat alone on a June afternoon in the "Prometheus" or "Venus" cabinet, or in front of the beautiful seated "Livia,"

"Lapped in pleasant visions."

The soft air came stealing in through the thin walls of cloth, heavily

* Winckleman's *Lettres fam.* Amsterdam, 1871.

laden with the sweetest of all odours mingled together—rose and orange. The supremest silence reigned. Then I understood why the Prince keeps these galleries jealously shut out from the world he knows so well. He wishes to possess, for a short while at least, a refined luxury that passeth the possession of kingdoms; to enjoy there a solitude of “high thoughts” outvaluing many lifetimes of vulgar reputation.

In this Lungara Torlonia Museum is a great treasure of erudition as well as art, which has been collected with tranquil silence, critical care, and patient study, during the course of at least thirty years. Year after year the Prince has summoned about him remarkable men, among whom Baron Visconti, nephew of the great Ennio Quirino Visconti, whose memory is closely associated with the fine sculpture-galleries of Rome and Paris, has been the most intimate confidant of his projects, acquisitions, and decisions. Each new statue, bust, or bas-relief, has been examined with the most scrupulous and critical eyes; also compared with ancient medals and coins, and passages from ancient and modern writers. Of these important meetings careful journals of proceedings have been constantly made; thus a valuable æsthetical and artistic unpublished literature has collected about those Lungara halls. When a statue was found in fragments, it was carefully put together. An accomplished sculptor, an expert in his art, Professor Guaccarini has devoted his entire professional life to the work of the Museum, aided by the counsels of the Prince and his learned assistants. One of the most remarkable groups of the collection,—Hercules and Telephus,—when found at Porto, was in almost unrecognisable little fragments. Baron Visconti, who was present at the excavation, and who knew the history of that superb suburb of Ostia, recognised the bits as belonging to a valuable work of art. Others thought not; but the workmen were obliged by an imperious command of the Baron to gather the small pieces carefully together, and put them in a large basket which the persistent archæologist took away with him in his own carriage. Two weeks after, these fragments were sufficiently united to prove the truth of Visconti's assertion; his well-practised artistic eyes were not likely to be at fault. Through Baron Visconti's patience and Guaccarini's skill the group was afterwards restored to its present complete state, and offers to us a specimen of antique art most curious in form and development, and which in justice ought to be known to the future visitors to the Museum as the *Ercole Visconti*.

Prince Torlonia has gone on from year to year with steady persistence, spending freely, and maturing this one fine idea,—the creating of a unique gallery of sculpture in the form of a private museum. He has found in this pleasant labour a relaxation from his severer occupations,—a noble pastime. In his gallery is a Minerva more perfect in some respects than the Minervas of the Vatican and Capitoline; a Venus that some say is surpassed only by that of Milo—other connoisseurs even go so far as to assert that the celebrated Milo statue may be regarded as inferior to the Torlonia Venus; an Apollo that is a gem,

unique in this respect—it has all the attributes; a most remarkable statue of Julius Cæsar, with the laurel crown found at Bovillæ, where the Julian *gens* had a *sacrarium*; a noble one of Hortensius the orator; a Hesta that is believed by some to be pre-Phidian; a beautiful Prometheus; a seated Philosopher, that is indeed a remarkable work; portrait-statues of the Empress Livia—one seated, that is unique; also another seated statue of a beautiful woman. Besides these, there is a hall of the Muses; a grand hall of Athletes—four were found in that sculptural mine of Porto, and one at Porto d'Anzio; a Cupid and Psyche far more lovely in expression than the famous Capitoline group; a pre-Phidian galley; a charming *biga* drawn by boars of *bigiomorato* and driven by Cupid—a most singular group,—the car is adorned with victorious insignia; an interesting hall of animals; and an imperial hall of busts;—such a collection of portraits of the Roman Cæsars as does not exist elsewhere. Then there are fine bas-reliefs which have already served as important archæological illustrations—those from Porto, for example; great vases, exquisite in form, covered with the richest designs; huge slabs of costly precious stones and marbles.

The richness and beauty of this Torlonia Museum are difficult to represent through the feeble means of nomenclature and description. The Museum should be seen to be appreciated; but as that is impossible, at least for the present, I will endeavour to give an idea of it with as much brevity as the abundance of the material will allow.

When you enter, you seem lifted over into another sphere. A calm quiet which is inexpressibly charming reigns supreme throughout the halls; an enchanting solitude such as cannot be enjoyed in any other art collections, because those are open to all visitors on the same days and hours, and there is hardly a chance for simple mortals to secure a moment alone in them. It stands isolated in the centre of the great destructive human waves that dash up murderously like a lava-current only a few yards off, ruining priceless beauties of nature, and placing in peril some of the greatest works of art.* To artists, and to those minds who understand the exquisite enjoyment of art, of spiritual beauty, and high poetical sentiments, it may be compared to some lovely harem in an old Eastern tale, shut out from the world. Crowds pass and repass utterly unconscious of the unrivalled beauties that stand apart only the thickness of a wall! Over two hundred years ago

*The history of our day proves what Gregorovius says of mediæval times, that Rome was never so much injured by Goths and Vandals as by her own people. The cutting away of the Farnesina gardens, which was done last year in the questionable enterprise of the Tiber works, is a most barbarous act. The noble groves of ilex trees that flourished there, which were nearly three hundred years old, have been ruthlessly destroyed. Nor is this all the damage done. Not only does the bringing of the Tiber bed so close to the Farnesina building subject the foundations to the insidious infiltration of the river waters, but the digging of the land has given such a ruinous shock to the walls and ceilings of the villa, that the precious frescoes of Raphael and Sodoma, Galathea, the exquisitely pictured story of Cupid and Psyche, and the marriage of Roxana, have already great cracks in them, and are visibly crumbling away! In a few years they will exist only in tradition.

horses were neighing and stamping where now stand in godlike stillness those

“ Things of beauty, a joy for ever.”

There, in the places of the passionate animal-surroundings of one of the most passionate women who ever reigned, are silent statues,—visible memories of those far-off days of Homer and Theocritus; of Phidias and Praxiteles; of the period when were established for humanity perfect rules in perfect works, eternal models of the true and beautiful.

The rare good taste displayed not only in the distribution of this vast collection, but in the mode of exhibiting these sculptures, is worthy of note. The Prince has solved the hitherto impossible problem of arranging a gallery of art in such a way that the eye sees only three or four works at a time, while the beholder is conscious of the invisible presence of the others. The Vatican, Capitoline, and Louvre museums are imperfect in many respects; even the Glyptotheca of Munich and the Museum of Berlin leave a less perfect impression of all their masterpieces than might be obtained by a different arrangement. The too scarce lights, the false half-lights, and, above all, the confusion caused by having too many objects assembled in one place falling under the eye, so that it cannot escape seeing them, are exasperating. A sensitive student cannot examine statues an hour in the Louvre, especially in the galleries fronting the Seine: the nerves of the eye and brain are painfully tortured by the glare of the sun and reverberation of light on the water and white stone walls outside, mingled with the gaudy colouring of the ceiling decorations. On the contrary, in the Torlonia Lungara Museum, the eye is not only spared fatigue, but is reposed by the clever arrangement.

The light is of course from above. The old stables are made into long galleries, divided by partitions of cloth of a soft, warm red-brown colour; and at short distances, again, subdivided into cabinets by curtains of the same material looped back on either side. Each cabinet contains two large statues placed opposite one another. In each of the corners is a bust, a head, or statuette, and most of them are masterpieces. Thus you can stand at one end of a long *corsia* or gallery and look through the looped-back curtains the entire distance of ten cabinets and see only the great group, the standing or seated statue at the termination.

The whole collection is divided into four galleries; these galleries have four long *corsie* or avenues; twelve *sale* or rooms; and one imperial *sala* or hall. There are five hundred and twenty pieces in all,—statues, busts, and vases. The four avenues are the first divisions you visit. There are ten cabinets in each avenue. When you enter a cabinet nothing recalls to you the numberless marbles that stand behind the curtains on all sides; you perceive only the contents of the cabinet, can give your entire attention to the few works standing before you, and are not distracted by the sight of others. Thus you can examine

at your leisure, without fatigue or disturbance, a few master-works at a time.

Where there are so many masterpieces as in the Torlonia Lungara Museum it is difficult to select specimens. I will, however, mention a few of the works which may serve as samples of the contents of this beautiful collection.

II.

The most remarkable statue in the Torlonia Lungara Museum is the Minerva. It came from the Prince's excavations at Porto, where it adorned the imperial palace of Trajan. Porto—*Portus Trajana*—that famous suburb of Ostia, was founded by Trajan as a new seaport at the mouth of the Tiber, and became another city in splendour and importance. Trajan built there a superb palace, which has been one of the most fruitful relics of antiquity for modern times, and has yielded treasures and treasures of statues, columns, and bas-reliefs. The palace was entirely lost at one period. A man hunting a badger that disappeared suddenly in a hole, thrust his stick down and found that it entered into space. The spot was examined, a vast hall discovered, which had been the refuge of whole worlds of insects for centuries; and when the exploration was continued, a veritable labyrinth of halls and corridors opened before the explorers: so vast was the construction that they had to use the compass to direct their steps as in an unknown forest. This great building contained splendid halls; an imperial basilica, like the one on the Palatine; several temples—one to Hercules; a theatre—for Trajan loved the pantomime passionately; also an immense portico. A century ago, when this portico was standing and little was known about the ancient history of the magnificent edifice, it was called *il Palazzo delle cento colonne*. All the land of Porto belongs to Prince Torlonia. He has had the almost unrecognisable ruins of the imperial palace thoroughly explored, and most of its sculptural and other marble treasures have gone to enrich the Roman Lungara Museum.

The great Porto or Torlonia Minerva has never been seen by the public. She stands in a sort of sanctuary with full-sized casts of the Vatican and Capitoline Minervas facing her. These alone are considered her fitting companions—for the claim is that she surpasses those famous representations of the most beautiful Phidian type that has come down to us.

The goddess is represented with all the emblems that recall her great and beneficent acts in favour of humanity according to ancient belief: she wears the ægis, helmet, and shield; at her right is an olive-tree, her gift to the Athenians; on one of its branches a serpent winds horizontally, emblem of wisdom and prudence. The drapery of the figure falls from the shoulders to the feet in rich ample folds which lie in straight lines, and are so arranged that the arms are left free. The neck and throat are uncovered; this, with the exquisite modelling of the neck, makes the Torlonia Minerva look taller than the Vatican and

Capitoline Minervas. The drapery of the Vatican Minerva is probably finer, but the face and head of the Torlonia Minerva are much grander. The casque has the same symbols as the Vatican Minerva, but it is more elegant in form than either of the other casques; it is delicate in shape, and adorns the head in a most graceful manner. The solemn sweet face, the beautifully modelled neck and throat, slightly framed by the falling hair, give the stamp of superiority to the Torlonia Minerva. The face, which has much more individuality than either of the other Minervas, is shaded by the helmet; the eyes are deep set, and the expression of the countenance most intelligent. She seems really conscious; her look appears to penetrate the hidden essence of all things. There is something finer than wisdom, too, in this expression,—a virginal tenderness that is almost rough in its frankness.

We will now go from this one of the most beautiful masterpieces of perfect Grecian art, to one of the most valued specimens of archaic monuments. The celebrated Giustiniani Hesta, 3d gallery, 5th hall, No. 395, was formerly well known to archæologists and artists, and was believed to be a work of the pre-Phidian school, one of the first expressions of a religious feeling in sculpture. She has not been seen since the last century. The Giustiniani collection went as a whole into the possession of Prince Torlonia's father, and was the nucleus of the Torlonia Museum in the Lungara.

Hesta was the goddess of fire: thus the left arm in the Giustiniani Hesta is raised mejestically and the forefinger points up, as the emblem of the sacred flame. The other arm and hand are pressed tight against the body, indicating stillness and peace. The drapery is considered curious, as a first attempt at covering the body; the folds are solid, straight from the neck to the ground; this heaviness gives the figure the appearance of a Hermes. For a long while the wise archæologists said it had no feet, but a clever woman detected at the back of the base of the statue the indication of the left foot lifted as in the act of moving. Standing beside this Hesta is a smaller one (No. 393), in which the image has become less archaic; the hand lying against the body is curved, and the feet are visible. In the presence of the large and small Hesta, you can follow the transition through which the physiognomy, gestures, attitudes and draperies passed from the stiffness of archaism to the divine freedom of the Phidian epoch.

The Venus, 1st gallery, 2d *corsia* or avenue, No. 104, is the one of which I have already related that some adequate judges think it is equalled in art-merit only by that of Milo; and others go so far as to say that it surpasses it. The face has the type of the Milo Venus. The body is nude; the left hand holds a drapery which falls over a vase standing on the ground beside the goddess. There is a graceful suppleness, a fullness of life, a majesty of lines in the body, such as Phidias gave to his Caryatides in the Nika temple on the Acropolis. All the lines are undulating. The pose has that noble ease and freedom—especially about the shoulders and middle of the body—which is so admired in the two female sitting statues that belong to the front

piece of the Parthenon, called the "Elgin Marbles." This curved line, this *desinvoltura* in the attitude, is rarely found elsewhere, although it is beautifully indicated in the Venus of Milo; but on comparing the two it will be seen that it is not so accentuated in the Milo as in this splendid statue of the Torlonia Museum. The modelling of the back is most beautiful and remarkably fleshy. There is an expression of grave simplicity in the whole figure. The movement and action are entirely free from self-consciousness or shame. It is more grandiose than the Milo in this regard; and its beauty is more ideal and elevated than any existing statue of the goddess. If not made by Phidias, it certainly belongs to the very brief time governed by the Phidian spirit, principles, and traditions.

The Venus dei Medici has been regarded for two centuries as the celebrated work of Praxiteles,—the one that was valued as the most perfect type of physical beauty. Some coins of Cnidos are in existence, on which is a nude Aphrodite, known to be a copy of the Praxitelean Venus. Thus, when the Venus dei Medici was restored, after its discovery at Rome in the Portico of Octavia, the action and movement of the statue were made to correspond with the Venus on the Cnidian coin.

Pliny tells of a Venus attributed to Phidias, chiselled in a marble of exquisite beauty, which stood in the Portico of Octavia in his day. The Venus dei Medici, as I have said above, was found in the Portico of Octavia, Rome, in the early part of the seventeenth century; but no one has ever thought of attributing it to Phidias, or to the Phidian school. Probably the Torlonia Venus is the one of Phidias of which Pliny speaks. She surely represents the Phidian religious type, which was always treated in an aphoristic way,—as a holy goddess—majestic, divine, full of purity; in a word, that beauty which is goodness, as the Greeks said,—*kalos kai agathos*—"beautiful and good."

The Venus dei Medici, on the contrary, is an expression of a later Greek day, the Praxitelean period, when the original pure idea of the Venus had passed away—its fine meaning was lost—the sensual form alone remained. Lucian gives an exact description of the Cnidian Venus of Praxiteles. That Venus was conscious; it had a gesture of shame such as we see in the Venus dei Medici; while the Torlonia has neither this expression nor gesture. It is a higher type of beauty; it represents the ancient Greek idea, when the goddess was regarded as the Celestial Aphrodite; the Venus Uranus, a symbol of perfect harmony and beauty in nature—Cosmos—emerging from the "waters,"—signifying in Hesiod, and ancient primitive symbols, as well as in the Bible, the first confusion of all elements.

In the 3d gallery, 5th hall, No. 280, is an Apollo, which should be ranked with the above-named statues. Like the Minerva, it came from the marvellous Porto imperial palace, and has never been in any public gallery. The god is represented as the Pythian Apollo with all his attributes. He holds in his left hand the bow; the right arm leans on the sacred tripod symbol of the oracle, around which the fatidical serpent

winds in doubling folds, and rests its flat head on the border. Its intelligent, cunning look tells that it is listening to what the god is saying to his messenger, the winged Griffon. The Griffon—emblem of blind obedience and alacrity—stands at the left side, with closed eyes and lifted paw, as if impatient to run, to fly, in order to execute swiftly the commands of the god. The drapery of the statue, which is a simple chlamys knotted on the right shoulder, crosses the upper part of the chest in straight lines, covers the left shoulder, and falls over the back. The lines of the figure and the grouping of the accessories are very harmonious; the modelling is broad and free; the lights and shadows, also, are singularly well balanced.

But the pose of the body and the expression of the face give this Torlonia Apollo an especial character. The form is slightly bent in one of those serpentine positions which the Greeks gave only to Apollo and to Bacchus—that god who also symbolised inspiration, *verve*, and that cerebral excitement which the Italians name so well, *l'estro poetica*. There is a fascinating freedom in this pose of the Torlonia Apollo, and also a cool high indifference, which, united to the expression of the face, creates its character of melancholy and disdain. The face is majestic and calm; but it is also sarcastic and sad, as if the god knew humanity would never have the good sense to profit by his revelations. This peculiar expression of melancholy and disdain is more powerfully accentuated in the Torlonia Apollo than in the most perfect statues that represent the god elsewhere—as, for instance, in the two or three of his fine statues of the Louvre, the Apollo Saurocthonos, the Apollo of the Villa Albani, and another Apollo in the Torlonia Museum, leaning against the trunk of a tree on which hangs the lyre. It is owing, in a great part, to the character of his look, which is fixed on his griffon, and whom he regards with a sad smile. This expression is deepened by the shadow which the thick piled-up hair throws over the face. The hair is not in the twist known as the *Apollo lenot*, which distinguishes the Apollo Belvedere, but it rises up and over the forehead. The mouth in the Torlonia Apollo has a peculiarity worthy of remark, as it is rare in nature, still more rare in statues—the smile lifts the lips without making the corners of the mouth thin. There is always a sadness in the Apollo faces. In the statue we are describing this expression is mingled with a pitying look, which gives to this representation of the Pythian Apollo a character of sympathy and irony united, of splendid beauty; a condescension full of pity for the justice of the verdict hidden in the dark folds of the future. The Greeks alone possessed the secret of these subtle expressions. Never since their day has art repeated the attractive and mysterious sculptural word which this statue seems to utter so forcibly—a divine despair of a superhuman being, who cannot communicate to man the joy which comes only from celestial ecstasies.

III.

In the 1st gallery, 2d avenue, No. 98, stands the Prometheus. This admirable statue, which also belonged to the Giustiniani Collection, is

bold and original in conception, poetical in treatment, and remarkably fine in the modelling, especially of the legs and shoulders, the muscles of the right knee, and the joining of the arms to the shoulder-blades. It is undoubtedly a work of Greek art. The body of the Titan is nude, the form is slender, spiritual, expressive of intellectual longing and desire. The audacious god has finished the image of man—a small archaic figure that stands beside him, stiff and lifeless; there are also the little rolls of modelling clay just as they are used by modern sculptors. The arms of the Titan are lifted above the upraised head; the united hands hold a torch,—he is watching eagerly to catch a divine spark of life for his creation.

This statue takes an important place in the history of Greek art, because it shows to what a high point the peculiar character of this nation—so gifted by nature—could elevate itself, in the highest manifestations of its men of genius, above that materialism, sensuality, and love of sensible enjoyments, in which, however, its manners and intellects were finally submerged.

To express the superhuman force of a Titan, the artist has taken care to avoid the muscular strength which distinguished the Athletes—such admirable types of which we see in this very Torlonia gallery; still less has he thought of creating an ideal of physical power, always invincible and triumphant, as we are accustomed to see in all the statues of Hercules. The grandeur and force of this Prometheus is purely intellectual. To make us feel and comprehend the subject, he has modelled the body with such lightness and nervous elasticity, rendered it so slender and slight, that not only it seems to have the least possible materiality, but you might even say, in spite of the weight of the marble, that all the beautiful body is only an appearance—a soul—a spirit which has clothed itself with an apparent perfect human form in order to manifest itself to us; but at the same time, without that form being a veritable corporeal substance. All is vibrant, speaking, eloquent, full of feeling. Indeed, if the Titan were not in the act of robbing the sacred spark from heaven to animate the little form beside him—which he has modelled, and which characterises a Prometheus, makes of him a Titan—we might say that this admirable figure was meant for a Christian archangel. And so light is it, that although it has no wings, it seems ready to dissolve into the air by the sole act of its own will,

“And what seemed corporeal
Melt as breath into the wind.”

Raphael and other artists tried to obtain this same effect of incorporeal lightness in their conceptions of the Archangel Michael. But they fell far behind that which was attained by the ancient sculptor in this representation of the Greek Titan, because they did not know how to give to their creations that supernatural perpendicularity. Their bodies have horizontal lines, they are too fleshy, too clumsy, too heavy for a superhuman being, although the little St. Michael of Raphael,

Louvre gallery, compensates by the movement for its materiality, which recalls that of a bird coming down in a flight from above. And, by the way, the legend of the Titan was after all only one of the forms tradition took in order to teach man what had been revealed about the great combat in heaven between the good and bad angels, and which ended by the evil spirits being precipitated from the celestial spheres.

In the same 1st gallery, 2d avenue, are two statues, Nos. 92 and 93, named Esculapius and Hygeia, which are indeed worthy of being mentioned among the works I have selected as types and illustrations of the remarkable excellence of the Lungara Torlonia Museum. They came from that marvellous Porto, the wonders of which I have already told. A learned archæologist visited the ruins of the imperial palace at the time these statues were discovered, and his description of the *atrium* with niches where they stood, reads like the story of an enchanted palace. "The niches," he writes, "were empty, but on the marble floor in front of them lay statues of exquisite chiselling, a Muse (Hygeia), an Esculapius, a stupendous bust of an Athlete, a half figure of Septimius Severus, a Leda, a Philosopher, a Slave, and a smaller Esculapius."

The Porto Esculapius of the Torlonia Museum has a majestic dignified character, and, as the writer above quoted says, "*è di squisito scalpello*;" for the well-arranged folds of the drapery and the beneficent face are skilfully executed. The Hygeia, goddess of mental as well as physical health, is admirable in pose; the transparent folds of the drapery show all the outlines of her body and its vigorous development. The neck-line is soft and tender, and the modelling of the throat is excellent. She is tending the holy serpent, and the sentiment expressed has in it something of maternal love, as if the Greek who created her had at that moment an intuition, a presentiment, of what Christian charity would be one day.

Esculapius and Hygeia were always placed by the ancients in healthy positions; but Ostia and its suburb Porto are no longer favoured sites of these children of Apollo. When their beautiful statues adorned the imperial *atrium* at Porto, however, it was a delicious spot, "where the spirit enjoyed repose and the body recovered health. Romans went there to give themselves up to the delight of trampling on the sand of the seashore, which yielded softly beneath their feet, and to breathe that light breeze which restored lost vigour to their fatigued limbs," as Minutius Felix says in his charming "*Octavius*," one of the most beautiful memories connected with the now desolate *Tiberina* coast.

The remarkable Hercules and Telephus group (Hercules Visconti) No. 296, 2d gallery, 7th hall, has been much talked of although it has never been seen by the public. It came from the temple of Hercules that was enclosed within the luxurious precincts of that great Porto palace of Trajan. This group presents to us a specimen of antique art which is very curious in development and meaning. Like Minerva and Apollo, Hercules has his attributes—the club and lion's skin.

The god holds his son Telephus most tenderly on one of his great broad hands. The hind that nursed the child stands to the right and gazes up eagerly at her charge. The pose of Telephus is delicious and full of nature: one knee is bent and rests on the huge hand of Hercules, the other baby foot braces against his father's body; his little hands grasp the lion's skin on which he is seated, and which forms the drapery and head-covering of Hercules. The lion's head makes a sort of helmet; the teeth rest on the hero's brows like an upraised visor or a strange crown. The body of the god is so muscular that it is meagre, but at the same time vigorous and bold. The face of Hercules is inexpressibly sad, indeed pathetic; he looks up as if imploring Jove to protect the child, knowing but too well the ingratitude of human hearts, and the vicissitudes of mortal destiny.

The charming group of Cupid and Psyche, which I have already casually mentioned, is in the 1st gallery, 4th avenue, No. 172. It is also a work unknown to the public, and was found near Castro Prætorio. The children are winged. Cupid holds Psyche's head back, and her arms are around him. The expression of the two faces is delicious. They gaze at each other intently; it is a look of deep spiritual felicity, which arises from the certainty of knowing and belonging to one another in eternal union and happiness.

The celebrated Capitoline Cupid and Psyche is evidently a *recapito* of the Torlonia group, with this difference—the Torlonia figures must have been an exact copy of some Greek masterpiece, executed by an inferior artist, while the Capitoline group was made by a most skilful executant who gave up the spirituality of the original conception in order to obtain the greatest perfection of corporeal beauty for his figures. The sentiment of the Torlonia group is far superior. The Capitoline is a masterpiece in the voluptuous style of one of those artists of antiquity who worked only to gratify the depraved, corrupt tastes of rich libertines, and suggested new pleasures by the representations of charming love-scenes. The Torlonia group is probably only a copy, and, as compared with the Capitoline, in mere execution an inferior one of the original conception, which the artist of the Capitoline Cupid and Psyche translated into a common love-scene. In the Torlonia figures, Cupid and Psyche gaze in each other's eyes; their souls seem to pass from one to the other in that supreme look which does not need a kiss to find in it their highest bliss. But in the Capitoline group Love does not seek for Psyche's look and soul, he only strives to find her lips; indeed she seems really to have no soul to give in a look.

In the 1st gallery, at the end of the 2d avenue, No. 62, is an interesting and beautiful portrait-statue of a woman. The famous Agrippinas of Naples and Rome (Capitoline) are rough-hewn works in comparison with this finely-executed figure. It is probably one of the most valuable statues in the Museum, not only for execution and excellence as an art-work, but for its history and rarity. It is a seated portrait-statue of the Empress Livia Augusta, the famous and mys-

terious wife of Octavius Augustus, the mother of Tiberius. Notwithstanding the long reigns of her husband and son, her unbroken power and influence during an unusually full period of life, there seem to have been but few portrait-statues made of her; there is none existing in this position.

It was found in the Villa Gordiana of tragic history, the vast heap of ruins now known as the Torre dei Scetriavi on the Via Prenestina, where its opulent but ill-fated masters collected so many treasures. The peristyle of the villa had two hundred columns of the rarest marbles, three basilica were within its enclosure, luxurious baths which equalled those of Rome, a superb theatre, a large library of 60,000 volumes, galleries of the most precious works of art, all that wealth and luxurious desires could collect together. The Gordiani claimed descent from Scipio and Trajan; but in the degenerate third century, when they lived, they were so steeped in the enjoyment of ignoble pleasures that they refused the empire of the Roman world; and when obliged to accept it at the point of the sword, father and son cowardly committed suicide to relieve themselves of the cares and perils of imperial power. From the ruins of their magnificent villa came this remarkable statue of Livia Augusta in the Torlonia Museum.

The pose is that of a woman, *tenant salon*, as the French say. Livia was one of the first among the Roman women of rank who attempted this difficult social task—one that was rendered more easy to her by her imperial position. She assembled around her the learned men of the court, to the great pride of her husband, who often held her up as an example to his fascinating but grossly immoral daughter Julia, Agrippa's wife, who, on the contrary, drew about her the idle and licentious wits of Rome. So lifelike is this beautiful statue, that when you are sitting in front of it admiringly, it will seem to you that you also are a silent member of her court, and you will wonder—as did undoubtedly many of her courtiers—how much was good and how much bad of that sphinx-like woman, who unrelentingly, with horrible silence, secrecy, and pertinacity removed all who interfered with her aspirations for her son Tiberius—and yet who died full of years and honour—"the type of all that was noble and virtuous in woman," as the historian Tacitus tells us.

This statue has the attributes of an empress; the semblance of the golden footstool and golden sandals; imperial diadem and veil over the head. The attitude is noble and majestic, more erect than the Agrippina pose; very conscious—not vain or conceited, but a sort of knowledge of being on grand parade. The position of the fine hands adds to the listening, observing character of the face. She is evidently directing the current of conversation silently, by her strong look and influence, not leading it by word of mouth. The deep-set eyes seem to be noticing her audience and penetrating to their most hidden thoughts. You can readily imagine her circle: the emperor and Mæcenæ; Horace, and the tragic poet Asinius Pollio; and Virgil, inspired by the dark, subdued glow of her beautiful eyes, is reciting

verses, probably those of the Fourth Book of the *Æneid*. The handsome clever women of her husband's family are there—her rivals—who hated and feared her, whom she despised and ruined. She is in the plenitude of her state and beauty. There is a calm, graceful, but imperial dominating air pervading the face and form; and the poise of the head is most effective. The face is beautiful; the features delicate and exquisitely refined; but the expression is as sombre as we see in the portrait-busts of her husband, from the one of the young Augustus even to those of his old age. The drapery is masterly in its arrangement, and the position of the sandalled feet on the footstool is most graceful. It is indeed an enchanting statue. To sit down before her in that captivating solitary gallery, with an active imagination and a memory full of the history of those remarkable times, is like the keen pleasure gained from reading volumes and volumes of the subtlest fictions.

There is another Livia in the Torlonia Museum—2d gallery, 7th hall—a colossal statue representing her as a Goddess of Plenty, or Ceres, with the fruits of the earth in her left hand. Her right arm is extended, the hand holds a sceptre. The drapery is a study of style, it is so beautifully managed. There can be nothing finer than the manner in which the mantle is arranged over the right shoulder and breast of this statue, and the way, too, that the upper garment is held under the left arm. The whole figure is very majestic and grandiose in style. When you look at the poppies in the left hand, the emblem of quiet and sleep, you will shiver as you remember what deadly quiet and unending sleep she gave to her rivals! Beautiful and unprincipled; cold, quiet, resolute, deeply versed in that practical philosophy which carries everything before it in everyday life, never giving up the secret pursuit and accomplishment of her ambitious plans,—these were the qualities which gave that strange woman her power and influence, enabled her to maintain a false reputation before the world, and make of her in history a unique character, in the presence of whom Semiramis and Cleopatra, Catharine of Russia and Christina of Sweden, seem as trivial coquettes or sensual courtesans.

No. 75, 1st gallery, 2d avenue, is to my individual taste the most lovely statue in the Museum—the one I should like to own above all the statues in the world. It is likewise a seated statue of a woman—a good Roman work of the early Augustan period. It was found as it stands, without crack or break. The Greek marble in which it is chiselled has a strange granulated exterior, caused by the infiltration of the water through the earth where the statue lay buried nearly two thousand years, and which produced this curious sanded surface. There is more freedom in the attitude than in that of the Livia. The expression of the face, the unconsciousness of the pose, seem to belong to a solitary moment. The limbs are very elegant; the arms are delicate but round; the drapery tight, beautifully arranged, and entirely free from mannerism. The folds of the under garment which are seen through the upper are soft and irregular as they would be in nature.

The chair on which she is seated—*sella arcuata*—instead of being held or supported by heavy masses of drapery as is usual, has a great mastiff lying in a familiar position under it. This dog has a faithful protecting look which adds to the deep personal interest you are sure to feel in the statue, and his massive head and body contrast well with the long lithe limbs of the graceful woman. The outstretched delicately-formed feet are bare: these naked feet show that the original was already dead when the statue was made. It is a memorial or monumental portrait. The remarkable expression on the face of this figure proves that the sculptor must have known his model well; it is one of bitter sadness: the lips are drawn upwards with a feminine expression of scorn, as if her intercourse had been with souls unworthy of her and encountered undeserving disappointments. It is certainly the portrait of a high-bred woman; beautiful, poetical,—perhaps a poetess herself,—who would willingly have given up her whole life, with all its social privileges, with all the pleasures of art, of literature, of high thoughts, for a great love, a great passion; but the manacles of destiny held her where her spirit was, without companionship, and thus she regarded human existence with the most bitter feelings. The expression of her sorrowful eyes, the compressed lips, the sad vacant attitude, recall to you a sister of René with the intense melancholy which Chateaubriand impressed so heavily in his period. That woman, you would say, must have stamped her sadness upon all who surrounded her, in order to have been so exquisitely rendered after death. When we recall the epoch of the chiselling of this statue, the corrupt reign of Octavius Augustus, with its mysterious hidden crimes, the universal unbelief in ancient faith, and the subtle pervading of the new revelation, you may say that the pure high-bred woman is asking herself with sorrowful scorn: “Well, then! what shall it be in this coming life? Our gods—or the Christ of the Jews?”

A learned German, who is one of the favoured few visitors to the Torlonia Lungara Museum, has lately singled out this beautiful statue as his favourite in the large collection, and written upon it an elaborate study such as only a German can make, and which has had much success. He tries to identify it with the statues of the ill-fated good Agrippina senior, wife of Germanicus. He has visited all the sculptured semblances of that remarkable woman at Rome, Naples, and elsewhere, and has excellent photographs, representing her as seated and in busts, to illustrate his study. Clever as his essay is, he is nevertheless far out of the way of truth in his conjectures. The type of the face in the Torlonian statue is totally unlike that of the Agrippinas; it is a beautiful oval, while the unhappy mother of Agrippina junior has a broad face. It is true, however, that the scorn, the bitterness, the intense sadness of this lovely countenance express well what such a woman as Agrippina senior must have felt in those evil times, when death with all its mystery and uncertainty to a pagan, was far preferable to life. Besides, Tacitus describes Agrippina as a concentrated, austere, cold woman, the very type of an antique Roman matron; while this Tor-

lonia statue is a luxurious woman, chaste from scorn, not from virtue—a true type of what might have been called in that day as now, “a modern woman.”

IV.

At the termination of the 2d avenue, 1st gallery—the opposite end to the seated Livia—No. 115, is a standing portrait of great historical importance, which represents Hortensius, the celebrated Roman orator and advocate—“the King of the Forum,”—as he was called; Cicero’s rival and almost contemporary.

The Torlonia portrait-statue of Hortensius is peculiarly interesting and valuable, because it was found at this very Laurentium where stood the Roman orator’s sumptuous villa, and was undoubtedly his own well-approved portrait, for which he stood in all the conscious pride of handsome presence, as the sculptor modelled from life. It represents Hortensius at his proudest moment, the instant of successful debate. And with what interest we look on it when we think that probably the great Roman lawyer directed the fine arrangement of those majestic toga folds, which he knew so well how to drape, how to bind them around the torso, to lay them across the broad thorax, to let the great semicircular fold fall in front its fullest sweep, and to poise the loop of the mantle on the right shoulder in that uncertain position that was sure to fall at the first movement of an unskilful wearer, also to make that fine twist and knot over the breast, which afterwards became such a mannerism in Roman toga-draped statues.

When the Torlonia Hortensius is known by the public it will be counted as a companion of the famous Demosthenes of the Vatican and the matchless Antonelli Sophocles of the Lateran. The three will make a curious and useful study. The Hortensius placed beside those fine typical Greek works will show the whole difference existing between the characteristics of Greek and Roman nature; of men inspired by native genius, and men fashioned by an artificial borrowed civilisation, whose minds were more occupied with the advantages gained from the distinction of class than with glory of country.

In the 1st gallery, 2d avenue, No. 80, is the statue known in the past century as the Ruspoli Philosopher,* a very noble and fine work of

* Palazzo Ruspoli, from whence this fine statue of the philosopher came a century ago, is at the south-west corner of the Corso opposite the Condotti. The site was originally a garden, and called Orti Ruccellaj: on it Ammaniti, one of the leading architects of the sixteenth century, built this palace for the Ruccellaj family. It has a superb staircase composed of one hundred and fifteen steps, each one a solid block of Parian marble, and each one cost eighty gold *scudi* in that day! Nearly two hundred years ago the palace passed into the hands of a Cardinal Caetani, and thus became the Caetani Palace. It was a veritable museum of art. After the art-loving cardinal died, the palace went to his relatives. In the last century

“Un quattro, un cinque e sei”

of the dice-box which had played such havoc some time before with the great Mattei family, did the same sad work for the Caetani. A Caetani duke rattled the dice-box

Greek art. At first sight it recalls the supposed Aristotle which is in the Spada Palace in Rome: the one that Braun classed among the most important monuments of the Roman sculpture-galleries. The Spada Aristotle, however, is totally unlike the Ruspoli Philosopher of the Torlonia collection in sentiment; he is a thinker occupied in wrestling with his own thoughts; his antagonist is within, and means to be loyally treated: there is an elevation on the rough old face which is full of high meaning. But the Ruspoli Philosopher is in the act of arguing, demonstrating to an outside, visible combatant: the intellectual face is quivering with anger; he is in the rage of discussion. There is no aspiration in the countenance, but a powerful determined look as if he meant to overcome his antagonist. The meagre body and furrowed face, seamed with wrinkles, are worn by thought and study, not by dissipation; indeed there is an intellectual chastity in this statue as attractive to the mind-lover as the purity of a virgin. The charm of this chastity is revealed to an attentive observer in all the details; in the extreme delicacy of the flesh, in the part where the neck is united to the breast, with a grace that is quite feminine. There is a bit between the head and shoulder on the back which is treated with a finesse that is astonishing in a male statue, especially when we remember that it represents a rugged man careless of his person. It proves, however, that the sculptor knew how grand is the strength of virtue and spirituality—they never fail to imprint in some way on the person the stamp of beauty. The position of the body, as well as of the head and face, is expressive of an argument. The right shoulder, arm, and breast are nude; they are treated with great sculptural delicacy, and are very fleshy in the handling, although, as I have already said, they are meagre.

so often, and lost so heavily, that he was deep in debt; his heaviest creditor was a rich banker, Ruspoli of Siena, then flourishing in Rome. The Rucellaj-Caetani Palace on the Corso, with its vast collection of art-treasures, paid only a portion of his debt to the banker, simply "went on account."

The banker Ruspoli's daughter, by the way, married a Mariscotti of Bologna. Vittoria Ruspoli received a royal dowry from her father on condition that the Mariscotti name should be dropped for Ruspoli, and that no descendant of hers should aspire to a higher title than marquis. But her son Francesco bought with part of his grandfather's great fortune the fief of Cervetri of the Orsini; moved heaven and earth to become a prince, and succeeded.

The account Venuti gave a hundred years ago of this Rucellaj-Caetani-Ruspoli Palace shows what a museum of sculpture was in it.

"Besides divers *bassi-relieve*," he wrote, "there are busts of emperors and statues of ancient philosophers, a marble colossus of the great Alexander, a statue of Bacchus, a Consul, the Emperor Hadrian, Apollo, a Mercury, and a woman as a Hercules, with a lion's head, thought by some to be an Iole."

This "woman as a Hercules, thought to be an Iole," is a Julia Domna. It is now in the Vatican caves. The body is almost nude, and has a lion's skin for drapery, the claws of which clutch the breast.

"There are other statues," continues Venuti, "of Claudius, Hadrian, and Esculapius, of Apollo, of many Fauns, and the Three Graces."

This group of the Three Graces, which is like the group at Siena, is also in the Vatican caves. Leo XII. (Della Genga, 1823-1829) would not allow these figures nor the Julia Domna to be placed in the public Vatican galleries; he said "they were too voluptuous."

The right hand, which grasps a scroll, rests on the lap, and the whole upper part of the body leans over on this right elbow. The left hand and arm are enveloped in the drapery and lie close to the body.* The left shoulder is thrown up, giving the body a questioning position. The drapery is very simple; it is wrapped about the middle, covers the legs, and the folds across the knees are broad and harmonious. The feet are coarse and large, with vigorously-modelled sandals which have rough leathern straps and thongs: the right foot is advanced, lifted a little at the front, and rests on the heel; the left is in retreat, raised at the heel, and rests on the toes. There is a peculiarity in Greek portrait-statues of philosophers worth noting, and which is very striking in the Ruspoli Philosopher. The sculptural treatment of the body is entirely different from that of the face. The body and drapery are handled broadly and kept in great masses; while the head, the central point of the work, is almost picturesque, it is so vivid, so full of life-like portrait expression.

A bust in the 2d *corsia* or avenue, 1st gallery, No. 61, is another excellent type of the valuable qualities of this Museum. It is a most characteristic portrait-bust of the Cyrene orator and philosopher, the opponent of the Stoics, Carneade. Some modern writer has called this distinguished Greek the Bayle of antiquity. Valerius Maximus said he was the laborious and indefatigable soldier of philosophy. He was sent to Rome with two other distinguished Greeks—Diogenes the Stoic and Critolaus the Peripatetic—to protest against the fine of 500 talents imposed on the Athenians for plundering the city of Oropus. Pliny the elder called this deputation of learned Athenians “that imposing embassy of three princes of wisdom.” During the Roman mission Carneade delivered some remarkable declamations. And what an audience he had! The wise Lelius; Scipio Africanus, the conqueror of Carthage; Galba, the great orator; the learned Sulpicius Gallus, who predicted the eclipses of the moon before the battle of Pydna; the jurisconsult Scevola; and the fine man of letters, Furius Philus. But the stern, terrible Cato was also one of his listeners, and was so

* Greek orators never gesticulated; their hands were usually enveloped in their mantles. There is a story attached to the famous Demosthenes statue of the Vatican which explains why he is holding the scroll in both hands in front of him. Demosthenes, as history informs us, spoke repeatedly to the Athenians warning them against Philip of Macedon; but the people would not listen to him. One day when he saw the audience turning their backs on him as he rose to address them, he cried out, “A man hired an ass of another man.” Instantly the people returned to listen. “At noon-day,” continued Demosthenes, “he stopped the ass on the journey, fed him, then lay down in the shadow of the beast to rest. The owner passed by, and seeing the man sleeping was angry. He shook him roughly, and said, ‘I hired you the ass, it is true, but not his shadow.’”

The people who had flocked around Demosthenes listened to every word breathlessly: he observed their eager attention, and was filled with anger. Seizing a scroll in both hands, he exclaimed, “O Athenians! my countrymen! When I talk to you of your political danger, you will not listen, and yet you crowd about me to hear a silly story about an ass!” Then he poured out one of his finest philippics. It is this moment of indignation that the Vatican statue is supposed to represent.

shocked with the sophisms of the cunning Athenian that he rose in the Roman senate and demanded that this false specious reasoner should be sent back to his own country, in order that he might not corrupt the minds of the Roman youth by his subtle false arguments. Many writers attribute to those famous lectures of Carneade the beginning of Roman corruption. They say that the ignorant simplicity of the Romans was entangled in the refined worn-out speculations of degenerate Greece. Rome, at that time young, practical, and straightforward, needed a strong, healthy philosophy. But love of conquest and thirst for riches had more to do with the ruin of Rome than subtle, sophistical Greek philosophy. "Poverty, mother of heroes," had long disappeared from the City of the Seven Hills before Carneade arrived; and "Opulence, that avenges the vanquished world," was the fatal mistress leading Romans to their destruction.

Carneade was noted for a negligence of person which this bust represents. The head, for example, is very rough and unkempt; the expression of the face is cool and indifferent, but there is a keen outlook in the eyes, and the mouth has a cunning, self-satisfied curve. The head is round and smooth in form, so is the face. The impression the bust gives you is of an acute reasoner, a selfish character, and an unbelieving man.

How different is the head of Aristotle, No. 47, 1st avenue, which was found in the *Torlonia scavi* at Porto d'Anzio, where the great imperial villa stood, and where the Vatican Apollo of the Belvedere was found, also the Borghese Gladiator of the Louvre! This bust is an excellent study of good modelling. The head is that of a serious thinker, a fine moralist; it is high, well built up, with broad brow; the hair hangs over the round full temples. The face is square, energetic, and thoughtful; it has broad, clear planes of surface, but is not round nor smooth. The eyes are not large, but they are deep set; the upper eyelid is arched, and the under one sinks in; they are far-seeing eyes, and have an eagle-piercing look. The nose is large, well-formed, and indicative of energy. The mouth is firm, but the full upper lip makes the smile benevolent. The chin comes forward with an upward curve, and adds to the kindly expression of the mouth; the vigorous jaws contribute great force and strength to the countenance. It is a handsome face; the features and expression indicate the highest, best nature. It is good to look at and study such a bust, which is a fitting representation of that great man who sought wisdom and found her, who saw the substance through the form; indeed it is a fine contrast to that of Carneade, the subtle reasoner who strove to destroy all faith, while Aristotle did his best to raise human character and human intellect to its highest elevation.

Volumes might and undoubtedly will be written in the future on this marvellous collection of sculpture in the Roman Lungara. The Hall of Athletes, for example, should have an elaborate study. We see there figures of the great *hieronicæ* as well as the ordinary professional

athlete ; and the whole history of Isthmia, Nemea, Olympia, and Pythia stands in that hall illustrated with the finest models. The pre-Phidian collection also will furnish material for many studies ; and the imperial series of portrait-busts will be of infinite service to the student of Imperial Rome ;—an Ampère would make it glowing with life. This imperial series, by the way, has not its equal in any museum. It has been formed with the most scrupulous exactitude, and each bust made more certain by comparison with the Roman numismatica. There are one hundred and two imperial portraits, in which the Cæsars are represented as hereditary princes as well as emperors ; and with them are busts of the famous imperial women ; also five of distinguished personages contemporary with the first and second triumvirate—Caius Marius, and Sylla, Pompey, Lepidus, and Brutus.

This collection of imperial busts is a Suetonius in marble, in the matter of frank expression of character, and much more complete than that imperial chronicler ; for in it is the whole range of Cæsars, from Caius Julius to Maxentius and his son Romulus, who ended old heathen Rome with the name that founded it. There they stand with tell-tale faces that disclose the characters created by the dangerous possession of despotic power. Two Nero heads, for example—Nos. 434, 435—are very curious, and suggestive of that strange emperor's character. One is as the hereditary prince, the other as emperor. The handsome boy-face is even more cruel than the imperial portrait. The eyes have a furtive, cunning watchfulness in them, and remind us of what his biographers tell us—that he was first cruel from fear. His mouth is like his grandmother's and mother's, the two Agrippinas, but stronger, and inexpressibly haughty. The hair has a barbarian thickness ; it rises up around the temples and forehead, as on the head of a young bull. The imperial bust looks more sensual and ferocious, but has an increased cunning in the expression. It recalls Tacitus's description of this man, formed by nature to "veil hatred with caresses."

This collection of imperial portraits, by itself, would be a most valuable possession : added to the adjoining galleries it completes, with sumptuous perfection, the richness and variety of the Museum. The whole gallery is to the students of mythology, iconography, and Greek sculptural art, as valuable as a choice library of precious *codici* to the historical scholar. Time, patience, learning, exceptional advantages of nature and wealth,—only these qualities combined could have assembled together such a rare collection as is contained in the solitary Roman Lungara halls.

Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE.¹

LADIES and GENTLEMEN,—In addressing a public before whom I have the honour to appear for the first time, I ought to speak of the emotion I feel, and, at the same time, solicit your indulgence. Such is the usual exordium of lecturers when making their *début*. But the truth is, I am not moved in any way, and do not feel the shadow of a fear. It is your fault if I express this unwonted confidence, and you have only yourselves to thank for it. The fact is that, ever since I landed on the hospitable shores of England, I have met with so much courtesy, kindness, and attention—a cordiality so frank and so obliging—that, in speaking to you, I feel as if I were addressing my friends at home rather than my hosts abroad. Hence I do not think it necessary to solicit an indulgence which I feel sure you have already granted to me.

I am about to speak to you of the Comédie Française and its organisation, and particularly the latter point, for it is the organisation of that institution which constitutes its power and greatness. It is, in fact, owing to that organisation that it is able to-day to lay before your eyes the imposing and marvellous sight it offers to the world.

The Comédie Française took possession of the Gaiety Theatre a few weeks ago, and during this lapse of time a fresh bill has been issued every day, and every night a series of new plays submitted to your judgment. This ever-changing variety will continue to the end of its stay in London. The Comédie Française intends to remain here for forty-five days, and its programme comprises forty-three plays. These forty-three pieces constitute only a small portion of its *répertoire*. Thus, although four or five of the dramatic masterpieces of Corneille are constantly played in Paris, only one, the *Menteur*, a comedy, has been selected for representation here; Racine also is represented by only one tragedy; from Molière three or four comedies have been chosen, while Regnard and Beaumarchais supply but one work each—the *Joueur* and the *Barbier de Séville*. The names of Lesage and Marivaux are altogether absent. Coming lower down, Scribe, who contributed so much to the Comédie Française, is likewise absent; and as to the contemporary dramatic authors, we shall see with regret what an amount of dramatic treasure the Comédie Française has been obliged to leave aside.

The *répertoire courant*—that is to say, the pieces which the company can play at any moment, all the parts being known beforehand, without any other preparation than one of those summary rehearsals known in the language of the French green-room as *raccords*—its *répertoire courant* includes about one hundred plays, out of which the manager

¹An address delivered at the Gaiety Theatre; afterwards written down by M. Sarcey and translated by M. Barbier for *The Nineteenth Century*.

can choose as he likes. A single order to the storekeeper, a notice posted up in the green-room, is all that is required: the same night the scenery is ready, all appurtenances in order, and the actors at their posts.

Need I tell you that all the plays are acted with remarkable *ensemble*? You have been able during the past fortnight to ascertain this fact by your own experience; and I find by your papers that it is precisely the perfection of that *ensemble* which has most deeply struck the theatrical critics of the English press. At the Comédie Française the most insignificant parts are filled up, if not by first-class actors, at least by persons who have already studied long and know their business. In plays like *Hernani* and *Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle*, for instance, in which, as you may have seen, there are a certain number of very secondary personages, some of whom have but a few words to utter, while others say nothing at all, these obscure parts, instead of being given up to common supernumeraries engaged for the night, are filled either by young actors who have their trial to go through, or by old actors who have no other talent but their perfect knowledge of the boards—in short, by actors who form part of the company, and who are thoroughly acquainted with the traditions and manners of the house.

Such a numerous and homogeneous company in possession of such a vast *répertoire* is a most singular phenomenon, and one well worthy of arousing your astonishment. There are, no doubt, in all the great towns of Europe, and especially in London, theatrical companies in which some great actor may be found, like your Henry Irving, some striking individuality perhaps superior to the most eminent actors of the Comédie Française. But this is an exception, a kind of accidental occurrence. Supposing you brought together for a season two or three great actors, they would no doubt offer very attractive entertainments, but they could not be compared with the Comédie Française, which possess a *répertoire*, and which, to use the consecrated expression, *joue d'ensemble*.

So very true is this fact, ladies and gentlemen, that eminent Englishmen have often proposed to copy the organisation of the Comédie Française, and to establish a similar institution in London, formed on the same model and worked according to the same rules. This idea is no doubt an enticing one: unfortunately it is next to impossible to realise it. If you wish to transplant an old tree, you must, in order to keep it alive, transport along with it the mass of earth in which the roots are embedded: both must be transplanted together and at the same time. In the same way, when it is sought to transport into one country some old institution which has been born and grown, and become great and strong, in some other country, it is necessary to transport along with it the manners and customs from which it derives its life, and all the traditions which create, as it were, a special atmosphere around it, and in the midst of which it can alone be grown. This process is an impracticable one. There is, besides, one element over which we have no command and that is time.

Certain nations have tried to borrow from you, and to acclimatise in their own country, the parliamentary form of government which it was your glory to be the first to establish in Europe. Nothing was easier than to copy your constitution, to regulate, according to the model furnished by yourselves, the respective rights and duties of the different powers of the State towards one another. But it was not possible to import at the same time the long experience and practice you have had of that constitution, the manners and traditions which form around it a rich soil in which its roots are so firmly and deeply planted—the inviolable respect of the Crown for the rights of Parliament, and the feelings of deference and love for the Crown—the loyalty, in a word—which distinguish the English people. Certain other nations may have assumed all the apparatus, all the outward forms of parliamentary government, but they have lacked the guiding spirit which should animate it, the traditions which support it.

Tradition alone constitutes the power of the Comédie Française. In order, therefore, thoroughly to understand this ancient institution, it is necessary not so much to study the rules by which it is at present governed, as the whole of the customs and traditions from which it has gradually risen. The cause of its glory can be fully understood only by searching its past history and studying it from its very beginnings.

II.

A child, on his birth, brings into the world a certain number of natural dispositions, which, on being developed later by education, will contribute to give the man a character of his own, and tend to form his individuality. Just in the same way there stand, at the origin of all old institutions, one or two initiative facts which gave them a distinctive character, and which regulated their ulterior development. It is necessary to find out and bear these facts in mind, for they are the key to the whole history of an institution.

Two such facts stand at the origin of the Comédie Française. Both contributed to give it a certain shape and to lead it in a certain direction; the influence of both has acted through centuries, and is still felt to-day.

What are these primordial facts?

Any of you who visited the Paris Exhibition last year may have seen, in the room devoted to the history of the stage, an extremely curious old engraving. It represents a dozen or so actors, wearing their costumes, standing round a table lit up by a candle. He who appears to be the chief is counting out money and dividing it into parts. The engraving is entitled *Après la représentation*.

Such was, in fact, what used to take place. Every night, after the performance, all who belonged to the company, from the manager down to the lowest supernumerary, met together to reckon up the receipts. The total sum was then divided into parts—twelve parts was the number, if I remember right. One actor would receive the

whole of a part; another was entitled to half a one; another would get only one-fourth; each according to his importance, merit, and labour, until the whole of the twelve parts were distributed. Thus Molière, the head of the company, received one part in his capacity as manager, and a second one in his capacity as author and actor. It was a kind of co-operative society, which appointed its own manager, and in which every member could be a manager in his turn. This mode of sharing the profits, which certain economists of the present day are trying to adapt to trade and commerce, was put in practice in the first instance by humble actors. It has, with one exception, disappeared from all theatres, where now the director is a kind of foreman or master, and the actors so many paid workmen. It has, however, happily been preserved at the Comédie Française, which has always been, and is still, a society in which all the shareholders are equal, though possessing different rights.

This is the first of the two primordial facts I alluded to a few minutes ago. The other will not be so easily understood by you, because it is singularly repugnant to English minds. And yet I must ask you to listen to it and to admit it.

In France under the old *régime*, nothing could be published without a special authorisation of the king. It was a privilege: *cum privilegio regis* are the words which stand on all our old editions. If it were not possible to publish a book without the permission of the king, how much more difficult must it have been to open a theatre and act plays without the said permission! The king granted, according to his good pleasure, the privilege to act a certain play in a certain place.

Now privilege means favour, and he who graciously grants the favour is perfectly entitled to enact in return the conditions he pleases. The king who permitted a company to give performances naturally reserved to himself the right to demand that the performances should suit his taste. He would watch over and direct them, and limit them to a certain ideal which he thought to be the best. He was entitled to do this by virtue of the privilege he had granted, and also by virtue of the favours which he was wont to shower on faithful and obedient companies. He sent for them to court, and, on their leaving, loaded them with rich presents. Sometimes he put them down on his private pension list, and paid them a pension every quarter. To-day this would be called a subvention.

Thought, however, even in France, is now emancipated, and the theatre is free like the printing-press. But the sovereign—or, if you like it better, the government—still subventions certain theatrical undertakings, and, like everybody who invests money in a concern, has always the right to examine what use is made of the sum granted. Government, therefore, keeps a right to interfere in these undertakings, and it is thus that the Comédie Française, which, at its origin, owed its existence to the king, since it received from him first a privilege and then a pension, is still, owing to the subvention it gets from the State, under the hand of Government.

Here, then, we have two principles before us: the republican principle, since a co-operative society is, according to the formula laid down by one of our most eminent public writers, the government of all by all; and the monarchical principle, since the king in former times and the Government to-day has the right to interfere in the affairs of the society, and to impose his sovereign will on it. One might reasonably imagine that two principles so opposite would either exclude or destroy each other. Well, such is not the case; on the contrary, it is by the action and counteraction of these principles, always struggling against each other and yet always united, that this great institution, the Comédie Française, has been formed. We find them at its origin; we can follow their influence as the institution developed itself; to-day they are still contending to get possession of it, and it is that very contest which keeps it alive, for life can only be found where contrary forces struggle and harmonise with one another.

We may discover these same two principles at the origin of all theatres established under the Monarchy. And yet how is it that only one of them, the Comédie Française, has survived?

It is because that theatre had the good fortune to have Molière for its founder and first master. When Molière came to Paris in 1658, a humble author of unknown farces and an obscure comedian, after having completed one of those provincial tours so amusingly described by Scarron in his *Roman Comique*, there were already two theatres in Paris in a flourishing condition: L'Hôtel de Bourgogne, which was the king's theatre, and Le Théâtre du Marais, where pantomimes were acted. Who would have imagined that the new-comer would so very soon outdo its rivals? The fact is, Molière was not only, next to your Shakespeare, or rather by the side of Shakespeare, the greatest dramatic writer that ever existed; he was also a clever administrator, an unequalled stage manager, and an honest man, of large mind and warm heart, adored and respected by his little company, which closely gathered round him like a living organism of which he was the soul.

When he died in 1673, the little company which he had kept united together was on the point of breaking up, and the future Comédie Française appeared doomed. One of the best actors of Molière, La Thorillière, went over to the enemy's camp—that is to say, joined the Hôtel de Bourgogne. Other defections less important followed. So great an ingratitude towards such a glorious name cannot fail to astonish us. The truth is, Molière was not looked upon by his contemporaries as he is by the present generation. He was not yet transformed into a kind of demi-god. Nobody is a great man during his lifetime, or immediately after his death: time alone completes great men, just as time transforms certain works into masterpieces.

Yes, it is undeniable that time has a great deal to do with the formation of *chefs-d'œuvre*. Every generation that passes before a work of genius looks at it from a different point of view, and finds in it new beauties which henceforth remain indelibly attached to it. Time can-

riches these works with the progress it has made, with the fresh ideas, feelings, and knowledge it has acquired, and it is thus, after the lapse of two long centuries and a half, that we now find concentrated in *Tartuffe* every kind of social, moral, and religious hypocrisy, as we find every species of jealousy in *Othello*; it is thus that these characters, enriched daily with the new forms of feeling unceasingly experienced by humanity, assume colossal proportions, and that the poets, who created them, are raised in the eyes of the world to heights of prodigious greatness. Homer perhaps is the greatest poet of all only because he is the oldest, and because three thousand years have laboured in his behalf, and made his statue a gigantic one.

We may feel indignant at the thought that the woman to whom Molière bequeathed his name could have changed that glorious name for that of an obscure actor. But we must remember that Molière, in the eyes of his contemporaries, was only a writer of comedies; they did not see in him the great man that centuries have made him for us. His memory was not sufficiently imposing to restrain his old companions from deserting it. There was only one exception, and his humble name deserves to be recorded in history, for it was unquestionably he who saved the Comédie Française, and, next to Molière, was the real founder of that institution. His name was Lagrange. He was not an actor of great talent, neither had he much intelligence, but he had loved Molière seriously and deeply. If his mind was not large enough to understand the greatness of his genius, he at least felt it in his heart, and he repeated unceasingly to his comrades the words of the humble and the lowly: 'Let us love each other in him and through him.' The Comédie Française recently gave this honest man a magnificent proof of its gratitude: it published in a rich form the diary in which Lagrange daily entered the most minute events of the life of Molière's *troupe*.

Thanks to him, the company remained united before the public, while the Hôtel de Bourgogne struggled to regain the lead in the theatrical world. The two rival companies fought a hard, and, it must be added, an unsuccessful, campaign. The king resolved to blend them into one. Had he joined Molière's *troupe* to that of the Hôtel de Bourgogne, it is probable that the destiny of the Comédie Française would have taken a different direction. It would have been deprived of that fixed and luminous star, of that lighthouse which has always guided its way through the rocks and shoals of revolution—the name of Molière. But it pleased Louis the Fourteenth, who had always protected Molière and made great use of him, to cast the remnants of the company of the Hôtel de Bourgogne into Molière's *troupe*. This fusion took place in 1680. Henceforth there was but one company—the *troupe* of the king. The Comédie Française was definitely established. We, in France, love to call it *La Maison de Molière*, and that glorious name it fully deserves.

Thanks to the fusion, the *répertoires* of Corneille and Racine were added to that of Molière. It is true that Molière, out of respect for the

great Corneille, had played some of his tragedies which the actors of the Hôtel de Bourgogne had rejected. But these tragedies, the works of his old age, were not his best. The great and immortal *chefs-d'œuvre* of the poet were the property of the Hôtel de Bourgogne, as was also the *répertoire* of Racine, who, after having been guilty of a petty meanness towards Molière, had quarrelled with him and given his tragedies to the rival actors.

It was a singular fortune, and this happened only once during the lapse of centuries, that three men of genius, very different in character, although nearly equal in talent, should have lived almost at the same time. These three men had written a number of great works, which constituted for the stage a *répertoire* the like of which for richness and beauty has never been excelled. This *répertoire* was an inestimable treasure and an exhaustless resource to the *troupe du roi*; for it furnished it with first-class material to depend upon in times of scarcity; and even now, when we have bad literary seasons to go through, we have recourse to this *répertoire* to satisfy the public curiosity when it is tired and weary of novelties.

III.

Such is the starting-point of the organisation of the Comédie Française.

The Comédie is a society, or, should you prefer another expression, a republic, which governs itself. Rome elected two consuls every year; the Comédie Française elects two chiefs every week, who are styled *semainiers*. Each member is a *semainier* in his turn. The *semainiers* on duty draw up the bills of performance, preside over the rehearsals, and distribute the profits: in short, they are the captains of the vessel. The engagement of actors and the reception of pieces take place at a general meeting of the society.

The king appointed two or four commissioners to preside or to watch over the company; these commissioners, called *les gentils-hommes de la chambre*, had for their duty to enforce the views or taste of the king, and to defend his interests. And what were their rights? Exactly the same as those which the company now exercises, either by itself as a body, or by the medium of its *semainiers*. They could make engagements, accept pieces, impose their programmes, and interfere with everything concerning the theatre. Such were their rights, and they constantly used them.

But where did the respective limits of these two rival powers end? As regards limits, there were none very precise. On one side, as on the other, there was no law to go by. If there were written rules, nobody knew them, or at least paid no attention to them. Conflicts arose constantly and filled up the whole of the history of the French stage during the eighteenth century. However, the rival parties generally managed to come to an arrangement. How I can hardly explain, except by comparing the process with the English way of settling difficulties—that is to say, by relying more on common sense and cus-

tom than on the technicalities of the law, and by making mutual concessions in accordance with public opinion. For do you imagine that public opinion has had nothing to do with the affairs of the Comédie Française? No, you cannot think so. The public has been a third power which joined the other two and became the regulator of them. It has played a great part in the history of the Comédie Française, and it has been one of the most active elements in its final organisation. It deserves, therefore, a few words of notice.

Under this name of public or audience, we must not imagine the international crowds which, at the present day, congregate within the theatres of Paris and London. The public to-day is unquestionably a public—there is no other term to describe it—but it is a public devoid of homogeneousness, a compound of individuals who do not know one another, who have no ideas in common, who cannot respond to the same feelings. The public of former days was a real public. On one side were the lords who met again at the theatre in the evening after having seen each other at court all day long; on the other side were the well-to-do *bourgeois* of old Paris, who having closed their shops and done with their business for the day—and at that time, when people did not lead the kind of feverish life we lead nowadays, shops were closed early, and business did not strain the mind—repaired to the play to enjoy their favourite pastime.

The stage in France is a national and especially a Parisian pleasure. Molière, Regnard, Beaumarchais, Voltaire, Scribe, and many other less celebrated dramatic authors were born within sight of the walls of Paris. Everybody in Paris is fond of the play, and is a good judge of it. Even at the present moment, when this passion is not so strong as it used to be, many a young man will go without his dinner in order to treat himself to the play. How many will stand for three or four hours together at the doors of a theatre, in the midst of rain or snow, to see the piece *en vogue*! Everything that relates to dramatic literature is warmly discussed, and there is not a woman, however imperfectly educated she may otherwise be, who is not capable of giving expression to her opinions on theatrical matters, with a knowledge of the subject sometimes astonishing. Every soil has its own peculiar virtues; in the same way every nation has its own peculiar aptitude:

Excudent alii spirantia mollius æra . . .
Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento.

The passion of the French is the stage. The Parisian *bourgeoisie* was enraptured with it. Yet, at most, thirty or forty thousand persons went usually to the theatre, and out of this number only five or six thousand were regular frequenters. Hence a new piece, after about thirty performances, had exhausted the public interest, and fifteen to twenty performances were considered a fair success. I will not venture to say that all these fanatics of the theatre were acquainted one with the other; but they had received the same education, they knew the *répertoire* so well that they could have prompted an actor in dis-

tress, they were imbued with the same feelings, and formed those compact and homogeneous audiences, the members of which understood each other perfectly, and by so doing laid down the law of the stage; for, after all, he who pays has a full right to be the master.

The quarrels which divided the actors among themselves, and the actors from the *gentilshommes de la chambre*, were known to these audiences, not by the papers, for there were none, but by the conversations in the *cafés*, and by those numerous imperceptible voices which escape from behind the scenes. They knew that *Messieurs les Gentilshommes* had, in spite of the unwillingness of the committee, engaged such or such an actress who pleased one of them. The audience, in consequence, revolted *en masse*, unless, by chance, the favourite of the court people turned out to be a true artist, and, in this case, they took part against the committee and forced them to give way. However intelligent and discerning it was, the public had none the less its moments of error and passion; in such a case the actors and the *gentilshommes* united to resist, and, if they held out long enough, they gained the day precisely because reason was on their side. •

If you glance over the annals of the Comédie Française, you will find that the whole of its history is a long series of quarrels and conflicts between the republic of the actors, the personal government of the *gentilshommes de la chambre*, and that third power, the public; who had no other weapons to fight their battles with but their whistles and hisses.

This public was a jealous and vigilant guardian of tradition. It no doubt accepted the innovations of writers and actors, but it was fond of rules, and reminded the actors of them when they showed signs of departing from them. It was, in fact, the public that made the education of the actors; it placed under their eyes the models of past times, insisting that they be followed; so that in the composition and interpretation of pieces there was no sudden rupture of continuity.

It was thus that the Comédie Française passed through the brilliant eighteenth century, adding to the *répertoire* of its immortal founders an immense number of works, some of which are veritable *chefs-d'œuvre*, while others, less important, form what is called, in theatrical parlance, *le répertoire de second ordre*. Before leaving this subject, let us stop for a moment and consider a circumstance which is essential to point out, because it has contributed in a great measure to the formation of this *répertoire*, whether of the first or second order.

You have perhaps noticed that, among the great pieces laid before you by the Comédie Française, several small pieces have slipped in; some are simply *vaudevilles* and others mere farces. Perhaps you have not well understood how *La Maison de Molière* could stoop to such small works. It is because, as I have already pointed out to you, and cannot repeat too often, everything at the Comédie Française is linked with tradition.

As there was formerly but one theatre in Paris which, by virtue of the privilege granted it, alone had the right to give dramatic performances, it was bound to open its doors to pieces of all kinds. In conse-

quence, you will find in the *répertoire* of Molière, by the side of great five-act pieces, *bouffonneries* which in our days would be acted at the Variétés and the Palais-Royal—for instance, the *Médecin malgré lui* and the *Marriage forcé*, not to mention any others. But, as the Comédie Française assumed more importance in the world of letters, it was obliged to put on a graver tone; it appeared offensive to hear the language of Tabarin on the same stage where, on the previous night, the dignified Alexandrines of Corneille had been heard. An incident of Parisian life in the eighteenth century rendered the contrast still more striking.

Every year in Paris two fairs used to be held on public places, which were deserts then, but which are now covered with houses. The more celebrated of the two was the St. Laurent fair, and the older the St. Germain fair. Mountebanks repaired thither in great numbers, and among them were a few stage managers. These impressarios of the booth came into contact with two privileges: if they desired to make their actors sing, they had the Opéra down on them, for the Opéra alone had the right to charm the ears of the Parisians; if they contented themselves with mere dialogues, they came across the Comédie Française, which prohibited them, in virtue of its prerogatives, the right of exhibiting speaking characters.

But in France, the classic land of privileges, it must be said that privilege has never been favourably regarded by the public. The people has always taken the side of free competition. Is this feeling one of justice, or is it merely a love of finding fault? I will not attempt to decide. In any case the humble managers of the booth theatres found in the public a benevolent ally as witty as it was noisy. The censorship forbade these strolling companies to indulge in dialogues; so they resorted to mere gestures, while a voice behind the scenes recited the piece as it went on, and the audience applauded enthusiastically. When the moment came for singing a couplet, a great placard was suddenly hoisted in front of the public, on which were written the words and music of the song, and the audience sang the forbidden air, while the actors mimicked the words. The authorities added prohibition to prohibition, but it was all in vain; a thousand ingenious ways of evading them were always found; so they had to retreat, and to allow new theatres to be established with privileges which permitted them to play pieces of an inferior class.

From that moment the Comédie Française closely confined itself to what are called the serious class of pieces. But, as long as lasted this little war, which amused the eighteenth century so much, and the history of which would take up a whole volume, the Comédie had followed in the track of Molière; it had mixed up farces, comic ballets, and even rhyming burlesques with great works. The tradition was founded; it has been preserved. In addition to certain *bouffonneries* of the classic *répertoire*, the Restoration and the times that followed it up to the present day have taken advantage of this liberty to produce at the House of Molière light pieces like the *Petit Hôtel* of Meilhac and

Halévy, which was played before you the other day, and gay little comedies, bordering on farce, like the *Voyage à Dieppe*, in which I have seen *le père Provost* and *Got* many a time.

Another tradition was created by this quarrel between the Comédie Française and the secondary theatres. It was weak and timid at the beginning, but it has extended considerably of late years, and has become almost a dogma. The time came—(I do not give the precise dates, neither do I enter into details, as it is less a history of the Comédie Française, than an explanation of the customs and prejudices on which it is founded, that I attempt to give here)—the time came when the pieces of a secondary class, which flourished in the booths of the fair, were received officially on the stage of the Italiens, which had just been dispossessed of its Italian *bouffes*, France having gradually forgotten their language, and fashion having deserted them. A number of ingenious, elegant, and witty authors wrote for this new theatre several charming works, which were very successful; among these authors I may especially mention Marivaux and Favart.

The Comédie Française borrowed from this new *répertoire* some of its prettiest works. For instance, *Le Jeu de l'Amour et du Hasard*, which had been created at the Italiens by the beautiful and celebrated Sylvia, was transplanted to the *Maison de Molière*, to please an actress who was famous at the time, and who thought she would shine in the principal character. The piece, having achieved a success, was placed in the *répertoire*, and is often played at the present time. It, however, betrays in some way its origin. The character of Pasquin requires a deal of burlesque acting which would appear little worthy of the Comédie Française, if we did not know that it first saw the light on the boards where the harlequin of the Italiens gave himself up to the coarsest pantaloonery. They have been kept on the austere stage of the Comédie Française, because tradition is everything there.

During the past fifteen years the Comédie Française has practiced more extensively than ever this tradition which Molière has described in the celebrated phrase: '*Je reprends mon bien partout où je le trouve.*' It is thus that *Le Gendre de M. Poirier*, *Le Fils Naturel*, *Le Demi-Monde*, *Philiberte*, the *Marquis de Villemér*, and many more have been added to the *répertoire*. The Comédie Française has become of late a kind of museum, where good pieces, brought out at no matter what theatre, finally receive their consecration, in the same way as the paintings, after having been exhibited during the life of the painter at the Luxembourg Museum, pass after his death into the Louvre to take rank among the *chefs-d'œuvre* if it be thought they deserve that honour.

While the Comédie Française was forming for itself an admirable *répertoire* of plays, it was also gathering a marvellous collection of objects of art, statues, busts, and paintings, which might be called its *trésor*, in the same way as we say the *trésor de Notre-Dame*. Who does not know the *foyer* of the Comédie Française and the gallery which joins it? Who has not admired that superb marble where Molière—an ideal Molière, but no matter—seems to live again, and the pensive face

of the aged Corneille, and that *chef-d'œuvre* of *chefs-d'œuvre*, the inestimable jewel of the collection, the bust of Rotrou? Shall I speak of the statue of Voltaire sitting, which is known to the whole world by the copies that have been made of it; and of the bust of the same Voltaire which figures by the side of the statue? This Comédie Française, being a lasting institution, has been able, day by day, and seizing good opportunities, to enrich itself with these marvels of art, of which our Louvre might be jealous. The history of each of these works of art is known, as well as the way the Comédie Française got them. For this one the artist received a free admittance for life; that one was bequeathed to the house by a theatrical amateur; while others were offered by a member of the company, or given by the Government. Every half-century increases the splendour of this collection, and enlarges the library and the archives. The *Maison de Molière* is at one and the same time a theatre, a palace, and a museum.

IV.

All this—*répertoire*, company, collection of art, archives, and glorious mementoes—narrowly escaped destruction or dispersion in the great Revolution of 1789. Politics invaded the house, and divided the members into two hostile camps. The one clung to the old *régime* and Royalty; the other boldly espoused the new ideas. A schism was inevitable; it broke out. The Royalists remained faithful to the *salle* where the Comédie Française was then installed, and which is now the Odéon; the others came and established themselves in the Rue Richelieu, at the same spot where the *salle* of the Théâtre Français is now to be found. The dissidents were the more numerous, and, be it said, the most celebrated. At their head was the illustrious Talma, he who was to become the glory of tragedy under the First Empire. The public did not hesitate; they recognised in them the real heirs of Molière. Moreover, by one of those dictatorial measures in vogue at the time, the theatre on the left bank of the Seine was closed, and the actors who had not rallied to the Republic thrown into prison.

On the 9th of Thermidor there was a moment of inexpressible confusion. All the actors that formed the old company, each going his own way, were dispersed over various theatres. But this crisis was a short one, and in May 1799 they found themselves united together again in the *salle* of the Rue Richelieu. All the institutions of the past had fallen around them; they alone were left standing uninjured. It was still a republic governed by consuls elected for a week, and by their side was the sovereign represented by a commissioner of the Government. He loved the theatre, did the sovereign, who was no other than the First Consul. When he became Emperor, Napoleon the First interested himself in the house most deeply, and took a proud pleasure in providing a royal audience for his actors in ordinary. He felt the necessity of codifying the customs in virtue of which the Comédie Française was administered, and he issued the decree which is so celebrated in France under the name of *Décret de Moscou*. It was indeed from

Moscow (1812) that the decree was dated. Napoleon, who had something theatrical and *charlatanesque* about him, did not dislike these contrasts and surprises, with which he thought to dazzle the imagination of posterity. It is useless to enter into the details of this new code; it merely consecrated old usages. The Comédie Française is still regulated by this code, although it has been modified by an ordonnance delivered in 1830, and by decrees issued in 1850 and 1857. But neither ordonnances nor decrees have changed the great features of the house, the only features that interest us in this sketch, and those great features were fixed by Napoleon in accordance with tradition. He only added one point which had its importance as regards the maintenance of the perpetuity of the Comédie Française through the course of ages. It had long been the custom that the actors, on retiring after long service, should receive a pension from their colleagues levied on the profits. But it was necessary to provide for the possibility of the company making no profits. Napoleon, besides the annual subvention he allowed to the Comédie Française, assigned the sum of 200,000 francs as a reserve fund to meet the deficit of bad years and to assure the regular service of the pensions. That measure was not useless, for the House of Molière had hard seasons to pass through.

Of the three elements which have co-operated in the formation and development of the Comédie Française, we have already seen two at work. And the third? The public—that public of great lords and well-to-do *bourgeois* which I described a few minutes ago—that intelligent public, fond of theatrical affairs and jealous of artistic tradition.

The era of *gentilshommes* had passed, and they were no more spoken of. There were still some after the Revolution, but they no longer formed a separate body; they were mixed up with the great public, and, to use the expression of Charles the Tenth, they only had, like everybody else, their places in the pit. But the *bourgeois* public was found again, almost the same as we saw it a few minutes ago: they formed round the orchestra of the Théâtre Française a kind of aristocracy in the matter of taste. They were called the *habitués* because they went to the theatre every night; and when the actor, entering on the scene, perceived those long rows of bald and shining heads, on which the chandelier shed its rays, he was seized with a slight trembling. I saw the last remnants of this circle in my youth: to-day they have entered into the category of fossils. It was in talking with them that I learned all that I know about contemporaneous theatres, for they were nearly all educated persons, men of taste, who went to the play not to be seen, but to see.

But this public of the Restoration and the Monarchy of July committed a grave mistake. It did not, like its predecessors, hold the balance equal between the respect for tradition and the taste for novelty. It leaned too much towards the side of tradition, and nearly caused the ruin of the Comédie Française. It was natural that the great shock of the Revolution, followed by the magnificent Imperial epopee, should have its influence on literature and the stage—that au

thors and actors should display to generations, renewed by those prodigious events, new modes of thought and sentiment.

But there is nothing so tenacious as a literary taste. The public of *habitués* had in its childhood admired classic tragedies and comedies in verse, of which the *Misanthrope* and the *Femmes Savantes* are the most perfect models. It would not admit of anything outside these two consecrated forms being tried. It might be tired and weary of them, but it would not confess the fact, and gaped and yawned in secret. It rejected with horror every innovation as a scandal; and while in the field of literature that clamorous army known as the Romantic school arose, the Comédie Française remained obstinately closed to the new art, or, if the latter succeeded in breaking open the door, it was immediately hissed out again, and the *habitués* returned to sleep over the tragedies of the imitators of Campistron, who himself had imitated Racine.

What was the consequence of all this? The public—I speak of the great public, of that which was composed, as we say in these days, of the *nouvelles couches sociales*—no longer went to the House of Molière. It conceived such a deep hatred of the last copyists of Corneille, Racine, and Molière, that at length it got disgusted with the masters themselves. The Comédie Française had hard times to go through then. Receipts of from three hundred to a thousand francs were not rare at that period: the company rubbed its hands with joy when it had (to use the consecrated term) ‘passed the four figures,’ that is to say, when the receipts amounted to more than a thousand francs. I have in my youth often seen classic works played by a company of eminent actors whose equals we do not possess to-day; altogether there were not more than a dozen of us in the pit, where the price of the places was not more than forty-four sous; the empty boxes looked like so many black holes in the wall; the stalls alone were filled; it was there where the *habitués*, most of whom paid nothing, gathered together.

If the Comédie Française had not been subventioned, if it had not been under the hand of the Government, it would have broken up at that epoch; for it did not cover its expenses, and each member of the company would have gained more money by playing in another theatre. But the members were kept together by the honour of belonging to a national institution, to the *Maison de Molière*, and by the certainty of a pension regularly paid at the end of their career.

Rachel alone could draw receipts in those times. It was the great Rachel. But Rachel cost the theatre more than she ever drew, and she did more harm to art than she rendered it service. She would not become a *sociétaire* or member, because, once a member, she would have been obliged to share her profits with her fellow-members; she remained a *pensionnaire* (the ‘pensioners’ are those who make their first appearance at the Comédie, and are pensioned until they become members of the house), because she could demand what salary she liked. The nights on which she played the receipts amounted to ten thousand francs, the whole of which went into her pocket. The next

night the theatre was empty. Rachel, moreover, must be blamed for having imparted a factitious life to tragedy and for encouraging her admirers to struggle against the advent of a new art. She obstinately confined herself to a dozen rôles, in which she displayed incomparable power, and left imperishable souvenirs. She did not lend the assistance of her genius to any of the contemporary poets, or, if she did so, it was with regret, and without decisive success.

V.

It was after the Revolution of 1848 that more prosperous, if not more glorious, days began to shine on the Comédie Française. The commissioners delegated by the Government to this republic of actors had already for some time been replaced by a general administrator. The names had been changed, but in reality the thing was the same. It was still the hand of the sovereign in the affairs of the Comédie. The rules which limit the action of the two powers are not more defined in the present day than they were two centuries ago. The amount of authority which falls to the general administrator depends on the *prestige* he enjoys. It is something entirely personal. He is the real master if he is capable and willing. I have known M. Arsène Houssaye in that post; he was master, but in such a clever and exquisite manner that nobody perceived it. M. Empis, on the contrary, acted the master in such a disagreeable way that he was removed. M. Thierry, who came next, exercised with all kinds of reticence, circumlocution, and delays, at the same time appearing to give way, an influence which was for a long time preponderant. Finally, M. Perrin, of to-day, has charmed and overcome all resistance by the clearness of his views, the brilliancy of his conceptions, and, above all, by the renown of a successful and fortunate manager, which he had acquired in all his undertakings, either at the Opéra or at the Opéra-Comique. And his good luck has followed him to the Théâtre Française, for never since its foundation has the house made such large receipts. They vary from 6,000 to 7,000 francs. Hence the dividends shared every year by the *sociétaires* have become enormous. The *sociétaires*, besides the salaries they pay to themselves, last year had parts or shares which amounted to more than 40,000 francs. Add to this the supplementary expenses they allow themselves every time they play, or, as 'weeklies,' supervise the getting up of a piece, and you will see that a member entitled to the whole of one part gets from 60,000 to 70,000 francs per annum. Add again the fact that a portion of the profits has been deducted beforehand and turned into two parts, one part to increase the general fund, and the other to form for every *sociétaire* a little heap of money which he receives on the day of his retirement. It was thus that Bressant, when he took leave of the Comédie Française, received 80,000 francs in a lump; his retiring pension is, I think, 8,000 to 10,000 francs a year.

It is easy to understand that so many advantages, apart from the honour of being able to put on your card the words, *sociétaire de la*

Comédie-Française, which gives a position in society, and which assures a certain consideration of which actors are all the more jealous that it was long refused to their calling—it is easy to understand that so many advantages possess an irresistible fascination for all young actors. There is not one that does not dream of entering the House of Molière one day, that does not make it the height of his ambition, and struggles with all his might and main to attain it. The high study of elocution would long since have been abandoned for the easier triumphs of the *vaudeville* and the *opérette*, if the House of Molière did not appear in the distance offering its golden apples to candidates. No, you will never know how many unfledged Delaunays and Sarah Bernhardts there always are on the streets of Paris, who work ten hours a day at the old *répertoire*, and who dine at restaurants at sixpence a head waiting for glory. They try to raise themselves to the height which the Comédie Française alone maintains in these days of decadence.

The decadence which affects all the theatres in Paris had not yet made itself felt at the Comédie Française, and yet of the three elements which have contributed to its success during centuries, one has already almost disappeared. There is no longer any public. The Parisian is swamped amid the multitudes which the railways daily turn out on the Boulevards, and which invade the *salle* of the Rue Richelieu every night. They prolong beyond measure the success of pieces, and force the actors to play them a hundred times running, thereby spoiling talents which cannot be renewed, and which have not opportunities enough to seek fresh strength in the great school of the classic *répertoire*. Their taste is neither delicate nor attentive. They neither instruct nor support the actor. This state of things, unfortunately, will only go on increasing, and I myself can see no remedy for it. It has not yet done much harm to the Comédie Française, which still presents a majestic aspect, and relies on the two principles which presided over its formation, and which have constituted its power. On the one side, that *ensemble* of actors governing themselves and guarding the traditions. Do you know that between Got and Molière there are only seven or eight names of great actors? We have, so to speak, only to stretch out our hand to be able, across several generations, to find the first Mascarille. Got played a long time with Monrose, who had seen Dazincourt. Dazincourt appeared young by the side of Préville, already old. Préville had known Poisson, who is the last link of the chain up to Molière. In this way the tradition has been preserved alive from one great actor to another. One feels how such or such a *role* was played in the days of Molière, and when by chance the interpretation is changed by the caprice of an actor, as happened in the case of Arnolphe, whose character was modified by *le père* Provost, that change forms a date, and the new tradition is established, unless the successors of Provost reject it. Here we see the distinctive mark of the Comédie Française, which unites to tradition a wise spirit of innovation, that corrects and harmonises it to the tastes of the day, but, at the same time, out of respect for tradition, it always puts the bridle on

this taste for novelty. The history of the Comédie Française is only a perpetual compromise between these two contrary forces.

The administrator represents more especially the spirit of innovation. As he is always a man of influence and education, he brings with him into office personal opinions on art, and seeks to apply them. He therefore gives a stroke to the rudder which turns the ship into a new direction. He is disinterested, as the question of money does not affect him; or rather he has no other interest than glory. He does not, therefore, feel any desire to sacrifice art to big receipts. He is also above those petty rivalries, those mean jealousies, which often divide actors, and from which those of the Comédie Française are not more exempt than others. He puts an end to their quarrels sometimes by imposing his own will, sometimes by compounding dexterously with their passions. *C'est la lutte: donc c'est la vie.*

Such is it still, this majestic *ensemble* of traditions, which is called the Comédie Française. Everything is there, as in great family houses, rich and solemn. The *employés* of it rest there till old age, and are proud of it. You will find ushers there so ceremonious that they appear as if they dated from the Great Monarch, and had formerly opened the doors to him. The box-openers know all the *habitués*, and salute them with a friendly smile. Costumers and assistants transmit their charges from father to son. The very forms which are used to reply to all who have anything to do with the Comédie smack of old times, and in everything the Comédie says or does there is a politeness and generosity which is like a permanent homage to the memory of Molière.

I think you will forgive a Frenchman for this panegyric. You have enough of other superiorities to admit with a good grace the glory of an institution which is wanting in your country. The people which is to-day at the head of the movement of contemporaneous philosophy, which has revolutionised the world of thought and science with the writings of such men as Darwin, Herbert Spencer, Sir John Lubbock, and Evans, has nothing to envy in anybody. It is great enough to render justice to the merits of its rivals, and I thank you for having done so with so much courtesy and warmth of heart.

FRANCISQUE SARCEY, in *Nineteenth Century*.

THE "EGILS SAGA."

There were two heroic periods in the antique life of Iceland—the one eminent for its action, the other for its intellect. During the tenth century those magnificent deeds were performed for which the thirteenth century found no less magnificent expression in literature; the first without the second would have been forgotten, the second without the first would have had no value or significance. Hence it follows that we expect the noblest Icelandic writing to be that in which a poet of about 1230 relates the adventures of a viking of about 930; nor are we disappointed. According to the most exact scholarship, the finest works of an imaginative kind were produced between 1220 and 1260, the sagas long floating piecemeal in tradition receiving then, from hands unknown to us, that artistic and epic form in which they have come down to us, as one of the wonders of the literary world. Of the whole body of Icelandic literature, if we set aside the mythical sagas and the historical writings of Snorri and Sturla, the absolute flower and glory consist in four great sagas, each dealing with the personal history of a noble family, and each exhibiting in its purest form life in the Icelandic Commonwealth before the introduction of Christianity. The longest of these is *Njála*, the story of Burnt Njál, translated, in a version that has become classical, by Sir George Dasent. The other three are unknown to English readers; they are the *Laxdæla Saga*, the *Egils Saga*, and the *Erbyggja Saga*. From the *Laxdæla* Mr. Morris has borrowed the plot of one of the noblest poems of our day, the "Lovers of Gudrun," but the other two remain absolutely uninterpreted, and thus some of the finest literature in the world remains to us a sealed letter. The best Icelandic sagas come closer to the lofty ideal of the Homeric epic than any other production, except perhaps the *Chanson de Roland*. It is a great error to suppose that their chronicle character deprives them of any artistic shapeliness, or that the incidents related in them are loosely set down. The work is built upon a recognised plan, with the most stately art. The hero is introduced after a full account of his ancestors, and of the events which coloured the fate of his family. He arrives on the scene at the critical moment, when that fate has to be wound up to a crisis; that crisis is the story of his life—is, in other words, his *saga*. In the hand of a master his figure never passes out of our sight, and in any one of the great sagas we detect at once the presence of a spurious chapter by its inartistic irrelevance. But the plan upon which these works were composed can, after all, be best understood by following the story itself. I propose, therefore, to give a brief analysis of one saga, the story of Egil Skallagrimsson, known as *Egla*, or the *Egils Saga*. In the following pages the story will be concisely told, with occasional translations, very literally given, to show something of the spirited simplicity of the original. The *Egils Saga* is

considered to be the oldest of the four great epics, and to have been written about 1220. We must remember that Iceland at that moment held the foremost place in the world of letters. The brief, luxurious blossom of poetry in Provence and in Austria was withering. The bud of more vital promise in Italy and in Persia was still unbroken. For forty years, at least, the finest imaginative work in the world was being produced in a remote island close under the Arctic Circle. It is unknown who wrote the *Egils Saga*. Dr. Gudbrand Vigfussen, whose conjecture on these subjects carries more weight than the assertion of most other men, believes that he traces in it the style of Snorri Sturlason, whom the *Sturlunga* distinctly states to have been a writer of sagas. This extraordinary personage, the greatest of Icelandic writers, was about forty years of age at the time when our saga is believed to have been composed, and the polished beauty of its style favours the supposition that it is a work of Snorri's manhood. He was, moreover, descended from Egil, through his mother, Gudny; and in his genius, his brilliant life, and his tragic death, he is himself so characteristic a type of the turbulent Icelandic noble, that we like to see in him the author of the saga which is, *par excellence*, the poem of aristocratic pretension, the lyrical apology for and eulogy of ancestral arrogance.

Before we dip into the story, it may be added that many more or less complete fragments of this popular saga exist, and that one rag of vellum seems to belong to about the year 1240. The edition I have used in the following epitome is that published at Reykjavik in 1856, edited by Einar Thordarson, *Sagan af Agli Skallagrímssyni*. The period embraced by the events described is from about 870 to 980, and closes with the introduction of Christianity into Iceland. It should further be remarked that the numerous poems embedded in the body of the work are of a double character; some are spurious—that is, belong to the date of the saga-writer; others, and these the most important, are two hundred years older, are believed to be the actual composition of Egil himself, and are considered by scholars to be of the very highest literary and philological interest; they are not only full of periphrases, but arranged in metric form so curiously, that they are hardly intelligible without a prose key. The *drapas*, or long poems of praise, are not quite so cryptic as the improvised staves in eight lines, which are extremely difficult and odd in construction. It is one of the strangest puzzles connected with this archaic literature, that the heroic personages are represented as throwing off in the heat of excitement little improvised poems in a metrical form more exacting than any known to modern poetry. With them, at least, inspiration does not seem to have demanded sixes and eights, and they would have had no difficulty in pouring their passion and indignation into the limits of a villanelle. With these introductory remarks we proceed to the story itself.

There lived a man in Norway called Wolf. By his mother's side he was descended from the ancient clan of Hrafnista. He was a very tall and powerful man, who had spent his youth in viking and in harrying,

in company with Kári, his bosom-friend, a pirate like himself. They were both berserks—that is to say, they were subject to fits of *berserks-gánger*, violent attacks of frenzy in which men foamed at the mouth, bit their shields, and were almost irresistible. At last they settled down in Norway, and Wolf married Kári's fair daughter Salbjörg. He was a very practical man of business and much respected, but he became first so enraged, then so sleepy, at sundown, that the people called him Evenwolf, and thought that he must be *hamram*—that is, must have the magical power of changing his shape at nightfall. He had two sons, the elder named Thorolf, the younger Grim. They were both tall, capable men like their father, but while Thorolf was handsome, bright, and loveable, Grim was dark of complexion and moody. Thorolf went a-viking when he was old enough, and his mother's brothers, Eyvind and Olvir, went with him, and these three became fast friends. It was a good time for vikings: they spent the summer as pirates on the southern seas, pushing the prows of their long ships far into fertile estuaries and havens, and they feasted at home in the winter. But Olvir fell in love with Earl Atle's daughter, Sólveig the Fair, and so lost all taste for sea-fighting and fell to making love poems. So Thorolf and Eyvind went to sea without him. Now it was that Harald Fairhair became king, and would rule over all Norway. The liege of Evenwolf was a certain king Audbjörn, who called upon him to help him against Harald. But Evenwolf would not interfere, and Audbjörn was overcome and slain. King Harald then held a great court at Thronthjem, whither Olvir set out to join him, and became the king's poet. Harald then sent for Evenwolf to pay him allegiance, but the old man refused on the score of age, and Grim his son also would not go. The king was angry at this, but Olvir pacified him, going himself to fetch Evenwolf, but in vain. Evenwolf is here shown us as the type of the hereditary aristocrat, whose independence was threatened by the unity of Norway, and who would rather die or go into exile than pay submission to the king. All this happened in the summer, and when Eyvind and Thorolf returned from viking and heard of these great changes, they blamed Evenwolf and Grim for their obstinacy, and Thorolf begged his father's permission to go to the court at Thronthjem, and thither he and his uncle went.

Before all this happened, there had lived up at Torgar, near the Arctic Circle, an old man, with the blood of the giants in him, named Björgólf. He was a widower, with a grown-up son, a mighty man named Brynjólf. At a feast at the house of one of his farmers the old man saw an extremely pretty girl, named Hildiride, the daughter of the man of the house. Björgólf was so taken with her that he hastily married her, and she had two sons by him, named Hárek and Hroerek. But the old man soon after died, and his son Brynjólf, in coming into the estate, drove Hildiride away as if she had been a slave-woman, for he was jealous for his own son Bárd. So she patiently went away to Leka to her father's house, and brought up her children there. They grew to be men, and so did their nephew Bárd, who was of the same age as they. And one day when Bárd was shooting in the north, he came to Sandness,

a house on the island of Alöst, and there he saw Sigrid, who was the daughter and heiress of the richest man in all Hálogaland, whose name was Sigurd. He wooed her, and it was agreed that next summer they should be married. That same summer King Harald insisted on receiving the homage of all the nobles in Hálogaland, and so Bárd and his father Brynjölf went up together to Throndhjem. The king was pleased with them, made Brynjölf landsman (*lendrmaðr*), or governor of his province, and took Bárd into his retinue. Olvir was with the king already; and this was the same autumn that Eyvind and Thorolf came there. Bárd became the friend of these men, but most of all the dear friend of Thorolf, by whom he sat in the king's court. Next summer Bárd asked leave of the king to go away to his home to be married, and Thorolf went with him. When they arrived at Torgar, they sent a message to prepare Sigrid for their coming, and presently set out for Sandness, where Bárd and Sigrid were married. In the autumn they all went south again to the court, and that winter Brynjölf died. Bárd prayed the king for leave to go home to get his inheritance; Harald not only did this, but made him landsman in his father's room. So Bárd ruled in Hálogaland, but no one thought of Hildiride's sons.

But King Harald heard that there were still men who rebelled against his rule, so he gathered together a great fleet and sailed from Throndhjem southward to crush the rebels. Thorolf went with him on his own ship, and so did Bárd, Olvir, and Eyvind. They met the enemy in Hafsfirth in Rogaland, and there was fought the greatest of all King Harald's battles. There was hardly any one unwounded, except those upon whom no iron would bite, namely, the berserks. Thorolf got many wounds, but Bárd more, and Thorolf slowly recovered, but Bárd grew worse. Then, as Bárd felt himself dying, he prayed that the king would come to his bedside; and when Harald came, he begged that, as he had no son, his dear friend Thorolf should be his heir, and this the king promised. Then Bárd died, and was honourably buried and much lamented. So in the autumn Thorolf went north to possess the heritage that proved his bane; but at first all went well, and the king made him landsman in Hálogaland. At Torgar he was well received by the kinsman of Bárd, and one evening he sailed over to Sandness, where lived Sigrid, the widow of Bárd. She greeted him kindly, and he asked her in marriage of her father Sigurd. The wedding was the most splendid ever seen in those parts, and when, in the winter, Sigurd died, Thorolf inherited his estates. But now came the uncles of Bárd, the sons of Hildiride, and demanded their shares of the inheritance of their father Bjorgölf; but Thorolf answered them that they were bastards. The matter hung upon a nice point of Norse law; they asserted that their mother had been bought with *mundr*, that is, the fixed sum always paid by a bridegroom, and that she was therefore the wife of Bjorgölf; but Thorolf held that Hildiride was *hernuminn*—carried away by force; in which case no future ceremony could make her children legitimate. So the men went home unsatisfied. Now Thorolf grew a mighty man. He made war with the Finns and subdued them,

and carried away a great booty of beaver-skins for the king. Moreover he had a long-ship built for him, with a dragon's head, and this he filled with cod, stock-fish, seals, and birds' eggs, and brought all his booty back to Sandness. Then the king came north to visit him, with 300 men; and as there was in Sandness no hall great enough, Thorolf turned a huge barn into a feasting-hall, and made it splendid with shields and hangings. But when the king saw how rich Thorolf was, and how many retainers he had, he turned red in the face, and after staying only three nights, he went away angry.

The sons of Hildiride invited Harald to visit them while his envy was still hot against Thorolf; and Hárek, the eldest, who had a bitter tongue, poisoned the king's ear, and asked for Hálogaland for himself and his brother. Now Thorgils, who was Thorolf's head man, came to Throndhjem with the spoil of the Finns, and the king consented to be pleased with the fine beaver-skins. Olvir spoke kindly of Thorolf, and the king was inclined to forget the slander of the sons of Hildiride. Then the King of the Quains called upon Thorolf to help him against a savage people named in the saga Kyrjalar, who were destroying his lands; and Thorolf sailed to shore and crossed the mountains after these nomads, who seemed to have lived in Swedish Lapland, and entirely conquered them, bringing back great spoils of beaver-skins. When he came back his people told him of the plot made by the sons of Hildiride, and of the suspicion of the king, and he was sorrowful, for he loved the king. However, the sons of Hildiride continued to backbite him, and at last he determined to go up to Throndhjem to see King Harald. But his friend Olvir met him, and warned him that the king's heart was changed towards him; yet he persisted, and, standing up in the court, he spoke out and told the truth to Harald. The king desired him to give up his governorship, and come back to live at court; but he, looking round on the body of his retainers, scornfully refused, and went home in haste. He had hardly left Throndhjem before the king outlawed him, and gave his place to the sons of Hildiride, sending a message to that effect to Thorolf.

But Thorolf was himself almost a king, and defied Harald's mission. He continued to enrich himself in many ways. He fitted out a great trading-ship, with blue and red stripes on the sails, and sent Thorgils with her to England. She was laden with stock-fish and ermine, and she soon returned with a cargo of wheat, honey, wine, and raiment. Hárek, the son of Hildiride, told all this to the king, and it angered him extremely. There were two men with the king at that time, brothers, and of the royal race; they were powerful and skilful men, but much hated for their violence; their names were Sigtrygg and Hallvard. To them the king deputed the task of spying after Thorolf's great ship, and if possible, of capturing her. They found her on her second voyage from England in a haven of South Norway, fell upon the crew suddenly, and sailed away with their prize to King Harald. But Thorgils and the crew went away and complained to Thorolf's father, Evenwolf, who gave them small comfort, and bade

Thorgils urge Thorolf to leave the land. But Thorolf took the loss with seeming indifference, and stayed at home in Sandness all that winter. Next spring he went a-viking on the coast of Denmark, but got little spoil until the autumn, when on the coast of Sweden he caught one of King Harald's merchant-ships, laden with malt, wheat, and honey. Having captured this ship, he sailed up to the house of Sigtrygg and Hallvard, at the mouth of the Gota River, and burned it, hewing off at the same time the hand of their younger brother Thorgeirr. With another prize, a great ship laden with meal, he made his way to his father Evenwolf and his brother Grim. Evenwolf prophesied that he should see his son no more, and then Thorolf sailed again, and came home to Sandness. When Hallvard and Sigtrygg told the king what mischief Thorolf had done them, the king warned them that they were not his match, but gave them leave to kill him if they could. So they gathered together two hundred men and sailed with two ships out of the fjord; but the wind blew from the north-east, and they made but little way. But King Harald was not content that the glory of killing Thorolf should rest on Sigtrygg and Hallvard; so in great haste he had four ships made ready, and with all his court, four hundred men, he crossed the fjord, and took ship again further north. He had now six ships, and they rowed day and night, for it was the season of the midnight sun. One evening they came to Sandness, and there lay a great ship in the offing, for Thorolf had determined to leave Norway. The king's men went up quietly and surrounded the house, and no one knew of this, for they all sat drinking. Then the king's men shouted their war-cry, and Thorolf's people snatched their arms down, each from the wall above him. Then the king sent one to shout at the door, that all women, children, and old people, servants and bondmen, should go out. So Sigrid went out, and all the rest behind her, and she asked if her husband's uncles were there with the king, and they said yes. She bid them beg the king for peace, and Olvir did so; but Thorolf would not accept the king's mercy.

"So the king cried, 'Set fire to the hall; I will not waste my men, and fight with him outside. I think that Thorolf may do us great harm if he comes out, though he has fewer folk than we.' There was fire laid to the hall, and it caught swiftly, for that the timber was dry and the walls were pitched, and the roof was thatched about with bark. Thorolf bade his men break up the planks of the wainscot, and seize the gable-beams, and so breakthrough the partition-walls; and as soon as they got hold of the beams, as many men as could took each a beam and thrust the other end of it into the corners so hard that the bolts flew out and the walls fell asunder, so that there was a great passage made. Thorolf was the first man that went out, then next Thorgils Gjallandi, and then one after another. Then began the hardest fight, so that there was about an hour while their strength seemed even, for the hall was there to back them. The king lost many men, but the hall began to burn. Then the fire found them out. Many fell dead of that. Then Thorolf leaped forward and hewed on either

hand. Little it served to bind the wounds of those men that he struck. He sought, then, to see where the King's Mark (the Standard) was, and in that moment fell Thorgils Gjallandi. And when Thorolf reached the wall of shields, he pierced the standard-bearer through, and cried, 'Now came I short by three feet!' Then was he run through with sword and spear, and the king himself it was who gave him his death-wound, and Thorolf fell forward over the king's feet. Then the king called out and bade that they should cease to slay men, and so it was done. Then the king let his men go down to the ships.

The uncles of the slain man stayed at Sandness, to comfort Sigrid and to set the house in order; but they were angry in their hearts, and asked the king's leave to quit his court and service. This Harald would not hear of; Eyvind he told to marry Sigrid and settle at Sandness; but he could not part with Olvir because of his great gifts as a poet. Meanwhile, Ketil Hæing, Thorolf's friend, was coming to his help, when he heard what had happened; so he turned aside to Torgar, where the sons of Hildiride were, and slew them both, and then sailed over to Iceland.

With the murder of Thorolf, the introduction to the Saga closes. Thorolf was the only member of his family who acknowledged the authority of King Harald, and his untimely end justified the suspicions of his father and his brother. From this point the house of Evenwolf is united in hating the royal family, and in rejecting its pretensions; while the theme of the Saga from this time forth becomes the revenge which the outraged nobles took upon the king. Grim, Thorolf's brother—henceforth called Skallagrim, or Grim the Bald—had by this time married Bera, the daughter of a rich landsman, named Yngvar. The news soon reached them of Thorolf's death, and Evenwolf, who was very old, straightway took to his bed. Olvir took occasion next summer to hint to the king that, by the law, there was recompense due to Evenwolf for his son's murder; and the king therefore sent Olvir to make inquiries as to Evenwolf's demands. But the savage old man would not give up the luxury of his rage, nor would Grim go to the king's court. At last, however, Olvir persuaded the younger man to return with him. But Grim took twelve men-at-arms, several of whom were *hamram*, and could not be wounded by iron, for he did not conceal his suspicion of the king. They were like giants, and Grim was the tallest of them all. He marched noisily into the court with this following, and when the king asked him if he would be his man, answered "No!" so loudly that Harald became blood-red in the face. Then Olvir bent over to Grim and bade him be gone; and he went out; whereupon Olvir hurried down to the harbour and disabled the king's ships, not too soon, for the king decreed Grim's outlawry, and bade his servants follow him swiftly and slay him. But this was enough for Grim, and in the early spring Evenwolf and he set out with two great ships containing all their families and their goods, and sailed for Iceland. But they stayed awhile when they came to the Solundir Islands, at the mouth of the Sogne Fjord, and there a happy

adventure befell them ; for Guttorm, Harald's uncle, being dead, the king sent his cousins Hallvard and Sigtrygg south to the town of Tönsberg, to set Guttorm's house in order ; and, on their return, as they were leisurely crossing the Sogne Fjord one evening, Evenwolf and Skallagrim fell upon them, boarded their vessels, and while the latter slew Sigtrygg, old Evenwolf split the helmet and head of Hallvard. Many of the king's men leaped overboard, but were slain. The victors set a few prisoners on land for the king's information, loaded the captured ship with wealth, and then sailed out of the fjord. As soon as the excitement of the battle was over, Evenwolf took to his bed again. They then set their prows for the west, and sailed over the North Sea to Iceland. It was about the year 900 that this happened, and about a quarter of a century later than the first exodus of Norwegian nobles under Ingolf. The Commonwealth of Iceland was now already settled under Thorolf, the first pontiff, and the annual Parliament, the Herjar Thing, was instituted. Nothing that Harald could do served to prevent the best and proudest blood of Norway from seeking voluntary exile. On the voyage out Evenwolf died, and at his own desire was thrown into the sea, in a chest, which was driven ashore, just as the columns of Thorolf's Temple of Thor had been driven ashore, in Faxafirth, on the western coast of Iceland. Skallagrim landed at a place called Knarrarness, a great promontory running into the sea, and Evenwolf's body came to shore a little higher up the bay ; so here they built their settlement, and called it Borg. The whole peninsula between Borgarfirth and Faxafirth was taken by Skallagrim, and he spent a long time in exploring it and marking his boundaries. It was rich marsh-land, with thick woods between it and the mountains. There is no wood, of course, in this or any part of Iceland now. To the south ran a large stream, the White River. Skallagrim built another house at the mouth of Borgarfirth, at Alptaness. So few men had come that way before, that the whales came up the firth, and had no fear ; there was much salmon in all the streams. By-and-by Yngvar, the father-in-law of Skallagrim, came out to Iceland to be rid of the king, and to him Skallagrim gave the house at Alptaness to live in. Skallagrim was a cunning smith, and smelted much iron in the winter. He found, however, that his men could find no stone hard enough for an anvil ; so one night, when all were gone to bed, he rowed out into the middle of the firth, anchored against an islet, and dived, bringing up in his arms a great stone, which he put in the boat. Then he rowed to land and laid the stone at the smithy-door, and that stone was still at Borg two hundred years afterwards, when the Saga was written. All Skallagrim's first children died ; then he had Thorolf, a son, then two daughters, Sæunn and Thorunn, and then a son, Egil, the hero of this Saga. This last child was dark and rough, like his father ; but from babyhood he was extremely large and powerful. Before he was four years old he had begun to surprise every one by improvising staves of poetry, two of which are given in the Saga.

It is now necessary to tell as briefly as possible a picturesque episode

which interrupts the progress of the story. In Norway, a little after Skallagrim left the country, a spirited young viking, named Björn, had forcibly carried off, against the consent, first of her brother Thorir, and then of her father Brynjolf, a noble maiden named Thora; for this he had to leave the country, and he set sail for Dublin, but was cast upon the Shetland Isles. To carry off a woman in this way was considered a great crime, and the king not only outlawed, but sent men after him to Dublin to slay him. However he had stayed, as we have said, at Shetland, and there married Thora. But hearing what the king had done, he thought it best to sail away to Iceland, which was at that time a Cave of Adullam to all outlawed persons. Accordingly he sailed into Faxafirth, and by an accident ran into Borg, where Skallagrim, who had not heard of his adventures, received him warmly. The guests stayed there all the winter, and Thorolf, Skallagrim's eldest son, became thoroughly devoted to Björn. However, in the autumn ships came from Norway, and the secret leaked out. Skallagrim was excessively angry and would have turned Björn and Thora out of his house, as outlaws; but Thorolf persuaded him to forgive the deceit. Moreover, Thorolf suggested that his father, who was an intimate friend of the injured brother, Thorir, should send a message of peace to Norway, which he did, Björn all the while remaining his guest at Borg. Altogether the strangers stayed three winters with them, and a daughter was born to Thora, named Asgerde. When at last Björn determined to go back to Norway, his little daughter remained at Borg, but Thorolf, who was now grown a man, got leave from his father to go with Björn. They were kindly received in Norway, and they lived awhile with Thora's father Brynjolf.

Next summer Björn and Thorolf went viking in the Baltic. Erik, afterwards King Erik Bloodaxe, King Harald's favourite son, was being brought up by Thorir, Björn's brother-in-law. The friends happened to be on a visit to Thorir, when Thorolf saw the boy Erik gazing longingly at his ship, so he made a gift of it to him, and won the king's son's love by that. Thorolf was doubtful whether the king would let him live in Norway, but Erik made peace for him; and for many years Thorolf and Björn went a-viking every summer, and spent the winter in Norway with Brynjolf or with Thorir. Harald was now become very old, and Erik Bloodaxe was made regent in his place, and showed much favour to Thorolf.

Meanwhile in Iceland Egil was growing up, a child in every way puzzling and embarrassing, even in so rude a condition of society. They were fond of athletic sports at Borg, and in particular of the game of *knattleikr*, a sort of bat, trap, and ball, which was a great favourite with the old Scandinavians. Skallagrim still played it better than any one else, although he was now getting old. One winter, when there was ice upon the White River, there was a great assemblage to play *knattleikr*, and a young man named Thord, a favourite clansman of Skallagrim's, took little Egil, who was in his seventh year, to see the sport. While the men were playing, Egil got up a game with a big

boy of eleven, called Grim, who beat him at it. In a passion Egil took up the trap and struck his playfellow with it, but got a sound beating in return. He then walked up to his friend Thord, and borrowed his *skeggja*, the little halberd that men habitually wore. He then ran back to the place where the boys were still playing, and buried the weapon so deep in Grim's brain, that he could not pull it out again, and the lad fell dead. Thord took Egil home, and his father said nothing about the event, except to pay the blood-money to Grim's clan, but Bera, his mother, prophesied that Egil would be a great viking as soon as he was old enough to have a war-ship. And the child, overhearing it, sang this stave:—

This meaneth, my mother,
That for me must be bought
A fley and fair oars:
That I may fare around with vikings,
Stand high up in the stern,
Steer precious ships,
Hold at last to havens,
Hew down men and strangers.

When Egil was twelve years old, he was already as tall and strong as many men, and he was trained in all manly accomplishments by his friend Thord, with whom he was used to challenge his father Skallagrim to friendly combat. And hereupon rests a most curious story. The winter that Egil completed his twelfth year he and Thord were playing *knattleikr* with Skallagrim, who became tired, and was being beaten. But when the sun went down, things took, as the Saga says, "a worse turn for Thord and Egil," for Skallagrim's berserk fury came upon him, and he lifted Thord up into the air, and threw him down with so much violence that he died. Then he turned on Egil.

"But Thorgard Brák, who was one of Skallagrim's bondwomen and had been Egil's foster-mother, was very tall, as strong as a man, and deeply skilled in the art of witchcraft. She cried out: 'Art thou mad, Skallagrim? against thy son?' Skallagrim then let Egil loose, and groped after her. She broke away from him, and ran down, and Skallagrim after her. So they went down to the very outward point of Digraness. Then she leaped off the cliff into the sea. Skallagrim cast after her a great stone, and smote her between the shoulders, and she never rose again. That sea is now called Brákarsund. And then in the evening, when they came home to Borg, Egil was there already. Skallagrim sat at table and all the other men. But Egil was not in his place. He went out into the fire-house (kitchen) and to a man who was the overseer and money-taker of Skallagrim, and of whom he was most fond. Egil struck him a death-blow, and then went back to his seat. Skallagrim said nothing about this, and no harm came of it."

The innocent reader must not imagine that Egil avenged his foster-mother; it was Thord's death that demanded a sacrifice. But this was a very terrible child of twelve years old; and we are presently assured that no one could master him, not even, as indeed we have seen, his father.

But Thorolf, Egil's eldest brother, began to pine for home, and back to Iceland he came, bringing from King Erik a splendid axe as a gift to Skallagrim. But the old noble scorned the gifts of kings, and he hung the axe up in his chimney, till it was black with smoke. While Thorolf was in Iceland, the famous Ketil Blund came out, and after spending a winter with Skallagrim, took land and settled at Thrandaholt. Then in process of time Thorolf returned to Norway, taking with him to her parents Asgerde, now grown a wise and lovely woman. When he came next time to Iceland, Egil was a fierce, unruly boy, as big as a man. He entreated and tormented Thorolf to take him back with him to Norway, and when Thorolf refused, Egil went down one stormy night to the anchorage, and loosed his brother's ship, so that it drifted out to sea and was thrown on shore a long way off. But by degrees Thorolf became very fond of his young brother, and at last consented to take him over to Norway. They found Brynjolf dead, and his son Thord was landsman in his place. Björn and Thorir received them with great affection, and Egil entered into the warmest friendship with Thorir's son, Arinbjörn, a lad of his own age. It was now agreed that Thorolf should marry the beautiful Asgerde, and a grand wedding was prepared. But when all were starting for it, Egil was taken ill, and could not go. He soon got well, and for want of better occupation, went off on an excursion with Thorir's bailiff, whose name was Olvir. They started in a ship, and Egil was armed like a warrior, with sword, lance, and shield. They were driven by stress of weather to an island called Atley, where lived a man named Bárd, who entertained them hospitably, but not in his own house. While they wondered at this, there came to Atley a great crowd of people, and they saw King Erik and his Queen Gunnhilde, with all their court, enter the house of Bárd. The king hearing that certain of Thorir's men were there, bade Olvir and Egil be called; and thereupon the horns of ale went round, and every man must empty his horn. Egil drank so much that all noticed it, and at last Queen Gunnhilde, in malice, bade the host to put poison in the horn, and this was done. But Egil, who was shouting insolent staves against Bárd, took the horn when it was given to him, and wounding himself in the hand, wrote runes in his blood upon the horn, so that it broke in two, and the poisoned ale flowed down into the straw upon the floor. Then he arose in a rage and slew Bárd before the king and queen, and rushed into the night. He swam to a neighboring island, and after many wild adventures got safe back to Thorir. Next summer Thorolf and Egil went a-viking in the Baltic, and invaded Courland. They made a raid upon an inland village, but while they were burning it, Egil and his troops divided from the rest, and, pushing into the woods, were lost. The natives surrounded them, and they were obliged to surrender. They were just about to be slain, when it was decided to keep them alive until the morning, and they were bound to the posts of a house. In the depth of the night, Egil, by dint of sheer strength, got free, and loosed his comrades. They found some Danish men, who had been imprisoned the summer be-

fore, and they, being set free, showed the Norsemen where the weak points of the house were, and how the Courlanders stored their riches. Having robbed their captors, they then made for the sea, but first Egil with his own hands fired the house and killed all the chief men in their feasting-hall. They then sailed away for Denmark, where Harald Bluetooth then was king, and hearing of the wealth of the city of Lund, they landed in the Sound, and marched up the country, plundered Lund and burned it, and then returned to their ships. They proceeded up the Cattegat, and paid a friendly visit to Earl Arfinn in Hallowland, whose fair daughter proved to be Egil's rival in the art of improvisation, and from whose house they all returned with great booty to Thorir. It was now desirable to find whether the king had forgotten what happened at Atley, and Thorir went to the court for that purpose. Erik he found inclined to forgive Egil, but Queen Gunnhilde was implacable.

The wrath of Gunnhilde was the element which was required to prevent the possible reconciliation of the family of Evenwolf to the reigning house of Norway, and hence it is strongly dwelt upon by the aristocratic Saga-man. The queen had two brothers, named Eyvind and Alf, and to these young men she confided the task of slaying the sons of Skallagrim. In the summer there was held at Gaular, a place in Central Norway, where the Parliament sat, a great *blót*, or sacrificial feast. There was a temple there, and people assembled from far and wide. Thorir had an inkling that treachery was intended, so Egil was left at home, and Thorolf was left alone neither by night nor day. Eyvind accordingly only contrived to stab a cousin of Björn's, named Thorvald, who died within the precincts of the temple. Instead, therefore, of helping his sister's cause, he had committed a very serious crime, and had become *vargr í véum*, a wolf in the sanctuary—that is to say, a man outlawed and excommunicated for a religious murder. He was obliged to leave Norway, so he went and served the Danish king, Harald Bluetooth. In the next spring, Thorolf and Egil went viking on the coasts of Jutland and North Friesland: when they were coming back in the autumn, they learned that Eyvind was lying in wait for them. So Egil got up very early one morning, and stole along the shore till he saw Eyvind's ships, and fell upon them, so that Eyvind barely saved his life by swimming to land, and lost his master's ships. After this Thorolf said they could hardly go back to Norway. "Very well," replied Egil, "then let us go elsewhere." They decided to go back again; and so, after leisurely harrying the coasts of Saxland and Flanders, they crossed the Channel and came to London. It is unfortunate that all this part of the Saga, which would be of the first interest to us, is deeply tinged with mythical colour. According to *Egla*, however, Æthelstan received the young vikings with delight, and they became his men. England in those days was Christian, and it was suggested to the Icelandic warriors that they should change their faith. They were not inclined to do this, but they did not object to receive the *primo signatio*—persons so marked being considered as catechumens, and within the outer pale of Christendom.

The great enemy of Æthelstan is represented as being a Scottish king, Olaf the Red, who gathered a great army, conquered Northumberland, and drove Earl Alfgeirr before him. Thorolf and Egil commanded the entire viking contingent in the army sent out by the English king to resist the invaders, and it was they who summoned Olaf, in Æthelstan's name, to fight a pitched battle on a field marked out by hazel-poles, after which, whoever was victor should be king of all England. The place that Æthelstan chose is called Vinuskóga in the Saga, but we all know it under the far more famous name of Brunanburh. After all sorts of mediation, they came at last to fight. The political significance of the battle was not understood by the Saga-man, but he had a most vivid and sonorous vision of the fighting itself. Thus he describes the close of the victory of Brunanburh:—

"They stood back against the wood. Then the battle began in earnest. Egil sought for Adils, and there were hard blows to be given and taken. Great were the odds, yet fell there most on the side of Adils. Then Thorolf grew so mad that he flung his shield behind him, and took his sword in his two hands. Then leaped he forward, and hewed and cut on both sides. Men winced back from him on either hand, and he slew many. So he cleared a way through to Earl Hring's standard, and stayed not till he reached it. And he slew the man who bore Earl Hring's standard, and hewed down the staff of the standard. After that he laid his lance at the earl's breast, and through his coat of mail and his body, so that it went out between the shoulders, and he lifted him up upon his halberd over his head, and then thrust the handle of the lance into the ground; but the earl died upon the lance, and that all saw, both his own men and his enemies. Then Thorolf drew his sword and hewed with both his hands. His men also followed him. Then fell many Britons and Scots, and some hastened to flee away. But when Earl Adils saw his brother's fall, and the great loss of his men, and how some fled, and that he himself was in sore straits, he fled also, and ran away into the woods; he fled into the woods, and his army with him."

So the first day resulted in victory for Æthelstan; but in the next battle Thorolf was pierced through by Adils, and though Egil rushed forward with his sword Snake, and slew Adils, and gained a great victory, yet the body of his brother was found dead upon the battle-field. While the Englishmen were rejoicing, he went and piously washed the body of Thorolf, dug a grave and buried his brother in it, with his arms and garments. He sang two poems in his honour, and then he went up to the king's drinking hall, and sat down at his place; but he would neither drink nor speak, for his heart was heavy for his brother. And at this point the Saga describes its hero:—

"Egil was a man with prominent features, a broad forehead, heavy brows, nose not long, but wide and fiery, lips thick and large, chin wonderfully broad, and all round the jawbone the same, thick in the neck, and very large in the shoulders; moreover, he grew harder of countenance and fiercer than other men when he was angry. He was

well-built, and taller than any man, had thick, wolf-grey hair, and early in life grew bald."

A formidable personage surely, and now in his grief, he looked so fierce that there was an uncomfortable silence in the court of Æthelstan; but the king took a great gold ring off his arm, and reached it to Egil on the point of his sword, and consoled him with this honourable gift. Egil remained in England all the winter after the battle of Brunanburh, but in the spring he announced his wish to go back to Norway to see after the affairs of his brother's widow, Asgerde. Æthelstan gave him leave, and he started with more than a hundred men. He found Thorir dead, and his son Arinbjörn become landsman in his stead; Arinbjörn gave him a warm welcome, and he remained in Norway quietly all that winter. Meanwhile he fell in love with Asgerde, through pity of her sorrow, and fain would have married her, but feared that she would scorn him because he was so bald. He took to singing strains so extremely cryptic that even Arinbjörn could not understand him, but this was merely a lover's whim, for Asgerde loved him, and before the spring they were married. Then he went back to Iceland, having been away for twelve years. He stayed a long while with Skallagrim at Borg, while his friend Thorfinn married Egil's sister Sæunn. But after some years Egil heard of troubles in Norway, and of the rage of his old enemy, Queen Gunnhilde, so he set off for Norway, but left Thordis, his step-child, Thorolf's daughter, at home in Iceland. A man of the name of Onund had seized Asgerde's Norwegian property, so Egil summoned him before the Gula Thing, the Assize-court of Central Norway, and a great law-suit was opened. Arinbjörn encouraged Egil to fight it out, though the king was known to be unfavourable to him. The suit turned on the legitimacy of Asgerde, whose mother, it will be remembered, was forcibly carried off by Björn. The queen, seeing that the arguments were going in favour of Egil, bade her brother Alf to break up the court; Egil then challenged Olund to fight a duel, *holmgång*, but he refused, and the king taking a high hand in the matter, Egil was declared an outlaw. In revenge for this Egil sought King Erik's life, and they had a battle at sea, Egil with great difficulty escaping. King Erik being in the South of Norway, fighting his own brothers, Egil harried the lands around the Sogne Fjord, and killed Rögnvald, the king's favourite son. He performed a feat of extraordinary courage and skill, sailing up the fjords by night to Fenring, and slaying his enemy Onund in a wood, pretending to be a bear. After this the berserk fury came upon him, and he slew men on all sides. Then before leaving the country he set a horse's head up on a hazel-pole, and called upon the gods of the land, in mystic runes, to curse Erik and Gunnhilde, and to drive them from the country. Then he sailed out to sea, and to Iceland, where, finding Skallagrim very old and decrepid, he took the rule of the house upon himself. At last Skallagrim died; his body was put into a ship and taken out to Digraness, where he first landed; it was then buried upon the promontory, with his horse, his weapons, and his smith-tools, but

with no money. Egil's step-daughter Thordis stayed with him, and he loved her much.

But in process of time, Hakon, King Erik's brother, sailed out from England to Norway, and conquered Erik, who had to fly, and Arinbjörn fled with him. They came to England, and Æthelstan made Erik Governor of Northumberland. But Gunnhilde longed to see Egil, her enemy, and as she was a great witch she contrived by magic that he should have no rest till he came to her. Accordingly, Egil, in Iceland, began to lose his spirits, and at last determined to start for England. He landed at the mouth of the Humber, and rode up to York, where Erik held his court. He found Arinbjörn at supper, and persuaded him to take him before the king. When Gunnhilde saw Egil she rejoiced, and would have had him slain at once, but Arinbjörn got leave to take him back as a prisoner for that one night. Arinbjörn then proposed to Egil to compose a *drapa*, a poem in praise of Erik, "and, if you are wise," said he, "you will not make it of less than twenty stanzas."

Egil answered that he would try, and was left alone with ale and meat in his bed-chamber. But when Arinbjörn came in at midnight to see how the poem was progressing, Egil said he could not begin, because a swallow on the window-sill would pipe so loud that he could think of nought else. But Arinbjörn watched and found that this discordant creature was a *hamhleya*, a witch in disguise, perhaps Queen Gunnhilde herself, and he kept guard at the window all night, while Egil forged his great *drapa*, and at dawn the poem was finished.

Next morning Arinbjörn and Gunnhilde contended with one another for Egil's life, and Erik lent now to this argument, now to that, until Egil stood forward and recited his *drapa*, and this appeased the anger of Erik. He gave him leave to ride out of York, and the Iclander made swift use of this permission and went off to Æthelstan in London, parting very affectionately from Arinbjörn, to whose courageous fidelity he owed so much. Soon after this Arinbjörn determined to help his young nephew Thorstein to recover his father's possessions, so he took him up to London, and induced Egil to go with him to Norway and help him. So Egil and Thorstein started in the autumn, and sailed up what is now the Christiania Fjord, and Egil helped Thorstein to secure his rights. King Hakon was spending the winter at Throndhjem, so as soon as the spring weather arrived, Egil and Thorstein went by land over the Dovrefjeld, to the court, and there were received very graciously, and Thorstein was made landsman in his own province. But Egil could not get peace with the king, for though Hakon was at war with his brother Erik Bloodaxe, he could not forget that Rögnvald, the boy whom Egil slew in the fjord, was his nephew. So Hakon would not let Egil be his man, but parted from him in peace and recognised his legal claims.

Then Thorstein and Egil returned, but when they came to the ridge of the Dovrefjeld, they parted, and Thorstein went home, but Egil turned westward down Romsdal to the sea. He paid a visit to

Björn's sister Gyda, who lived with her young son Fridgeirr. They received him hospitably, but he perceived that they were melancholy, and that Fridgeirr's sister, a very beautiful maiden, was often weeping. At last they told him that a terrible berserk, Ljot the Pale, a hateful and turbulent bully, had demanded the girl's hand, and when they refused, had challenged Fridgeirr, who was young and slight, to *holmgång*. Then Egil remembered Arinbjörn's kindness, and said he would stay to see the fight. The consequence was that at the *holmgång* Ljot preferred to fight with Egil. Then Egil took his sword and sang—

Hew with hilt-wands polished,
Hold the shield with the sword,
Shift the moon of shields,
Redden the sword in blood,
Cut off Ljot from life.
Play sorely with the Pale one,
Calm the brisk coil with weapons.
(To the eagles with the carrion!)

After a long fight Ljot was slain, and by the law which gives a berserk's goods to any man whom he challenges and who slays him, Egil became his heir. But he spent the winter with Thord and did not try to take the property. He had, however, not yet won the lands that Olund had taken from his wife Asgerde, so he went up to Atle the Short, Olund's son, and summoned him to the Thing at Gula, where Egil challenged Atle to *holmgång*. Atle had by magical arts made his body impregnable to iron, so Egil could not touch him; but finding this, Egil ran in and caught him round the body, and threw him back so that his neck was broken, and Atle died. So Egil recovered his wife's lands.

Next summer Egil sailed back to Iceland. He grew a very rich and great man, and Asgerde bore him two daughters, Thorgerde and Bera, and three sons, Bödvar, Gunnar, and Thorstein, all handsome and promising children. But tidings came that King Erik Bloodaxe had died in viking, and that Gunnhilde having fled to Denmark, Arinbjörn had gone back in peace to Norway, so Egil began to long to pay him a visit. So he set out with a man named Onund, who was a hamram berserk, on whom iron could not bite; Arinbjörn received them very affectionately, and gave them many gifts. But after Yule, Arinbjörn noticed that Egil was growing exceedingly melancholy, and soon he spoke not a word. It came out at last: Egil was brooding over the fact that he could not obtain the property of Ljot the Pale, which King Hakon had seized. Arinbjörn, out of good nature, tried to get this back from the king, but Hakon was stubborn; and in order to console Egil, Arinbjörn gave him a great store of silver out of his own estate. So Egil was comforted. The next spring Arinbjörn proposed that the two old friends should go a-viking once more, and so he and Egil took three ships and three hundred men and harried Saxland, that is, the country around the Elbe, all the summer, and Friesland all the autumn. The saga gives a curious account of the flat lands, protected against

the sea with dykes, and intersected with broad ditches. One of these last well-nigh became Egil's bane, for chasing a party of Frisians one day, he lightly leaped across the ditch, but no others of the Norsemen could. So the Frisians seeing but one man against them, rallied and would have slain him, but he killed eleven of them, and found a bridge by which he went back to Arinbjörn. After this they sailed to Denmark, and there they parted, for Arinbjörn went home, but Egil went up the Christiania Fjord to visit Thorstein at Oslo.

King Harald Fairhair had conquered all Wermland, in Sweden, as far east as Lake Wener, and had levied a tribute on this province; but things went slackly while his sons fought one with the other, and Earl Arnvid, who ruled the province, sent in but small tribute. So King Hakon sent twelve men to collect the money, but they were slain, and this happened twice. The third time he called on Thorstein to go, but he refused; Egil was then staying with Thorstein, and he agreed to go to Wermland with King Hakon's men, with three of Thorstein's men to help him. But when they reached Sweden, Hakon's men gave Egil the slip, and returned to Norway. But Egil pushed on through a wild, over-grown country to the house of a certain Armod Beard, a rich noble who treated him treacherously, but on whom he took a horrible revenge. At the next house they came to, they were very hospitably received, and as they sat at meat, Egil saw a sick woman lying on a bed, and asked what ailed her. It appeared that she was Helga, daughter of Thorfinn, the host, and that she had been bewitched by a young man, and was dying of sleeplessness. So Egil bade them search her bed, and under the bed-clothes they found a piece of fish-bone, engraved with runes. He burned this with fire, and repeated some other runes, and she felt better, though still very weak. Then Egil went on again, and passed through a wood where men lay in wait, but durst not attack him, and he came at last to the house of Alf the Rich, a man who hated Earl Arnvid. Then they pressed on and came to the place where Earl Arnvid held his court. When Egil complained of the fate of the convoys previously sent by King Hakon, Arnvid expressed great surprise, and said that he knew nothing about it. He collected the tribute, partly in silver, partly in furs, and presented it to Egil, who then departed. As soon as he was gone, the Earl called his two brothers, and bade them hide in the woods and slay Egil with all his men. So when Egil was returning to the house of Alf, a party of thirty men rushed out of the wood at them, and there was a great fight in the bed of a frozen stream. But Egil struggled up the ravine and made a great slaughter of the Wermlanders, though he was sorely wounded himself. But his wound healed, and when he came to the house of Thorfinn he found there great rejoicings, for Helga was cured. He then made his way, with the tribute, through the woods and tortuous paths of the border, back to Thorstein, and sent the tribute to King Hakon, who made peace with him and his family. Then in the summer Egil manned a long-ship and sailed out again to Iceland, and he left his home no more.

There now comes in the saga an episode about Lambi and the fire here was at Alptaness; but we may pass over this. A man named Grim Svertingsson, who lived at Mossfell, asked for the hand of Thor-dis, Egil's step-daughter, and Olaf Höskuldsson, who was the handsomest man in Iceland, married Egil's daughter Thorgerde. But all did not go so smoothly as this, for Bödvar, Egil's eldest son, who was the apple of his eye, and a fine promising lad, powerful as his father had been at his age, died in a storm, which upset a ship which he was helping to unload, close to Borg. His body was washed ashore at Einarsness. Egil went down to the shore, and taking the body of his son across his knees, rode with it up to the tomb of his father Skallagrím upon Digraness, opened the grave and laid the lad beside his grandfather. Egil wore tight hose and a close red fustian coat, and both of these were rent with his agony. He rode home at sundown, and locked himself into his bedchamber, and would not speak nor eat. On the third day Asgerde sent to her married daughter Thorgerde to come, and she bade her father open the door to her. She lay down as he was doing, and announced that she too would die; very cunningly she persuaded him to drink some milk, and then not to die until he had written a poem in honour of his son; thus she dissuaded him from starving himself. He composed *Sonar-torrek*, "The Loss of the Son," a long elegy in four and twenty stanzas, which is one of the finest examples we possess of ancient Icelandic poetry. As he composed his poem Egil's spirits rose, and he recited it with animation to his family. Thorgerde then returned home to her husband.

After this Egil became very old. He learned that his faithful friend Arinbjörn had received great honours in Norway, and he wrote a long poem, the *Arinbjarnardrapa*, fragments of which we possess, to congratulate him. In his great age there came out to settle in Broadfirth a young man, Einar Helgasson, who was a very clever poet. Egil and he met at the Thing and fell to discussing the art of poetry, *Skáldskap*, a subject that amused them both, and after this they became great friends. Einar was a noble and generous man, but as poor as the typical poet. There is a curious story about him, which contains one of the few jokes in Saga literature. Einar came one autumn to visit Egil, but found him away from home. He waited for him three days at Borg, and it was not etiquette to stay any longer. So he hung up a precious shield he had over Egil's seat, and bade them tell him that it was Einar's gift. When Egil came home he pretended to be in a great rage, for he said he knew that Einar meant to force him to make a poem on the gift. He called for his horse, and said he must ride after Einar and kill him. Einar and Egil remained fast friends all their days, and Egil took the shield with him everywhere, till one day at a bridal feast it fell into a tub of sour milk and was spoiled. This story of the shield is the only humorous point in *Egla*.

Thorstein grew up an extremely handsome and capable man, but he did not get on very well with his father, so when at last Asgerde died, Egil gave Borg up to his son, and went away to Mossfell to live with

his stepdaughter Thordis and her husband Grim, for he loved Thordis better than any one else in the world. Thorstein, left to himself, soon quarrelled with his nearest neighbour, a man named Steinar. The dispute was brought before the Thing, and Egil was deputed to decide it; he gave his decision very forcibly in favour of his own son. Thorstein had great troubles after this, and his eldest child, Grim, a beautiful boy, was murdered by Steinar. The last thing Egil did will remain a mystery for ever. He had become blind, and the women chid him for coming in their way in the house, so that he was very miserable. He became jealous of his wealth, and one night he bade a horse be saddled for him, and started off with two coffers of silver money and two slaves. He said that he wished to bathe in the darkness, but next morning when folk were rising, there stood Egil with the horse outside the house, alone. He would not say where he had been, but long afterwards he admitted that he had killed the slaves after burying the money, but where he would not say. The autumn after this he died, and was buried in his arms and garments upon Tjaldaness. But when the land became Christian, Thordis had Egil's skull brought and laid in Mossfell Church; and there it was found three centuries afterwards by Skapti Thorarinsson the priest. It was unusually large and heavy, and the surface of it was waved and striped like a harp-shell. And that was the end of Egil Skallagrimsson.

E. W. G., in the *Cornhill Magazine*.

DRAGON-FLIES.

Never was a more appropriate name than that of Dragon-fly, which has been applied to a well-known group of insects. Like the dragons of fable, the dragon-flies are ever voracious, powerful, strong-jawed, fierce, and swifter in air than on land. But the dragon-flies are even more terrible than the dragons, for they have been dragons of the water as well as of land, and pursued their prey beneath the waves as swiftly as through the air. There are many destructive creatures in the world which feed upon living prey, but there are none which are more voracious or destructive than the dragon-flies.

There are perhaps few of us who have thought on this fact of voracity and perpetual slaughter, and who have not been utterly perplexed by it. Why should so many creatures be nurtured only by the destruction of others? It seems absolute cruelty to us, and that we cannot resist this theory is shown by the Pythagoreans of old, who would not eat animal food; by the Brahmins of the East, the strictest of whom will not drink except through muslin, lest they should destroy animal life; and by the vegetarians among ourselves, who restrict themselves to vegetable food.

Milton tries to solve this difficult problem by attributing death, and consequently the eating of animal food, to the Fall. This he states boldly in the first few lines of "Paradise Lost :"—

“Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world.”

Perhaps it may be objected that Milton was speaking of spiritual death, and that if so, he was perfectly right. But he had no such thought, for, after his description of the Fall and the expulsion from Paradise, he states definitely that physical, or at all events violent death, among beasts was caused by the sin of man—

“Beast *now* with beast 'gan war, and fowl with fowl,
And fish with fish.”

And, Milton's influence on popular theology has been so great, that, as Dean Stanley recently remarked, the popular theology of the present day is based much more on “Paradise Lost” than on the Bible.

Now, we know from the stone records of the past that predaceous animals existed long before man could have found a place on the earth. We have learned, not only that the animals were predaceous, but have been able to distinguish the special creatures on which such animals fed.

We have learned that predaceous insects existed in these long past ages, and among them are fossil dragon-flies. Such creatures are made for the destruction of others, and that the purpose for which they are made must be a good one, may not be doubted.

The subject is too deep and too extensive to be treated in full, but I may remark that destruction, as we call it, and development are really synonymous terms, however widely they seem to differ.

Moreover, I am quite certain that when some animals are destined to be the prey of others, the former do not suffer the pain which we might suppose ourselves to endure in their position.

This is forcibly shown by Mr. Rymer Jones's well-known anecdote of the three crabs.

These creatures are insatiable cannibals, as any one can see who watches their proceedings on the sea-shore, and there is nothing which a large crab likes so much as a small one. Mr. Jones saw a little crab chased and caught by a larger individual, which at once proceeded to break up its prey and devour it. But it was so occupied with its meal that it did not notice the approach of a much larger crab, which seized it and began to break it up in its turn and eat it. Yet it seemed unconscious of what was happening, and went on eating until it was so far broken up that it could move no longer. It could not have felt pain.

Even when men have been seized by beasts of prey, they seem to have felt little or no pain, or even fear at the time, as has been shown in numberless instances, the most familiar example of which is, perhaps, Dr. Livingstone's account of his sensations when lying in the grasp of a lion, and while the animal was absolutely crunching the bones of his arm. The shock seems to dull the whole nervous system, whether mental or physical.

Any one who has suffered a severe accident, such, for example, as

the breaking of limbs, knows that there is scarcely any pain at the time. Pain follows in due season, but at the moment of breaking an arm or leg, there is no actual pain, the sensation being very much like that of cracking the fingers.

Now, we will proceed to the life of that terrible insect destroyer, the dragon-fly. I do not intend to make this article a scientific one, but to discriminate between the various species of dragon-flies. I shall treat of them in a simple, and, I trust, intelligent manner, so that the reader shall appreciate the wonders of a dragon-fly's existence.

Broadly, the life of a dragon-fly may be divided into two unequal parts, the longer portion of its existence being spent in the water, and the shorter portion on land. Whether it be aquatic or terrestrial, it is equally ferocious, and, as we shall see, is equally fitted for the purpose of preying upon other creatures.

The eggs of this insect are dropped into the water by the parent, and are there hatched. The little creature grows with great rapidity, and, for convenience' sake, we will pass over the first few months of its life, until it reaches the length of an inch and a half, or thereabouts, when it will assume the form shown in the lower figure of the accompanying illustration.

It is of a pale greyish-brown colour, with a few darker spots and bars; and when taken out of the water, only struggles vaguely in its attempts to escape, without giving the least indication of its wonderful structure and singular habits.

There is no difficulty in taking these creatures, which abound in almost every pond, and can be captured by scraping the water weeds with an ordinary insect net.

The best plan of watching them is to take a single specimen and place it in a shallow basin of water, which should not be more than two inches deep. Scatter a little sand in the water, so that it shall lie smoothly on the bottom of the basin. There will be no need to cover the basin, for the creature will not endeavour to leave the water.

It will crawl very feebly and slowly for a time, but presently it will glide through the water without any apparent means of propulsion. Look at the sand, and you will find that whenever the insect glides along in this mysterious manner, the sand is scooped away so as to form a shallow groove.

This is caused by the singular mode of propulsion employed by the dragon-fly while still in the larval state.

If the reader will look at the tail of the insect, he will see that there are three radiating spikes. These surround the entrance to a tube which traverses nearly the whole body of the insect. By a peculiar structure, not to be explained without drawings, water can be drawn gently into the tube, and expelled with greater or less violence, thus driving the insect forward exactly on the principle of the rocket.

Were it not for this wonderful organism, the insect would not catch the active aquatic creatures on which it feeds, and could not carry on its mission of destruction. Perhaps the reader may have visited an aqua-

rium, and seen an octopus in motion. Like the dragon-fly larva, it crawls slowly and almost uncertainly, but, like the same larva, it can shoot through the water with considerable speed to a definite point, propelled by similar machinery, and engaged on a similar errand.

I have had many dragon-fly larvæ, and found that they almost invariably pursue the same mode of taking prey. They do not crawl after it, nor indeed chase it in any way. They glide underneath it, the position of their eyes enabling them to see objects above them, seize it in their wonderful jaws, devour it, and look out at once for another victim.

They are cannibals to a certain extent. They will not attack each other by preference, as long as any other prey can be found, but they cannot endure hunger, and in default of legitimate prey, will attack and devour their own kind. In fact, if they are to be reared in captivity, each must have a vessel to itself. Put two into the same vessel, and in a few hours they will have fought, and the victor will have begun to eat the vanquished.

I have noticed that they are always on the look-out for insects which fall into the water. I had often wondered why it was that flies, moths, &c., disappeared almost as soon as they began to struggle, and it was not until I had seen my own specimens seize their prey, that I found the key to the mystery.

They came gliding up from below, not moving a limb, grasped their victim and sank again, their gray bodies being curiously indistinguishable in the water, especially when broken lights and shadows are thrown upon its surface. Moreover, owing to the structure of the remarkable organ which they use when seizing their prey, they do not come close to the surface, but can remain well below it.

Owing to the structure of the breathing apparatus, the dragon-fly larva can no more breathe out of the water than we can breathe in it; and consequently it is never to be seen on land. As a rule, the other insects on which it mostly feeds are also inhabitants of the water, as is the case with the May-fly larva.

Many of my readers need not be reminded that the mouths of insects are most complicated organs, comprising different sets of jaws, lips, and various appendages. They are modified to suit the task which they have to perform, and though the strong jaws and mouth-brush of the stag-beetle, the slender spiral proboscis of the butterfly, and the venom-bearing weapon of the gnat or flea appear to be utterly distinct from each other, they are really modifications of the same organs.

If the reader will examine a crab, lobster, or shrimp before eating it, and will fold the joints of its claws, he will find that the claws exactly coincide with the entrance of the mouth, and just the same structure is found in the larva of the dragon-fly.

The perfect insect does not need the mask, for its movements through the air are so rapid, and its wings so powerful, that no other insect can escape when once the dragon-fly gives chase.

There is much more to be said on the aquatic portion of a dragon-

fly's life, but my ancient enemy, want of space, compels me to pass to its short terrestrial life.

Unlike the moths and butterflies, whose change from the larval to the pupal state is so strongly marked in the caterpillar and chrysalis, the pupa of the dragon-fly differs little externally from that of the larva, except that the two projections on the back which conceal the future wings are larger and more distinct.

It is as voracious as ever, but towards the middle of summer it becomes more languid in its movements, cares less and less for food, and at last ceases to eat altogether.

Meanwhile, a wonderful change has been taking place in its breathing apparatus—its gills fail to extract oxygen from the water, and it feels that it must breathe air or die. It makes its way to any object which projects out of the water, preferring a reed or sedge if it can be found.

Slowly it crawls upwards, for its legs are quickly stiffening, and at last it reaches a suitable height above the water; here it stops and awaits its escape from bondage.

The skin rapidly dries when out of the water, the insect struggles for breath, and in its struggles the dry skin is split along the back, and for the first time in its life the dragon-fly breathes the air for which it has longed.

New strength comes with every respiration, and before very long the insect can extend the rent in the skin and draw out its head. Presently, the legs are drawn from their former coverings like swords from their scabbards, the feet are used as they are freed, and soon the whole upper part of the dragon-fly is released.

The wings, which are as yet nothing but thick, soft, and apparently solid masses, are freed from their coverings, and by degrees the whole insect is withdrawn from the empty shell, which is left clinging with its hollow and now transparent legs to the plant up which the pupa had climbed.

If possible, the dragon-fly will find a foothold on a neighbouring stem or leaf, and will then be able to extricate itself more quickly. But, if it can find none, it simply allows itself to bend backwards until it can cling to the stem. The last segment of the abdomen is then drawn out of the aperture, and the insect is finally released.

The empty skin is not in the least injured except by the rent in the back. The jointed mask still remains in its place, together with its jaws. The eyes seem still to be there, and the feet retain their hold so firmly, that if the cast skin be wanted as a specimen, the plant can be cut off, dried, and, together with the clinging skin, placed in a suitable case.

When thus released, the dragon-fly is at first helpless, and its wings give no promise of their future beauty. They are, however, permeated with air tubes, and at every respiration the air is forced into them, so as gradually and slowly to loosen the many folds in which they had been packed. By degrees a tremulous motion shows itself, and the wings begin to show like sails unfurled.

After a period varying according to the warmth and dryness of the day, the wings are opened to their full extent, and the dragon-fly darts off, to be as fierce and voracious in the air as it had been in the water.

Its power of wing is marvellous. There is a well-known anecdote of a swallow chasing a dragon-fly into a greenhouse, and vainly endeavouring to catch it, in spite of the confined space which prohibited the full use of its wings.

Its voracity is almost appalling. A large butterfly, when caught, is gone directly. The dragon-fly crumples up the body of its victim in its powerful jaws, and, though the wings are generally allowed to fall, a part of them will often follow the body and disappear in the dragon-fly's insatiable maw.

A lion cannot compare with a dragon-fly in point of voracity. Suppose that any one were to assert that a lion had eaten twenty or thirty large ducks, and four or five geese, without pausing, we should say that he was testing our credulity by relating a feat that no animal could perform.

But, suppose he were to add that the lion, after being cut asunder, did not die, but ate the severed portions of his own body, we should be disposed to set down the narrator as a madman. Yet this is just what a dragon-fly has done, flies being substituted for fowls and large garden spiders for geese. The insect, when accidentally struck asunder, really has been known to eat the whole of its own abdomen when presented to it, and any other dragon-fly would probably act in a similar manner.

This fierce and active terrestrial life is not a long one, and may be measured by weeks rather than months. It depends upon the supply of food, and when insects begin to fail in numbers as the season becomes colder, the dragon-fly can live no longer. Drawn by a fresh instinct, it again seeks the water in which it had so long lived, deposits its eggs, and dies.

REV. J. G. WOOD, M.A., in *Sunday Magazine*.

THE MILKY WAY.

FROM THE SWEDISH OF TOPELIUS.

1.

Lo, now the lamp is quenched, and the night is still and clear,
And now rise up sweet memories of many a vanished year,
And quaint old legends flit around, like cloud-streaks in the sky,
And wondrous are the feelings then that make our hearts beat high.

2.

The bright-eyed stars look down through the sheen of the wintry night,
Calm as though death had fled from earth before their holy light.
Canst understand their silent speech?—I mind me of it still,
That legend once they taught me. You shall hear it, if you will.

3.

Far up amid the Afterglow he lived upon a star;
And in another world, another clime, she dwelt afar.
Now she was called Salami, he Zulamith, by name;
And they two loved each other dear, and each loved each the same.

4.

Whilome, they both had dwelt on earth and loved already there,
But cruel Death had parted them, and night, and sin, and care;
And on them, in the sleep of Death, white wings had grown apace,
And they were doomed on two far distant stars to seek their place.

5.

Though each dreamt of the other in their azure home above,
There lay a fathomless abyss of suns between their love;
And worlds, whereof the least God's own Omnipotence displays,
Lay, in their hosts, 'twixt Salami and Zulamith ablaze.

6.

And then, consumed of his desire, did Zulamith one night
Begin from world to world to build himself a bridge of light;
And then did Salami, like him, from *her* sun's glowing shore
Begin a bridge from pole to pole, as he had done before.

7.

One thousand years so built they, with faith that wavered ne'er,
And thus was built the Milky Way, the starry bridge so fair
That fathoms Heaven's farthest depths, and links the planet band,
And spans the mighty sea of space with light from strand to strand.

8.

The Cherubim were seized with fear, and flew to God's white throne:
—"O Lord! see thou what Salami and Zulamith have done!"
But God Almighty smiled, and, as a glory spread below:
—"What in My world true love hath built that will I not o'erthrow!"

9.

And Salami and Zulamith, so soon their toil was done,
Leapt forth into each other's arms; and, straight, a brilliant sun,
The brightest in the vaulted sky, shone out where they had been,
As through a thousand years of grief a heart may bloom again.

10.

For all who on this dreary earth once loved aright and true,
And fall apart through Death, and care, and sin, and night, and rue,
So this their love be strong enough to link the stars with love,
May trust such love for sure to find their longings rest above.

CLAUD TEMPLAR, in *Temple Bar*.

TO GARIBALDI.

Brave Garibaldi, from the heart of God,
Tired with the stuff that shapes a great emprise,
With sword of vengeance and with chastening rod
To flash red justice in men's blinking eyes,
Thou hast done great things—made thine Italy free,
Made popes to fall and trampled slaves to rise.
But this one thing the gods denied to thee,
The greatest grace of greatness—to be wise.
Good Garibaldi, would that thou might know,
What hasty wits are passing slow to learn—
That things by inches, not by ells, do grow,
And meal is ground by patience in the quern.
Thy work was done as eagles seize their prey;
Now stout-necked oxen gently drive the day.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE, in *Fraser's Magazine*.

THE LIBRARY MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1879.

STUDIES IN BIOGRAPHY.

There are few greater services that can be done to an age, short of living a good and noble life, than that of recording one. And biography is a branch of literary art to which the present generation devotes itself. Scarcely any man of note can get safely out of this world without leaving behind him, already at the easel and with all the necessary tools in hand, a son, or a friend, or a professional man of letters, ready to 'take him off' and set forth his portrait in black and white, in voluminous volumes. It has come to be almost a necessary compliment to a notability. We put up the shutters on our shop windows; we sew a bit of black cloth round our arm; and we write the life of the departed. In some cases the one operation is of little more importance than the other, but it is as inevitable. It is safer to do what some men take the precaution of doing, and provide beforehand against the danger, by leaving behind us something more or less in the shape of an autobiography; but even this only partially mends matters, for it will go hard with our editor if he does not re-shape our personal chronicles, cut out all that is best in them, or else supplement and dilute them by telling the story over again. There is thus a perpetual example going on of that tantalising performance which keeps the word of promise to the ear and breaks it to the heart; and in the same breath with which we declare that the chronicle of a life is one of the best things we can have, we are compelled to add that we get many chronicles of lives which are about the worst things that we can have—pretentious, foolish, and false, chronicles of all the small beer, but of little of that divine elixir which keeps existence going. It is true that small beer, being matter of fact, is always capable of being measured and identified, while there are but a few that can read the meaning in a life, or trace out what its finer issues are and how the spirit is touched to them. Still, the dimmest mirror may give forth something, elsewhere unattainable, in its broken reflections, and we are able to identify, notwithstanding all the flaws in the glass, the absence of quicksilver, or even the twist in the metal which makes a countenance awry, something, an outline, a gesture, which reveals the

original. We are unable to say that there is much of this revelation in the portrait contained in two big volumes with which we have just been presented* of Charles Lever. It is a book without insight, without penetration, with neither beauty of style nor force of meaning to recommend it. The letters of the subject of the memoir are systematically and of set purpose suppressed. We think we remember to have found somewhere an intimation that this is done with the intention of making a separate publication of some of these letters, in which case it is something very like an intended *exploitation* of the public, by dividing into two what was certainly not too much for one issue. Mr. Fitzpatrick is not an artist of merit, but he has evidently adopted the trade of biographer as a tangible handicraft, and in this capacity is diligently on the outlook, and industriously eager to take advantage of every opportunity for its exercise. We have no right to debar him from his chosen work, or even to censure his selection of a branch of industry which is nowise unlawful or dishonest in the ordinary sense of the word. We can only regret that his virtuous and laudable application to his business should have brought him across the path of anyone in whom we are interested. The 'Biographer of Bishop Doyle, Lady Morgan, Lord Cloncurry, &c.,' who is also 'Professor of History in the Royal Hibernian Academy,' and a J.P., with many other letters to his name, the meaning of which we do not profess to be able to decipher, is apparently a kind of national official, and does not therefore threaten the life of any subject who is not Hibernian, which is a consolatory reflection. But it is grievous that a man like Lever, one for whom all the world has a kindness, a man not great enough to bear any tampering with his memory, and full of foibles and eccentricities which need delicate handling, should have fallen into the hands of such a practitioner. This is all the more to be regretted that it can never now be remedied: for Lever's gift, such as it was, was not so great, nor is his recollection so precious, that it should be worth any better artist's while to endeavour to amend the coarse and commonplace portrait which is here supplied. In this way a trade biographer does less harm to a celebrity of the highest class than to one of secondary pretensions. The larger genius will get justice somehow, but for the less there is not much hope of rehabilitation.

Few men have gained so much kindly appreciation from the world as the Irish novelist, to all appearance the last of his race, who did for his country exactly what the general public likes to have done, enlarging and strengthening the conventional idea of it, and leaving us more sure than ever of the justice of all our prejudices and the truth of our scoffs. This is by far the most popular way at least of writing national novels. We hail with lively satisfaction every apparent proof of those generalizations which save us so much trouble in respect to our neighbors. It is more easy to conclude that the Italian is treach-

* *Life of Charles Lever.* By W. J. Fitzpatrick, L.L.D., M.R.I.A. Chapman & Hall.

erous, the Frenchman fickle and light, the Spaniard proud, the Scot canny and calculating, than it is to realise that the resemblances of human nature are more striking than its differences, and that each member of a race is an individual. Consciously or unconsciously, Lever humored this general inclination. Nothing can be more conventionally Irish than his Irishmen. They are all constructed on a pattern which we understand and have given in our adhesion to; for does not Ireland contain, as everybody knows, a rollicking, light-hearted, reckless, dare-devil sort of population, madly brave, and wildly witty, totally unfitted for the ordinary pursuits of life, yet quick to apprehend and wise to know everything that is ornamental and amusing and unnecessary? Lever's art, so full of freedom on the surface and so conventional underneath, is as inferior as can be conceived to that of Scott, who never lost sight of the deeper sea of human nature which underlies all local distinctions; and it is needless to point out which of the two is the most true historian of national life. But, notwithstanding, the conventional is always sure of a certain success. We get in it what we look for. We have all our foregone conclusions carried out, and we are pleased to feel that we have been right in our estimate of our neighbours. At the same time we must add that Lever, though Irish only by the accident of birth, was in himself a complete example of the type we accept as Irish. Though he was the son of an Englishman, thrifty and hardworking, he was himself as gay, as reckless, and as extravagant, accepting the pleasures of to-day with as little reference to to-morrow, as any descendant of Brian Boru: and embodied in his own person all those traditions of wit, gaiety, and prodigality which are supposed appropriate to the aborigines of the Emerald Isle. How this trick of nature came about it, it would be difficult to say. The Irish air must have got into his head as a baby, though Saxon by both sides of the house, and intoxicated him from the cradle. He lived a life of wild uncertainty, not knowing often enough what the morrow might bring forth; yet somehow managing it so that the day, which had menaced destruction before it came, generally cleared off into smiles, and justified the light-hearted pilgrim's reliance on his fate. Thus possessing the type in himself, he drew upon it with bold and dashing hardihood, and so long as the first flush of animal spirits and unquenchable gaiety lasted, his gay dragoons and light-hearted adventurers, always daring, always lucky, enjoying alike their dangers and their successes, renewed the old tradition of Irish character, and took the soberest readers by storm.

The task which Mr. Fitzpatrick seems to have set before him in compiling this memoir is to show with how little genius Lever managed to accomplish such a result, how little, in short, he himself had to do with it at all, and how completely he was indebted to casual meetings and social surroundings for his success. We do not say that the 'Biographer of Bishop Doyle and Lady Morgan' has any malignant purpose in this attempt, or even that he is aware that he is doing his best to damage Mr. Lever. He writes as a local historian so often

writes, with unbounded admiration for the society of which he forms a part, and a little less admiration for the one notable individual who is the only man whom the world cares to know in that society. That there was 'a very social, well-informed set' at Kilrush, and again, 'half a dozen companionable men, some of more than average acumen,' at Portstewart, near the Giant's Causeway, is more important to him than the qualities of Lever himself. He is more anxious to impress upon the reader that Father Malachy and Father Tom were exact transcripts from the life, and that 'the best of the stories in Lever's tales were told round that mahogany,' than to show how Lever's imagination took hold of the racy and primitive country life, and got the flavour and savour of it, with or without the facts which are so much less important. But it is scarcely worth our while to go further into the literary merits, or rather demerits of this biography. It has no pretension to be criticised at all as a piece of literary work, although, indeed, its pages are full of national eccentricities of an unintentional kind, which are as amusing as if they were meant to be so. The biographer and his obliging correspondents are alike obliging in this respect. One lady, speaking of Lever's mother, informs us that 'she had a brother who one day appeared from India, bearing beautiful presents, but on returning to the East, just as he was about to step on board, he fell into the Liffey and was lost.' Another contributor describes how Lever as a boy 'told stories at school, danced, fenced, laughed, *and then rode off on a pony,*' a charming climax. A little further on Mr. Fitzpatrick indulges in some mildly funny anecdotes respecting a medical authority, explaining that 'these things we give not for their point, but because they reveal on Lever's showing that when a student he received comic grind from the witty doctor, whose sayings, pruned of thorns and slang, had effect upon the mind and character of the subsequently brilliant humourist.' 'He struck me,' says another contributor, 'as a man of most winning manners, which indeed were shared by his wife, to whom in the course of my visit he asked me to give my arm.' When the first book of the series was published, we are told that 'the public clapped, the critics coughed, the cynics hissed. It was not till long after that *the censer swung*;' and here is an account of Lever's performances when a country doctor, which is better still:—

Lever, while dancing at balls, was dancing attendance with bright vigilance by the bedside of suffering humanity; and this his worst Evangelical enemies were constrained to confess. Now whirling in the waltz—a few minutes later by the bedside of danger. Back to the ball again! engaging Miss Dashwood for the Lancers—hurrying away to see the cataplasm renewed, and with his own hand administering relief, or spreading the balm. He arrives just in time to take his place with the Belle of the Ball; but the intermitted pulse of the little sufferer still throbs at his own heart; the glance of its glassy eye is before him; and he is less impressionable than usual to that 'hazel and blue,' which evoked his best lyric. He is back with the sick girl again; gives a stimulant: she rallies. Within ten minutes he is doing the same for himself at the supper-table. Happier now, he is in a state of supreme felicity when dancing that 'Morning Bell' gallop, with which the rout winds up. He goes home, revolving in his mind some tonic wherewith to set up the convalescent.

Lever was the son of a builder in Dublin, to whom Mr. Fitzpatrick has applied a very pretty pedigree. Let us hope it is genuine: it is, at least, a respectable sort of thing to hang up in the vestibule, though we doubt how far it is consistent with the modest position of the 'English carpenter and builder' who—which is much more to the purpose—established himself comfortably in Dublin, and was able to give his children considerable educational advantages. His family consisted of two sons, one ten years older than the other. The novelist was the younger of the two. We have various accounts of his school days from various old contemporaries, each of whom seems to plume himself on being the last survivor; but among them they do not add much to our knowledge of their playfellow. He was a merry boy, fond of frolic and of story-telling, who played a great many tricks, made a number of jokes, told a number of stories, went to America, where he had sundry (extremely improbable) adventures, and to Germany, where he learned all the odd ways of the Burschenschaft, copying them when he returned to Dublin in a fantastic society, of which he was himself 'the most noble grand.' The survivors of this society fondly declare it to have been one of the wittiest of social assemblages: and Lever himself afterwards pronounced that 'for a witty doggerel on the topic of the hour, a smart epigram, or a clever piece of drollery, all I have ever since met of *beaux esprits* in my own or other countries could not approach comparison; as, indeed, most survivors of similar youthful companies are ready to swear. Lever's career at college was not a distinguished one; indeed, the very fact of his University education at all seems to have been called in question by contemporary writers; however, we are assured here that he took his degree at Trinity College, Dublin, in 1827, being then, as we guess, about twenty-four years of age. The dates, however, are wildly confused, and it is impossible to make head or tail of them. Thus, we are assured that Lever sailed for America in the spring of 1829, and that he afterwards paid a visit to Germany, the dates being arranged as follows:—'We were at first disposed,' the biographer says, 'to place it (the German expedition) before the Canadian trip; but in his account of Cologne he alludes to the emotions he had previously felt in viewing Niagara. The first part of his "Logbook of a Rambler" appeared in the "Dublin Literary Gazette" for January 16, 1830, and was probably written towards the end of 1829. "In the early part of last year," he writes, "I was waiting in Rotterdam," which fixes the date, namely, 1828. At Göttingen he passed the winter of that year and the ensuing spring,' i. e., the spring in which he went to America and saw Niagara, to his emotions on beholding which he has just been said to refer in his account of Cologne. This confused jumble proves that Mr. Fitzpatrick knows very little about the matter, and has not taken the trouble to note that, with true Irish liberality, he has proved his hero to have been in two places at once. The whole story, however, of the American experiences reads much more like a hoax than a record of real adventure.

Lever took, we are told, the degree of Bachelor of Medicine in 1831,

but instead of taking his M.D. from his own University, subsequently acquired one from a foreign school—a curious fact, if fact it is. He began his practical work humbly enough, being sent off with a number of other young medical men to meet the outbreak of cholera in the north. He was sent to Kilrush, where, as we have already said, we hear more of the brilliant society which took the young doctor up than of himself. These local celebrities encouraged and brought him out, though they thought him ‘retiring and evidently nervous.’ ‘To Mr. Keane,’ says Lever’s biographer, ‘we owe the introduction of this shy *débutant* to a circle of genial well-informed men. Had not means been taken to draw him out, the genius within might have flickered and sunk.’ A footnote to this remarkable statement informs us that ‘the feeling finally merged into an involuntary motion of the muscles of the mouth.’ We do not attempt to unravel the connection between these sentences. But the fine human vanity of these rural patrons of genius is delightful. Naturally the little country-town coterie identified every character when ‘Harry Lorrequer’ burst upon them like a thunderbolt. ‘Who let the cat out of the bag?’ cried the men of Kilrush. They gave themselves the entire credit of the production. The doctor was but a kind of secretary, betraying these good things to the world. Even his own family shared this feeling. ‘John Lever told me that he became aware that his brother was the author of “Harry Lorrequer” from the story of Father Darré and the Pope. But ah!’ he added, ‘how inferior to my father’s mode of telling it!’ Lever himself could have done nothing more laughable than this serious narrative of his own appearance—wild Trinity College under graduate, bold and brazen medical student, ‘most noble grand,’ and Dublin wit as he was—in the capacity of a ‘shy *débutant*,’ whose genius might have been quenched altogether but for the insight and encouragement of the brilliant circles in Kilrush.

However, the life of a country doctor, laborious and ill-rewarded as it is, was no doubt of great advantage to the young writer full of fun and animal spirits and sympathy, with an eye to see all the humours of the country-side about which he was continually dashing, driving ‘a pair of gray bloods,’ says one witness, and carrying out, like one of his own heroes, every wild fancy that came into his head. ‘Once, when galloping to visit some patient, he came full tilt against a turf cart as it suddenly emerged from a side street, and, not having room to pull in his horse, he “put in” the spurs and lifted him over the load of turf, which feat gained him the name of the Mad Doctor.’ On another occasion, in the streets of Coleraine, he is said to have jumped over a horse and cart, perhaps another version of the same heroic incident. Not much less daring is the fact that he married on the strength of that parish doctorship at Portstewart, and sent off his last twenty pounds to buy a ball dress for his wife when an invitation came to them for a dance at a great house, which the gay young couple could not resist. Fortunately other resources were beginning to open up. The ‘Dublin University Magazine’ was instituted about the time of Lever’s marriage,

more humbly than any of its contemporaries, 'by six collegians, each of us subscribing ten pounds,'—a modest capital with which to start a great literary venture. Lever began to contribute at an early period, sending some unimportant tales, which have not been preserved. But how it happened to him to strike the vein of which he was to make so much we are not informed. He would seem to have fallen by chance and natural fitness into the gay 'Confessions' and erratic career of Harry Lorrequer. His previous writings had evidently not prepared any of his friends for an outburst so characteristic, and so full of dash and daring. Fortunately, however, he found, as most successful writers do, a publisher with imagination and judgment enough to perceive that it was really something genuine in its way, which his new contributor, still unaware that this venture was different from the others, had brought him. They stumbled together, writer and printer, into success. Lever himself, though not naturally diffident, does not seem to have realised for a long time that what had cost him so little could be worth so much. He continually demands from his publisher the applauses of the newspapers, probably feeling that nothing but such matter of fact evidence could make him quite sure of the reality of his 'hit;' and altogether, so far as we can see him through Mr. Fitzpatrick's rendering, conducted himself with the caution and doubt of a man still far from sure that the public were not making a mistake. Throughout all his life, though he would puff himself on occasion with a barefaced humour, quite distinct from vanity, we never see any trace of elation over his own powers, or self-admiration of any kind. Perhaps Lever was too reckless, too *insouciant*, too hugger-mugger, if the word may be used in a literary sense, for any of the exhibitions of intellectual self-esteem. He wrote, as he lived, from hand to mouth; feeling himself very lucky when he succeeded, in much the same way as he was lucky when he had good cards at whist, and cast down indeed when he failed, but not with any feeling of personal responsibility. To the end, like many men of greater genius, he never seems to have been clear as to what was his best, but went on boldly, dashing as of old over all obstacles, as ready to put in the spurs and lift his reckless Pegasus over a difficulty, as he was to bolt a pike or clear a cart in Coleraine.

In the meantime he went to Brussels, where, with easy audacity, he called himself Physician to the British Legation, an appointment which it now appears did not exist. Lever's conscience was quite impervious to any blame in respect to such an innocent fib. But though he had no distinct appointment he seems to have got, if not into practice, at least into the best society, always a prime object, and lived expensively as was natural to him, in great gaiety and sociability, interrupted by brief intervals of difficulty and doubt, in which he wished himself back in his dispensary, and persuaded himself that the life of a country doctor was a better passport to competency than that of a popular author. It seems unlikely that a man so fond of society and movement could have had anything like a practice in the gay little

capital where he wrote his second book, 'Charles O'Malley,' in the opinion of many people the best of all the brotherhood; but he did continue more or less to exercise his profession. He tells us, on one of the few occasions on which his biographer permits him to speak for himself, that he was 'very low with fortune' at the time 'O'Malley' was begun. 'At the same time,' he says, 'I had then an amount of spring in my temperament, and a power of enjoying life, which I can honestly say I never found surpassed. The world had for me all the interest of an admirable comedy in which the part allotted to myself, if not a high or foreground one, was eminently suited to my taste.' 'I wrote as I felt,' he adds, 'sometimes in good spirits, sometimes in bad; always carelessly, for, God help me, I can do no better.'

This, no doubt, was the great secret of his success. Though we agree devoutly with the greatest of living moralists that genius may, at least on one of its sides, be described as an infinite capability of taking trouble, yet there is a charm in the spontaneous, even the careless, when kept alive by a spark of genuine life, which always appeals to the sympathies of mankind. Even genius has to be wary how it shows the signs of taking trouble, and the ease and flow of a stream which is evidently natural, and carries everything along with it in a bold and sparkling rush of constitutional vigour, is always attractive. When Lever's first flush of impulse failed, and he began to take trouble, having no natural instinct that way, the interest of the public failed also. He was wiser, more thoughtful, perhaps on the whole better worth reading; but he had lost the ingenuous fervour, the harebrained impetuosity, the dash and spontaneousness which were his chief attractions. 'The Dodd Family' is a much more elaborate performance than 'Charles O'Malley.' It has far higher moral desert, the virtue of conscientious effort; but it is not to this grave production of his manhood that the reader turns. There is something far more attractive in the disjointed adventures, poured out anyhow, just as they occurred to him, in hearty enjoyment and fullness of life, of the Irish dragoon.

Space will not allow us to follow Lever's life in detail. The reader will receive a vague impression of it, not to be altogether spoiled by any badness of telling from the volumes before us. As he began life, so he went on, save that all the extravagances of his nature increased as time passed, and the young fellow who made himself talked of by practical jokes, or by vaulting over a horse and cart in his way, or by any other mode of harmless display, in early years, went on getting himself talked of all his life long, by extravagances perhaps not less harmless, but creating a greater amount of animadversion. There was too much champagne, too many cards, with the irregularities attendant on both, throughout his gay life. It was not whisky, which would have been degradation; but in the long run it was scarcely less dangerous. And he had all the liberality which belongs to his careless nature; he did not choose always to be entertained, but loved to be in his turn the entertainer, to give the best of wine and cookery, and to lavish his money upon his friends. He kept 'quite a stud of horses,' and rode

about with his children round him—a remarkable group, the girls on their ponies, with auburn hair hanging over their shoulders, and wearing fantastic dresses, so that he was not unfrequently taken for the head of a circus, a mistake which amused him greatly. The mixture of tender vanity and fondness, delight in his children's society, and pleasure in showing them off, which appear in this incident, are thoroughly characteristic of the man. He loved to give a sensation to his fellow-creatures in the dullness of ordinary life, as well as to make one, and exhibit his fine horses and his skill in the management of them, and all the beauty and the splendour of his belongings; there was amiability in all his vanity, yet also a love of display and genial self-exhibition in all his kindnesses. As he went on in life these peculiarities formalised themselves, losing the gay dash of youth to which everything is pardonable, and calling forth the remarks of unkind tongues, as the riding, and the swimming, and the card-playing, the late hours, and the luxurious living, and the necessities which now and then interrupted and threatened to break up life altogether, became more and more patent to the observation of the world. Such a life must have huge drawbacks; but perhaps its uncertainties, its hair-breadth 'scapes, its despairs and threatenings of ruin, had not much more effect than the hardship and headlong perils of a campaign such as Lever loved to describe. They gave zest to the brilliant gaiety, the lavish and thoughtless enjoyment; and a man who thus manages to get by hook or by crook all that he most likes in this life—beautiful villas, fine horses, a luxurious table, a variety of excellent society, and the constant company of those he loves—is in reality less to be pitied than the more humdrum individual who denies himself many fine things in order to live tranquilly, without debt or danger, 'within his income,' according to the most respectable ideal of domesticity. He has indeed the best of it in every particular, since, after thus triumphantly getting his own way, he gets the sympathy which his occasional paying of the penalty calls forth, into the bargain.

Lever spent the greater part of his later life in Italy, and was, during his last years, in the diplomatic service, holding the post of vice-consul at Spezzia, and afterwards at Trieste, in which latter place dullness for the first time seized upon him. And there he lost his wife, the beloved companion of all his vicissitudes, whom he had fallen in love with when a boy at school, and to whom he had been always bound by the most tender affection. He did not long survive her, and life was a blank to him after she was gone. He died at Trieste in the spring (so far as can be made out from the want of dates) of 1872. His books have come down from the position they once held, almost abreast of the works of his two great contemporaries, Dickens and Thackeray. It is hard to believe even that there was a time when he was thought a competitor with them for the highest rank in fiction. Few mature readers, we believe, now think of taking up by choice one of those dashing productions which pleased us so much in our youth; but though we are no longer young, there are always others who are, and

with them "Harry Lorrequer" and "Charles O'Malley" still hold a scarcely diminished place.

It seems a kind of disrespect to Thackeray,* after reviewing at length a bad and big book upon the life of his friend and contemporary, who was so greatly his inferior in art, and even in manly dignity and merit in life, to take up the brief and incomplete chapter of biography, which is all the world has had of him. Mr. Anthony Trollope—well qualified as a literary workman and as a friend to give some idea of the attractive figure of a man who, though buried these thirteen years, we can scarcely feel to be dead; but hampered by a hundred reticences and limitations, by the reluctance of Thackeray's representatives to transgress his own wish, and by the very warmth of the jealous love which guards his memory—has produced, we need scarcely say, an interesting study of the author of "Vanity Fair" and his productions, with something not much more than a frontispiece, a vignette, a sketch softly outlined and lightly tinted, of the man. It is all we have got, and it is all we are likely to have; but it is scarcely substantial enough to justify comment. But there is much reference in Mr. Fitzpatrick's large and loose volumes to the far greater artist, against whom he does not scruple to measure his hero; and the very suggestion of the period in which "Harry Rollicker" encountered his many adventures, recalls the true and great humourist, who by a touch of happy travesty characterised Lever and his works as he did so many other men and things. There seems a certain impertinence in putting forth the details of a life so sad and so cheery, so bravely gay in courage and endurance, so tender and soft at heart, so "cynical" to the vulgar understanding, so remorseless to the mean and false. Why it is that we should feel this we cannot tell; it is in itself a tribute to the more delicate, more noble nature of the man. Dickens has been stripped bare to the very inner core of his living, and nobody has minded much; neither do we feel the least compunction in respect to all the details given of Lever, which indeed we knew before. Thackeray has been as long—nay, longer—gone from the midst of us, and we all know dimly the great misfortune that overclouded his life, and the beautiful tenderness with which he was father and mother alike to his children—but it almost wounds us to draw the veil from a career which he accepted so bravely and sweetly, with no crying out against fate. No author of recent times has worked himself so entirely into the love of his readers. It was not so at the beginning of his career, when the virtuous public thought him cynical, and contrasted his unheroical familiarity with the blemishes and weaknesses of human nature with his great rival's sentimentalities, much to his disadvantage. We can ourselves remember, in the fervour of youthful optimism, to have protested with hot indignation against those lowering views of life, those revelations of unconscious vanity, with which he disturbed all our ideas of the perfect; and it is certain that among the mass of ordinary readers, the multi-

* *Thackeray*. By Anthony Trollope. (*English Men of Letters*).

tude which must give in its adhesion before any fame reaches its height, there were many who stood fast in this doctrine, refusing to be moved by the noble tenderness and pathos of much they found in his books, on account of the preponderance of that "cynicism," to which for the moment we could give no better name. But all this is now over and past. Only a belated person here and there, old-fashioned, and clinging to the rash judgment of a previous generation, speaks of Thackeray now as cynical. We continue to combat the accusation, as people continue to do battle with an old mistake long after it has died a natural death. Mr. Trollope even, who remembers, like ourselves, the fervour with which it was once asserted, pauses to offer a justification—but it is an unnecessary effort. It is no longer the custom to call Thackeray cynical. We have learned to know him better by mere lapse of years.

He was the only great humourist, in our opinion, whom the present age has brought forth. Dickens has been honoured with the name: but to set forth the oddities and eccentricities of life, to pick strange characters out of the mud, and set before us the grotesques of nature, requires a faculty altogether different from that which, putting before us no new types, no exaggerated peculiarities, but people like ourselves, formed of the ordinary metal of humanity, makes us acquainted with all the laughable pranks of human vanity without taking away our sympathy for our foolish brothers. This sympathy runs through and through all Thackeray's work. We are not sure that it is not called forth even for Barry Lyndon; and Captain Costigan certainly, with all his sins upon his head, never gets beyond a certain softening of fellow-feeling. But who would think of regarding Mrs. Gamp with any sympathetic sentiment? In the one case we laugh with an unmoved indifference to the individual, who is odious always, even when most amusing; while in the other we are never without a hope that they may 'tak' a thocht and mend,' as Burns wished that the devil himself might do. But it is not our business to discuss this great quality. Humour is the fashion, the favourite quality of the age; we all like to credit ourselves with its possession, and to claim the power of controlling our own absurdities by means of it, as well as perceiving those of other men.

Mr. Trollope has little to tell us of Thackeray that we do not already know. He was born of a well-connected, well-established family, perhaps with no floating grandeur of a pedigree, but with generations of cultivated lives behind him: and thus had the advantage, not shared by all his rivals, of thorough acquaintance with the inner life of those classes who are the favourites of literature, and among whom the finer problems of civilised life can best be studied. Dickens never possessed this advantage. However elevated the society might be in which he lived, in fiction he was never at home among gentlemen, and had no freedom in handling them. But though thus standing on a higher level than his great competitor, Thackeray had not his immediate success—he had not even the success which attended Lever's

easy and dashing sketches; but toiled upward for a long time before his hand touched at a hazard the hidden spring, and the door flew open before him. Up to this time he had lived a struggling life; spending and losing in the first place the little fortune to which he was born, and then for a number of years struggling along with varying degrees of unprosperity, neither happy in his circumstances, nor fortunate in his efforts, but always cheerful, always honourable and self-sustained; a man flung by stress of weather into many out-of-the-way vessels and voyages, but never staining his good name, or leaving shame behind him. Mr. Trollope is disposed to discourse a good deal upon the story which does not furnish him with the details he loves. And indeed we cannot but regret that, having been opened up at all, it should not have been given with more detail, and a more complete revelation afforded us of the life-long sorrows and deprivations, the sweet and gay and melancholy humour with which he faced his troubles, and the purity and honour of the imperfect and diminished life to which he was sentenced from early manhood, and which he lived heroically, seeking no compromises or compensations for the loss which honour and duty called upon him to bear. It was but the other day that a great writer protested against the excuses offered for some offenders against justice, that they were highly moral and devoted to their wives and children; but whatever truth there may be in this protest, it is but right that such a moral hero as Thackeray should have his meed of praise. Society has learned to condone many a doubtful connection formed by those who have genius (or rank or wealth) sufficient to compel its tolerance *quand même*. But here was a man who might have been excused if any could, whom no one could have had the right to judge harshly, but who asked no indulgence, required no tolerance, and lived his half-life with uncomplaining courage. The circumstances are such that perhaps no biographer could yet speak with perfect freedom of this part of Thackeray's life. He was a man of the world, a man full of life and the love of enjoyment, and at the same time of domestic affection and that need of household expansion and the support of love and sympathy which belong to most fine natures; yet he bore without a murmur the desolation of his home, and left not the ghost of any doubtful connection to disturb the adoring devotion of his children. When so many indiscretions are condoned, should not this noble discretion and self-command be told in his praise? There is no more beautiful feature in Lever's life than his faithful love for the wife who was everything to him; there can be no nobler trait in any existence than Thackeray's undeviating fidelity to the wife who, by the saddest of afflictions, was nothing to him, and could not even have felt any pang, had he escaped somehow, as so many men do, from the bond which cut him off from so many of the enjoyments of life.

We have said that Mr. Trollope is a little apt to moralise upon the life which he is not, we suppose, permitted to fill in with fuller particulars. He gives Thackeray credit for irregularity and idleness, and tells us various particulars of his dilatoriness. One, for instance, which

ended very pleasantly for Mr. Trollope himself, in the substitution of a hastily written (but admirable) story of his own for the novel planned and intended by Thackeray with which the 'Cornhill Magazine' began its career. This passage, however, is so extremely characteristic, if not of Thackeray, at least of Mr. Trollope, that we are tempted to give it in full.

About two months before the opening day I wrote to him suggesting that he should accept from me a series of four short stories on which I was engaged. I got back a long letter in which he said nothing about my short stories, but, asking whether I could go to work at once and let him have a long novel so that it might begin with the first number. At the same time I heard from the publisher, who suggested some interesting little details as to honorarium. The little details were very interesting, but absolutely no time was allowed me. It was required that the first portion of my book should be in the printer's hands within a month. Now it was my theory, and ever since this occurrence has been my practice, to see the end of my own work before the public should see the commencement. If I did this thing I must not only abandon my theory, but instantly contrive a story, or begin to write it before it was contrived. That was what I did, urged by the interesting nature of the details. . . . I will not say that the story which came was good, but it was received with greater favour than any I had written before or have written since. I think that almost anything would then have been accepted coming under Thackeray's editorship.

I was astonished that work should be required in such haste, knowing that much preparation had been made, and that the service of almost any English novelist might have been obtained if asked for in due time. It was my readiness that was needed rather than any other gift. The riddle was read to me after a time. Thackeray had himself intended to begin with one of his own great novels, but had put it off till it was too late. 'Lovel the Widower,' was commenced at the same time as my story, but 'Lovel the Widower' was not substantial enough to appear as the principal joint at the banquet. Though your guests will undoubtedly dine off the little delicacies you provide for them, there must be a heavy saddle of mutton among the viands prepared. I was the saddle of mutton, Thackeray having omitted to get his joint down to the fire in time enough. My fitness lay in my capacity for quick roasting.

'It was his nature to be idle—to put off his work,' Mr. Trollope says in another place, with all the conscious strength of a man who takes Time by the forelock, does his so many hours of work daily, and has so many novels to the good, all put away in drawers and ready for use, according to the whisper of malicious gossip. Thackeray did not do this; he wrote from hand to mouth, composing part by part as he published them, a mode which, notwithstanding the undoubted advantages of Mr. Trollope's more orderly way, has also something to recommend it, especially for the writer to whom it is essential to be in sympathy with his readers, and to keep up the freshness of his own interest by way of holding theirs. And it was no doubt a method very suitable to the character of Thackeray's work, of which the plot and story are the smallest part, and which, opening up one mind, and soul, and life after another in an apparently capricious, episodic way, fell in very well with the new start of every month, which made it natural and advantageous for the artist to shift the light of his lamp, so that now one little circle, now another, should glow with that complete, minute, and all-pervading illumination which makes every character and every foible of every character, and their goodness and their

truth, and their little fibs and deceits, and all the unseen, half-conscious mechanism of their lives, so familiar to us. But perhaps Mr. Trollope does not quite see, being a man of more orderly and industrious ways, how this 'idleness' of his friend's nature chimed in with the conditions of his art.

Working in this way as he lived, his craft no distinct thing to be shelved in so many hours of close labour, and put away from the ordinary course of his existence, Thackeray went on after his first great success, a true spectator, a more graphic and familiar chorus than ancient art ever invented, showing to all beholders how the world wagged. Great passions were not in his way, and he studiously disowned the heroic, notwithstanding that perhaps the most purely heroic figure of modern fiction owes existence to his hand. George Eliot professes a far more serious meaning than Thackeray, and is the possessor of at least an equal genius, but neither has she, nor any other writer of the century, invented for us anything that can stand by the side of Thomas Newcome. But the genius to whom we owe that ideal gentleman went through the world laughing in the face of his countrymen, and protesting that the heroic was not, and that his were novels without a hero. Naturally the public took his art at his own word, not seeing the humour of the protest, nor how the writer was laughing softly, with the tears almost too deep down to be visible, at his own certainty of an ideal and heroic human nature as well as at theirs. One can imagine that he laughed still, but a little ruefully, when he found how entirely he had succeeded in producing the confusion he had worked for, and in getting one of the tenderest of human hearts branded with the name of cynic. But all the same it was his own doing; for how were the unknown masses, who knew nothing of him but what he chose to tell us, to see through the paradox. Happily by this time it has explained itself.

It was Thackeray's name which floated off into full flood of prosperity our able and brilliant contemporary, the 'Cornhill Magazine.' Some of the 'Roundabout Papers,' published in its earlier years, were among the most exquisite chapters he ever wrote; easier, as being a direct communication from himself to his audience, without the intervention of any formal framework of a story to interfere with the flow of his commentary; and full of all the softness and kindness of his real nature. Everything he touched at last turned to gold. One of the enterprises of his life, his lectures, was undertaken greatly against the grain, and with many doubts as to the effect it might have upon his reputation and standing, for the most tender and laudable of purposes. Public opinion has fully pronounced against the idea that public appearances of this kind are derogatory in any case. But we cannot see how they ever could have been derogatory in his, since there was in them no trading upon bygone effort, no reproduction of old work, made piquant by the exhibition of the artist himself to satisfy the curiosity of the public; but a series of original compositions made *bona fide* for the object he had in view.

As there is so little opportunity of giving a fair impression of this man, as a man, to the reader who has no other means of knowing, we may quote the end of Mr. Trollope's essay in biography, which shows at least the estimate of Thackeray's character made by those who knew him best.

His charity was overflowing, his generosity excessive. I heard once a story of woe from a man who was a dear friend of both of us. The gentleman wanted a large sum of money instantly—something under two thousand pounds—had no natural friends who could provide it, but must go utterly to the wall without it. Pondering over this sad condition of things just revealed to me, I met Thackeray between the two mounted heroes of the Horse Guards, and told him the story. 'Do you mean to say that I am to find the two thousand pounds?' he said angrily, with some expletives. I explained that I had not even suggested the doing of anything, only that we might discuss the matter. Then there came over his face a peculiar smile, and a wink in his eye, and he whispered his suggestion as though half ashamed of his meanness. 'I'll go half,' he said, 'if anybody will do the rest.' And he did go half at a day or two's notice, though the gentleman was no more than simply a friend. I am glad to be able to add that the money was quickly repaid. I could tell various stories of the same kind, only that I lack space.

He was no cynic, but he was a satirist, and could now and then be a satirist in conversation, hitting very hard when he did hit. When he was in America he met at dinner a literary gentleman of high character, middle-aged, and most dignified deportment. The gentleman was one whose character and acquirements stood very high—deservedly so—but who in society had that air of wrapping his toga around him, which adds, or is supposed to add, many cubits to a man's height. But he had a broken nose. At dinner he talked much of the tender passion, and did so in a manner which stirred up Thackeray's feelings of the ridiculous. 'What has the world come to,' said Thackeray, out loud to the table, 'when two broken-nosed old fogies like you and me sit talking about love to each other!' The gentleman was astounded, and could only sit wrapping his toga in silent dismay for the rest of the evening.

These incidents are almost equally delightful and characteristic of the man, who could not bear to see trouble without relieving it, or pretentious folly without slaying it with swift and penetrating shafts of ridicule. Mr. Trollope concludes his work by declaring with an emotion which does him honour:—

Such is my idea of the man whom many call cynic, but whom I regard as one of the most soft-hearted of human beings, sweet as Charity itself, who went about the world dropping pearls, doing good, and never wilfully inflicting a wound.

We may add that the mere fact of this little biographical chapter having been written, should, we think, incline Thackeray's representatives to reconsider the expediency of giving a fuller picture to the world. As it has not been possible to conform to the letter of his wish, perhaps it would be more according to the spirit of that wish, that he should be made known to posterity in a perfect and complete manner, rather than by slight sketches and broken gleams of revelation. His letters, which we believe have been preserved in large numbers, would of themselves furnish a memorial more worthy, and a record more genuine, than any composition. His works disclose his mind more than his character to the public, and though those who know something of the latter will read a great deal between the lines, yet we can scarcely believe that any completely uninstructed reader would be able to di-

vine the generous, tender, soft-hearted, sweet-tempered, manly and modest and unstained nature of the man from 'Pendennis' or 'Vanity Fair.' To know more about him, to know all that can be known, would be nothing but a benefit to the world.

It is a high testimony to the artistic classes that so many of the most interesting biographies we meet with come from their ranks. Statesmen, and warriors, and philosophers may play greater parts in the world ; but for the interest of human character, for glimpses into pleasant homes, and for that friendly intercourse which books sometimes afford us, widening our acquaintance, and enlarging the circle of our sympathies and our capability of friendship—it is in those circles at which almost everybody, not excepting the persons chiefly concerned, permit themselves to scoff, that we find most that is attractive. Literary society has been the subject of the jibes of all its own members, and of many who know nothing of it, since the beginning of time ; but, short of the classes who are without distinction altogether, and who are frequently the most interesting of all, but so difficult to obtain a glimpse of, it is in the homes of literature and of its allied arts that we find most pleasure, when they become matters of history. The memoir of Charles Mathews the Younger,* which is now before us, is not like that we have been considering, the story, more or less imperfect, of a man of genius. He was, like Yorick, a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy ; in his way an admirable actor, and with unbounded energy, vivacity, and skill, as well as that genial and happy spirit which resembles genius more than any other quality ; but his claim did not reach beyond this. Everything he did was easy to him, spontaneous, and natural, but it would be doing Mathews injustice to claim for him a higher inspiration. Though he did all that man could do to save himself from his predestined career, he was an actor born ; and after that determined struggle against it which filled up his earlier years, he yielded gracefully enough to his fate. The greater part of the two large volumes before us is autobiography, and it is very amusing reading, and gives us the idea, not only of an Admirable Crichton, skilled in all the arts, but of a most bright, lovable, and happy nature. A more accomplished, or amusing, or delightful young fellow scarcely could be than the youth of twenty who went with Lord Blessington to Italy in the year 1823, and kept his noble patrons in amusement with a thousand clevernesses, with his pencil and his voice, and his extraordinary powers as a mimic, and his vivacious and happy presence. The account he gives of himself to his parents at home, with whom he was on terms of the happiest confidence, is of the most attractive kind, and the reader will wish as he reads, that he could be sure of having so lively, intelligent, and agreeable a companion for his next long journey, or country-house visitation. He had his little impetuosities also, sparks of generous tem-

* *The Life of Charles James Mathews, chiefly autobiographical.* Edited by Charles Dickens. Macmillan & Co.

per, and fine flashes of self-assertion; but no more than becomes a high-spirited youth. We do not know when we have come across a more pleasant picture. And this young professor of all the arts showed himself as shrewd and sensible in business as he was brilliant in all the elegances of life. No wonder the parents were proud of him, to whom he writes of all his adventures with affectionate familiarity, yet respect, and whose trust in him, and satisfaction with all he does, give happiness to their lives. There have been various publications lately in which the domestic life of eminent actors has been exhibited to the world. Fanny Kemble, for instance, in her 'Records of a Girlhood,' has laid open to us a home so kindly, so refined and graceful in its homeliness, that the most prejudiced of old-fashioned readers could do nothing but admire; and here is another, not so distinct in all its accessories, but equally decorous, well-ordered, and graceful, in which the good son who has secured the suffrages of all who have had to do with him from his boyhood, is at once the pride and consolation, the object of all hopes and wishes, and the most beloved friend and counsellor of his parents, reciprocating their tender trust and confidence. These are the player-folk, whom we assume to be lawless and irregular by right of their profession. The revelation is a very charming one. There is no teasing of the boy with unnecessary restrictions in this pleasant record, no conflict between parent and child, no impatience on one side or attempt at constraint on the other. All is wise, kind, and mutually considerate in the family relations, and last and most perfect evidence of their mutual trust and excellence, the parents are liberal and the son economical. Not often, either in the world or in books, is the union and agreement so perfect. The best of fathers mistake their sons, the best of mothers misunderstand them. Here, however, there is neither the one mistake nor the other, but all goes on with perfect harmony—an example to the world.

Perhaps, if there had been a little less perfection of intercourse, the story would have been more moving. As it is, we are introduced to a most excellent family party, using perhaps a little finer language on account of their connection with the stage, and in everything else acting up to the best ideal of their parts. A suspicious recollection, quite unjust and injurious, yet involuntary, of the *père noble*, haunts us when we read the excellent letters of Charles Mathews the elder, who on the stage, as is very well known, never did attempt the line of heavy father. But this is a wicked and improper suggestion, and the group is as dignified and pleasant a group as could be met with. However, it is young Charles's course of pleasant adventure, and all his delightful circle of accomplishments, that chiefly charm us. What so congenial to the recollection of that summer sea, that magical air, those moons and skies of Italy, as the life of youthful enjoyment, all song, all society, all mirth and luxurious pleasure, which the young man lives on the shore of the most lovely of bays, with all these fine people about him, dashing off beautiful sketches, lively songs, and mischievous mystifications and sketches of character with the most light-hearted facil-

ity. He was working hard at art in those early days, studying Italian architecture (his profession being that of an architect), measuring every villa he sketched, and knitting his brows over plans and calculations. He was indeed engaged upon the plans of a mansion for Lord Blessington, which was never to be built, but which was then intended to give a beginning to the young architect, who was never to be an architect any more than his sketches were to grow into Lord Blessington's house.

It says a great deal for the wholesome character of the all-accomplished boy, that after this resplendent episode of Naples and the Blessingtons, and all the petting and flattery and *succès* of his early career, he went into the wilds of North Wales with a brave heart as surveyor to a flash company, and wrote as cheerfully from the chaos of the 'Welsh Iron and Coal Mining Company' as from the Italian villa. In the same way, after another long and delightful period of rambling, studying, and adventuring in Italy, and after several chapters of renewed success in society, picnicking with duchesses, and other such piquant amusements, he took, in despair of establishing himself more effectively, a situation as local surveyor at Bow, which he held for three years, journeying to and fro on the top of an omnibus, 'with the Building Act in my hand,' into those wilds of obscure and dingy London which are further from the centre of society than either Naples or Pontblyddyn. 'The only touch of joy I had,' he says, 'was on the discovery of a locality rejoicing in the name of Cutthroat Lane, and in no other place could I make up my mind to fix my office. "District Surveyor, Cutthroat Lane," was something to have on one's card, and gave a spice of romance to the affair.' We are not told, which is a pity, whether the Surveyor of Bow had any time to disport himself among the duchesses while this address was on his card. Immediately afterwards he was driven to the stage by stress of circumstances; his father's affairs having fallen into irretrievable confusion. Short of this supreme reason, it is curious to remark, no actor's son or daughter consents to take up the paternal occupation. This cause drove Macready on to the stage; it led thither the two accomplished Kembles, Fanny and Adelaide; and it transported Charles Mathews from the uncongenial surroundings of Cutthroat Lane. Perhaps things would have gone better had he yielded sooner to the inevitable fate.

The most painful part of Charles Mathews' life occurred after his marriage to Madame Vestris, an episode very lightly dwelt upon, save in respect to the overwhelming embarrassments which the theatre brought upon the pair of actors, embarrassments which culminated in the highly dramatic incident of Mathews' arrest when on the eve of setting out for the theatre, where he was to play some of his favourite parts. Debts and difficulties had so increased upon him that the arrest itself might be natural enough, but the personal hostility that contrived it exactly at the moment when the provincial theatre was crammed, and the appearance of the "star" eagerly expected, is melodramatic in the extreme; and the attendant circumstances—the pande-

monium of the debtors' prison, which it is almost impossible to believe in as having existed so short a time ago, and in which Mathews was almost as incongruous a figure as the Vicar of Wakefield in his not unsimilar imprisonment—and the still sadder unseen figure of the suffering wife, who died a few days after his liberation, give all the features of a tragedy of domestic life to this miserable chapter of Mathews' existence. But it was only a chapter in that long life. His wife's death ended what would seem to have been in more ways than one his grand mistake, and left him still a young man to form new ties, under serener heavens. He lived to seventy-five, always in the exercise of his profession, playing to the last, always popular, always successful. We cannot think that the performances of an old man in broadly comic parts are ever a pleasant exhibition, however wonderful may be his state of preservation; but Mathews' performance in 'The Critic' was without doubt a most finished and fine piece of acting, and his transformation from Sir Fretful Plagiary to Puff something like a miracle. We will not say, however, that we like him as well when he presents himself before us as an old actor, making the little speeches which delighted the public, and a great deal of money to boot, as when he was a young artist, playing a thousand gay parts, not for gain, but for fame and pleasure, in the highest enjoyment of his own faculties and life.

It is rarely enough that a student of the art of biography has it in his power to contemplate together a group which has done so much to lighten up and brighten the age—and there is a whimsical pleasure in contrasting these men so full of genial gifts, and, though in degrees so different, of genius itself, the one unaccountable and supreme endowment which we can neither create nor acquire by cultivation, but which bloweth where it listeth like that Divine Spirit which is the fountain of inspiration—with the excellent artist* and good man whose record of his own life and work is so quaintly unlike theirs. Sir Gilbert Scott was, we have every reason to believe, an architect of great powers. No one has left more traces of his progress throughout England. He has embellished his country over all its surface, and left his mark even upon other countries which are supposed to be better instructed in art than England. And this he has done, though with prudent regard, as became a man of sense, to the practical advantages, yet with a great deal of honest enthusiasm and 'feeling' for his art. We took up the one volume to which he and his editor have judiciously confined themselves with feelings of pleasant expectation. An excellent artist, and a good man: what more could be desired? But alas! dear reader, there is something more to be desired. A man may be very good and may not be interesting: it is a quality like another. There are some who are short and some who are tall; some who are dark and some who are fair; and, in like manner, some people are in-

* *Personal and Professional Recollections.* By Sir Gilbert Scott. Sampson, Low & Co.

teresting, and some are—not. Sir Gilbert did a great deal of excellent work. *Circumspice*, he may say, as a still greater architect did. Look round you, and you will see what he has done; but if you read the book in which his name is enshrined, you must be content to read it for some other purpose than that of knowing him. Just as he says, with excellent brevity and truth, of an art expedition, 'I enjoyed it greatly,' we can but say of him, 'He was an excellent man.' But the interest lies in the details, in a certain kind and choice of details which we cannot teach any man how to make, and which this admirable artist did not know how to make. Otherwise his life might have had sufficient elements of interest in it. He had a struggle in the beginning of his career which almost for a few pages gets to the point of being interesting, and there is a quite unintentional indication of a vigorous rapid figure by his side in the person of Mr. Moffat, his early partner, who catches our eye and seems to possess the necessary human features. But though this gentleman is about the only point in the book which will attract the reader, he did not so well suit the writer, and accordingly he drops very early in the narrative, and we are left to virtuous dullness and Sir Gilbert. The autobiography, we are told, was not meant for publication, but for the instruction of the sons who have very good reason to be proud of such a father. This, however, can only, we feel, be partially true, for it is in fact a long and tedious and detailed defence and explanation of certain incidents in Sir Gilbert's professional career, which his children no doubt were already acquainted with, and of which they could not need so elaborate a re-statement. The great architect was both honest and modest, but he does not like it to be said or thought that his work ever fell off or was less than excellent, or that he did not act exactly as he ought to have done in the occasional professional crises which occurred from time to time. How it was that, being a Gothic architect, and having sent in Gothic plans, he should have held fast by his appointment as architect of the new public offices, even though it was necessary to cancel his first designs and execute the work in the Classic style, he is specially anxious to explain. It would have been better taste if in doing so he had not represented Lord Palmerston as entirely under the thumb of Mr. B——, a hostile member of the profession, and the Prince Consort as speaking the sentiments with which Mr. C—— had indoctrinated him. Both these great personages were very capable of, and more than likely to possess, an opinion of their own; but Sir Gilbert evidently felt it necessary to believe that private jealousy must have something to do with any check in his prosperous career. It is not his fault that he has injudicious backers, but it is a pity that it should have been thought necessary to supplement so much explanation as Sir Gilbert has given of special passages in his professional life, with an explanation of Sir Gilbert himself from the somewhat fantastical hand of the Dean of Chichester, to whom we owe an anecdote in the very worst taste, of a confidence which it is to be regretted the good man should have made even to his

confidential servant, but which certainly should never have come to print, as to the fervour of his personal devotions. 'No one about,' says Dr. Burgon, 'not even his sons, knew the strength and ardour of those religious convictions which were with him an inheritance, for the Rev. Thomas Scott of Aston Sandford, the commentator, was his grandfather.' It is a little difficult to follow the sequence of ideas here; but if the fact of having a grandfather who has written a commentary is enough to make religious conviction hereditary, we cannot but think that the Rev. Thomas Scott of Aston Sandford would have had a greater difficulty than ourselves in recognising the connection between any ideas of his and the religious convictions which prompted his descendant to breathe a prayer for a beloved companion dead, every time her image recurred to him. We need not, however, dwell upon this book, which is neither literature nor biography. It is a pity that some one who had some acquaintance with these arts, which are different from architecture, should not have had a hand in it. It will confuse the reader's ideas even as to the eminence of Sir Gilbert Scott in his profession, which we for our own part, as a mere lay and uninstructed spectator, believed to be unquestioned, until we saw how many explanations, and what a detailed account of discussions and hindrances, twenty years old, there was to make.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

A Dictionary of Music and Musicians (A.D. 1450–1880), by eminent writers, English and Foreign. With Illustrations and Woodcuts. Edited by George Grove, D.C.L. In 2 Vols. Vol. I. London, 1879.

Mr. Grove's musical encyclopædia, the first work in the English language which can lay claim to that title, appears somewhat late in the day. It is more than four hundred years since Jean Tinctor, the Flemish musician, published his '*Terminorum Musicae Diffinitorium*,' and since then many musical dictionaries and compendiums of all kinds have been produced on the Continent. England alone remained behind in the race. There have been, it is true, one or two attempts in this direction, which we shall presently have to record, and a useful '*Dictionary of Musical Terms*,' edited by Dr. Stainer and Mr. W. A. Barrett, has recently been published; but, as a complete account of the biographical as well as the technical materials relating to the Art of Music and its History, Mr. Grove's Dictionary is without precedent in England. The long delay of such a publication and its opportuneness at the present moment are well explained in the editor's preface.

'Music,' he remarks, 'is now performed, studied, and listened to by a much larger number of persons, and in a more serious spirit, than was the case at any previous period of our history. It is rapidly becoming an essential branch of education; the newest works of continental musicians are eagerly welcomed here very soon after their

appearance abroad, and a strong desire is felt, by a large, important, and increasing section of the public, to know something of the structure and peculiarities of the music which they hear and play, of the nature and history of the instruments on which it is performed, of the biographies and characteristics of its composers—in a word, of all such particulars as may throw light on the rise, progress, and present condition of an art which is at once so prominent and so eminently progressive."

That the 'Dictionary of Music and Musicians,' the first volume of which is before us, fulfils these demands in a comprehensive and at the same time attractive manner, it would be unjust to deny. A dictionary is not a book for specialists; and those, for instance, who wish to study the orchestra and its several components, would have to refer to Berlioz, Gevaert, or Lobe. In the meantime we have no doubt that the article on the subject in this Dictionary, when it appears, will not only direct the reader to these sources, but will also give a clear and useful *résumé* of their contents. This we may safely predict from the technical articles on orchestral and other instruments which have already appeared, and which form some of the most valuable features of the volume. It is the same with the historical and biographical departments of the science. Mr. Grove's Dictionary does not profess to supersede Hawkins or Burney, or Brendel, or Thayer's Beethoven, or Spitta's Bach. But, besides being informed of these works, we find here their main results collected and put ready to hand for practical purposes. It is indeed by the criterion of practical usefulness, rather than of scientific method and exhaustiveness, that a work of this class ought to be judged. For the same reason we must express full approval of the chronological limits—from 1450 to the present day—adopted for this Dictionary. Music, of course, did not take its rise in the fifteenth century. It is as old as, if not older than, poetry itself; and the earliest representatives of civilization, the Chinese, the Hindoos, and the Egyptians, possessed elaborate tone-systems, which still survive in part, and which surpass our own as regards the precise measurement and classification of intervals. The important part played by music in the worship of Jehovah, and the development of the Jewish choral service, is sufficiently proved by the Old Testament; and there is an abundance of treatises, both ancient and modern, on Greek scales or modes. But all this is of comparatively little importance to the musician and the student of modern music. It is true that some of the Greek scales—the Dorian, the Phrygian, the Lydian, and the Mixo-Lydian—are said to be identical with the four authentic modes attributed to St. Ambrose, and to be still surviving in the Gregorian chant; and on rare occasions modern musicians have made use of them. Beethoven, for instance, heads a movement in his great quartette in A minor, 'canzona di ringraziamento in modo lidico offerta alla divinità da un guarito,' and Liszt and Rubenstein have borrowed the augmented intervals of the old Eastern scales, which have survived in the music of the Gipsies and of some Slavonic nations. The Gipsy heroine of Bizet's 'Carmen,' also, is well characterized by a theme containing the superfluous second. But these few survivals, introduced with the distinct purpose

of gaining local colour, do not constitute a real organic connection between the ancient and the modern systems.

The origin of music in its modern significance is hidden in darkness, but there is no doubt as to the principle from which it derived its distinctive feature. Greek music seems to have depended entirely on intervals and rhythm, in fact on melody or *cantus*. In modern music the simultaneous and harmonious progress, the *concentus* of two or more themes, becomes all-important. In addition to melody we have henceforth to deal with counterpoint and harmony generally. Accordingly we find that the great masters of the Low Country school in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were in the first instance contrapuntists. Josquin des Prés, Ockenheim's pupil, Loyset Compère, Alexander Agricola, and Jean Mouton, carried the new-found art to the chief centres of Europe, and Goudimel became the master of the divine Palestrina, the real father and founder of modern music. The history of music from the days of Palestrina to those of Beethoven may be studied almost in its entirety in Mr. Grove's first volume. There is, indeed, a strange coincidence between the chronological and the alphabetical arrangement of musical knowledge. In this volume, which extends from 'A' to 'Impromptu,' almost all the great names of the earlier musicians are represented. Palestrina, it is true, is absent, but we have the names of his master Goudimel, and of the chief representatives of the Belgian school. Bach, the first and one of the greatest masters of modern German music, occupies an early place, followed by Beethoven, who in a manner marks the outgrowth and development of the movement begun by the earlier master. Handel and Haydn occur in close juxtaposition; Gluck represents dramatic music; only Mozart is absent. On the other hand the representative names of modern music proper—Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Liszt, and Wagner—are found in the second half of the alphabet, and therefore do not concern us here.

Before entering upon a more detailed analysis of one or two biographies in this volume, we may offer a few remarks as to the lives of musicians in general. It cannot be said that these present as a rule many striking or interesting features, as striking and interesting, for example, as those of statesmen, or even of poets. Musicians, especially in the eighteenth century, were, it must be owned, not a very intellectual class of people. Their culture was generally limited to the technicalities of their art. From the great currents of thought and progress they stood aloof. Mozart had received an education rather below than above the average middle-class of his day, and Haydn can hardly be called an intellectual man in extra-musical matters. Even Beethoven, although a great thinker, laboured under the want of early training. Gluck alone had systematically thought on the principles of music in connection with the drama, and was able to discourse of them in suitable language. Rameau also was a theoretical writer, but his thoughts are not lucid, and his language is anything but polished. Modern musicians differ greatly from their brethren of the eighteenth century as

regards literary ability ; but their lives, too, with a few exceptions, are cast in certain grooves, allowing but of little variety. There are of course exceptions to this, as to all rules. Handel, for instance, was a man of the world, and his life was anything but quiet or monotonous. In his early Bohemian days he fought a duel with Mattheson, his colleague at the Hamburg opera-house, and it was only a brass button, turning aside the point of Mattheson's sword, that preserved to the world the future composer of the 'Messiah' and 'Israel in Egypt.' Handel's stay in England was full of incidents and vicissitudes, ranging from the friendship and admiration of the highest in the land, at the one extreme, to tedious squabbles with his Italian rivals, and the Bankruptcy Court, at the other. Handel was decidedly a man of character, and his independence in the intercourse he held with his noble and wealthy protectors became proverbial. Even the presence of royalty was unable to check his irascible temper. The talk of the ladies at court during the performance of his music especially inflamed his ire to a state of white heat. 'His rage,' we are told, 'was uncontrollable, and sometimes carried him to the length of swearing and calling names . . . whereupon the gentle Princess would say to the offenders "Hush, hush! Handel is angry."' The scene described by Beethoven in the celebrated letter to Bettina, when he walked with head covered through the midst of the imperial party at Töplitz, while his companion Goethe was standing on the side-walk bowing low, may be cited as a pendant to Handel's more reasonable and more dignified assertion of the artist's rights. But, apart from these and other exceptional cases, the career of the musician of the last century was neither very dignified nor very interesting ; the favour of a noble protector or of the public being the cynosure of the artist's thoughts. Under such circumstances a biography is necessarily reduced to the chronological enumeration of successful operas and symphonies, or, it may be, of concert tours.

It is, perhaps, for a similar reason that the works of great musicians play a comparatively insignificant part in the political or intellectual history of mankind. The representative works of literature—the 'Divina Commedia,' 'Paradise Lost,' Goethe's 'Faust'—are inseparably connected with certain important phases of philosophy or of religious thought ; but the same can hardly be said of Beethoven's Symphonies, or even of Handel's Oratorios ; although in the former (especially in the Ninth, or Choral Symphony) the wider scope and greater depth of modern feeling is, no doubt, discernible. Neither are the great works of music connected with the events of history, in the sense, for instance, in which Rousseau's 'Contrat Social' is an essential component of the French Revolution. It has always been amongst the official duties of Music to celebrate victories and other important events, and without her aid no state ceremony would be complete ; but occasions of this kind are not generally conducive to high inspiration ; and amongst the innumerable occasional pieces thus originated there are few, if any, destined to live. Even Beethoven's symphony entitled 'Wellington's

Victory, or the battle of Vittoria,' is an ordinary, and not very refined, specimen of 'programme-music,' and just oblivion covers it. It is of greater significance that the symphony now known as the 'Eroica' originally bore the title 'Napoleon Bonaparte.' It was completed in the early part of 1804, and the composer, no doubt, intended to dedicate it to the First Consul of the French Republic. On the 18th of May of that year Napoleon assumed the title of Emperor, and no sooner had the news reached Vienna than Beethoven, in a fury of disappointment, tore off the title-page of his symphony and dashed it on the ground. A great work of musical art is thus distinctly traced to an historic, one may almost say a political, source. Of a converse relation between history and music there are also one or two instances. It is well known that the riots in Brussels began after a performance of Auber's 'La Muette de Portici,' better known in this country by the name of 'Masaniello,' (August 25th, 1830), which thus in a manner drove the Dutch out of the country. Considering the nature of Auber's piece, there is, indeed, little cause for surprise at its exciting effect in a revolutionary atmosphere.

'In it,' a writer in the Dictionary remarks, 'the most violent passions of excited popular fury have their fullest sway; in it the heroic feelings of self-surrendering love and devotion are expressed in a manner both grand and original; in it even the traditional forms of the opera seem to expand with the impetuous feeling embodied in them. Auber's style in 'Masaniello' is indeed as different as can be imagined from his usual elegant but somewhat frigid mode of utterance, founded on Boieldieu with a strong admixture of Rossini. Wagner, who is undoubtedly a good judge in the matter, and certainly free from undue partiality in the French master's favor, acknowledges in this opera "the bold effect in the instrumentation, particularly in the treatment of the strings, the drastic grouping of the choral masses which here for the first time take an important part in the action, no less than original harmonies and happy strokes of dramatic characterization." Various conjectures have been propounded to account for this singular and never-again-attained flight of inspiration. It has been said, for instance, that the most stirring melodies of the opera are of popular Neapolitan origin, but this has been contradicted emphatically, by the composer himself. The solution of the enigma seems to us to lie in the thoroughly revolutionized feeling of the time (1828), which two years afterwards overthrew the established governments of France and other countries.'

It was in a very different manner that another operatic work—Grétry's 'Richard Cœur de Lion'—became an incentive of popular passion. In that opera there is a celebrated ballad, beginning 'O Richard, ô mon roi, si l'univers t'abandonne,' expressive of Blondel's feeling of loyalty for his captive king. This song was sung at the unfortunate banquet given by the body-guard to the officers of the Versailles garrison on October 3d, 1789. 'Ça ira,' and a little later the 'Marseillaise,' were the answers to 'O Richard, ô mon roi.' This leads us to say a few words upon the historical and popular songs, to which a good deal of attention is paid in the Dictionary. It is a fact worthy of notice, that the songs which have moved the people most have also proceeded from the people, or at least have been in very few instances the work of celebrated composers. Thus the tune of the 'Marseillaise' was adapted to his words, if not actually invented, by Rouget de l'Isle, while the 'Ça ira' was composed by a certain Bécour, a side-drum

player at the opera, the words having been suggested to a street-singer named Ladré by General Lafayette, who remembered Franklin's saying at each forward step of the American insurrection. Of the numerous songs and cantatas written by the celebrated composers of the day for Revolutionary festivals and similar occasions, only Méhul's 'Chant du départ' now survives. It is the same with the national songs of other countries. Luther—if, indeed, he wrote the tune of his 'Ein' feste Burg'—appealed to the people as a man of the people, not as a professional musician; and the 'Watch on the Rhine,' which, together with Luther's grand hymn, served as a war-song during the Franco-German contest, owes its origin to an obscure composer of the name of Wilhelm. The authorship of the words and music of our National Anthem remains an open and much-disputed question, although Mr. Grove is probably right in assigning the hymn in its present form to Henry Carey, who sang it as his own composition at a dinner given in 1740 to celebrate the taking of Portobello by Admiral Vernon (November 20th, 1739). It became popular five years later, when it was sung at both Covent Garden and Drury Lane Theatres as a 'loyal song or anthem' during the Scottish Rebellion. Carey's melody is in all essentials identical with that sung at the present day, but there are others of a much earlier date showing the same rhythm and similar melodic progressions. Amongst these Dr. John Bull's 'Ayre,' published in 1619, is the most remarkable. It consists, like our present 'God save the Queen,' of two strains, respectively six and eight bars in length, and some of the melodic phrases also are identical. But for its being written in a minor key, it might well claim to be the prototype of Carey's and of our modern hymn. It is curious that the most English of English songs, 'Home, sweet Home,' is described as a 'Sicilian air' in the score of Sir Henry Bishop's opera, 'Clari, or the Maid of Milan.' It was, however, probably composed by Bishop himself. Haydn's 'Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser,' the national hymn of Austria, is the most striking exception to the rule laid down in the foregoing remarks.

The most important biographical article in the volume before us is, as a matter of course, devoted to BEETHOVEN. It is written by the Editor. Beethoven's life was even more monotonous as regards external circumstances than those of most other musicians. In early youth he went from Bonn, his birthplace, to Vienna, and there he remained for the rest of his life, the migratory instinct of the musician being shown only in a continual change of lodgings. In his earlier days he was a favourite at Court and in the salons of the Austrian aristocracy, and during the Congress of Vienna he was much thrown together with the foreign celebrities assembled there. But his growing deafness, and the bitterness of his naturally suspicious and wilful temper, increasing in proportion to each other, soon cut off his intercourse with his fellow-men, and in his later years the world saw little of Beethoven, and Beethoven less of the world. But his inner life grew more intense and important, the more he was compelled to retire into him-

self. A good account of Beethoven's life is, under such circumstances, one of the most difficult tasks of biographical history. The materials, it is true, are plentiful enough. There are the various collections of letters, the recollections of early friends, and, more important than these, the numerous note-books, in which the migration of themes and the gradual development of compositions can be traced. Another source of information springs from that most tragic feature of his earthly existence—his deafness. In his later years, casual visitors or intimate friends had to address him in writing, and when the meeting happened to be at a public place, Beethoven preferred the same medium, not being able to control his voice. Owing to this circumstance, we have authentic records of some of his important and intimate conversations: for instance, that in which the master revealed to Schindler the circumstances of the most serious passion of his life for Giulietta Guicciardi, who was afterwards married to Count Gallenberg. But these excellent materials have not hitherto been turned to satisfactory account. Ludwig Nohl's 'Beethoven's Leben,' in three volumes, is a rhapsody, and Mr. Alexander Wheelock Thayer's work on the same subject, written in English, but as yet published only in a German translation, although a perfect marvel of accurate research, is totally wanting in arrangement. Half of the first volume is taken up with details concerning the diocese of Cologne, its ecclesiastical rulers, and its general and artistic conditions, commencing long before Beethoven's birth; and the third volume, recently published, extends only to the year 1816. Schindler's biography, imperfect and unsatisfactory from a literary point of view though it be, is not superseded by these attempts. Schindler has been somewhat harshly treated by his critics, and Mr. Grove seems not sufficiently aware of the importance of his book. During the last years of the great master's life Schindler acted as his devoted friend, musical amanuensis, man of business—in short, factotum; and for this period his authority remains unequalled. That he knew little of Beethoven's early career, and that his judgments of contemporaries are tinged by narrow-mindedness and jealousy, no one can deny. It is also true that after Beethoven's death he was apt to pose as the infallible oracle with regard to Beethoven's personal and artistic significance. But this does not interfere with the interest and authenticity of his personal recollections. His reward has been all but unqualified abuse and derision. Heine, whose keen eye at once discovered the weak side of the solemn and bumptious musician, ridiculed his 'eternal white cravat,' and declared that Schindler on his visiting cards described himself as 'l'ami de Beethoven.' The general custom is to call Schindler summarily Beethoven's Boswell; but this idea is erroneous in more than one respect. Schindler has little of the Laird of Auchinleck's liveliness and power of graphic description; on the other hand, he was a serious and accomplished musician, fully able to appreciate the import of Beethoven's artistic creations. There was a singular intensity and dignity about his rendering of Beethoven's sonatas, especially those of the 'second period,' as the present writer can

testify from personal experience. Schindler was also an able composer; so able, that when one of his masses was successfully performed at Cologne, critics immediately surmised that the work was in reality Beethoven's, purloined by Schindler and brought out as his own.

To return to Mr. Grove's article, we have no hesitation in calling it by far the most satisfactory account of Beethoven's life that has yet appeared. Within the narrow compass of forty-six pages, Mr. Grove has succeeded in giving us a portrait of the great master, vivid and accurate to a degree such as only the most loving and most careful study of the original sources could have made it. Mr. Grove's warm and genial admiration never betrays him into tedious or hyperbolical praise, and the chief characteristics of Beethoven's works are given with as perfect clearness and precision as are the incidents of his life. Without entering into details, we may say that Mr. Grove's article is a genuine and valuable addition to the literature of the subject. In an English dictionary a little more prominence might perhaps have been given to Beethoven's relations with this country. Englishmen may be proud of the high esteem in which their nation was always held by the great master, and still more of the early appreciation which his works found amongst us. For a long time a visit to England was amongst the favourite plans of Beethoven, and more than once it seemed on the point of realization. As late as 1824, for instance, we find him carrying on a promising negotiation with Sir Charles Neate, who, in a letter of December 20th, 1823, had, on the part of the Philharmonic Society, offered him three hundred guineas, and a benefit guaranteed at five hundred pounds, for a visit to London with a symphony and a concerto. The terms had been accepted, and the arrangements for the journey were in a forward state, when some domestic difficulty intervened, and Beethoven for the time abandoned his project. The material reward for his compositions, which Beethoven at various times received, was by no means unwelcome. Sometimes, it is true, offers of this kind were made without sufficient tact, and only tended to irritate the master. In 1816, for instance, General Alexander Kyd called on Beethoven and offered to pay one hundred pounds for a new symphony, at the same time guaranteeing its performance at the Philharmonic Society in London, which, in all probability, would increase the composer's profit to something like one thousand pounds. Unfortunately the condition was added, that the work should be written in the simpler style of the first two symphonies. This restriction touched Beethoven to the quick, and in his wrath he inveighed against a nation which could attribute such mercenary considerations to a great artist. But this was only a temporary misunderstanding. His voluminous correspondence with Smart, Neate, his pupil Ries (settled in London), and Moscheles, extending over many years, is full of admiration for England and the English, and almost the last words he uttered on his death-bed had reference to a letter of thanks for a sum of money received from the Philharmonic Society. Another interesting correspondence between Beethoven and Mr. George Thomson, the Scotch

publisher, carried on in truly extraordinary French, may be found in Thayer's third volume. Still more gratifying was a transaction with another British firm, of which Mr. Grove gives the first complete account, including an unpublished letter of the master's, which is worth reproducing, were it only as a specimen of his French style:—

'An incident of this date,' Mr. Grove writes, which gratified him much, was the arrival of a piano from Broadwoods. Mr. Thomas Broadwood, the then head of the house, had recently made his acquaintance in Vienna, and the piano seems to have been the result of the impression produced on him by Beethoven. The Philharmonic Society are sometimes credited with the gift, but no resolution or minute to that effect exists in their records. The books of the firm, however, show that on December 27, 1817, the grand piano, No. 7362, was forwarded to Beethoven's address. A letter appears to have been written to him at the same time by Mr. Broadwood, which was answered by Beethoven immediately on its receipt. His letter has never been printed, and is here given exactly in his own strange French.

'A Monsieur, Monsieur Thomas Broadwood a Londres (en Angleterre).

"MON TRES-CHER AMI BROADWOOD!—Jamais je n'éprouvais pas un plus grand Plaisir de ce que me causa votre Annonce de l'arrivée de cette Piano, avec qui vous m'honorez de m'en faire présent; je regarderai come un Autel, ou je déposerai les plus belles offrandes de mon esprit au divine Apollon. Aussitot come je recevrai votre Excellent instrument, je vous enverrai d'en abord les Fruits de l'inspiration des premiers moments, que j'y passerai, pour vous servir d'un souvenir de moi à vous mon très-cher B., et je ne souhaits ce que, qu'ils soient dignes de votre instrument.

"Mon cher Monsieur et Ami recevez ma plus grande consideration de votre ami et très-humble serviteur Louis van Beethoven; Vienne le 3me du mois Fevrier 1818."

'The instrument in course of time reached its destination, was unpacked by Streicher, and first tried by Mr. Cipriani Potter, at that time studying in Vienna. What the result of Beethoven's own trial of it was is not known. At any rate no further communication from him reached the Broadwoods.'

Her Majesty the Queen, we may add, is in possession of the fellow instrument to that presented to Beethoven by Messrs. Broadwood, which she prizes highly. In Beethoven's own days, however, English royalty did not show sufficient appreciation of the master's greatness. Soon after the completion of the Battle Symphony, written in commemoration of Wellington's victory, the composer forwarded a copy of the score to the Prince Regent, but no acknowledgment of any kind was vouchsafed, and Beethoven felt the neglect keenly. The work was produced at Drury Lane a year afterwards—February 10th, 1815—and had a great run, but this was through the exertions of Sir George Smart, who himself procured the copy from Vienna.

The biography next in importance to Beethoven's is that of HAYDN, by Herr C. F. Pohl, the author of the well-known work 'Mozart and Haydn in London.' Many new and interesting facts are adduced, and a silhouette of Haydn, here engraved for the first time, forms a welcome addition. In connection with Haydn's second visit to London, in 1794, some amusing anecdotes are given, one of which may be quoted here, as illustrating the fellow-feeling of artists in those days. Felice de' Giardini was at the time living in London, highly esteemed as the *doyen* of the musical profession. Though nearly eighty years of age, he produced an oratorio, 'Ruth,' at Ranelagh, and even played a concerto. His temper was frightful, and he showed a particular

spite against Haydn, even remarking within his hearing, when urged to call upon him, 'I don't want to see the German dog.' Haydn retorted by writing in his diary, after hearing him play, 'Giardini played like a pig.' The intrinsic and permanent value of Haydn's work is well defined by Herr Pohl, and a passage like the following deserves quotation at a time when musicians are apt to assign Haydn's symphonies to the limbo of things justly forgotten, because Beethoven and other musicians have developed the form to a degree never dreamt of by the simple-minded Viennese composer:—

'Haydn's position in the history of music,' Herr Pohl remarks, 'is of the first importance. When we consider the poor condition in which he found certain important departments of music, and, on the other hand, the vast fields which he opened to his successors, it is impossible to overrate his creative powers. Justly called the father of instrumental music, there is scarcely a department throughout its whole range in which he did not make his influence felt. Starting from Emmanuel Bach, he seems, if we may use the expression, forced in between Mozart and Beethoven. All his works are characterized by lucidity, perfect finish, studied moderation, avoidance of meaningless phrases, firmness of design, and richness of development. The subjects, principal and secondary, down to the smallest episodes, are thoroughly connected, and the whole conveys the impression of being cast in one mould. We admire his inexhaustible invention, as shown in the originality of his themes and melodies; the life and spontaneity of the ideas; the clearness which makes his compositions as interesting to the amateur as to the artist; the childlike cheerfulness and drollery which charm away trouble and care.'

The article BACH, by Herr A. Maczewski, takes the form of a family chronicle. The heredity of genius has never been illustrated more strikingly than in his case. Like some of the Italian painters, Johann Sebastian Bach (born 1685) was the son of musical parents, and he in his turn had musical sons and grandsons, the last of whom, William Frederick Ernest, died as late as 1845, and, as the sole and last male representative of the family, was present with his wife and two daughters at the inauguration of the monument erected to his great ancestor at Leipzig in 1843 through the instrumentality of Mendelssohn. According to Herr Maczewski, he was a good player on the pianoforte and violin, but his modesty prevented him from often appearing, and, although he wrote much in many styles, very little of his music is published. Before him we know of no less than seven generations of Bachs more or less musical. One of these, Veit Bach, born about the middle of the sixteenth century, was one of the victims of the Jesuit reaction, which under the Emperor Rudolph II. drove many of the adherents of the new faith from Austria. He settled at Wechmar, near Gotha, as a baker and miller. He was a proficient performer on the zither, and the old family chronicler naïvely remarks that the notes of his instrument used to mingle sweetly with the clatter of the mill. His son Hans, the great-grandfather of Johann Sebastian, born about 1580, and generally surnamed 'der Spielmann,' the player, seems to have been the first professional musician in the family. From him the gift of music was transmitted in uninterrupted succession to the man who was destined to give immortality to the name of Bach. Johann Sebastian himself considered his gift in the light of an inheritance, which he was bound

to leave in his turn to his children ; and the clannish feeling common to all the Bachs was more than usually strong in him. It was indeed he who began the genealogy of the Bach family, which contains the dates of birth and death, and the most important events in the lives, of no less than fifty-three Bachs. Johann Sebastian stands forth in the history of music as a kind of patriarchal figure, and patriarchal indeed was the number of his children, there being no less than twenty, only five of whom survived their father. A deeply religious sentiment and moral force and rectitude, as well as artistic culture, were amongst the family traits most highly developed in the great master. His position in his art is defined by Schumann in terms so hyperbolical as rather to impair their real force : 'to him music owes almost as great a debt as religion owes to its founder.' Schumann and Mendelssohn were among the first who succeeded in rescuing Bach's works from their long and undeserved oblivion. Schumann was also amongst the founders of the German Bach Society, started a hundred years after Bach's death, for the purpose of publishing a complete and critical edition of the master's works. Of this monumental edition there have as yet appeared twenty-two issues, containing no less than ninety-three numbers, many of them previously unpublished ; but even these do not by any means represent the entire result of Bach's incessant activity. Amongst those who have done most to diffuse a knowledge of Bach's works by rearranging his orchestral accompaniments in accordance with the requirements of the modern orchestra, Robert Franz, the celebrated lyrical composer, ought to be named.

To the biography of **HANDEL**, by Mr. Julian Marshall, a short reference has already been made. Although not containing new facts of much importance, it is well written, and gives a clear and comprehensive picture of the man and his work. We can hardly say the same of the somewhat meagre account of Cherubini's life by Herr A. Maczewski. This is the more to be regretted, as **CHERUBINI** is amongst musicians perhaps the most perfect specimen of what in ordinary parlance is called a 'character.' The most marked trait of Cherubini's character was a morbid love of order. We have from his own hand a catalogue of his works, extending over almost seventy years, which is perhaps unique in the history of music for accuracy of detail. In the scores of some of the works used for the royal chapel at Paris he has carefully noted the time which their performance occupied, to half and even a quarter of a minute. In an admirable article on Cherubini, founded on personal reminiscences, which appeared in 'Macmillan's Magazine' some years ago, Dr. Hiller gives an account of Cherubini's curious relations with the first Napoleon, which he had from the composer's own lips. At the time when Cherubini was at the height of his fame, General Bonaparte returned to Paris from his Italian campaign and made the acquaintance of the composer, whom at their first meeting he annoyed by his exaggerated admiration of such light masters as Paësiello and Zingarelli. Talking of Cherubini's operas a few days later, the General remarked, 'Your music is very

fine, but the accompaniment is too prominent.' 'Citoyen Général,' the composer replied, 'vous aimez la musique qui vous laisse penser à vos affaires d'État.' After this there was little chance of promotion in Imperial France for Cherubini, who therefore accepted an invitation to write an opera for the Imperial Theatre at Vienna, where he arrived in the second half of July, 1805. He was received at Court and in the city with every mark of distinction; and a German musical paper, in a letter dated Vienna, August 5th, contains an enthusiastic account of Cherubini's 'Les deux journées,' conducted by the composer himself. But here again his triumph was to be cut short by his imperial antagonist, who entered Vienna at the head of his victorious army before 'Fanisca,' the new opera, was finished. Napoleon took up his residence at Schönbrunn, and Cherubini was invited to conduct some concert performances at his Court. At the close of these concerts the Emperor was in the habit of having some conversation with the composer. 'Your last opera has had great success,' Napoleon said on one occasion. 'It would not please you, Sire,' answered Cherubini. 'Why not?' asked the Emperor. '*Il y a trop d'accompagnement,*' was the answer, and it was the last which Cherubini ever had the opportunity of making, for the Emperor never spoke to him again. It was not till after the fall of Napoleon that Cherubini received the reward due to his merits. Louis XVIII., for obvious reasons, loved to shower favours on the ill-used composer, and in 1821 Cherubini became Director of the Conservatoire. Much less creditable than his artistic pride shown towards the Emperor were his relations to his great fellow-composer, Beethoven. Beethoven had the highest admiration for Cherubini's works, and in the sketch of a letter printed by Schindler he says, 'Vous resterez toujours celui de mes contemporains, que je l'estime le plus.' This was written with reference to a copy of his 'Missa Solemnis' sent to the French Court, to solicit Cherubini's friendly recommendation of the work. A similar letter, by the way, was addressed to Goethe at Weimar; but in neither instance did the composer receive a reply. In 1841 Cherubini declared to Schindler that no letter of Beethoven's had ever been received by him. However this may be, it is well known that Cherubini's personal impression of Beethoven, whom he knew in 1805, was anything but favourable. '*Mais il était toujours brusque*' was the refrain of all his utterances on the subject. Neither did he conceal his limited appreciation of the great German master's work, and in this respect it is difficult to believe that his blindness was altogether free from jealousy. As a composer, Cherubini continues the best traditions of the early Italian masters; and his music, although frequently perhaps too severe, is always of a grand and noble structure. It proves the versatility of his genius, as well as the strong influence of the French national type, that in such works as 'Médée' and 'Les deux journées' he was able to enter fully into the spirit of the French school of music.

A still stronger instance of a similar amalgamation is offered by the career of GLUCK, whose biography has been entrusted to M. Gustave

Chouquet, keeper of the Museum of the Conservatoire de Musique at Paris, and not without good reason; for Gluck, although German by birth, was first and most permanently appreciated in Paris, and his operas are, as it were, the musical complement of Corneille's and Racine's tragedy. Some of the minor biographies also are well worth reading, as, for example, those of Bellini, Donizetti, and Madame Grisi, the celebrated singer, from the pen of Mr. H. Sutherland Edwards, who is also responsible for the articles on Covent Garden and Drury Lane Theatres. There are, it is true, some serious omissions in this department, but for these a remedy may be found in an appendix.

From the historical we naturally turn to the formal development of music. This is treated collectively under the heading 'Form,' by Mr. C. Hubert Parry. The importance of the purely formal principle in music is self-evident; for music has no subject. The poet and the painter borrow their imaginings from the concrete phenomena of the mind or the outer world; they describe or depict; in brief, they copy. But for the musician there is nothing to copy. The sounds in nature proffer no more than the most external and most occasional suggestion; and even feelings and thoughts cannot be rendered in a definite and generally recognisable manner. Music, therefore (we are of course speaking of instrumental music), depends for its artistic realisation entirely on form; it is, in fact, nothing but form. This has been perceived, and after a manner explained, by Schopenhauer, whose explanations, however, we must add, are not very easy to understand, and are themselves in need of a commentator. Germany, it has been remarked, is the country of musicians and of philosophers, but the philosophy of music has been advanced very little by its thinkers. To Leibnitz music was no more than an '*exercitum arithmeticae occultum nescientis se numerare animi*;' and the definitions which we might quote from other philosophers are, if less mechanical, certainly not more lucid. In Schopenhauer's system, on the other hand, the art of sound occupies an important and well-defined place. According to him, the universal principle of life, 'Will,' manifests itself in the so-called Platonic 'ideas,' or archetypal forms, of which the single phenomena are further subdivisions. These ideas, in Plato's sense, it is the aim of all arts to express. But, while the poet and painter approach them through visible or definable media, the musician, as it were, drinks at the pure and original source of nature. His harmonies and melodies are the equivalent of the Platonic ideas themselves, 'as immediate and direct an objective rendering or copy of the will of the world as the world itself is, as the ideas are of which the universe of things is the phenomenon. Music is not, like the other arts, the copy of the ideas, but the representation of the cosmical will co-ordinate with the ideas themselves.' Whatever the reader may be inclined to think of Will and the Platonic ideas, there is here at least a theory consistent with Schopenhauer's own train of reasoning, which at the same time explains the absence from instrumental music of what can

be called subject in the ordinary sense. The musical artist, according to Schopenhauer, perceives the causes or ideas of things by mere force of intuition, and the impression thus received he re-embodies in his art, being for the while in what, for want of a better name, has been called a state of clairvoyance. This may be true as to the first conception of a melody, and it has indeed been surmised that the first, and as yet inarticulate, impression of poets and artists is near akin to music. This is at least what Schiller, although profoundly unmusical, stated from his own experience. But a first conception is as insufficient in music, as it is in other arts. The melody must be developed into a thousand shapes of beauty; it must find support in harmony, must mingle with other melodies of equal charm. It must, in fact, be treated artistically; and it is here that the question of musical form becomes apparent in its true importance.

Without dwelling further on these transcendental explanations, we may notice that Mr. Parry defines the first basis of musical form as 'repetition,' and in this he is no doubt right. Repetition of some sort is the fundamental principle, not only of an entire movement, but even of a single tune; although in the latter instance it need not be more prominent than are metre and rhyme in poetry. Mr. Parry is, further, correct in saying that the simplest and most elementary kind is the repetition of a phrase or bit of melody, with a short passage in the middle to connect the two statements. The result of this principle of statement, interlude, and repetition, is the rondo form in its most primitive state, and from this most of the developments of modern music may be derived. Mr. Parry's exposition of this theory is excellent in every way. He explains the harmonic relations existing between the melodic materials above indicated; he shows the infinite number of variations of which the original principle is capable; and he finally traces the growth of the various movements of symphony and sonata, from the simple beginnings of Couperin and Lully to the ultimate perfection of Beethoven. But Mr. Parry's theory, although correct, is limited. He attaches too much importance to the rondo form, or tripartite principle. But there is another principle almost equally important, although much less frequently employed, that of bipartite division; and for the existence of this we can adduce so early and so important a witness as Dante. In his little-known treatise, 'De Vulgari Eloquentia,' Dante gives a complete system of the structure of a stanza or strophe, and this structure, as is generally known, depends to a great extent on the musical accompaniment; without which no lyrical poetry could be conceived in the middle ages. In consequence, we find that his terminology partakes largely of the musical element. 'Omnis stantia ad quandam odam recipiendam armonizata est' is his fundamental doctrine, and in this sentence *oda* has a musical as well as a metrical significance. The word *cauda* also is used by Dante in a sense not very different from that of our modern *coda*. In the system which Dante proceeds to expound, repetition plays at least as great a part as it does in Mr. Parry's article. Wit-

very few exceptions, all his stanzas contain a dieresis or volta, the point, that is, at which one melody ends and the other commences ('dieresim dicimus deductionem vergentem de una oda in aliam'), and this dieresis, he adds, cannot exist 'nisi reiteratio unius odæ fiat vel ante dieresim vel post vel utrimque.' In the two first-named cases the division of the stanza is no doubt tripartite; and this indeed was the fundamental principle of the Italian as well as of the old German strophe; but in the last case the alternate principle above alluded to is as distinctly apparent, the stanza being divided into two parts by the dieresis, and each of the two parts into two further subdivisions by a modulation corresponding, most probably, to the chord of the dominant in a symphonic movement. The further exposition of Dante's system, and of its bearings on the theory of musical form, could not but be tedious to the non-professional reader, to whom we must apologize for having dwelt on the subject at some length; but it seemed important to call the attention of musical students to Dante's important treatise, which at the same time illustrates the intimate connection between the spoken word and the melody which accompanies it.

To the forms of vocal music Mr. Parry devotes little attention, and he is right so far as the aria, the finale, the duet, &c., as used by the earlier masters, are concerned; for these do not in any essential way differ from the forms of absolute music. But the song, as developed by the modern German masters, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann, and others, ought not to have been neglected. Of dramatic music, in the modern sense of the word, Mr. Parry disposes in a single sentence. 'Here,' he remarks, 'the order of distribution must vary with the development of the emotional crises, and in such cases it will be rather a distribution of culminations and gradations of intensity of passion and emotion, than the more obvious one of key and figure; though, if the relation between important figures of melody and the special circumstances to which they are appended be observed, the notion of form as defined by subjects will still continue to be perceptible.' This is well enough as far as it goes; but apart from such forms as the recitative (*secco* and *obbligato*), the *arioso*, &c., belonging more especially to dramatic music, one would have liked to hear something of the manner in which even the most dramatic of dramatic composers has to conform his purpose to the demands of absolute musical beauty and symmetry. It is the same with that latest phase of modern art, generally known as 'programme-music,' in which a story or an idea defined by words is the subject of instrumental music. Here the 'Platonic idea' of absolute music has given way to a tangible impulse, and Schopenhauer was right, from his own point of view, in decrying all such attempts at realism, as a vile deterioration of the sublime art. Mr. Parry is more tolerant. He seems fully to acknowledge the greater intensity of emotion gained by such a process, and even admits that the composer, deeply impregnated with the spirit of his subject, is justified in seeking to create a form of his own which should be fully in consonance with the

spirit of his programme, even as Beethoven did without programme in the first movement of the Sonata in E (op. 109), and other works of his last period. But as to the nature of this new form, as we find it for instance in Liszt's so-called symphonic poems, we are completely left in the dark. The difficulty here is to find any connecting link between a story, or an abstract idea, and musical form as such. The most primitive element in music is rhythm, and to rhythm the tripartite principle insisted upon by Mr. Parry must in the last resort be traced. Take, for instance, the so-called trio in a march or a minuet. It represents the time of comparative repose necessary for the dancer or marcher before resuming the livelier rhythm of the opening theme. Here then we have a distinct formal principle, which may be, and has been, developed in innumerable variations. But how can the abstract idea of Tasso's Lament, or of Harold in Italy, supply the composer with formal suggestions? It follows then that the old musical shapes, however much they may be expanded and remodelled by the new ideas, can never be superseded by them. In connection with the article on 'Form,' those on 'Harmony,' also by Mr. Parry, and on 'Counterpoint,' by Sir Frederick Ouseley, ought to be studied. The latter, however, is of extreme brevity, as likewise is that on the 'Fugue,' by the same author, and neither can be said to have exhausted the subject.

Of special interest in this Dictionary are the technical articles on the various musical instruments, frequently illustrated by accurate drawings. Such an article as that by M. de Pontigny on the 'Drum,' its various species (kettle-drum, side-drum, tambourine, &c.), its chief effects, and the uses to which these have been put in the scores of various composers, is in its way invaluable. The 'Horn,' the 'Bassoon,' and the 'Flute,' with its shrill relative the 'Flageolet,' are treated with equal care. The last was, according to Burney, invented by the Sieur Juvigny, who played it in the famous 'Ballet comique de la Royné' in 1581. It superseded the more ancient 'recorder,' so well known from 'Hamlet,' which is generally represented by a German flute, or *flûte traversière*, at our theatres. There were long bulky recorders reaching half-way down to the player's knee, while others were of a diminutive size, and might, as an old authority puts it, 'be carried in the pocket, and so, without any trouble, be a companion by land and water.' Dr. William Stone writes both on 'Flute' and 'Flageolet.' More important still is a series of articles on the 'Pianoforte' and its congeners, on which Mr. A. J. Hipkins is engaged in these pages. The modern instrument is not comprised in the present volume, but we have its predecessors, the 'Clavichord' and the 'Harpsichord,' the latter of which held, in the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, a position analogous to that now occupied by the grand pianoforte. It was also in those days an orchestral instrument, used chiefly for the accompaniment of the recitativo secco. Mr. Hipkins derives the harpsichord from the psaltery. The earliest mention of the harpsichord occurs under the name of 'clavicymbolum.' The

valuable collection in the South Kensington Museum includes instruments of this family dating from 1555 to 1786. In England it is for the first time mentioned in 1502, the name being corrupted into 'clavycymball.' The name of 'virginalls' also was frequently applied to it. Different from the harpsichord as regards the principle of 'the action,' but otherwise nearly related to it, is the 'clavichord.' As a kind of predecessor to these keyed instruments, Mr. Hipkins also mentions the 'Dulcimer,' to which a separate article is devoted.

The dulcimer, like the psaltery, seems to have come to us from the East, most likely at the time of the Crusades. It had been known for centuries, in Persia, Arabia, and also in the Caucasus, under the name of *sautir*. Coleridge is therefore perfectly right in introducing it into his vision of 'Kubla Khan.' The lines, it will be remembered, run :—

'A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw :
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,
That with music loud and long
I would build that dome in air.'

Unfortunately the poetic rapture of the last lines tallies little with Mr. Hipkins's matter-of-fact statement, according to which the tone of the dulcimer is 'harsh in the loud playing, and always confused, as there is no damping contrivance to stop the continuance of the sounds when not required.' In connection with these articles should be read the short historical sketches of the great houses which have made the perfection of the pianoforte their speciality. At the head of these in England stands the firm of Broadwood & Sons, established at the sign of the 'Plume of Feathers' in Great Pulteney Street, in the same house in which the business is still carried on. The founder of the firm was one Burkhard Tschudi, a Swiss, who had studied his craft under Tabel, the Flemish harpsichord-maker settled in London. The life of John Broadwood, who gave its English name and character to the firm, reads like the story of 'The Industrious Apprentice.' He came from Scotland to London as a journeyman cabinet-maker, found employment at Tschudi's, married Tschudi's daughter, became in due course his father-in-law's partner, and eventually the head of the firm. To him are due several important improvements of the pianoforte. The house of Erard, founded by Sebastien Erard about 1777, is at the head of pianoforte makers in France. Bechstein, and Breitkopf and Härtel, are famous German firms, and recently the American house of Steinway has acquired celebrity by the brilliant tone of its instruments. But there is as yet little danger of any of these foreign importations successfully competing with our home products. The history of the violin, dating from a much earlier age, and therefore more in-

teresting than that of the pianoforte, will, no doubt, be told by a competent writer in the second volume.

That a work of the character and the scope of this Dictionary should not be free from various sins of omission and commission is a matter of course, and a goodly list of such might indeed be compiled. Even the tact and marvellous command of his subject possessed by Mr. Grove were not able wholly to avoid the pitfalls which beset an editor's path. But, while admitting this, we are in justice bound to add that, in comparison with other works of the same class, the number of errors is exceedingly small, especially if we consider the large amount of valuable and frequently entirely new information here collected. Instead of wearying the reader with the enumeration of misstatements more or less trifling, we prefer to point out the source to which most of them may be traced. This is the thoughtless copying from other dictionaries of music, especially as regards foreign information. In such a work as Fétis's celebrated '*Biographie*,' compiled virtually by one man, such a process is absolutely inevitable, and even a body of writers belonging to the same nation will scarcely be able to go in every instance to the original sources. Of this Mr. Grove was well aware, and in consequence he has surrounded himself with a staff of contributors belonging to the chief musical nations of the world. His Dictionary, indeed, is the first compiled on a truly international principle, and may, generally speaking, be consulted with equal confidence on French or Italian, as on English matters. This is especially the case with the longer articles, which are one and all far above the average level of works of this class. But it is different with the short biographical notices of twenty or thirty lines, and for a very obvious reason. To go for this kind of information to remote sources, such as old newspapers and other contemporary accounts, is a task few writers would like to undertake, and, in fact, generally impracticable. It is here, then, that the temptation to follow another dictionary becomes strong indeed, and in this manner the error of one man is repeated and perpetuated, spreading from one encyclopædia to another, and thence to newspapers and other ephemeral publications. The work of Fétis was formerly the fertile source of mistakes of this kind, but since the numerous errors of that arch-blunderer have been discovered, few writers would like to trust him implicitly. But another authority almost equally dangerous has taken his place. Some years ago Herr Mendel, a laborious but by no means distinguished writer, started a '*Musikalisches Conversations-Lexikon*,' the eleventh and last volume of which has just been published under the editorship of Dr. Reissmann, Herr Mendel having died in the meantime. There is in this work a large amount of solid and excellent information, and on German matters Herr Mendel may be consulted with tolerable confidence. But his contributors are, with few exceptions, Germans, and their information regarding other countries is, to say the least, limited. Some of the errors of this book have crept into Mr. Grove's Dictionary, but they are not of any great importance.

Mr. Grove has avoided another serious danger with all but unimpaired success. His book is almost entirely free from party spirit, and this is saying not a little in these days, when the adherents of the classical models and of the Future stand facing each other in battle array. While the struggle between the Gluckists and Piccinists was at its hottest, the test question in Paris society was no longer whether a man was a Molinist or a Jansenist, a Voltairian or a staunch believer, but whether he admired the music of the German or of the Italian composer. A similar state of things becomes apparent in more than one London drawing-room, whenever the names of Mozart and Haydn, or of Wagner and Liszt are mentioned. But the noise of this battle has found no echo in Mr. Grove's pages, and, although the names of prominent representatives of the two militant schools are in the list of contributors, they have sunk their spirit of combativeness for a season. It is true that the representative writers of the Future have not as yet been treated of, but we may trust to Mr. Grove's tact as an editor that, whatever may be said in praise of Wagner or Liszt, the great masters of the past will be left undisturbed on their pedestals. It is true that the spirit of general appreciation pervading the Dictionary is sometimes a little monotonous. If we are to believe all that is said, dull composers and incompetent virtuosi must have been rare—as rare as bad husbands and fathers in tombstone inscriptions. But a dictionary is not a work of criticism, and Mr. Grove, as a writer as well as an editor, deserves praise for not obtruding his personal likes and dislikes on the reader. Gratitude for his discretion will be especially felt by those who are acquainted with other musical dictionaries. Fétis's narrow-minded prejudices are at least as objectionable as his inaccuracies, of which they are in more than one instance the cause, and he is by no means the only editor with a 'purpose.' This leads us to say a few words of the musical dictionaries which have preceded Mr. Grove's.

The number of these, as we said before, is legion, and the list given in the present volume by M. Chouquet, although by no means complete, fills several columns. Only a few of them need detain us here. Perhaps the most interesting, from a bibliographic point of view, is the first in date, Tinctor's 'Diffinitorium.' It has a history of its own, and many interesting questions arise in connection with it. Even the author's name is not established beyond dispute, any more than are the place and date of his birth. In his 'Catalogue of Illustrious Men,' the learned Trithemius mentions Johannes Tinctoris, born at Nivelles in Brabant, and canon of the chief church of the same town; moreover a 'doctor utriusque juris,' and late cantor and chief chapel-master of King Ferdinand of Naples; also a great mathematician, an excellent musician, and generally a most learned man. A list of his books on music, including one in which Christ is proved to have been 'the greatest singer,' is also given by Trithemius, who adds that at the time of writing (1495) Tinctoris was still alive in Italy, aged about sixty. With these statements the discoveries of M. Van der Straeten are considerably at variance. According to the latter Tinctoris

was born at Poperinghe in Flanders, about the year 1445, or ten years later than is stated by Trithemius. He became chaplain to King Ferdinand in 1476, wrote his celebrated book, 'De Arte Contrapuncti,' in 1477, and died on October 12th, 1511. For Van der Straeten's authority the reader is referred to the fourth volume of Coussemaker's 'Scriptores de Musica,' where a complete list of Tinctoris's works, and a reprint of the 'Diffinitorium,' may also be found. But before we turn to the latter, a few words ought to be added with regard to the author's name. 'Tinctoris,' although adopted by both ancient and modern authors, is not an intrinsically probable form. It irresistibly suggests a genitive, and the surmise seems confirmed by the mention of a Johannes Tinctor, also living towards the end of the fifteenth century, also of Netherlandish extraction, and also an author on philosophic topics. The identity of the two men has therefore been conjectured, and in the catalogue of the British Museum both names are quoted. The best manuscript of the 'Diffinitorium,' dating from the fifteenth century, is in the Bibliothèque Royale of Brussels. On it Coussemaker's edition is founded. One or two quotations will suffice to convey a general idea of the 'Diffinitorium.' 'Armonia,' we are told, 'est amoenitas quaedam ex convenienti sono causata.' But other definitions are less primitive and abrupt. 'Contrapunctus' is well defined as 'cantus per positionem unius vocis contra aliam punctuatim effectus,' and a division is made into 'simple' and 'diminished' counterpoint. '*Contrapunctus simplex* est dum nota vocis, quae contra aliam ponitur, est ejusdem valoris cum illa'—a definition which agrees with what modern theorists class as the first species of plain counterpoint, that called 'note against note.' Tinctor's 'contrapunctus diminutus' is the equivalent of the modern 'florid counterpoint,' which name indeed is also known to him. Of 'double counterpoint' and its varieties, curiously enough, he makes no mention. It may be added that Tinctor's extremely learned treatise is politely dedicated 'to the most illustrious' Beatrice of Aragon.

From Tinctor we may pass to an infinitely more celebrated, although technically less valuable book, Jean Jacques Rousseau's 'Dictionnaire de Musique,' Geneva, 1767. Of this M. Chouquet remarks, somewhat irrelevantly, that it is to Rousseau's 'literary ability rather than to his elevated views on æsthetics that the enormous success of his dictionary is due.' M. Chouquet, if he had wanted to say anything in disparagement of Rousseau, ought to have placed himself on strictly technical grounds. As to Rousseau's æsthetical views, they were in many respects in advance of his age. The following extract, for instance, concerning the growth of 'tone melody,' from 'word melody,' contains in clear and brief language all that can be said on the subject, and is quoted with approval by the adherents of the most recent school of music:—

'Toute musique nationale,' Rousseau remarks, 'tire son principal caractère de la langue qui lui est propre, et je dois ajouter que c'est principalement la prosodie de la

langue qui constitue ce caractère. Comme la musique vocale a précédé de beaucoup l'instrumentale, celle-ci a toujours reçu de l'autre ses tours de chant et sa mesure; et les diverses mesures de la musique vocale n'ont pu naître, que des diverses manières dont on pouvait scander le discours et placer les brèves et les longues, les unes à l'égard des autres: ce qui est trèsévident dans la musique Grecque, dont toutes les mesures n'étaient que les formules d'autant de rythmes fournis par tous les arrangements des syllabes longues ou brèves, et des pieds dont la langue et la poésie étaient susceptibles.'

M. Chouquet's remarks seem to be a faint echo of the scepticism with which Rousseau's musical achievements were looked upon by his contemporaries. The world would not allow that one of the most celebrated writers of the age might be at the same time an able composer, and, in consequence, Rousseau's claims to the music of the 'Devin du Village' were called in question on the authority of an obscure journalist, whose absurd story on the subject implied a charge of something very like petty larceny against himself. But Rousseau's enemies did not stop here. His articles on music in the 'Encyclopédie' were made the subject of an abusive pamphlet, and the same attacks were repeated when the 'Musical Dictionary' was published. That the latter contains errors of a more or less grave kind, is a statement which may be repeated with truth of every musical dictionary, from Tinctore to Grove. It may also be admitted that, for some of his technical information and terminology, Rousseau very naturally referred to Brossard's 'Dictionnaire de Musique,' published sixty-four years before his own. But, in spite of this, it may be said that Rousseau's dictionary, both as regards method and literary ability, is by far the most creditable work of the kind produced in the eighteenth century. It may serve as a specimen of the class of musical dictionaries written with a 'purpose.' Rousseau held very decided views on the subject of music, and was apt to express them in more than decided language. Although himself the composer of a French opera, he abused the French school of music, and extolled the merits of its Italian rival, with a violence to be partly explained no doubt from personal motives. Rameau had passed severe censure on Rousseau's works, and by attacking French music in general Rousseau at the same time hit its representative master. But even this circumstance can scarcely account for the manner in which Rousseau inveighs against his own language in its musical character, and compares French singing to an 'abolement continu.' In his dictionary he is much more moderate, and it is under such headings as *Goût* or *Onzième* that he introduces his subtle attacks on Rameau and the French school, even as Dr. Johnson used the words *oats* or *pension* for a similar purpose. It is curious to notice in the first-named article how a man, so used to *à priori* reasoning as Rousseau, candidly accepts the *consensus doctorum* as the last tribunal in æsthetical matters:—

'Mais il y a,' he remarks, 'aussi un *goût* général sur lequel tous les gens bien organisés s'accordent; et c'est celui-ci seulement auquel on peut donner absolument le nom de *goût*. Faites entendre un Concert à des oreilles suffisamment exercées et à des

hommes suffisamment instruits, le plus grand nombre s'accordera, pour l'ordinaire, sur le jugement des morceaux, et sur l'ordre de préférence qui leur convient. Demandez à chacun raison de son jugement, il y a des choses sur lesquelles ils la rendront d'un avis presque unanime; ces choses sont celles qui se trouvent soumises aux règles; et ce jugement commun est alors celui de l'artiste ou du connoisseur.'

Beyond this collective taste there is, Rousseau remarks, an individual taste, founded on instinct rather than on reasoning, and belonging to the *homme de goût* proper. Where these men of taste differ, the only way is to count the votes and abide by the verdict of the majority. 'Voilà donc ce qui doit décider de la préférence entre la musique françoise et l'italienne,' he winds up triumphantly. This, it must be remembered, was written ten years before Gluck had become the champion of French music, and had entirely changed the views of the best French critics, including Rousseau's own.

The excellence of Rousseau's 'Dictionnaire' becomes most apparent when we compare it with a similar attempt made in this country towards the close of the century. Dr. Thomas Busby, the author of 'A Complete Dictionary of Music,' published in 1786, was a man of great industry and no doubt of excellent intentions, who wrote numerous books on the theory of music and similar matters. The aim of his dictionary is indeed of the most ambitious kind; but its grandiloquent promises are sadly at variance with the appearance of the little volume in duodecimo, still more with the unsatisfactory way in which the most important subjects are treated. For instance, all that Dr. Busby knows of 'barcarolles' is that they are 'certain songs composed by the Venetian gondoliers, and sung by them in their boats. The style of these airs is simple and natural, like the manners of the people who produce them.' In Mr. Grove's Dictionary the article on 'barcarole' fills over half a column, and contains, besides an account of its origin, and its rhythmical and melodic character, a list of the chief instances in which composers have made use of the gondoliers' song. It is true that these latter belong one and all to modern music, Mendelssohn being the most prominent representative of the barcarole in its artistic stage; but Auber, Schubert, Chopin, and Sterndale Bennett, have also written beautiful barcaroles.

Of the efforts of German scholarship and thoroughness, to which some of the most valuable compendiums of musical knowledge are due, it would be impossible to give a complete list. The first amongst these appears to have been Walther's 'Alte und neue musikalische Bibliothek, oder Musikalisches Lexikon,' published early in the last century at Weimar. The best among technical dictionaries is Arrey von Dommer's revised edition of Koch's 'Lexicon' (Heidelberg, 1865). The first biographical dictionary of musicians also appears to have been of German origin, being Gerber's 'Historisch-biographisches Lexicon der Tonkünstler' (Leipzig, 1790-92, 2 vols.), followed twenty years later by the 'Dictionnaire historique des Musiciens' of Choron and Fazolle (Paris 1810-11). But by far the most important work of this class is Fétis's 'Biographie Universelle des Musiciens,' already alluded to. Of

Mendel's 'Conversations-Lexikon,' combining the technical and the biographical elements, mention has also been made.

In conclusion, we think Mr. Grove has exercised a wise discretion in omitting from his valuable Dictionary a whole class of subjects, the nature of which is indicated by the following paragraph of the Preface:—

'The limits of the work have necessarily excluded disquisitions on acoustics, anatomy, mechanics, and other branches of science connected with the main subject, which, though highly important, are not absolutely requisite in a book concerned with practical music.'

It has of late become the custom to speak of a 'science of music,' and composers and virtuosi are often sternly reprov'd for being unacquainted with the scientific basis of their art. They may plead in excuse that the number of vibrations by which a tone is produced is a matter of total indifference to those who can string such tones together into a melody, or play them on the violin or the flute. Neither is the intonation of a singer improved by his minute knowledge of the larynx and its anatomical qualities. Moreover, the experiments with 'pure fifths,' and other attempts at meddling with our system of tuning the pianoforte, have hitherto led, and will probably always lead, to miserable failures. It may indeed be broadly stated, that the discoveries of Helmholtz and other scientific men, valuable and excellent though they undoubtedly are, have never been of the slightest use to the practical musician. The story is told of a scientific man who wrote a piece of music on strictly mathematical principles. It was a model of symmetry, and everything that could be desired from a scientific point of view, but extremely dull and uninteresting. On the other hand, there is no evidence that Bach or Mozart knew anything whatever of the physical laws of their art. The two things are different, and ought not to be mixed up together. There is a science of acoustics, and an art of music.—*Quarterly Review*.

THE FRENCH PLAY IN LONDON.

English opinion concerning France, our neighbour and rival, was formerly full of hostile prejudice, and is still, in general, quite sufficiently disposed to severity. But from time to time France or things French become for the solid English public the object of what our neighbours call an *engouement*—an infatuated interest. Such an *engouement* Wordsworth witnessed in 1802, after the Peace of Amiens, and it disturbed his philosophic mind greatly. Every one was rushing to Paris; every one was in admiration of the First Consul.

Lords, lawyers, statesmen, squires of low degree,
Men known and men unknown, sick, lame, and blind,
Post forward all like creatures of one kind,
With first-fruit offerings crowd to bend the knee,
In France, before the new-born majesty.

All measure, all dignity, all real intelligence of the situation, so Wordsworth complained, were lost under the charm of the new attraction.

'Tis ever thus. Ye men of prostrate mind,
A seemly reverence may be paid to power;
But that's a loyal virtue, never sown
In haste, nor springing with a transient shower.
When truth, when sense, when liberty were flown,
What hardship had it been to wait an hour?
Shame on you, feeble heads, to slavery prone!

One or two moralists there may still be found, who comment in a like spirit of impatience upon the extraordinary attraction exercised by the French company of actors which has just left us. The rush of 'lords, lawyers, statesmen, squires of low degree, men known and men unknown,' of those acquainted with the French language perfectly, of those acquainted with it a little, and of those not acquainted with it at all, to the performances at the Gaiety Theatre,—the universal occupation with the performances and performers, the length and solemnity with which the newspapers chronicled and discussed them, the seriousness with which the whole repertory of the company was taken, the passion for certain pieces and for certain actors, the great ladies who by the acting of *Mdlle. Sarah Bernhardt* were revealed to themselves, and who could not resist the desire of telling her so,—all this has moved, I say, a surviving and aged moralist here and there amongst us to exclaim: 'Shame on you, feeble heads, to slavery prone!' The English public, according to these cynics, were exhibiting themselves as men of prostrate mind, who pay to power a reverence anything but seemly; we were conducting ourselves with just that absence of tact, measure, and correct perception, with all that slowness to see when one is making oneself ridiculous, which belongs to the people of our English race.

The sense of measure is certainly not one of Nature's gifts to her English children; but then we all of us fail in it, we have all of us yielded to infatuation at some moment of our lives, we are all in the same boat, and one of us has no right to laugh at the other. I am sure I have not. I remember how in my youth, after a first sight of the divine Rachel at the Edinburgh Theatre, in the part of *Hermione*, I followed her to Paris, and for two months never missed one of her representations. I will not cast a stone at the London public for running eagerly after the charming company of actors which has just left us, or at the great ladies who are seeking for soul, and have found it in *Mdlle. Sarah Bernhardt*. I will not quarrel with our newspapers for their unremitting attention to these French performances, their copious criticism of them; particularly when the criticism is so interesting and so

good as that which the *Times* and the *Daily News* and the *Pail Mall Gazette* have given us. Copious, indeed—why should not our newspapers be copious on the French play when they are copious on the Clewer case, and the Mackonochie case, and so many other matters besides, a great deal less important and interesting, all of them, than the *Maison de Molière*?

So I am not going to join the cynics, and to find fault with the *engouement*, the infatuation, shown by the English public in its passion for the French plays and players. A passion of this kind may be salutary if we will learn the lessons for us with which it is charged. Unfortunately, few people who feel a passion think of learning anything from it. A man feels a passion, he passes through it, and then he goes his way and straightway forgets, as the Apostle says, what manner of man he was. Above all, this is apt to happen with us English, who have, as an eminent German professor is good enough to tell us, 'so much genius, so little method.' The much genius hurries us into infatuations; the little method prevents our learning the right and wholesome lesson from them. Let us join, then, devoutly and with contrition, in the prayer of the German professor's great countryman, Goethe, a prayer which is more needful, one may surely say, for us than for him: 'God help us, and enlighten us for the future; that we may not stand in our own way so much, but may have clear notions of the consequences of things!'

To get a clear notion of the consequences which do in reason follow from what we have been seeing and admiring at the Gaiety Theatre, to get a clear notion of them, and frankly to draw them, is the object which I propose to myself here. I am not going to criticise one by one the French actors and actresses who have been giving us so much pleasure. For a foreigner this must always be a task, as it seems to me, of much peril; perilous or not, it has been abundantly attempted, and to attempt it yet again, now that the performances are over and the performers gone back to Paris, would be neither timely nor interesting. One remark I will make, a remark suggested by the inevitable comparison of Mdlle. Sarah Bernhardt with Rachel. One talks vaguely of genius, but I had never till now comprehended how much of Rachel's superiority was purely in intellectual power, how eminently this power counts in the actor's art as in all art, how just is the instinct which led the Greeks to mark with a high and severe stamp the Muses. Temperament and quick intelligence, passion, nervous mobility, grace, smile, voice, charm, poetry—Mdlle. Sarah Bernhardt has them all; one watches her with pleasure, with admiration, and yet not without a secret disquietude. Something is wanting, or, at least, not present in sufficient force; something which alone can secure and fix her administration of all the charming gifts which she has, can alone keep them fresh, keep them sincere, save them from perils by caprice, perils by mannerism: that something is high intellectual power. It was here that Rachel was so great; she began, one says to oneself as one recalls her image and dwells upon it—she began almost where Mdlle. Sarah Bernhardt ends.

But I return to my object—the lessons to be learnt by us from the immense attraction which the French company has exercised, the consequences to be drawn from it. Certainly we have something to learn from it, and something to unlearn. What have we to unlearn? Are we to unlearn our old estimate of French poetry and drama? For every lover of poetry and of the drama, this is a very interesting question. In the great and serious kinds of poetry, we used to think that the French genius, admirable as in so many other ways it is, showed radical weakness. But there is a new generation growing up amongst us—and to this young and stirring generation who of us would not gladly belong, even at the price of having to catch some of its allusions and to pass through them?—a new generation which takes French poetry and drama as seriously as Greek, and for which M. Victor Hugo is a great poet of the race and lineage of Shakspeare.

M. Victor Hugo is a great romance-writer. There are people who are disposed to class all imaginative producers together, and to call them all by the name of poet. Then a great romance-writer will be a great poet. Above all are the French inclined to give this wide extension to the name poet, and the inclination is very characteristic of them. It betrays that very defect which we have mentioned, the inadequacy of their genius in the higher regions of poetry. If they were more at home in those regions, they would feel the essential difference between imaginative production in verse and imaginative production in prose too strongly to be ever inclined to call both by the common name of poetry. They would perceive, with us, that M. Victor Hugo, for instance, or Sir Walter Scott, may be a great romance-writer, and may yet be by no means a great poet.

Poetry is simply the most delightful and perfect form of utterance that human words can reach. Its rhythm and measure, elevated to a regularity, certainty, and force very different from that of the rhythm and measure which can pervade prose, are a part of its perfection. The more of genius that a nation has for high poetry, the more will the rhythm and measure which its poetical utterance adopts be distinguished by adequacy and beauty. That is why M. Henry Cochin's remark on Shakspeare, which I have elsewhere quoted, is so good: 'Shakspeare is not only,' says M. Henry Cochin, 'the king of the realm of thought, he is also the king of poetic rhythm and style. Shakspeare has succeeded in giving us the most varied, the most harmonious verse which has ever sounded upon the human ear since the verse of the Greeks.' Let us have a line or two of Shakspeare's verse before us, just to supply the mind with a standard of reference in the discussion of this matter; we may take the lines from him almost at random.

Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
 Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up
 Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built
 Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests
 Sing still for Richard's soul.

Yes, there indeed is the verse of Shakspeare, the verse of the highest English poetry; there is what M. Henry Cochin calls 'the majestic English iambic.' We will not inflict Greek upon our readers, but every one who knows Greek will remember that the iambic of the Attic tragedians is a rhythm of the same high and splendid quality.

Which of us doubts that imaginative production, uttering itself in such a form as this, is altogether another and a higher thing from imaginative production uttering itself in any of the forms of prose? And if we find a nation doubting whether there is any great difference between imaginative and eloquent production in verse and imaginative and eloquent production in prose, and inclined to call all imaginative producers by the common name of poets, then we may be sure of one thing—namely, that this nation has never yet succeeded in finding the highest and most adequate form for poetry. Because if it had, it could never have doubted of the essential superiority of this form to all prose forms of utterance. And if a nation has never succeeded in creating this high and adequate form for its poetry, then we may conclude that it is not gifted with the genius for high poetry; since the genius for high poetry calls forth the high and adequate form, and is inseparable from it. So that, on the one hand, from the absence of conspicuous genius in a people for poetry, we may assert the absence of an adequate poetical form; and on the other hand, again, from the want of an adequate poetical form, we may infer the want of conspicuous national genius for poetry.

And we may proceed, if our estimate of a nation's success in poetry is said to have been much too low, and is called in question, in either of two ways. We may compare the production of Corneille and Racine which we are said to underrate, we may compare it in power, in penetrativeness, in criticism of life, in ability to call forth our energy and joy, with the production of Homer and Shakspeare. M. Victor Hugo is said to be a poet of the race and lineage of Shakspeare, and I hear astonishment expressed at my not ranking him much above Wordsworth. Well, then, compare their production, in cases where it lends itself to a comparison. Compare the poetry of the moonlight scene in *Hernani*, really the most poetical scene in that play, with the poetry of the moonlight scene in the *Merchant of Venice*. Compare—

. . . Sur nous, tout en dormant,
La nature à demi veille amoureuxment—

th—

Sit, Jessica: look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold!

Compare the laudation of their own country, an inspiring, but also a trying theme for a poet, by Shakspeare and Wordsworth on the one hand, and by M. Victor Hugo on the other. Compare Shakspeare's

This precious stone set in the silver sea,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England—

or compare Wordsworth's

We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
Which Shakspeare spake, the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held . . . ,

with M. Victor Hugo's

Non, France, l'univers a besoin que tu vives !
Je le redis, la France est un besoin des hommes.

Who does not recognize the difference of spirit here? And the difference is, that the English lines have the distinctive spirit of high poetry, and the French lines have not.

Here we have been attending to the contents of the verses chosen. Let us now attend, so far as we can, to form only, and the result will be the same. We will confine ourselves, since our subject is the French play in London, to dramatic verse. We want an adequate form of verse for high poetic drama. The accepted form with the French is the rhymed Alexandrine. Let us keep the iambic of the Greeks or of Shakspeare, let us keep such verse as

This precious stone set in the silver sea

present to our minds. Then let us take such verse as this from *Hernani* :—

Le comte d'Onate, qui l'aime aussi, la garde
Et comme un majordome et comme un amoureux.
Quelque reître, une nuit, *gardien peu langoureux*,
Pourrait bien, &c. &c.

or as this from the same :—

Quant à lutter ensemble
Sur le terrain d'amour, *beau champ qui toujours tremble*,
De fadaïses, mon cher, je sais mal faire assaut.

The words in italics will suffice to give to us, I think, the sense of what constitutes the fatal fault of the rhyming Alexandrine of French tragedy, its incurable artificiality, its want of the fluidity, the naturalness, the rapid forward movement of true dramatic verse. M. Victor Hugo is said to be a cunning and mighty artist in Alexandrines, and so unquestionably he is ; but he is an artist in a form radically inadequate and inferior, and in which a drama like that of Sophocles or Shakspeare is impossible.

It happens that in our own language we have an example of the employment of an inadequate form in tragedy and in elevated poetry, and can see the result of it. The rhymed ten-syllable couplet, the heroic couplet as it is often called, is such a form. In the earlier work of Shakspeare, adopted or adapted by him even if not altogether his own work, we find this form often employed.

Alas ! what joy shall noble Talbot have
To bid his young son welcome to his grave ?
Away ! vexation almost stops my breath
That sundered friends greet in the hour of death.
Lucy, farewell ! no more my future can

But curse the cause I cannot aid the man.
 Maine, Blois, Poitiers and Tours are won away
 'Long all of Somerset and his delay.

Traces of it remain in Shakspeare's works to the last, in the rhyming of final couplets. But because he had so great a genius for true tragic poetry, Shakspeare dropped this necessarily inadequate form and took a better. We find the rhymed couplet again in Dryden's tragedies. But this vigorous rhetorical poet had no real genius for true tragic poetry, and this form is itself a proof of it. True tragic poetry is impossible with this inadequate form. Again, all through the eighteenth century this form was dominant as the main form for high efforts in English poetry; and our serious poetry of that century, accordingly, has something inevitably defective and unsatisfactory. When it rises out of this, it at the same time adopts instinctively a truer form, as Gray does in the *Elegy*. The just use of the ten-syllable couplet is to be seen in Chaucer; as a form for tragedy, and for poetry of the most serious and elevated kind, it is defective. It makes real adequacy in poetry of this kind impossible; and its prevalence, for poetry of this kind, proves that those amongst whom it prevails have for poetry of this kind no signal gift.

The case of the great Molière himself will illustrate the truth of what I say. He is by far the chief name in French poetry; he is one of the very greatest names in all literature. He has admirable and delightful power, penetrativeness, insight; a masterly criticism of life. But he is a comic poet. Why? Had he no seriousness and depth of nature? He had profound seriousness. And would not a dramatic poet with this depth of nature be a tragedian if he could? Of course he would. For only by breasting in full the storm and cloud of life, breasting it and passing through it and above it, can the dramatist who feels the weight of mortal things liberate himself from the pressure, and rise, as we all seek to rise, to content and joy. Tragedy breasts the pressure of life; comedy eludes it, half liberates itself from it by irony. But the tragedian, if he has the sterner labour, has also the higher prize. Shakspeare has more joy than Molière, more assurance and peace. *Othello*, with all its passion and terror, is on the whole a work animating and fortifying; more so a thousand times than *George Dandin*, which is mournfully depressing. Molière, if he could, would have given us *Othellos*, instead of *George Dandins*; let us not doubt it. If he did not give *Othellos* to us, it was because the highest sort of poetic power was wanting to him; and if the highest sort of poetic power had been not wanting to him but present, he would have found no adequate form of dramatic verse for conveying it, he would have had to create one. For such tasks he had not power; and this is only another way of saying that for the highest tasks in poetry the genius of his nation appears to have not power. But serious spirit and great poet that he was, Molière had too sound an instinct to attempt so earnest a matter as tragic drama with inadequate means. It would have been a heart-breaking business for him. He did not attempt it, therefore.

The *Misanthrope* and the *Tartuffe* are comedy, but they are comedy in verse, poetic comedy. They employ the established verse of French dramatic poetry, the Alexandrine. Immense power has gone to the making of them; a world of vigorous sense, piercing observation, pathetic meditation, profound criticism of life. Molière had also one great advantage as a dramatist over Shakspeare; he wrote for a more developed theatre, a more developed society. Moreover he was at the same time, probably, by nature a better *theatre-poet* than Shakspeare, he had a keener sense for theatrical situation. Shakspeare is not rightly to be called, as Goethe calls him, an epitomator rather than a dramatist; but he may rightly be called rather a dramatist than a theatre-poet. Molière—and here his French nature stood him in good stead—was a theatre-poet of the very first order. Comedy, too, escapes, as has been already said, the test of entire seriousness; it remains, by the law of its being, in a region of comparative lightness and of irony. What is artificial can pass in comedy more easily. In spite of these advantages, the *Misanthrope* and the *Tartuffe* have, and have by virtue of their poetic form, an artificiality which makes itself felt, and which provokes weariness. The freshness and power of Molière are best felt when he uses prose, in pieces such as the *Avare*, or the *Fourberies de Scapin*, or *George Dandin*. How entirely the contrary is the case with Shakspeare; how undoubtedly is it his verse which shows his power most! But so inadequate a vehicle for dramatic poetry is the French Alexandrine, that its sway hindered Molière, one may think, from being a tragic poet at all, in spite of his having gifts for this highest form of dramatic poetry which are immeasurably superior to those of any other French poet; and in comedy, where he thought he could use the Alexandrine, and where he did use it with splendid power, it yet in a considerable degree hampered and lamed him, so that this true and great poet is actually most satisfactory in his prose.

If Molière cannot make us insensible to the inherent defects of French dramatic poetry, still less Corneille and Racine. Corneille has energy and nobility, Racine and often Virgilian sweetness and pathos. But while Molière in depth, penetrativeness, and powerful criticism of life, belongs to the same family as Sophocles and Shakspeare, Corneille and Racine are quite of another order. We must not be misled by the excessive estimate of them among their own countrymen. I remember an answer of M. Sainte-Beuve, who always treated me with great kindness, and to whom I ventured to say that I could not think Lamartine a poet of very high importance. 'He was important to us,' answered M. Sainte-Beuve. In a far higher degree can a Frenchman say of Corneille and Racine, 'They were important to us.' Voltaire pronounces of them: 'These men taught our nation to think, to feel, and to express itself.' *Ces hommes enseignèrent à la nation à penser, à sentir et à s'exprimer*. They were thus the instructors and formers of a society in many respects the most civilised and consummate that the world has ever seen, and which certainly is not inclined to underrate its

own advantages. How natural, then, that it should feel grateful to its formers and should extol them! 'Tell your brother Rodolphe,' writes Joseph de Maistre from Russia to his daughter at home, 'to get on with his French poets; let him have them by heart, the inimitable Racine above all, never mind whether he understands him or not. I did not understand him when my mother used to come and sit on my bed, and repeat from him, and put me to sleep with her beautiful voice to the sound of this incomparable music. I knew hundreds of lines of him before I could read; and that is why my ears, having drunk in this ambrosia betimes, have never been able to endure common stuff since.' What a spell must such early use have had for rivetting the affections; and how civilising are such affections, how honourable to the society which can be imbued with them, to the literature which can inspire them! Pope was in a similar way, though not at all in the same degree, a forming and civilising influence to our grandfathers, and limited their literary taste while he stimulated and formed it. So, too, the Greek boy was fed by his mother and nurse with Homer; but then in this case it was Homer!

We English had Shakspeare waiting to open our eyes, whensoever a favourable moment came, to the insufficiencies of Pope, but the French had no Shakspeare to open their eyes to the insufficiencies of Corneille and Racine. Great artists like Talma and Rachel, whose power as actors was far superior to the power as poets of the dramatists whose work they were rendering, filled out with their own life and warmth the parts into which they threw themselves, gave body to what was meagre, fire to what was cold, and themselves supported the poetry of the French classic drama rather than were supported by it. It was easier to think the poetry of Racine inimitable when Talma or Rachel was seen producing in it such inimitable effects. Indeed, French acting is so good that there are few pieces, excepting always those of Molière, in the repertory of a company such as that which we have just seen, where the actors do not show themselves to be superior to the pieces they render, and to be worthy of better.

Phèdre is a work of much beauty, yet certainly one felt this in seeing Rachel in the part of *Phèdre*. I am not sure that one feels it in seeing Mdle. Sarah Bernhardt as *Phèdre*, but I am sure that one feels it in seeing her as *Doña Sol*. The tragedy of M. Victor Hugo has always, indeed, stirring events in plenty, and so long as the human nerves are what they are, so long will things like the sounding of the horn in the famous fifth act of *Hernani* produce a thrill in us. But so will Werner's *Twenty-fourth of February*, or Scott's *House of Aspen*. A thrill of this sort may be raised in us, and yet our poetic sense may remain profoundly dissatisfied. So it remains in *Hernani*. M. Sarcey, a critic always acute and intelligent, and whom one reads with profit and pleasure, says that we are fatigued by the long speeches in *Hernani*, and that we do not appreciate what delights French people in it, the splendour of the verse, the wondrous beauty of the style, the poetry. Here recurs the question as to the adequacy of the French Alexandrine

as tragic verse. If this form is vitally inadequate for tragedy, then to speak absolutely of splendour of verse and wondrous beauty of style in it when employed for tragedy is misleading. Beyond doubt M. Victor Hugo has an admirable gift for versification. So had Pope. But to speak absolutely of the splendour of verse and wondrous beauty of style of the *Essay on Man* would be misleading. Such terms can be properly used only of verse and style of an altogether higher and more adequate kind, a verse and style like that of Dante or Milton. Pope's brilliant gift for versification is exercised within the limits of a form inadequate for true philosophic poetry, and by its very presence excluding it. M. Victor Hugo's brilliant gift for versification is exercised within the limits of a form inadequate for true tragic poetry, and by its very presence excluding it.

But, if we are called upon to prove this from the poetry itself, instead of inferring it from the form, our task, in the case of *Hernani*, is really only too easy. What is the poetical value of this famous fifth act of *Hernani*? What poetical truth, or verisimilitude, or possibility has Ruy Gomez, this chivalrous old Spanish grandee, this venerable nobleman, who, because he cannot marry his niece, presents himself to her and her husband upon their wedding night, and insists on the husband performing an old promise to commit suicide if summoned by Ruy Gomez to do so? Naturally the poor young couple raise difficulties, and the venerable nobleman keeps plying them with *Bois! Allons! Le sépulcre est ouvert, et je ne puis attendre! J'ai hâte! Il faut mourir!* This is a mere character of Surrey melodrama. And *Hernani*, who, when he is reminded that it is by his father's head that he has sworn to commit suicide, exclaims:

Mon père! mon père!—Ah! j'en perdrai la raison!

and who, when Doña Sol gets the poison away from him, entreats her to return it—

Par pitié, ce poison.

Rends-le-moi! Par l'amour, par notre âme immortelle!

because

Le duc a ma parole et mon père est là-haut.

The *poetry!* says M. Sarcey;—and one thinks of the poetry of *Lear*. M. Sarcey must pardon me for saying that in

Le duc a ma parole, et mon père est là-haut

we are not in the world of poetry at all, hardly even in the world of literature, unless it be the literature of *Bombastes Furioso*.

Our sense for what is poetry and what is not, the attractiveness of the French plays and players must not make us unlearn. We may retain our old conviction of the fundamental insufficiency, both in substance and in form, of the classic tragedy of the French. We may keep, too, what in the main has always been the English estimate of Molière: that he is a man of creative and splendid power, a dramatist whose work is truly delightful, edifying and immortal, but that even he, in

poetic drama, is hampered and has not full swing, and, in consequence, leaves us somewhat dissatisfied. Finally, we poor old people should pluck up courage to stand out yet, for the few years of life that remain to us, against that passing illusion of the turbulent young generation around us, that M. Victor Hugo is a poet of the race and lineage of Shakspeare.

What are we to say of the prose drama of modern life, the drama of which the *Sphinx* and the *Etrangère* and the *Demi-Monde* are types, and which was the most strongly attractive part, probably, of the feast offered to us by the French company? The first thing to be said of these pieces is that they are admirably acted. But then, constantly, as I have already said, one has the feeling that the French actors are better than the pieces which they play. What are we to think of this modern prose drama itself, the drama of M. Octave Feuillet, and M. Alexandre Dumas the younger, and M. Augier? Some of the pieces composing it are better constructed and written than others, and much more effective. But this whole drama has one character common to it all; it may be best described as the theatre of the *homme sensuel moyen*, the average sensual man, whose country is France, and whose city is Paris, and whose ideal life is the free, gay, pleasurable life of Paris. Of course there is in Paris much life of another sort too, as there are in France many men of another type than that of the *homme sensuel moyen*. But for many reasons, which I need not enumerate here, the life of the free, confident, harmonious development of the senses, all round, has been able to establish itself among the French, and at Paris, as it has established itself nowhere else, and the ideal life of Paris is this sort of life triumphant. And of this ideal the modern French drama, works like the *Sphinx* and the *Etrangère* and the *Demi-Monde*, are the expression; it is the drama, I say, of the *homme sensuel moyen*, the average sensual man. It represents the life of the senses developing themselves all round without misgiving, a life confident, fair and free, with fireworks of fine emotions, grand passions and *dévouement*, lighting it up when necessary.

We in England have no modern drama at all. We have our Elizabethan drama. We have a drama of the last century and of the latter part of the century preceding, a drama which may be called our drama of *the town*, when *the town* was an entity powerful enough, because homogeneous enough, to evoke a drama embodying its notions of life. But we have no modern drama. Our vast society is not homogeneous enough, not sufficiently united, even any large portion of it, in a common view of life, a common ideal, capable of serving as basis for a modern English drama. We have apparitions of poetic and romantic drama (as the French, too, have their charming *Gringoire*), which are always possible, because man has always in his nature the poetical fibre. Then we have numberless imitations and adaptations from the French. All of these are at the bottom fantastic. We may truly say of them that 'truth and sense and liberty are flown.' And the reason is evident. They are pages out of a life which the ideal of the *homme*

sensuel moyen rules, transferred to a life where this ideal does not reign. For the attentive observer the result is a sense of incurable falsity in the piece as adapted. Let me give an example. Everybody remembers *Pink Dominoes*. The piece turns upon an incident possible and natural enough in the life of Paris. Transferred to the life of London, the incident is unreal, and its unreality makes the whole piece, in its English form, fantastic and absurd.

Still that does not prevent such pieces, and the theatre generally, from exercising a great attraction. For we are at the end of a period, and have to deal with the facts and symptoms of a new period on which we are entering; and prominent among these fresh facts and symptoms is the irresistibility of the theatre. We know how the Elizabethan theatre had its cause in an ardent zest for life and living, a bold and large curiosity, a desire for a fuller, richer existence, pervading this nation at large, as they pervaded other nations, after the long mediæval time of obstruction and restraint. But we know too how the great middle class of this nation, alarmed at grave symptoms which showed themselves in the movement, drew back, made choice for its spirit to live at one point instead of living, or trying to live, at many, entered, as I have so often said, the prison of Puritanism, and had the key turned upon its spirit there for two hundred years. It forsook the theatre. The theatre reflected the aspiration of a great community for a fuller and richer sense of human existence no more. It came afterwards to reflect the aspirations of 'the town.' It developed a drama to suit these aspirations; while it also recalled and re-exhibited the Elizabethan drama, so far as 'the town' wanted it and liked it. Finally, as 'the town' ceased to be homogeneous, the theatre ceased to develop anything expressive. It still repeated the old with more or less of talent, but the mass of the British middle class kept quite aloof from the whole thing. I remember that, happening to be at Shrewsbury twenty years ago, and finding the whole Haymarket company acting there, I went to the theatre. Never was there such a scene of desolation. Scattered at very distant intervals through the boxes were some half-dozen chance-comers like myself; there were some soldiers and their friends in the pit, and a good many riff-raff in the upper gallery. The real townspeople, the people who carried forward the business and life of Shrewsbury, and who filled its churches and chapels on Sundays, were entirely absent. I pitied the excellent Haymarket company; it must have been like acting to oneself upon an iceberg. Here one had a good example, as I thought at the time, and as I have often thought since, of the complete estrangement of the British middle class from the theatre.

What is certain is that a signal change is coming over us, and that it has already made great progress. It is said that there are now forty theatres in London. Even in Edinburgh, where in old times a single theatre maintained itself under protest, there are now, I believe, over half-a-dozen. The change is not due only to an increased liking in the upper class and in the working class for the theatre. Their liking for

it has certainly increased, but this is not enough to account for the change. The attraction for the theatre begins to be felt again, after a long interval of insensibility, by the middle class also. Our French friends would say that this class, long petrified in a narrow Protestantism and in a perpetual reading of the Bible, was beginning at last to grow conscious of the horrible unnaturalness and *ennui* of its life, and was seeking to escape from it. Undoubtedly the type of religion to which the British middle class has sacrificed the theatre, as it has sacrificed so much besides, is defective. But I prefer to say that this great class, having had the discipline of its religion, is now awakening to the sure truth that the human spirit cannot live right if it lives by one point only, that it can and ought to live by several points at the same time. The human spirit has a vital need, as we say, for conduct and religion; but it has the need also for expansion, for intellect and knowledge, for beauty, for social life and manners. The revelation of these additional needs brings the middle class to the theatre.

The revelation was indispensable, the needs are real, the theatre is one of the mightiest means of satisfying them, and the theatre, therefore, is irresistible. That conclusion, at any rate, we may take for certain. But I see our community turning to the theatre with eagerness, and finding the English theatre without organisation, or purpose, or dignity, and no modern English drama at all except a fantastical one. And then I see the French company from the chief theatre of Paris showing themselves to us in London—a society of actors admirable in organisation, purpose, and dignity, with a modern drama not fantastic at all, but corresponding with fidelity to a very palpable and powerful ideal, the ideal of the life of the *homme sensuel moyen* in Paris, his beautiful city. I see in England a materialised upper class, sensible of the nullity of our own modern drama, impatient of the state of false constraint and of blank to which the Puritanism of our middle class has brought our stage and much of our life, delighting in such drama as the modern drama of Paris; the emancipated youth of both sexes delighting in it; the new and clever newspapers, which push on the work of emancipation and serve as devoted missionaries of the gospel of the life of Paris and of the ideal of the average sensual man, delighting in it. And in this condition of affairs I see the middle class beginning to arrive at the theatre again after its abstention of two centuries and more; arriving eager and curious, but a little bewildered.

Now, lest at this critical moment such drama as the *Sphinx* and the *Étrangère* and the *Demi-Monde*, positive as it is, and powerful as it is, and pushed as it is, and played with such prodigious care and talent, should too much rule the situation, let us take heart of grace and say that as the right conclusion from the unparalleled success of the French company was not that we should reverse our old notions about the tragedy of M. Victor Hugo, or about French classic tragedy, or even about the poetic drama of the great Molière, so neither is it the right conclusion that we should be converted and become believers in the legitimacy of the ideal of the life of the *homme sensuel moyen*, and in the

sufficiency of its drama. This is not the occasion to deliver a moral discourse. It is enough to revert to what has been already said, and to remark that the French ideal and its theatre have the defect of leaving out too much of life, of treating the soul as if it lived at one point or group of points only, of ignoring other points, or groups of points, at which it must live as well. And herein the conception of life shown in this French ideal and in its drama really resembles, different as in other ways they are, the conception of life prevalent with the British middle class, and has the like defect: both conceptions of life are too narrow. Sooner or later, if we adopt either, our soul and spirit are starved, and go amiss, and suffer.

What are we to learn then from the marvellous success and attractiveness of the performances at the Gaiety Theatre; what is the consequence which it is right and rational for us to draw? Surely it is this: 'The theatre is irresistible; organise the theatre.' Surely if we wish to stand less in our own way and to have clear notions of the consequences of things, it is to this conclusion that we should come.

The performances of the French company show us plainly, I think, what is gained—the theatre being admitted to be an irresistible need for civilised communities—by organising the theatre. Some of the drama played by this company is, as we have seen, questionable. But in the absence of an organisation such as that of this company, it would be played more, it would, with a lower drama still to accompany it, almost if not altogether reign, it would have far less correction and relief by better things. An older and better drama, containing many things of high merit, some things of surpassing merit, is kept before the public by means of this company, is given frequently, is given to perfection. Pieces of truth and beauty, which emerge here and there among the questionable pieces of the modern drama, get the benefit of this company's skill, and are given to perfection. The questionable pieces themselves lose something of their unprofitableness and vice in their hands; the acting carries us into the world of sound and pleasing art if the piece does not. And the type of perfection fixed by these fine actors influences for good every actor in France.

Secondly, the French company shows us not only what is gained by organising the theatre, but what is meant by organising it. The organisation in the example before us is simple and rational. We have a society of good actors with a grant from the State on condition of their giving with frequency the famous and classic stage-plays of their nation, and with a commissioner of the State attached to the society and taking part in the council with it. But the society is to all intents and purposes self-governing. In connexion with it is the school of dramatic elocution of the *Conservatoire*, a school with the names of Regnier, Monrose, Got and Delaunay on its roll of professors.

The Society of the French Theatre dates from Louis the Fourteenth and from the great century, and has traditions, effect, consistency, and a place in the public esteem, which are not to be won in a day. But its organisation is such as a judicious man, desiring the results which

have been by this time won, would naturally have devised; and it is such as a judicious man, desiring in another country to secure like results, would naturally imitate.

We have in England everything to make us dissatisfied with the chaotic and ineffective condition into which our theatre has fallen. We have the remembrance of better things in the past, and the elements for better things in the future. We have a splendid national drama of the Elizabethan age, and a later drama which has no lack of pieces conspicuous by their stage-qualities, their vivacity and their talent, and interesting by their pictures of manners. We have had great actors. We have good actors not a few at the present moment. But we have been unlucky, as we so often are, in the work of organisation. In the essay at organisation which we had, in the patent theatres with their exclusive privilege of acting Shakspeare, we find by no means an example, such as we have in the constitution of the French Theatre, of what a judicious man, seeking the good of the drama and of the public, would naturally devise. We find rather such a machinery as might be devised by a man prone to stand in his own way, and devoid of clear notions of the consequences of things. It was inevitable that the patent theatres should provoke discontent and attack; they were attacked and their privilege fell. Still to this essay, however imperfect, of a public organisation for the English theatre, our stage owes the days of power and greatness it has enjoyed. So far as we have had a school of great actors, so far as our stage has had tradition, effect, consistency, and a hold on public esteem, it had them under the system of the privileged theatres. The system had its faults, and was abandoned; and then, instead of devising a better plan of public organisation for the English theatre, we gladly took refuge in our favourite doctrines of the mischief of State interference, of the blessedness of leaving every man free to do as he likes, of the impertinence of presuming to check any man's natural taste for the bathos and to press him to relish the sublime. We left the English theatre to take its chance. Its present impotence is the result.

It seems to me that every one of us is concerned to find a remedy for this melancholy state of things, and that the pleasure we have had in the visit of the French company is barren, unless it leaves us with the impulse to do so, and with the lesson how alone it can be rationally done. 'Forget'—can we not hear these fine artists saying in an undertone to us, amidst their graceful compliments of adieu?—'forget your clap-trap, and believe that the State, the nation in its collective and corporate character, does well to concern itself about an influence so important to national life and manners as the theatre. Form a company out of the materials ready to your hand in your many good actors or actors of promise. Give them Drury Lane Theatre. Let them have a grant from your Science and Art Department; let some intelligent and accomplished man, like our friend Mr. Pigott, your present Examiner of Plays, be joined to them as Commissioner from the Department, to see that the conditions of the grant are observed. Let

the conditions of the grant be that a repertory is agreed upon, taken out of the works of Shakspeare and out of the volumes of the Modern British Drama, and that pieces from this repertory are played a certain number of times in each season ; as to new pieces, let your company use its discretion. Let a school of dramatic elocution and declamation be instituted in connexion with your company ; it may surprise you to hear that elocution and declamation are things to be taught and learnt, and do not come by nature, but it is so. Your best and most serious actors' (this is added with a smile) 'would have been better if in their youth they had learnt elocution. These recommendations, you may think, are not very much ; but, as your divine William says, they are enough ; they will serve. Try them. When your institution in the west of London has become a success, plant a second of like kind in the east. The people *will* have the theatre ; then make it a good one. Let your two or three chief provincial towns institute, with municipal subsidy and co-operation, theatres such as you institute in the metropolis with State subsidy and co-operation. So you will restore the English theatre, and then a modern drama of your own will also, probably, spring up amongst you, and you will not have to come to us for pieces like *Pink Dominoes*.'

No, and we will hope, too, that the modern English drama, when it comes, may be something different from even the *Sphinx* and the *Demi-Monde*. For my part, I have all confidence, that if it ever comes, it will be different and better. But let us not say a word to wound the feelings of those who have given us so much pleasure, and who leave to us as a parting legacy such excellent advice. For excellent advice it is, and everything we saw these artists say and do upon the Gaiety stage inculcates it for us, whether they exactly formulated it in words or no. And still, even now that they are gone, when I pass along the Strand and come opposite to the Gaiety Theatre, I see a fugitive vision of delicate features under a shower of hair and a cloud of lace, and hear the voice of Mdlle. Sarah Bernhardt saying in its most caressing tones to the Londoners : *The theatre is irresistible ; organise the theatre !*

MATTHEW ARNOLD, in *Nineteenth Century*.

THE CLASSICAL CONTROVERSY : ITS PRESENT ASPECT.

In the present state of the controversy on classical studies, the publication of George Combe's contributions to Education is highly opportune. Combe took the lead in the attack on these studies fifty years ago, and Mr. Jolly, the editor of the volume, gives a connected view of the struggle that followed. The results were, on the whole, not very great. A small portion of natural science was introduced into the secondary schools ; but as the classical teaching was kept up as before, the pupils were simply subjected to a greater crush of subjects ; they could

derive very little benefit from science introduced on such terms. The effect on the Universities was *nil*. They were true to Dugald Stewart's celebrated deliverance on their conservatism.* The public, however, were not unmoved; during a number of years there was a most material reduction in the numbers attending all the Scotch Universities, and the anti-classical agitation was reputed to be the cause.

The reasonings of Combe will still repay perusal. He puts with great felicity and clearness the standing objections to the classical system; while he is exceedingly liberal in his concessions, and moderate in his demands. "I do not denounce the ancient languages and classical literature on their own account, or desire to see them cast into utter oblivion. I admit them to be refined studies, and think that there are individuals who, having a natural turn for them, learn them easily and enjoy them much. They ought, therefore, to be cultivated by all such persons. My objection is solely to the practice of rendering them the main substance of the education bestowed on young men who have no taste or talent for them, and whose pursuits in life will not render them a valuable acquisition."

Before alluding to the more recent utterances in defence of classical teaching, I wish to lay out as distinctly as I can the various alternatives that are apparently now before us as respects the higher education—that is to say, the education begun in the secondary or grammar schools and completed and stamped in the Universities.

1. The existing system of requiring proficiency in both classical languages. This requirement is imperative everywhere at present. The Universities agree in exacting Latin and Greek as the condition of an Arts Degree, and in very little else. The defenders of classics say with some truth that these languages are the principal basis of uniformity in our degrees; if they were struck out, the public would not know what a degree meant.

How exclusive was the study of Latin and Greek in the schools in England, until lately, is too well known to need any detailed statement. A recent utterance of Mr. Gladstone, however, has felicitously supplied the crowning illustration. At Eton, in his time, the engrossment with classics was such as to keep out religious instruction!

As not many contend that Latin and Greek make an education in themselves, it is proper to call to mind what other things have been found possible to include with them in the scope of the Arts Degree. The Scotch Universities were always distinguished from the English in the breadth of their requirements; they have comprised for many ages three other subjects—mathematics, natural philosophy, and mental philosophy, including logic and ethics. In exceptional instances, another science is added; in one case, natural history, in

* "The academical establishments of some parts of Europe are not without their use to the historian of the human mind. Immovably moored to the same station by the strength of their cables and the weight of their anchors, they enable him to measure the rapidity of the current by which the rest of the world is borne along."

another, chemistry. According to the notions of scientific order and completeness in the present day, a full course of the primary sciences would comprise mathematics, natural philosophy, chemistry, physiology or biology, and mental philosophy. The natural history branches are not looked upon as primary sciences; they give no laws, but repeat the laws of the primary sciences while classifying the kingdoms of Nature.

In John Stuart Mill's celebrated address at St. Andrews, he stood up for the continuance of the classics in all their integrity, and suddenly became a great authority with numbers of persons who probably had never treated him as an authority before. But his advocacy of the classics was coupled with an equally strenuous advocacy for the extension of the scientific course to the full circle of the primary sciences; that is to say, he urged the addition of chemistry and physiology to the received sciences. Those that have so industriously brandished his authority for retaining classics, are discreetly silent upon this other recommendation. He was too little conversant with the working of Universities to be aware that the addition of two sciences to the existing course was impracticable; and he was never asked which alternative he would prefer. I am inclined to believe that he would have sacrificed the classics to scientific completeness; he would have been satisfied with the quantum of these already gained at school. But while we have no positive assurance on this point, I consider that his opinion should be wholly discounted as not bearing on the actual case.

The founders of the University of London attempted to realize Mill's conception to the full. They retained classics; they added English and a modern language, and completed the course of primary science by including chemistry and physiology. This was a noble experiment, and we can now report on its success. The classical languages, English and French or German, mathematics and natural philosophy, and (after a time) logic and moral philosophy, were all kept at a good standard; thus exceeding the requirements of the Scotch Universities at the time by English and a modern language. The amount of attainment in chemistry was very small, and was disposed of in the matriculation examination. Physiology was reserved for the final B.A. examination, and was the least satisfactory of all. Having myself sat at the Examining Board while Dr. Sharpey was Examiner in Physiology, I had occasion to know that he considered it prudent to be content with a mere show of studying the subject. Thus, though the experience of the University of London as well as of the Scotch Universities proves that the classics are compatible with a very tolerable scientific education, they will need to be curtailed if every one of the fundamental sciences, as Mill urged, is to be represented at a passable figure.

In the various new proposals for extending the sphere of scientific knowledge, a much smaller amount of classics is to be required, but neither of the two languages is wholly dispensed with. If not taught

at college, they must be taken up at school as a preparation for entering on the Arts curriculum in the University. This can hardly be a permanent state of things, but it is likely to be in operation for some time.

2. The remitting of Greek in favor of a modern language is the alternative most prominently before the public at present. It accepts the mixed form of the old curriculum, and replaces one of the dead languages by one of the living. Resisted by the whole might of the classical party, this proposal finds favour with the lay professions as giving one language that will actually be useful to the pupils as a language. It is the very smallest change that would be a real relief. That it will speedily be carried we do not doubt.

Except as a relaxation of the gripe of classicism, this change is not altogether satisfactory. That there must be two languages (besides English) in order to an Arts Degree is far from obvious. Moreover, although it is very desirable that every pupil should have facilities at school or college for commencing modern languages, these do not rank as indispensable and universal culture, like the knowledge of sciences and of literature generally. They would have to be taught along with their respective literatures to correspond to the classics.

Another objection to replacing classics by modern languages is the necessity of importing foreigners as teachers. Now, although there are plenty of Frenchmen and Germans that can teach as well as any Englishmen, it is a painful fact that foreigners do oftener miscarry, both in teaching and discipline, with English pupils, than our own countrymen. Foreign masters are well enough for those that go to them voluntarily with the desire of being taught; it is as teachers in a compulsory curriculum that their inferiority becomes apparent.

The retort is sometimes made to this proposal—Why omit Greek rather than Latin? Should you not retain the greater of the two languages? This may be pronounced as mainly a piece of tactics; for every one must know that the order of teaching Latin and Greek at the schools will never be topsyturvied to suit the fancy of an individual here and there, even although John Stuart Mill himself was educated in that order. On the scheme of withdrawing all foreign languages from the imperative curriculum, and providing for them as voluntary adjuncts, such freedom of selection would be easy.

3. Another alternative is to remit both Latin and Greek in favour of French and German. Strange to say, this advance upon the previous alternative was actually contained in Mr. Gladstone's ill-fated Irish University Bill. Had that Bill succeeded, the Irish would have been for ten years in the enjoyment of a full option for both the languages.*

*No doubt the classical languages would have been required, to some extent, in matriculating to enter college. This arrangement, however, as regarded the students that chose the modern languages, would have been found too burdensome by our Irish friends, and on their expressing themselves to that effect, would have been soon dispensed with.

From a careful perusal of the debates, I could not discover that the opposition ever fastened upon this bold surrender of the classical exclusiveness.

The proposal was facilitated by the existence of professors of French and German in the Queen's Colleges. In the English and Scotch Colleges endowments are not as yet provided for these languages; although it would be easy enough to make provision for them in Oxford and Cambridge.

In favour of this alternative, it is urged that the classics, if entered on at all, should be entered on thoroughly and entirely. The two languages and literatures form a coherent whole, a homogeneous discipline; and those that do not mean to follow this out should not begin it. Some of the upholders of classics take this view.

4. More thorough-going still is the scheme of complete bifurcation of the classical and the modern sides. In our great schools there has been instituted what is called the modern side, made up of sciences and modern languages, together with Latin. The understanding hitherto has been that the votaries of the ancient and classical side should alone proceed to the Universities; the modern side being the introduction to commercial life, and to professions that dispense with a University degree. Here, as far as the schools are concerned, a fair scope is given to modern studies.

As was to be expected, the modern side is now demanding admission to the Universities on its own terms; that is, to continue the same line of studies there, and to be crowned with the same distinctions as the classical side. This attempt to render school and college homogeneous throughout, to treat ancient studies and modern studies as of equal value in the eye of the law, will of course be resisted to the utmost. Yet it seems the only solution that can bring about a settlement that will last.

The defenders of the classical system in its extreme exclusiveness are fond of adducing examples of very illustrious men who at college showed an utter incapacity for science in its simplest elements. They say that by classics alone these men are what they are, and if their way had been stopped by serious scientific requirements, they would have never come before the world at all. The allegation is somewhat strongly put; yet we shall assume it to be correct, on condition of being allowed to draw an inference. If some minds are so constituted for languages, and for classics in particular, may not there be other minds equally constituted for science, and equally incapable of taking up two classical languages? Should this be granted, the next question is, Ought these two classes of minds be treated as equal in rights and privileges? The upholders of the present system say, No. The language mind is the true aristocrat; the science mind is an inferior creation. Degrees and privileges are for the man that can score languages, with never so little science; outer darkness is assigned to the man whose *forte* is science alone. But a war of caste in education is an unseemly thing; and after all the levelling operations that we have

passed through, it is not likely that this distinction will be long preserved.

The modern side, as at present constituted, still retains Latin. There is a considerable strength of feeling in favour of that language for all kinds of people; it is thought to be a proper appendage of the lay professions; and there is a wide-spread opinion in favour of its utility for English. So much is this the case, that the modern-siders are at present quite willing to come under a pledge to keep up Latin, and to pass in it with a view to the University. In fact, the schools find this for the present the most convenient arrangement. It is easier to supply teaching in Latin than in a modern language, or in most other things; and while Latin continues to be held in respect, it will remain untouched. Yet the quantity of time occupied by it, with so little result, must ultimately force a departure from the present curriculum. The real destination of the modern side is to be modern throughout. It should not be rigorously tied down even to a certain number of modern languages. English and one other language ought to be quite enough; and the choice should be free. On this footing, the modern side ought to have its place in the schools as the co-equal of classics; it would be the natural precursor of the modernized alternatives in the Universities; those where knowledge subjects predominate.

The proposal to give an inferior degree to a curriculum that excludes Greek should, in my judgment, be simply declined. It is, however, a matter of opinion whether, in point of tactics, the modern party did not do well to accept this as an instalment in the meantime. The Oxford offer, as I understand it, is so far liberal, that the new degree is to rank equal in privileges with the old, although inferior in *prestige*. In Scotland, the degree conceded by the classical party to a Greekless education was worthless, and was offered for that very reason.*

Among the adherents of classics, Professor Blackie is distinguished for surrendering their study in the case of those that cannot profit by them. He believes that with a free alternative, such as the thorough bifurcation into two sides would give, they would still hold their ground, and bear all their present fruits. His classical brethren, however, do not in general share this conviction. They seem to think that if they can no longer compel every University graduate to pass beneath the double yoke of Rome and Greece, these two illustrious nationalities will be in danger of passing out of the popular mind altogether. For my own part, I do not share their fears, nor do I think that, even on the voluntary footing, the study of the two languages will decline with any great rapidity. As I have said, the belief in Latin is wide and deep. Whatever may be urged as to the extraordinary stringency of the intellectual discipline now said to be given by means of Latin and Greek, I am satisfied that the feeling with both teachers and scholars is that the process of acquisition is not toilsome to either

* One possible consequence of the new Natural Science Degree may be, that the public will turn to it with favour, while the old one sinks into discredit.

party; less so perhaps than anything that would come in their place. Of the hundreds of hours spent over them, a very large number are associated with listless idleness. Carlyle describes Scott's novels as a "beatific lubber land;" with the exception of the "beatific," we might say nearly the same of classics. To all which must be added the immense endowments of classical teaching; not only of old date but of recent acquisition. It will be a very long time before these endowments can be diverted, even although the study decline steadily in estimation.

The thing that stands to reason is to place the modern and the ancient studies on exactly the same footing; to accord a fair field and no favour. The public will decide for themselves in the long run. If the classical advocates are afraid of this test, they have no faith in the merits of their own case.

The arguments *pro* and *con* on the question have been almost exhausted. Nothing is left except to vary the expression and illustration. Still, so long as the monopoly exists, it will be argued and counter-argued; and, if there are no new reasons, the old will have to be iterated.

Perhaps the most hackneyed of all the answers to the case for the classics is the one that has been most rarely replied to. I mean the fact that the Greeks were not acquainted with any language but their own. I have never known an attempt to parry this thrust. Yet, besides the fact itself, there are strong presumptions in favour of the position that to know a language well, you should devote your time and strength to it alone, and not attempt to learn three or four. Of course, the Greeks were in possession of language A 1, and were not likely to be gainers by studying the languages of their contemporaries. So we too are in possession of a very admirable language, although put together in a nondescript fashion; and it is not impossible that if Plato had his Dialogues to compose among us, he would give his whole strength to working up our own resources, and not trouble himself with Greek. The popular dictum—*multum non multa*, doing one thing well—may be plausibly adduced in behalf of parsimony in the study of languages.

The recent agitation in Cambridge, in Oxford, and, indeed, all over the country, for remitting the study of Greek as an essential of the Arts' Degree, has led to a reproduction of the usual defences of things as they are. The articles in the March number of this REVIEW, by Professors Blackie and Bonamy Price, may claim to be the *derniers mots*.

Professor Blackie's article is a warning to the teachers of classics, to the effect that they must change their front; that, whereas the value of the classics as a key to thought has diminished, and is diminishing, they must by all means in the first place improve their drill. In fact, unless something can be done to lessen the labour of the acquisition by better teaching, and to secure the much-vaunted intellectual disci-

pline of the languages, the battle will soon be lost. Accordingly, the professor goes minutely into what he conceives the best methods of teaching. It is not my purpose to follow him in this sufficiently interesting discussion. I simply remark that he is staking the case for the continuance of Latin and Greek in the schools on the possibility of something like an entire revolution in the teaching art. Revolution is not too strong a word for what is proposed. The weak part of the new position is that the value of the languages *as languages* has declined, and has to be made up by the incident of their value as *drill*. This is, to say the least, a paradoxical position for a language teacher. If it is mere drill that is wanted, a very small corner of one language would suffice. The teacher and the pupil alike are placed between the two stools—interpretation and drill. A new generation of teachers must arise to attain the dexterity requisite for the task.

Professor Blackie's concession is of no small importance in the actual situation. "No one is to receive a full degree without showing a fair proficiency in two foreign languages, one ancient and one modern, with free option." This would satisfy the present demand everywhere, and for some time to come.

The article of Professor Bonamy Price is conceived in even a higher strain than the other. There is so far a method of argumentation in it that the case is laid out under four distinct heads, but there is no decisive separation of reasons; many of the things said under one head might easily be transferred without the sense of dislocation to any other head. The writer indulges in high-flown rhetorical assertions rather than in specific facts and arguments. The first merit of classics is that "they are languages; not particular sciences, nor definite branches of knowledge, but literatures." Under this head we have such glowing sentences as these: "Think of the many elements of thought a boy comes in contact with when he reads Cæsar and Tacitus in succession, Herodotus and Homer, Thucydides and Aristotle." "See what is implied in having read Homer intelligently through, or Thucydides, or Demosthenes; what light will have been shed on the essence and laws of human existence, on political society, on the relations of man to man, on human nature itself." There are various conceivable ways of counter-arguing these assertions, but the shortest is to call for the facts—the results upon the many thousands that have passed through their ten years of classical drill. Professor Campbell, of St. Andrews, once remarked, with reference to the value of Greek in particular, that the question would have to be ultimately decided by the inner consciousness of those that have undergone the study. To this we are entitled to add, their powers as manifested to the world, of which powers spectators can be the judges. When, with a few brilliant exceptions, we discover nothing at all remarkable in the men that have been subjected to the classical training, we may consider it as almost a waste of time to analyse the grandiloquent assertions of Mr. Bonamy Price. But if we were to analyse them, we should find that *boys* never read Cæsar and Tacitus through in succession; still less Thucydides,

Demosthenes, and Aristotle; that very few *men* read and understand these writers; that the shortest way to come into contact with Aristotle is to avoid his Greek altogether, and take his expositors and translators in the modern languages.

The professor is not insensible to the reproach that the vaunted classical education has been a failure, as compared with these splendid promises. He says, however, that though many have failed to become classical scholars in the full sense of the word, "it does not follow that they have gained nothing from their study of Greek and Latin; just the contrary is the truth." The "contrary" must mean that they have gained something; which something is stated to be "the extent to which the faculties of the boy have been developed, the quantity of impalpable but not less real attainments he has achieved, and his general readiness for life, and for action as a man." But it is becoming more and more difficult to induce people to spend a long course of youthful years upon a confessedly *impalpable* result. We might give up a few months to a speculative and doubtful good, but we need palpable consequences to show for our years spent on classics. Next comes the admission that the teaching is often bad. But why should the teaching be so bad, and what is the hope of making it better? Then we are told that science by itself leaves the largest and most important portion of the youth's nature absolutely undeveloped. But, in the first place, it is not proposed to reduce the school and college curriculum to science alone; and, in the next place, who can say what are the "impalpable" results of science?

The second branch of the argument relates to the greatness of the classical writers. Undoubtedly there are some very great writers in the Greek and Roman world, and some that are not great. But the greatness of Herodotus, Thucydides, Demosthenes, Plato, and Aristotle can be exhibited in a modern rendering; while no small portion of the poetical form can be made apparent without toiling at the original tongues. The value of the languages then resolves itself, as has been often said, into a *residuum*. Something also is to be said for the greatness of the writers that have written in modern times. Sir John Herschel remarked long ago that the human intellect cannot have degenerated, so long as we are able to quote Newton, Lagrange and Laplace, against Aristotle and Archimedes. I would not undertake to say that any modern mind has equalled Aristotle in the *range* of his intellectual powers; but in point of intensity of grasp in any one subject, he has many rivals; so that to obtain his equal, we have only to take two or three first-rate moderns.

If a number of persons were to go on lauding to the skies the exclusive and transcendent greatness of the classical writers, we should probably be tempted to scrutinize their merits more severely than is usual. Many things could be said against their sufficiency as instructors in matters of thought, and many more against the low and barbarous tone of their *morale*; the inhumanity and brutality of both their principles and their practice. All this might no doubt be very easily

overdone, and would certainly be so, if undertaken in the style of Professor Price's panegyric.

The professor's third branch of the argument comes to the real point; namely, what is there in Greek and Latin that there is not in the modern tongues? For one thing, says the professor, they are dead, which of course we allow. Then, being dead, they must be learnt by book, and by rule; they cannot be learnt by ear. Here, however, Professor Blackie would dissent, and would say that the great improvement of teaching, on which the salvation of classical study now hangs, is to make it a teaching by the ear. But, says Professor Price: "A Greek or Latin sentence is a nut with a strong shell concealing the kernel—a puzzle, demanding reflection, adaptation of means to end, and labour for its solution, and the educational value resides in the shell and in the puzzle." As this strain of remark is not new, there is nothing new to be said in answer to it. Such puzzling efforts are certainly not the rule in learning Latin and Greek. Moreover, the very same terms would describe what may happen equally often in reading difficult authors in French, German, or Italian. Would not the pupil find puzzles and difficulties in Dante, or in Goethe? And are there not many puzzling exercises in deciphering English authors? Besides, what is the great objection to science, but that it is too puzzling for minds that are quite competent for the puzzles of Greek and Latin? Once more, the *teaching* of any language must be very imperfect, if it brought about habitually such situations of difficulty as are here described.

The professor relapses into a cooler and correcter strain when he remarks that the pupil's mind is necessarily more delayed over the expression of a thought in a foreign language (whether dead or alive matters not), and therefore remembers the meaning better. Here, however, the desiderated reform of teaching might come into play. Granted that the boy left to himself would go more rapidly through Burke than through Thucydides, might not this pace be arrested by a well-directed cross-examination; with this advantage that the length of attention might be graduated according to the importance of the subject, and not according to the accidental difficulty of the language?

The professor boldly grapples with the alleged waste of time in classics, and urges that "the gain may be measured by the time expended," which is very like begging the question.

One advantage adduced under this head deserves notice. The languages being dead, as well as all the societies and interests that they represent, they do not excite the prejudices and the passions of modern life. This, however, may need some qualification. Grote wrote his history of Greece to counterwork the party bias of Mitford. The battles of despotism, oligarchy, and democracy are to this hour fought over the dead bodies of Greece and Rome. If the professor meant to insinuate that those that have gone through the classical training are less violent as partisans, more dispassionate in political judgments, than the rest of mankind, we can only say that we should

not have known this from our actual experience. The discovery of some sweet, oblivious antidote to party feeling seems, as far as we can judge, to be still in the future. If we want studies that will, while they last, thoroughly divert the mind from the prejudices of party, science is even better than ancient history; there are no party cries connected with the Binomial Theorem.

The professor's last branch of argument, I am obliged, with all deference, to say, contains no argument at all. It is that, in classical education, a close contact is established between the mind of the boy and the mind of the master. He does not even attempt to show how the effect is peculiar to classical teaching. The whole of this part of the paper is, in fact, addressed, by way of remonstrance, to the writer's own friends, the classical teachers. He reproaches them for their inefficiency, for their not being Arnolds. It is not my business to interfere between him and them in the matter. So much stress does he lay upon the teacher's part in the work, that I almost expected the admission, that a good teacher in English, German, natural history, political economy, might even be preferable to a bad teacher of Latin and Greek.

The recent Oxford contest has brought out the eminent oratorical powers of Canon Liddon; and we have some curiosity in noting his contributions to the classical side. I refer to his letters in the *Times*. The gist of his advocacy of Greek is contained in the following allegations. First, the present system enables a man to recur with profit and advantage to Greek literature. To this, it has been often replied, that by far the greater number are too little familiarized with the classical languages, and especially Greek, to make the literature easy reading. But farther, the recurring to the study of ancient authors by busy professional men in the present day, is an event of such extreme rarity that it cannot be taken into account in any question of public policy. The second remark is, that the half-knowledge of the ordinary graduate is a link between the total blank of the outer world, and the thorough knowledge of the accomplished classic. I am not much struck by the force of this argument. I think that the classical scholar might, by expositions, commentaries, and translations, address the outer world equally well, without the intervening mass of imperfect scholars. Lastly, the Canon puts in a claim for his own cloth. The knowledge of Greek paves the way for serious men to enter the ministry in middle life. Argument would be thrown away upon any one that could for a moment entertain this as a sufficient reason for compelling every graduate in Arts to study Greek. The observation that I would make upon it has a wider bearing. Middle life is not too late for learning any language that we suddenly discover to be a want; the stimulus of necessity or of strong interest, and the wider compass of general knowledge, compensate for the diminution of verbal memory.

A. BAIN, in *Contemporary Review*.

HISTORY AND POLITICS.

I.

I have been engaged for ten years in teaching history at one of our great universities. The period has been critical in our academical development. The studies of Cambridge have in this time become more wide and various than ever before, and among other new disciplines that of history has acquired influence and organisation. Not only do many students now devote almost their whole time to this study, struggling for historical honours with the ambition which twenty years ago no subjects but mathematics and classics could inspire, but—what interests me still more—there has formed itself among the graduates, and in the teaching class of the University, a group of specialists, small as yet, but full of ardour, and steadily increasing in number, whose lives are devoted to historical study in the most comprehensive sense of the word: They move in no rut, and are cramped by no limitations; they wrestle freely with the question—What is the object of history, and what is its method? How ought it to be studied, and how ought it to be taught?

These papers will present some of the more general views about the study and teaching of history which have been reached by one of these specialists. They will have at once a scientific and an educational bearing. They will be addressed in the first instance neither to the general reader nor to the pure scientific theorist, but rather to those engaged in the higher education—those who inquire practically what place history is to fill in our national culture, and how the teaching of it as already established in schools and universities, and also in literature, may be made more reasonable and more useful.

Two broad movements are now observable in the historical world. One aims at making history accessible and readable, the other aims at giving it the exactness of a science. I can most easily explain my own view by making some observations upon these two movements in turn. Let us look first at the great effort that has been made to popularise history and bring it within the reach of all the world. We have all heard how the romances of Walter Scott brought history home to people who would never have looked into the ponderous volumes of professed historians, and many of us confess to ourselves that there are large historical periods which would be utterly unknown to us but for some story either of the great romancer or one of his innumerable imitators. Writers, as well as readers, of history were awakened by Scott to what seemed to them the new discovery that the great personages of history were after all men and women of flesh and blood like ourselves. Hence in all later historical literature there is visible the effort to make history more personal, more dramatic than it

had been before. We can hardly read the interesting Life of Lord Macaulay without perceiving that the most popular historical work of modern times owes its origin in a great measure to the Waverley Novels. Macaulay grew up in a world of novels; his conversation with his sisters was so steeped in reminiscences of the novels they had read together as to be unintelligible to those who wanted the clue. His youth and early manhood witnessed the appearance of the Waverley Novels themselves. Year after year he saw history made the fashion by this fascinating pen, and historical persons, Louis XI. or the Stuart kings, made as *real*—for this is the phrase we commonly use—as only imaginary persons, Achilles or Lear or Don Quixote or Robinson Crusoe, had ever been to the majority of mankind before. Macaulay tells us himself that in his rambles about the streets of London, his brain was commonly busy in composing imaginary conversations among historical persons; these conversations, he says, were like those in the Waverley Novels. Thus trained, he became naturally possessed by the idea which is expressed over and over again in his essays, and which at last he realised with such wonderful success, the idea that it was quite possible to make history as interesting as romance. There is perhaps something a little odd, when we think of it, in the notion that what is real may, by proper skill in the handling, be brought home to us as much as if it were imaginary. Novelists had before been praised for the magic skill with which they had made fiction look like truth. In a bookish age there was room for a magician who should reverse this feat, and charm mankind equally by making truth look like fiction.

Macaulay is only the most famous of a large group of writers who have been possessed with the same idea. As Scott founded the historical romance, he may be said to have founded the romantic history. And to this day it is an established popular opinion that this is the true way of writing history, only that few writers have genius enough for it. The character, it is thought, should start into life at the historian's touch. His descriptions, it is thought, cannot be too vivid, nor his narrative too exciting. As the object of a book is to be read, it is clear, so runs the popular argument, that the best book is that which is most readable. It is inconceivable to the popular mind that a man should write a book which it is difficult to read, when he might have written a delightful and fascinating one. A historical work therefore written in these days, if it is only as interesting as histories used to be before the days of Scott and Macaulay, or if it is at all difficult to read, is popularly regarded as missing its mark. It is taken for granted that the writer meant it to be like a romance, only he wanted imagination; of course he did not mean it to be tough reading, only he was stupid, and had not the talent of explaining things clearly. In like manner I have observed that many teachers of history take it for granted that the problem before them is how to present history in a form which shall be attractive to their pupils, how to appeal to their imaginations. They say that they find some parts of history leave their pupils cold,

but others visibly take hold of them, fix their attention, kindle the eye, and make the breath come quick; and they infer, as a matter of course, that these interesting parts should be selected for teaching, and the uninteresting parts passed over.

Now this popular opinion is plausible enough, particularly when we consider how history first began, and what its object was for many ages supposed and assumed to be. Is it not the function of Clio to keep alive the memory of famous deeds? and is she not a Muse? Evidently then she must speak to the great world, and with the sound of a trumpet. It is not her part to plod along the ground in creeping prose; her sphere is the open sky, and she moves upon the wings of poetry. There is much reason in this; and it is most right and desirable that there should always be historians of the type of Macaulay. Noble deeds should be told in splendid language; great events should pass before us in swelling and stately narrative. Nay, even the historical romance perhaps has its place, though that is more doubtful. The element of falsity that will creep in where pleasure, rather than truth, is the object, is here admitted too freely; in critical times like these the mature taste rebels against flights of imagination which in Shakespeare's time, when all history was but a proud tradition, were natural. But boys and girls at any rate need not be grudged their historical romance, and one would pity the boy that had not read *Ivanhoe*, in spite of its historical blunders.

On the other hand it must be urged against this kind of history that very few subjects or periods are worthy of it. Once or twice there have appeared glorious characters whose perfection no eloquence can exaggerate; once or twice national events have arranged themselves like a drama, or risen to the elevation of an epic poem. But the average of history is not like this; it is indeed much more ordinary and monotonous than is commonly supposed. The serious student of history has to submit to a disenchantment like that which the experience of life brings to the imaginative youth. As life is not much like romance, so history when it is studied in original documents looks very unlike the conventional representation of it which historians have accustomed us to. It is much more uniform and ruled by routine; there is less in it both of virtue and vice, of extraordinary wisdom or insane folly, than is supposed. You are at first disposed to ask yourself what can be the use of mastering a mass of detail at once so intricate and so dull; you do not recognise there the splendid things nor yet the interesting things which historians profess to have discovered. Where they saw an act of heroic virtue, you find only an ordinary piece of official routine; the crime which they denounced in tragic tones turns out, when you understand the point of view of the accused person, to have been a perfectly natural action. And where some great event has happened, a nation gloriously emancipated, or falling ignominiously, you do not find the proportion you expected between the events themselves and the actors in them. This man, whom posterity execrates as the author of a nation's ruin, turns out to have been a

very respectable and intelligent person ; that admired liberator or worshipped triumphator you find to have been wholly uninteresting. In short you find the maxim that "historical personages were men and women of flesh and blood like ourselves" to be for most practical purposes untrue.

What is perhaps more annoying still, you find that on many of the questions which it would be most interesting to decide, no conclusion whatever is attainable. In the way of making history as interesting as romance, there is not only the obstacle that the persons and events very often turn out on examination to have been actually uninteresting, but also another obstacle. The romancer is never troubled by want of knowledge; he knows everything, all the family relations, all the intimate thoughts of his personages. Whatever the reader wants to know, he can tell him ; he can supply whatever is necessary to create a complete and satisfying impression on the reader's imagination. But the historian knows very little. Of the real facts, of the lives of his personages, only a contemptibly small fragment has been preserved. No doubt, if his imagination be strong, he will piece together the information he has, and instinctively shape for himself some theory which will combine them all ; but if his judgment be as strong as his imagination, he will hold very cheap these conjectural combinations, and will steadfastly bear in mind that, as a historian, he is concerned with facts and not with possibilities.

I cannot but think that the splendid success of Macaulay and some others in making history interesting has done a mischief which it is now very difficult to repair. It has spoiled the public taste, and in the natural course this corruption has reacted upon the writers of history. It has given currency to a notion that the seriousness of the old historic style is as much out of date as the old stage-coach. In a sense this is true; no one would complain of Macaulay for laughing as he does at "the dignity of history," if he had in view only the solemn diplomatic airs of the old school, and the etiquette which forbade them to use plain words, or speak of plain things. But an impression has been produced that he has laid down a royal road to historical knowledge, and it is therefore necessary to say once again that there are no royal roads to knowledge. We must all of us know well enough of what heavy stuff history is made; acts of parliament, budgets and taxation, currency, labyrinthine details of legislation and administration; topics, in short, which become the most tiresome in the world as soon as they have passed from the order of the day. Nevertheless we imagine that since Macaulay's time it has become possible to deal with all these ponderous matters in a satisfactory manner, and yet never inflict on the reader the most passing sensation of effort or fatigue. He shall be put in possession of all that he can need to know, and yet be troubled with no tiresome statistics or bewildering details. To him, by some magic, parliamentary debates shall be always lively, officials always men of strongly-marked, interesting character. There shall be nothing to remind him of the blue-book or

the law-book, nothing common or prosaic; but he shall sit as in a theatre and gaze at splendid scenery and costume. He shall never be called upon to study or to judge, but only to imagine and enjoy. His reflexions as he reads shall be precisely those of the novel-reader; he shall ask—Is this character well drawn? is it really amusing? is the interest of the story well sustained, and does it rise properly towards the close? The final result is that to the general public no distinction remains between history and fiction. That the history is true and well-authenticated, that the proper authorities have been consulted as a matter of course, they make no doubt. All such matters they leave to the historian, whom they assume to understand his business, and they feel particularly obliged to him for not troubling them with details about them. History in short is deprived of any, even the most distant association with science, and takes up its place definitely as a department of *belles lettres*.

Now it is very difficult for the historian to resist the corrupting influence of such a public opinion, especially where he is not able to appeal from public opinion to the opinion of the learned. There are cases where he can do this, and others where he cannot. Mr. Grote, for instance, could take his own austere course in tranquillity, for the judgment on his work lay entirely in the hands of the learned. But in other cases such an appeal is scarcely possible. For there are whole periods of history which, in England at least, it is no one's special business to study and understand. On the French Revolution, for instance, there may be individuals who are deeply informed, but there is no class of specialists answering to those who, in Greek and Roman history, are always prepared to pass an authoritative judgment on new works. Here on the whole the learned circles will be as little able to form an opinion as the general public. They will know whether a book amuses them, whether they find they can read it through, but beyond this nothing. Accordingly, in these periods, uneducated opinion reigns supreme, and dictates how history shall be written. And confiding in Macaulay's principle, that history may be made as interesting as romance, it imperiously demands an interesting plot that shall keep curiosity always awake, characters well marked and skilfully contrasted, an easy flow of narrative, making the knottiest matters of legislation and finance as easy as the A B C, and most of all a reasonable number of amusing anecdotes. It does not trouble itself to consider that the truth of history may possibly not admit of all this. Macaulay is thought to have settled that question, and to have shown that everything in history is interesting and romantic if you have only the eye to see it. Henceforth every official gentleman must be a hero, and every romantic popular legend is to be regarded, not as an exaggeration, but as either true or falling short of the truth. The imagination will submit to no more disappointments; everything henceforth shall be vivid, interesting, delightful. Henceforth, if the historian finds it his painful duty to break idols, to sweep away gorgeous illusions, and restore the prosaic truth in all its tiresome

dryness and intricacy where poetry had reigned before, he is far enough from being praised for conscientiousness, or pronounced to have done the proper work of a historian, who is a servant of truth. On the contrary, he is thought to be a dull fellow, and to want the magic pen of Macaulay.

This means in plain words that the public want, and insist upon having, falsehood in history rather than truth. For what is this literary magic, when it is analysed? There are, no doubt, different varieties of it. It may produce tawdry and vulgar pictures, or noble and delicate ones. But it is essentially the gift of the poet or ballad-singer, and when applied to historical facts its natural effect is to transform them into fables. Where the reality was exceptional and glorious it is no doubt natural that such an idealised version of it should come into existence, and we can even imagine that such a rendering may convey the reality to the popular mind better than an exact chronicle would. But this is only so in one case out of a hundred. To require that history in general should be subjected to this literary magic is simply to insist that it shall be adulterated, corrupted, falsified. The magic so used becomes indeed a black art. Made a mere servant of popular wilfulness, it goes to work in a vulgar mechanical manner, and simply practises a certain number of easy literary tricks. The trick of an exciting style is in fact a very easy one. Some one said to Goethe, "Your business, poet, is to touch a feeling heart!" But the poet's answer was unexpected. "*Ah those feeling hearts!*" said Goethe, "*any bungler can touch them!*" And, indeed, however it may be in poetry, to make history interesting and exciting you have only to follow a few simple rules. All that is necessary is systematic exaggeration and occasional falsification. Public affairs naturally proceed, and ought to proceed, in a manner not at all romantic. They are governed, and ought to be governed, by a ponderous routine, by a close adherence to precedent in action, and to conventional phraseology in speech, which is most wearisome to read of. Let the historian then boldly alter all this. Let him dress up state papers and diplomatic notes in poetic diction. Let him exhibit grave statesmen as animated by the wild passions of Othello and Lear. Let him produce them before us, not sitting before papers at a desk, but posing and declaiming with majestic gesture. Men love, we know, to hear of virtue and vice, particularly in extreme degrees. Let all the personages then be recognisably good or bad, and let the good people be covered with incessant panegyric, and the bad ones assailed with continual lofty denunciations. By simple devices like these, familiar to every one who can use a pen, and demanding no genius at all, the reader's attention may be kept constantly awake. It will be necessary at the same time carefully to omit whatever is at all intricate and difficult to follow, however important it may be. Nor must the reader be perplexed with proofs; it is results that are amusing, not processes. Still less can he be left uncertain about anything, and in order that his imagination may be well filled out and satiated, all gaps in the story must be closed with con-

jecture, or if good evidence is wanting bad evidence must be made to serve the turn. In this way it is not only possible, but most easy to make history exceedingly like romance, and in precisely the same degree unlike history. But then at the expense of truth it is not desirable. Romantic or readable histories may diffuse a certain knowledge of historical names, characters, and scenes, but can any one think that they convey solid instruction? Nay, what is instructive in history is precisely that which is difficult to read, that which cannot be understood without an effort, and this is what the readable history omits. Meanwhile, what it counts upon for its charm is of the nature of adulteration. It derives a false brilliancy from those unreal, sentimental, high-flown fancies which, when they are introduced into the politics of our own time, instantly excite suspicion and contempt.

But if it should be granted, as perhaps it must, that we cannot quite dispense with what are called readable histories, it is quite another question whether there is not a kind of history wholly different from this which does not aim, even by the most legitimate methods, at instructing the million. History may originally have been created to satisfy a popular craving, and to give immortality to great deeds. But it does not follow that this is the only, or the principal object of history now. In fact, the old primitive half-poetic sort of history has long ago suffered transformation; it had given place to another kind, dissimilar both in object and style, when Macaulay, taking a step rather backward than forward, re-introduced it among us. This other kind of history is not poetic but scientific, at least in its general aim and tendency. Its aim is not to give pleasure or confer fame, but to throw light on the course of human affairs. It collects and carefully verifies facts in order to draw conclusions from them. These conclusions were for a long time vague enough, and at best rather practical than scientific; they were adapted rather to afford a useful help to the politician than material to the philosophic speculator. But as in other departments of knowledge, as the fund of facts accumulated, and scientific method became more easy to handle, the prospect opened of turning useful knowledge into actual science, and the phrases, philosophy of history, science of history, &c., came more and more into use. We have here the other movement I spoke of, which is directly opposite to that of which I have taken Macaulay as the representative. That tended to make history popular and diffuse it, but this has a manifest tendency to withdraw it altogether from general literature and shut it up in the schools. If in Macaulay's hands history resembled a romance, and seemed almost to strive to become a ballad, this other view, if it could be entirely realised, would turn history into a technical scientific treatise, repulsive, and perhaps wholly unintelligible, to the public. It so happened that this tendency also found a conspicuous representative among us. Mr. Buckle succeeded in flashing it upon the public mind in such a way that an idea not in itself popular, was at once popularly understood, and his book made a greater hit than had been made by any history since Macaulay's.

It was well that the two tendencies should be brought into sharp contrast, and that it should be understood how radically hostile they are to each other. In our older school this hostility is latent ; the historians of the eighteenth century never seem to know clearly whether they are philosophers or poets, whether they want to discover laws, or to excite feelings. Gibbon always speaks of himself as "the philosopher," yet the perpetual bombast of his style shows that his mind was not in a purely scientific frame. He reminds us of those early philosophers who propounded their systems in hexameter verse. But now that the two sorts of history are clearly distinguished, every historian should make up his mind whether he means to write poetry or prose. Does he want to solve problems and throw light on general laws, or does he want to fill the ears of men with a glorious tale? If he elects the former course he must understand that he renounces the large universal audience, and that he has no title to the rich, coloured, fascinating style. For it is not generally by fascinating books that the scientific knowledge of the world is augmented. Anxious care in the weighing of evidence, full statement of evidence that the reader may be in a position to judge for himself, conscientious precision and discrimination that nothing may be overstated—how is all this to be reconciled with the qualities that make the charm of a popular book? The books accordingly which have advanced science most have had scarcely any readers outside the schools. Newton's *Principia* has never, that I hear, been a favourite with the public. Even the *Wealth of Nations*, though it has often and justly been called interesting, would have no charm for a mind which had not already become interested in economic phenomena. And in history itself we may be sure that those works which are most pervaded with exact investigation, such as Niebuhr, Thirlwall, and Grote, would never have been widely read if our classical system of education had not prepared an audience for them.

I need hardly say that it is as a department of science rather than as a branch of poetry that we study history at Cambridge. It is indeed only in this shape that history can be included among the studies of a university. The modern historian works at the same task as Aristotle in his politics, as Hobbes, Locke, and Montesquieu. But what the old speculators attempted with very small material, having before them only a scanty collection of historical facts, and these sadly unsifted and lost in a mass of legend and exaggeration, is undertaken in this age with better hope, because we have the benefit of the critical labours of many generations of scholars, and of the general improvement of scientific methods. And the ultimate goal towards which we press stands very visibly before us. We believe that the multitude of loose opinions about matters social and political which have been already formed, mainly by reasonings of a historical character, loose notions about liberty, about the province of government, about legislation and finance, about the stages of national and universal development, the relation of politics to religion, civilisation, and culture, and many

similar subjects may be made by further historical study greatly more precise and authoritative. On many of these questions we perceive already a good degree of agreement among thoughtful men. We believe that this *consensus* may be made much more complete, so that in time we may possess a body of doctrine similar to that which has been already formed in political economy. This body of doctrine at last, reduced to formal propositions, may be introduced into education, at least to the extent that political economy has been. And thus on a large number of questions of the greatest importance, definite principles generally acknowledged, may take the place of rhetorical commonplaces recklessly flung about by party orators; and these definite principles may be held so firmly by all educated men that the denial or ignorance of them may be accounted a mark of incompetence.

I have named Mr. Buckle as the writer who first succeeded in bringing home this view of history to the public mind, and have professed myself to concur with him in regarding history as concerned with general laws. But so much agreement is consistent with a great deal of disagreement. And I can define my own position very conveniently by stating—not so much my opinion about history, as how the field of work I mark off for myself in history differs from that covered by Mr. Buckle's book. That book had indeed somewhat more success with the public than with students. It was much talked of, and opened a new view to the public, but it had perhaps no great effect on the course of speculation. It is not now very often referred to. But besides this it had the peculiarity that it scarcely dealt at all with political matter. History has always been for the most part concerned with *states*, their rise, development and organization, and it might be expected therefore that the science of history would be principally concerned with states. This accordingly was the character of the old Greek attempts to form a science of history. They consisted partly of investigations into the abstract idea and definition of the state, partly of classifications of the states then open to observation. Similar in the main was the course of modern speculation in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, Hobbes, Harrington, Locke, Montesquieu, Rousseau, all alike investigated the nature of the civic tie. The science which they more or less dimly saw lying at the bottom of history was a political science, concerned with states, governments, and laws. Now Mr. Buckle took a different view. When he surveyed the whole collection of phenomena furnished by history, he was not chiefly struck by those which were political. It appeared to him that historians had been misled in attaching so much importance to states and governments. He professed to introduce a reform into history by turning its attention to a different class of facts. He ridiculed the diligence with which the proceedings of kings, ministers, and governments had been chronicled, and affirmed that the really important and decisive agencies in human affairs were of a different kind. Man's lot, according to him, is mainly determined by his relation to the physical world around him, and by the conception he is led to form of the order

of nature, by food, by climate, by superstition, and science. Accordingly the main business of history should be with these relations and conceptions, and not with those governments which, professing to control everything, have in reality little influence, and that for the most part mischievous.

Now historians had always acknowledged the necessity of looking occasionally beyond the state. It had been their practice to make occasional pauses in their political narrative, in order, when a convenient opportunity occurred, to collect, in a kind of miscellany, a number of phenomena of a different kind. After every seven or eight chapters of politics, they offered a single chapter on manners and customs, laws, religion, education, and literature. The reform proposed by Mr. Buckle would have had the effect of altering this proportion. These occasional chapters would have become more numerous, they would have been more methodically arranged, and more carefully prepared, and by the side of them the political chapters would have dwindled in importance and interest.

The principal importance of this suggestion lay, I think, in its displaying the mixed nature of the material of which history had hitherto been composed. We might agree or disagree with Mr. Buckle in holding that the political part of history was less important than another part which had hitherto been neglected, but it was true at any rate that history did consist of two dissimilar parts very slightly connected with each other. It was true that historians did find themselves obliged at intervals to pause in an awkward manner in order not to leave behind a mass of facts with which they felt themselves to be somewhat concerned, though they scarcely knew what to do with them. In most countries the most imposing single object is the government, so that it might easily be supposed that a chronicle of affairs affecting the government, a biography, as it were, of the government, was equivalent to a history of the country. But after all it is not so. A nation is not merely a state. It is not only a governed community. It is also an industrial community, a church, a tribe or enlarged clan—to mention only some of the many aspects in which it may be considered. Accordingly when the affairs of its government have been described, it still remains to describe the nation in these other aspects, and after the properly political phenomena come phenomena of several other kinds, economical, ecclesiastical, educational, and so forth. And whether or no these are more important than the political phenomena, there can be no doubt that they are of great importance, and fully deserve the most thorough treatment they can receive.

But then, so do the political phenomena. No rational man can seriously deny the great part which has been played in human affairs by the institution of government. Mr. Buckle wavers between two views, sometimes declaring it insignificant, at other times pernicious. If it were really insignificant, that would be a reason for paying little regard to it, but its being pernicious is no ground for leaving it unstudied, provided it is important. And so the conclusion we are led

to is that the political phenomena should not be studied less, but the social phenomena more. And this involves an alteration in the method of historical writing. "Manners and customs," so called, instead of having a larger number of chapters in our histories, should have histories to themselves. The child is grown up; should it then have a larger share in the house? No, but it should have a house of its own.

And that means that it should have no place at all in the original house. In other words, the political historian should cease to insert those general surveys of literature, science, and everything else imaginable, of which we have read so many. He should do so because these subjects deserve to be seriously treated, and it is impossible for him, with the political history on his hands, to treat them seriously. Nothing, in fact, can be more miserably, often more ludicrously, unsatisfactory than these occasional chapters, which historians have not yet ceased to think it their duty to insert. One wonders what purpose they can be intended to serve, or to what class of readers they can be addressed. On political history the writer speaks with authority, but this authority he has acquired by close and concentrated study, which has of itself disqualified him from speaking on the thousand and one subjects which are lightly dismissed in these occasional chapters. Philosophy, theology, literature, art, science, are only a few of these subjects, and on each of them no one can without years of study speak an authoritative word. I listen to the historian of the Elizabethan age, when he speaks of the trial of Mary, the diplomacy of Elizabeth, or the fortunes of the Spanish Armada; but I do not want his opinion on Spenser's versification, or Bacon's claim to the title of a philosophic discoverer. He may review Shakspeare's historical plays; they deal with political matter; it lies within his province to consider how that age regarded the past; but I am not anxious to know whether he prefers *Lear* as a tragedy to the *Agamemnon*, or the English drama to the French; whether he is a classicist or a romanticist. Let writers deal with what they understand. Historical writing is infested more than any department of serious literature with superficial and unnecessary dogmatism on subjects which lie outside the historian's studies.

Now the student of human affairs can select whichever field he prefers. He may, if he will, neglect political history, and take up some of those subjects which Mr. Buckle would substitute for it, and which have since received so much extension. He may become an anthropologist or sociologist. On the other hand he may take the very opposite course, and attach himself to political history more consciously and more exclusively than historians used formerly to do. He must certainly, I think, if he would throw any new light upon the subject, renounce the old fashion of treating all kinds of heterogeneous subjects at once. But he may still place in the front those political phenomena to which the old school of historians gave precedence. Among the various phenomena of human life he may select the single phenomenon of government for his investigations. He may analyse the phenomenon

itself; he may also classify the varieties of it presented by history. Considering universal history as a vast collection of specimens of the governed community or state, he may make it a principal task to arrange these specimens under genera and species. This will be his descriptive politics. By the side of this he will place a sort of political physiology, and beyond both will come a science of the mutual relations of states.

The fewness of attainable specimens of states and the difficulty of procuring precise information about them, will always give such a political science a different superficial appearance to most other sciences. It will always be compelled to deal much in long narratives, and the task of authenticating the facts will always be disproportionately heavy. A student who has this plan in his mind will produce works superficially not unlike the histories of the old school. He will write narratives of public or governmental affairs. But a definite scientific object will be apparent in them. They will not deviate into ornate description, or be tricked out with literary eloquence; on the other hand they will not avoid difficult and technical discussions. Rather, since the state itself is their subject, and not great men or stirring deeds, nor even the life of the people, they will give peculiar prominence to everything relating to organisation. Individuals will fall somewhat into the background, and the state itself will become the hero. The first question will always be, How is the state constituted, to what class of states does it belong, at what stage of its development does it stand, and how do the events of the time affect its organisation? History, thus regarded, may be defined as the biography of states.

Now I think this is the way of handling history which it is practically most desirable to adopt in universities, and, as far as possible, in schools, and for this reason, that to study history so is to study politics at the same time. Nothing seems to me more prodigious or more ominous than that a nation which, like this, claims the most unlimited right of self-government, should entirely neglect to educate itself in politics. It is very magnanimous, no doubt, that every individual among us should claim his share, as a free man, in determining the policy of the nation; but it is senseless that men should put forward such a pretension and yet never think it necessary to prepare themselves for the exercise of the powers they claim.

The study of politics answers to liberty as the duty to the right. Now to study politics is neither more nor less than to study history in the manner I have indicated. If by history we understand, not as in past times a particular sort of eloquent writing, but a serious scientific investigation, and then again consider it not as mere anthropology or sociology, but as a science of states, then the study of history is absolutely the study of politics. And then this study, existing already in schools and universities, may be so handled as to become in time that national education in politics which is among the leading wants of the time.

Such is my vision of the future of historical study in England. I see it made on the one hand scientific by the careful definition of its subject-matter, and on the other hand in the highest degree practical by being brought into the closest connexion with politics. Hitherto the study has been neither properly scientific nor properly practical. How few among our politicians have seriously based their politics upon a reasoned historical philosophy; how few among our historians have made their way through the jungle of learned research to definite scientific conclusions!

But my experience as a teacher has made me aware of certain obstacles which the student has to surmount before he can in this way bring his politics and his history together and fuse them into one practical philosophy. The nature of these obstacles, and the way to remove them, I shall consider in some future papers.

J. R. SEELEY, in *Macmillan's Magazine*.

METEOR DUST.

Mr. Ranyard, one of the secretaries of the Royal Astronomical Society, has recently called attention to the abundant evidence which has now been obtained to show that meteoric dust is constantly falling upon the earth. Although the circumstance had long been recognised by astronomers, first as a necessary consequence of the known motions of meteors in space, and secondly from the actual study of terrestrial matter; yet it is desirable that the full force of the evidence should be generally understood, and that some of the inferences deducible from the fact that meteor dust thus falls upon the earth should be clearly apprehended. Moreover, fresh interest has recently been drawn to meteoric investigations in consequence of the recognition by the French Academy of Sciences of the labours of Stanislas Meunier in this department of research. I propose now to examine, in the first place, some of the evidence collected by Mr. Ranyard, then to discuss the conclusions of Meunier, and lastly, to indicate the part which, as I think, the downfall of meteoric matter has performed in past ages of our earth's history. Whether the views I advance be regarded as established by the evidence adduced, or not, the evidence itself is full of interest; and I shall have much more to say about the evidence than about the theoretical inferences which I deduce from it.

It must first be noted that, from observations made upon falling stars, astronomers have been led to the conclusion that, in travelling round the sun each year, the earth encounters about 400,000,000 meteoric bodies of all orders of size, down to the least which would be visible in a telescope of considerable power. As it follows from this, that on the average more than a million meteors fall per day and as each of these bodies in falling becomes turned into vapour, which must spread through a much larger extent of space than had been oc-

cupied by the meteor while solid, we can very well understand that the particles formed from the subsequent condensation of the vapourised meteors into a sort of fine meteoric rain, would be recognisable in certain localities where the circumstances were favourable to their remaining undisturbed during long periods of time. We do not find quite such good reason for expecting that any small, suitably prepared surface, exposed for hours or even for days or months to the air, would receive any recognisable amount of meteoric matter. I confess, therefore, to feeling some little hesitation in accepting accounts of meteoric particles gathered on sheets of glass coated with glycerine, or otherwise fitted to capture minute portions of solid matter. When metallic portions have been thus captured, I think their origin must be otherwise explained than by attributing them to meteoric downfall. For a million meteors per day means about one meteor for two hundred square miles of the earth's surface. In half a year one meteor on the average would fall on each square mile of that surface; and, as the average weight of a meteor must be estimated rather by grains than by ounces, I cannot think the meteor-hunter, with his square foot of glycerined glass, can have much chance, even if he waits many years, of catching particles, distributed at the rate of ten or twelve grains per weight perhaps over a square mile. If such an observer captured half a dozen meteoric particles in ten or twelve years, the result, though surprising, might be accepted as reconcilable with the known laws of meteoric downfall. But if, in a few weeks, a considerable number of metallic particles, even though microscopic in dimensions, were detected, the probability would be suggested that such particles were of terrestrial, not of interplanetary or interstellar, origin.

So much premised, let us consider the evidence gathered by Mr. Ranyard, noting that much of it is open to no objection on the score of any antecedent improbability such as I have just considered.

In the year 1862, Professor Andrews announced, in a paper read before the British Association, that he had discovered particles of native iron in the basalt of the Giant's Causeway. Having reduced portions of the rock in a porcelain mortar to a tolerably fine powder, magnetic portions were collected by passing a magnet several times through the powder. The particles adhering to the magnet were then placed under the microscope, and moistened with an acid solution of sulphate of copper. On some of them copper was deposited in a manner which indicated the presence of native iron. It seems not improbable that this iron was derived from meteors which fell on the basalt when it was still in a plastic condition. It is, indeed, difficult to see how iron could otherwise have found its way to such a position.

The next piece of evidence belongs to the doubtful category above considered. Mr. T. L. Phipson, Phil. D., author of a very useful collection of facts about meteors, aerolites, and falling stars, says in that work that he had frequently exposed to the wind a sheet of glass covered with some transparent mucilaginous substance, in order to catch the particles of dust floating in the air. He says: "I have found that

when a glass covered with pure glycerine is exposed to a strong wind late in November, it receives a certain number of *black angular particles*; some three or four may be thus collected in the space of a couple of hours. The experiment being made far in the country, away from the 'smuts' of a town, the black particles show themselves all the same. They are, however, not soot or charcoal; they can be dissolved in strong hydrochloric acid, and produce yellow chloride of *iron* upon the glass plate." He continues: "Although I have made this experiment at various periods of the year, and in different countries, it is only in the winter months that the black particles, giving with hydrochloric acid chloride of *iron*, have been met with."

I have already indicated strong *à priori* reasons for questioning whether meteoric matter could be captured, even in many months, by exposing small sheets of glycerined glass to the air, and for doubting still more seriously the possibility of capturing such matter at the rate of many particles per diem. Reichenbach's experiments were rejected by the more cautious reasoners, and, as I think, very properly rejected, for such reasons as I have indicated above. Mr. Phipson's results seem to carry their own refutation along with them, so far, at least, as the meaning he has placed upon them is concerned. It is, indeed, obvious that the black particles were not soot, for carbon does not dissolve in hydrochloric or muriatic acid, and of course no traces of iron could, under any circumstances, be obtained from the actual products of combustion. But there are reasons for believing that minute particles are often present in smoke. The mere act of poking a fire must often remove minute fragments of iron from the poker and from the bars of the grate, and such particles would readily be carried upwards by the ascending current of warm air, and, becoming coated with soot, would present precisely such an appearance as Mr. Phipson describes. Moreover, in England, where so much iron passes annually through the furnaces, and so much undergoes various processes of manufacture, it would be no very wonderful thing if much iron found its way into the air.

Albeit, I think the concluding words of the above quoted passage indicate a much closer relationship between Mr. Phipson's black particles and our winter fires than could be expected to be indicated by meteoric visitants. He himself manifestly considers the appearance of the particles in the winter months only as evidence of their interplanetary origin. And it is the case that a country in northern latitudes must receive more meteoric visitants in the first three months after the autumnal equinox than in the first three months after the vernal equinox. But during the three winter months preceding the vernal equinox the number of meteoric visitants is in equal degree less than during the three summer months preceding the autumnal equinox. In fact, from midsummer to midwinter the northern hemisphere travels somewhat more forward than the southern, while from midwinter to midsummer the southern hemisphere travels somewhat more forward than the northern; and, for the same reason that in walking

under rain the forward half of an umbrella receives (on the average for different winds) the greater number of raindrops, so, from midsummer to midwinter the northern hemisphere receives a somewhat greater number of meteoric visitants than the southern, and a somewhat smaller number from midwinter to midsummer. But the winter months, as such, should show no superiority in this respect over the summer months. We must look, then, for some other explanation of the observed fact, that more of the black particles were captured in winter than in summer—or rather that many were captured in winter, and none at all in summer. It appears to me that we find such an explanation in the circumstance that household fires are lighted in winter, and, for the most part, extinguished in summer.

The next evidence considered by Mr. Ranyard is of a more satisfactory nature. Toward the end of 1871, Dr. Nordenskjöld collected a quantity of apparently pure snow, which fell in the neighbourhood of Stockholm, during a heavy snowstorm. On melting a cubic mètre of this snow (a cubic mètre is equal to about $35\frac{1}{2}$ cubic feet, or in content corresponds to about 1,760 $\frac{1}{4}$ pints), he found that it left a black residue, from which he was able to extract with a magnet particles which, when rubbed in an agate mortar, exhibited metallic characters, and, on being treated with acid, proved to be iron. In this there was nothing more indicative of meteoric matter than in Mr. Phipson's experiments; for snow falling near a city like Stockholm would be apt to carry down a number of those black particles which form part of the smoke of a city, and Phipson's experiments go far to prove that minute particles of iron may be present in such smoke. But when, in 1872, Dr. Nordenskjöld obtained metallic matter in snow from the ice of the Rantajerwi, a spot separated by a dense forest from the nearest houses at Evoia, in Finland, the evidence appears a great deal more satisfactory. Albeit it cannot be regarded as in itself decisive; and Dr. Nordenskjöld's account of the nature of the residue out of which metallic matter was obtained, certainly suggests a smoky rather than a cosmical origin. When snow obtained in the region named was melted, it "yielded a soot-like residue, which under the microscope was found to consist of white or yellowish-white granules, with black carbonaceous substance, from which the magnet removed black grains, which, when rubbed in a mortar, were seen to be iron."

The examination of snow collected in Arctic regions seems a far more satisfactory method of seeking for evidence of meteoric dust than the study of snow which has fallen anywhere near places inhabited by man. During the Arctic Expedition of 1872, an opportunity was afforded for such researches. On August 8, 1872, the snow covering the drift ice in latitue 80° north and longitude 13° east, was observed to be thickly covered with small black particles, while in places these penetrated to a depth of some inches the granular mass of ice into which the underlying snow had been converted. Among these black particles magnetic matter was found to be abundant, and that this matter was iron was proved by its power of reducing copper sulphate

(in the same way, that is, as in the experiments made by Dr. Andrews). Again, on September 2, in latitude 80° north and longitude 15° east, the ice field was found covered with a bed of freshly fallen snow 50 millimètres (about 2 inches) thick, then a more compact bed about 8 millimètres (or say one-third of an inch) in thickness, and below this a layer 30 millimètres (say $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch) thick of snow converted into a crystalline granular mass. The latter was full of black granules, which became grey when dried, and exhibited the magnetic and chemical characters already referred to. They amounted to from one-tenth of a milligramme to a milligramme in a cubic mètre of snow, a milligramme being equal to about 1-65th of a grain. As the fallingsnow would sweep through a large region of air, and so have a chance of capturing a considerable number of meteoric particles, the presence of from a 65th to a 650th of a grain of meteoric matter in 35 cubic feet of snow seems to accord fairly with what we might expect from the known relative paucity and minuteness of the earth's meteoric visitants. Moreover, the nature of the metallic matter found in these Arctic snows accords far better with the theory of its meteoric origin than that of the metallic matter found in the black particles of Phipson's and some of Reichenbach's experiments. It is nearly certain that if effectual measures were taken for capturing meteoric matter, some other metals than iron would be detected. Now, the matter collected in Arctic regions contained such other metals. We are told that the analysis of the grey particles enabled Dr. Nordenskjöld to establish the presence of iron, phosphorus, cobalt, and probably nickel.

The next case considered by Mr. Ranyard does not appear to me to be altogether so satisfactory. During the years 1874, 1875, and 1876 M. Tissandier published in the *Comptes Rendus* a series of papers on his examination of atmospheric dust. He showed that "in the dust deposited upon the towers of the Cathedral of Notre Dame, as well as in the solid matter deposited in rain-water, there were metallic particles containing iron, nickel, and cobalt. On examining these particles under the microscope he found that they were very similar in appearance to particles which he was able to detach by friction from the surface of meteorites, and he concludes that they are the solidified metallic rain detached from meteoric masses during their passage through the atmosphere." The presence of nickel and cobalt favours the belief that the metallic matter detected by M. Tissandier really was meteoric matter, as, of course, does the resemblance of the particles to such as can be detached from the surface of meteorites by friction. Still, the towers of Notre Dame are not precisely the place where we should look for meteoric matter absolutely free from admixture with the products of combustion and other processes taking place in and around human habitations.

The evidence next to be examined is curious, and withal somewhat perplexing. Dr. Walter Flight published in the *Geological Magazine* for March and April, 1875, a paper on "Meteoric Dust," which has since been reprinted in the *Arctic Manual*. After describing Dr. Nordensk-

jöld's observations, Dr. Flight remarks that the dust from the Polar ice north of Spitzbergen bears a great resemblance to a substance to which Dr. Nordenskjöld has given the name of *cryoconite* (from two Greek words signifying *ice* and *dust*). This substance "was found," says Dr. Flight, "in Greenland, in 1870, very evenly distributed, in not inconsiderable quantity, in shore ice, as well as on ice thirty miles from the coast, and at a height of 700 mètres" (about 760 yards) "above the sea. The dust of both localities has probably a common origin. The cryoconite is chiefly met with in the holes of the ice, forming a layer of grey powder at the bottom of the water filling the holes. Considerable quantities of this substance are often carried down by streams which traverse the glacier in all directions. The ice hills which feed these streams lie towards the east, on a slowly-rising undulating plateau, on the surface of which not the slightest trace of stone or larger rock masses was to be observed. The actual position of this material, in open hollows on the surface of the glacier, precluded the possibility of its having been derived from the ground beneath."

Dr. Flight then goes on to consider the probable origin of cryoconite. He remarks that the subject is "highly enigmatical. That cryoconite is not a product of the weathering of the gneiss of the coast is shown by its inferior hardness, indicating the absence of granite by the large proportion of soda, and by the fact of mica not being present. That it is not dust derived from the basalt area of Greenland is indicated by the subordinate position which the oxide of iron occupies among the constituents, as well as by the large proportion of silicic acid. We have then to fall back on the assumption that it is either of volcanic or of cosmical origin. . . . The cryoconite, whencesoever it comes, contains one constituent of cosmical origin. Dr. Nordenskjöld extracted, by means of the magnet, from a large quantity of material sufficient particles to determine their metallic nature and composition. These grains separate copper from a solution of the sulphate, and exhibit conclusive indications of the presence of cobalt (not only before the blow-pipe, but with the solution of potassium-nitrite), of copper, and of nickel—though in the latter case with a smaller degree of certainty,*—through the reactions of this metal being of a less delicate character." It is clear from this description that cryoconite is to all intents and purposes indetical with the matter obtained by Dr. Nordenskjöld from the melting of Arctic snows. The evidence, however, is in this case remarkable, because this cryoconite or ice dust is found "very evenly distributed in not inconsiderable quantities." Probably, however, the difficulty thus arising will disappear if we consider that large quantities of the ice which falls in the Arctic regions is subsequently melted or evaporates without melting; and thus a layer of one inch of

* Science knows of no degrees of certainty, though probability may approach more and more nearly to certainty. It is well to be accurate even in cases such as the above, where no error is likely to arise; for a habit of speaking inaccurately is soon acquired, and, in cases where errors may very readily arise, often becomes seriously mischievous.

compressed ice may represent the downfall of as much snow as—even when compressed—would form a layer several feet, perhaps several yards, in thickness, if none of it underwent evaporation. Thus we can understand that the presence even of a considerable proportion of this metallic matter in the compressed Arctic snows may be reconcilable with the actual downfall of relatively very minute quantities of such matter in very large quantities of snow. For of course the evaporation of the snow would not cause the removal of a single particle of the metallic or meteoric matter. It would be a research of considerable interest, I may remark, to inquire in what degree the Polar snows evaporate as compared with those portions which come to form part of glacial masses. Although very probably it might not be found possible to deduce exact results even for any given region, far less for regions of great extent and varying nature, yet general evidence might be obtained which, combined with the results of careful analysis, such as Dr. Nordenskjöld has already applied to large quantities of the compressed snow, might throw much clearer light than we now possess on the quantity of meteoric matter actually falling year by year upon the earth.

Turn we now from Alpine snows to the depths of the great ocean. Here, as it should seem, we may expect to find meteoric matter, for not one particle of metallic matter which has once reached the surface of the mid-ocean can fail to sink and become part of the matter deposited at the sea-bottom. Here also, at least in regions far removed from the shores or from the ordinary tracks of steam-vessels, we should expect to find small trace of admixture with metallic matter from terrestrial sources.

In 1876, Mr. John Murray gave an interesting account of his examination of the deposits found at the bottom of the oceans and seas visited by the Government ship *Challenger*. The full account will be found in the ninth volume of the "Proceedings of the Royal Society of Edinburgh." The following points are all that we need consider here. Mr. Murray found, in many of the deep-sea clays, a number of magnetic particles, "some of which he extracted by means of a magnet carefully covered with paper. On placing them under a microscope, and moistening with the acid solutions of sulphate of copper, he found that copper was deposited on some of the particles." From this and the circumstance that the particles bore a strong resemblance to particles found on the "mammillated outer surface of the Cape Meteorite," Mr. Murray concluded that the particles had a cosmical origin. He suggests that the reason why meteoric particles are found in such abundance in the deep-sea clays, is that at the bottom of the ocean, far from land, such particles would not be washed away or so rapidly covered up as in the case of deposits found near to continents. They would consequently appear to form a larger proportion of deposited matter. He also suggests that the nickel present in meteoric iron would greatly retard the oxidation of such particles. "Professor Alexander Herschel has, I understand," adds Mr. Ranyard, "examined

under the microscope some of the particles extracted by Mr. Murray, and concurs with him in the opinion that they are of probably cosmic origin."

Here again we seem to recognise a means of determining the actual rate of meteoric ingathering at the present time. For it should be possible to determine the rate at which the sea-bottom is rising in particular regions. This done, the quantity of cosmical matter found in a given thickness or quantity of a deposit in one of these regions would indicate very accurately the quantity which had fallen in a given time. And thus we should be able to infer the rate at which the whole earth is growing on account of meteoric indraught. The mean of the quantities found to fall year by year on each, per square yard or per square mile, in several well-examined regions, could be fairly taken as the mean annual deposit per each square yard or square mile, as the case might be, of the whole surface of the earth. We should thus be able to infer, approximately, the actual growth of the earth in pounds or tons during a year or a century.

Next let us pass from the deep seas to the summits of lofty mountains, or, better, to the snows collected in large mountain passes.

In September, 1876, Mons. E. Yung published a paper called "*Étude sur les Poussières cosmiques.*" In this he gives a picture showing iron particles which he had found in snow that had fallen at the Hospice of St. Bernard. During the years 1875 and 1876 M. Yung examined snow which had fallen on other mountains in Switzerland. In every case he found (as Reichenbach had before done) a number of iron particles. He also extracted with a magnet minute globules of iron from dust collected on the towers of churches. This agrees well with the results of M. Tissandier's operations. Mr. Ranyard remarks that the iron particles figured on M. Yung's plate are mostly spherical or pear-shaped, with projecting points and threads of metal.

Mr. Ranyard's own observations have next to be considered. During his passage across the Atlantic, in returning from the expedition for observing the eclipse of July, 1878, he repeated in a modified form Mr. Phipson's experiments. "When at a distance of about 1,000 miles from the American coast," he says, "I exposed some glass plates covered with glycerine to the wind. They were placed upon a wind-vane, behind a tin funnel which directed a current of air upon the centre of the plate. The wind-vane was mounted near the prow of the vessel, and during the time of the exposure the wind was blowing nearly at right angles to the course of the vessel." It is clear, therefore, that whatever air fell upon the tin funnel, and through the funnel upon the glycerined plate, had come across the open sea, not from the region over or near the smoke-stack (to use a convenient Americanism).

Mr. Ranyard exposed four plates, for periods of 30 hours, 24 hours, 18 hours, and 20 hours respectively. "Immediately after the exposure the plates were placed," he says, "in a box, such as is ordinarily used

by photographers for carrying negatives, and the whole was wrapped in paper so as carefully to exclude dust till the plates could be brought to England for examination." When the box was opened the plates were examined under the microscope. Then they were submitted to the action of dilute hydrochloric acid, and afterwards to that of sulphocyanide of potassium, a process which would indicate the presence of iron particles by a bright red stain. The results obtained in this way were as follows:—

"On the plate which was exposed 18 hours, a rather large particle containing iron was found. It was of a dark brown colour, and was somewhat elongated, tapering slightly towards one end, but was not angular like the particles caught by Mr. Phipson. It was clearly visible to the naked eye, and I estimated it to be between the one one-hundredth and the one one-hundred-and-fiftieth of an inch in its longest diameter. There were other traces of iron upon the plates, but only in very minute quantities, always in connection with minute hairs and cells which had lodged in the glycerine."

These results appear far more satisfactory than any hitherto obtained from the exposure of glycerined plates to currents of air. For, first, the method used was not open to the objections existing in the experiments of Reichenbach and Phipson, and, in the second place, the minute amount of metallic matter captured accords far better with *à priori* probabilities than the large "finds" which have been made by observers employing less satisfactory methods. However, Mr. Ranyard himself is not by any means satisfied,—a remarkably good symptom in an experimenter. "I do not feel satisfied," he says, "with the experiment; for although the plates were carefully cleaned, and the glycerine made use of showed no traces of iron, the box in which the plates were carried had been lying about in Prof. Henry Draper's laboratory in New York, and I omitted to make sure that it was perfectly free from dust before making use of it. On another occasion I would recommend that the box in which the plates are to be carried should be carefully cleaned, and coated on the inside with glycerine. A box without a lock and with brass hinges should be made use of. It might be worth while to vary the experiment by exposing a magnet to the wind, with poles covered with tin-foil. On removing the tin-foil the magnetic particles" (always supposing there were some) "should be allowed to fall on a plate covered with glycerine, which could be kept for examination."

From the combined results of all these different methods of observation we may safely infer that meteoric dust, in the form of minute particles of metallic matter, is at all times present in our atmosphere, though the total amount, even for the whole earth, must be at any moment exceedingly small, while the quantity falling on a square yard, or even a square mile, of the earth's surface in a day, or even in a whole year, must be so minute as to be practically inappreciable.

Mr. Ranyard, indeed, in discussing the results of the above researches, is led to adopt some conclusions, or rather to speak favour-

ably of some inferences, which would seem to imply that the downfall of meteoric dust upon our atmosphere plays a much more important part than can justly, I conceive, be attributed to it. "The above observations," he says, "seem to point to a conclusion which has, I believe, been advocated for some time past by Mr. Proctor, namely, that meteoric matter is continually falling in quantities which, in the lapse of ages, must accumulate so as materially to contribute to the matter of the earth's crust. There can be little doubt that in the course of a year millions of meteors enter the earth's atmosphere. A few of the larger masses reach the earth's surface, but by far the greater number appear to be consumed in the higher atmosphere. The above observations show that minute particles of iron frequently reach the earth's surface without having undergone any change such as may be expected to result from their passage through the air in an incandescent state." To this he adds in a note the remark that iron particles probably form only a very small part of the meteoric dust continually falling—for, of the larger masses which have been seen to fall, it has been estimated that not one in fifty is iron. "Dr. Flight informs me," he says, "that in the British Museum there are 202 stony meteorites, all of which have been seen to fall, and there are only four iron meteorites which have been seen to fall. Stony meteorites consist for the most part of olivine, augite, hornblende, felspar, and other minerals, most of which are common in volcanic and metamorphic rocks, which cannot be distinguished as having a meteoric origin unless they are found in masses. It is worthy of remark that all the elements which are common in meteorites are also common in the stratified rocks."

It has been for researches into the matters touched on in the words just quoted that Mr. Stanislas Meunier has recently received the Lalande Medal at the hands of the Paris Academy of Sciences. In awarding to him this recognition of his laborious and valuable researches, the Academy has expressed approval of the startling, and in my opinion utterly inadmissible, theory which he has based on the results of his researches. This theory is that meteors form part of what was once a planet, with geological strata like that of our own earth; "and that later it was decomposed into separate fragments, under the action of causes difficult to define exactly" (these are the truest words of the whole passage), "but which we have more than once seen in operation in the heavens themselves" (and these are the most incorrect). Nothing wilder than this theory has been advanced by a student of science since Sir W. Thomson enunciated the amazing doctrine that life itself had been brought to the earth amid the fragments of a world once peopled by living creatures. Nothing more readily disproved has ever been asserted as a result of actual observation than the explanation put by Meunier upon the so-called "new stars" (for these are the objects which he regards as illustrating his theory of the decomposition of worlds), since Professor Tait advanced as practically certain the sea-bird theory of comets' tails, which the careful study of any one comet ever observed for more than a single night by astronomers would have

shown to be untenable. There can be nothing more certain than that the meteor systems encountered by the earth could never have formed part of a single large globe, even if such globes could conceivably be scattered into fragments. Not even a million exploded globes could account for the amazing diversity observed among the meteoric systems encountered by the earth. For although she does not encounter a million such systems, or possibly even a thousand, yet from the known fact of her encountering hundreds of such systems it becomes to all intents and purposes certain that many millions, similarly diverse in arrangement, position, motion, and so forth, exist within the solar domain. And again, among all the theories, which have hitherto been advanced in explanation of the appearance of new stars (or rather the sudden increase of certain stars in splendour), the most utterly incredible and inadmissible is that which would regard these phenomena as due to the sudden decomposition of "considerable globes like the earth, of true geological epochs."

Returning to Mr. Ranyard's inferences from the recognition of meteoric dust, I must remark that the theory he has attributed to me is not one that I have advocated, in the form at least in which he presents it. I have no doubt that the earth has in remote past ages received no small portion of her present mass from the interplanetary spaces: but I certainly have never maintained that the meteoric matter now continually falling must, in the lapse of ages, accumulate in such degree as materially to contribute to the matter of the earth's crust. On the contrary, I have shown that this cannot possibly happen. I do not believe that in the lapse of ages, using that expression to signify many thousands of years, the hundredth part of an inch can be added in this way to the earth's diameter. I do not think that in a thousand millions of years the earth's diameter can be increased a single foot in this way. (And certainly such an increase would hardly be properly described as a material contribution to the thickness of the earth's crust.) For as I have already mentioned, taking the highest estimate of the number of meteors of all orders which fall yearly upon the earth—or rather which enter her atmosphere—and the greatest average weight which can be attributed to each, it is certain that not more than one ounce of matter is added to each square mile of the earth's surface per annum. Now, in a square mile there are (nearly enough) about 1,500,000 square yards. So that even if the supply of meteoric matter showed no signs of exhaustion during the next few millions of years, not more than a pound's weight of matter would be added to each square yard of the earth's surface in the course of the next 24 millions of years, or roughly about three stones' weight to each square yard in the course of a thousand millions of years. Now, this amount of matter spread over a square yard would form a layer of very small thickness even if the greater part of the matter were no denser than pumice stone. If of the density of water, 42 lb. of such matter would have a volume equal to that enclosed within a four-gallon vessel. Or the matter may be put thus:—A cubic foot of water weighs as nearly as possi-

ble 1,000 oz., and as there are only 672 oz. in 42 lb., it follows that a vessel of water eight inches deep by one square foot in horizontal cross-section would be as nearly as possible equal in weight to the maximum quantity of meteoric matter falling on each square yard of the earth's surface in a thousand millions of years. Now, there are nine square feet in a square yard. Hence it follows that the total increment of meteoric matter, in a thousand millions of years, if on the average of the density of water, would add but one inch of thickness to the crust of the earth, or would increase the earth's diameter (supposed unchanged from other causes) by two inches.

Wherefore some of the effects which Mr. Ranyard goes on to attribute to meteoric downfall must either be rejected as inadmissible or must be regarded as belonging to exceedingly remote eras of the earth's history, when free meteoric matter existed in much greater profusion, and was therefore captured much more freely than at the present time.

For instance, we can hardly agree with him when he says that there can be little doubt that up to a great height above the earth's surface the air is impregnated with dust: meaning meteoric dust. The explanation which he is thus led to give of the dark blue colour of the sky seen from the highest mountains, most certainly must be rejected. It is true that this colour indicates, as Professor Tyndall has shown, "the presence of particles small compared with the wave-length of light." But the suggestion that "the blue colour may be caused by dust derived from the débris of meteors, the smaller particles of which may possibly occupy months or even years in falling to the earth's surface," is altogether inconsistent with the known astronomical facts respecting meteors. If this really were the true explanation of the dark blue colour of the sky, then every night the whole sky would be ablaze with falling stars; for nothing short of the constant arrival of meteoric matter as it arrives during the great displays of shooting stars would produce the abundant meteoric dust in the upper air which Mr. Ranyard's suggested explanation requires.

Again he makes the following remarks, which, by the way, are well worth careful study, even though we may feel compelled (as I certainly feel compelled) to reject the conclusion to which they conduct Mr. Ranyard: "Much evidence has been collected by Professor Von Niessl and others which tends to show that many of the larger meteoric masses enter the earth's atmosphere with velocities indicating that they are moving in hyperbolic orbits, and consequently do not belong to the solar system. It seems, therefore, probable that at all events a certain proportion of the meteoric dust is derived from sources outside the solar system." So far all is just; it is in what follows that Mr. Ranyard fails, I think, to take due account of the relative minuteness of the quantity of meteoric matter which can alone have fallen on the earth during the more recent geological eras. "The earth and planets, as they are carried along with the sun in his motion through space, would thus receive a larger proportion of meteoric matter on their

northern than on their southern hemispheres; and I would suggest, as a theory worthy of consideration, that this may account for the preponderating mass of the continents in the northern hemisphere of the earth, and for the fact which has so frequently been pointed out by physical geographers, that the great terrestrial peninsulas all taper towards the southern pole.*

It should be noticed, in the first place, that the excess of land in the northern hemisphere would tend to prove rather that the greater amount of solid matter was in the southern than that it was in the northern hemisphere. For the water has been drawn by the attractive influence of the earth's solid matter as a whole to the southern hemisphere; and this circumstance can scarcely be otherwise explained than by supposing that there is in the southern half of the earth's solid globe a preponderance of attracting matter. Apart, however, from this, it is quite certain that the excess of matter in the northern hemisphere could not be explained as Mr. Ranyard suggests. This excess amounts to an average difference of at least 400 feet in level; and it is quite certain that, while at the present rate of meteoric downpour, more than ten thousand millions of years would be required to produce a layer 400 feet thick, and a hundred times that period to produce an excess of thickness of that amount in the northern as compared with the southern hemisphere. It cannot be doubted that the time to which the present conformation of the lands and seas belongs cannot amount to five millions of years, or, indeed, to anything like that duration. We have the clearest possible evidence that large parts of even the higher lands in the northern hemisphere were under water at a much less remote epoch.

Again, the minuteness of the meteoric indraught, as compared with the vast extent of the earth's atmosphere, renders inadmissible the ingenious theory advanced by Mr. Ranyard to account for changes in the

* "The following facts with regard to the moon and the planet Mars may also," says Mr. Ranyard, "have some connection with the unequal addition of foreign matter in their northern and southern hemispheres. On the moon the volcanic action has been decidedly more intense in the southern than in the northern hemisphere, and it will also be noticed that the great crater ranges run mostly north and south. On the planet Mars—if we adopt the delineation of the seas and continents given by Proctor in his map, which was chiefly made from the drawings of the planet by Dawes—there is, as on our earth, a greater proportion of ocean surface in the southern than in the northern hemisphere. On Mars the land surface is decidedly greater than the ocean surface, so that the seas appear reduced to mere lakes and narrow inlets." (This, by the way, is a mistake, whether my map be considered, or the more recent maps which Green and Schiaparelli have based on the observations of Mars made during the singularly favourable opposition of 1877. To my own map I have applied a very simple but effective test, for having drawn it on an equal-surface projection in which equal spaces on the globe are represented by equal spaces in the map, I have cut out the parts representing land from those representing water, and, weighing these pieces of paper, have found that those belonging to the sea weigh, together, almost exactly the same as those belonging to the land.) "But," Mr. Ranyard proceeds, "it will be noticed that these (lakes and narrow inlets) have their broadest expansion in the southern hemisphere, and that what has been termed the equatorial girdle of continents has its medial line decidedly to the north of the Martial equator."

climate of the earth. "The experiments of Professor Arthur Wright, of Yale," he says, "show that when meteoric masses are heated, considerable amounts of occluded gas are given off. We shall therefore, in considering the results which must follow from the continuous fall of meteoric matter, have to take into account the fact that gaseous matter is probably being continually added to the atmosphere. If the amount of gaseous matter taken from the air and stored up in a solid form by the agency of plants and animals, and by the action of animal substances, does not counterbalance the amount continually added to the atmosphere from meteors, together with the supplies derived from volcanic vents and from other sources from which the atmosphere may be recruited, it will be evident that the total amount of the atmosphere must either be increasing or decreasing. And the point to which I wish to draw attention is that such increase or decrease would in time serve to account for great changes of temperature at the earth's surface. If we suppose the earth to pass through a region of space where there are comparatively few meteors, the height of the atmosphere would in the course of time be greatly decreased, and we should have a temperature at the sea level corresponding to the present temperature of our mountain tops. In the language of geologists, a glacial epoch would be the result. If, on the other hand, the earth passed through a region of space rich in meteors, containing occluded carbonic acid gas, the atmosphere would increase in depth, and a period like the carboniferous period might be the result, in which a semi-tropical vegetation might again flourish on the coast of Greenland."

It is of course true that, in time, such changes as are at present taking place would, if one or the other of the two opposite causes of change were to operate, produce an atmosphere much rarer or an atmosphere much denser than the present atmosphere of the earth. But it is quite certain that the intervals of time separating the so-called glacial epochs from epochs when rich vegetation of a semi-tropical kind existed in Arctic regions, were not nearly long enough for appreciable changes of atmospheric pressure to have been produced in the manner suggested by Mr. Ranyard. The total weight of meteoric matter added in ten million years to the earth, at the present rate of indraught, would not add one-tenth of an inch to the height of the mercurial column in the barometer, even on the supposition that the whole of the matter thus added became not only gaseous when it reached our air, but remained gaseous afterwards, in such sort that, throughout the whole of those millions of years, no meteoric dust was deposited—for meteoric dust is the result of the condensation of meteoric vapour. There are reasons for believing that the prevalence of a semi-tropical vegetation in Arctic and Antarctic regions was due to the greater density of the air in remote times, and also to a difference in its constitution; but it is quite certain that no such difference can be ascribed to meteoric downfall within the interval over which geological survey extends. For it must be remembered that the passage of our solar sys-

tem through a region rich in meteoric matter could not possibly produce an excess of meteoric downfall for a period of moderate duration, followed presently by a prolonged period of relative meteoric scarcity. The meteors gathered during such a passage would be gathered by the solar system as a whole, and would not get distributed among the several members of that system for many millions of years. Had there been such downfall during the carboniferous era, the earth would not have exhausted in the interval which has elapsed since (the maximum interval, that is, which geology will allow us to recognise) a tithe of that meteoric wealth. We can safely conclude from the minute amount of meteoric indraught now, that there has been no such meteoric wealth as this theory supposes, during a period at least a hundred times as long as that which separates the carboniferous era from the present time.

But although some of the results which have been supposed to follow from the downfall of meteoric matter must thus be dismissed as inconsistent with the minutest quantity of such matter known to be falling year by year, there remain many interesting inferences from the recognised laws of meteoric distribution. The subject is, indeed, one which, so far from being as yet exhausted, seems scarcely to have been yet fairly attacked. Nor can we wonder at this when we remember how short a time has elapsed since meteors and shooting stars have had their true position as members of the solar system definitely assigned to them. Recognising, as we now must, the fact that day by day, and year by year, our earth gathers up meteoric fragments, remembering that the meteors thus captured by millions in each year are only those which remain after thousands of millions of years, during which the process has continued, we cannot but perceive that in the past meteors must have subserved most important purposes in the economy, not merely of our earth, but of the entire system. Nor is it wholly impossible that as men gradually come to learn with more and more precision the actual paths, the numbers, and the constitution of the meteoric systems now existent, they may be able to infer, with a clearness and fullness as yet undreamt of, the nature of the systems of meteoric families which existed when as yet the solar system was young.

RICHARD A. PROCTOR, in *The Gentleman's Magazine*.

IN DENMARK.

Formerly the terrors of a sea-voyage from Kiel deterred many travellers from thinking of a tour in Denmark or Sweden, but now a succession of railways makes everything easy, and while nothing can be imagined more invigorating or pleasant, there is probably no pleasure more economical than a summer in Scandinavia. Those who are worn with a London season will feel as if every breath in the crystal air of Denmark endued them with fresh health and strength,

and then, after they have seen its old palaces and its beech woods and its Thorwaldsen sculptures, a voyage of ten minutes will carry them over the narrow Sound to the soft beauties of genial Sweden and the wild splendours of Norway.

Either Hamburg or Lubeck must be the starting-point for the overland route to Denmark, and the old free city of Lubeck, though quite a small place, is one of the most remarkable towns in Germany. We arrived there one hot summer afternoon, after a weary journey over the arid sandy plains which separate it from Berlin, and suddenly seemed to be transported into a land of verdure. Lilacs and roses bloomed everywhere; a wood lined the bank of the limpid river Trave, and in its waters—beyond the old wooden bridge—were reflected all the tallest steeples, often strangely out of the perpendicular, of many-towered Lubeck. A wonderful gate of red brick and golden-hued terra-cotta is the entrance from the station, and in the market-place are the quaintest turrets, towers, tourelles, but all ending in spires. The lofty houses, so full of rich colour, throw cool shade on the streets on the hottest summer day; and we enjoyed a Sunday in the excellent hotel, with wooden galleries opening towards a splashing fountain in a quiet square, where a fat constable busied himself in keeping everybody from fulfilling any avocation whatever whilst service was being performed in the churches, but let them do exactly as they pleased as soon as it was over.

It must, at best, be a weary journey across West Holstein, through a succession of arid flats varied by stagnant swamps. We spent the weary hours in studying Dunham's "History of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway"—which cannot be sufficiently recommended to all Scandinavian travellers. The glowing accounts in English guide books of a lake and an old castle beguiled us into spending a night at Sleswig, but it turned out that the lake had disappeared before the memory of man, and that the castle was a white modern barrack. The colourless town and its long sleepy suburb, moored as if upon a raft in the marshes, straggle along the edge of a waveless fiord. At the end is the rugged cathedral like a barn, with a belfry like a dovecot, and inside it a curious altar-piece by Hans Brüggemann, pupil of Albert Dürer, and the noble monument of Frederick I., the first Lutheran King of Denmark; while richly carved doors at the sides of the church admit one to see how the grandmother of the Princess of Wales and various other potentates lie—Danish fashion—in gorgeous exposed coffins without any tombs at all. Everywhere roses grow in the streets, trained upon the house walls; and, up the pavement, crowds of the children were hurrying in the early morning, carrying in their hands the shoes which they were going to wear when they were in school. In the evenings these children will not venture outside the town, for over the marshes they say that the wild huntsman rides, followed by his demon hounds and blowing his magic horn. It is the spirit of Duke Abel the fratricide, who, in the fens, murdered his brother Eric VI. of Denmark, and who was afterwards lost there himself, falling from his horse and being

dragged down by the weight of his armour. To give rest to his wandering spirit, the clergy dug up his body and dispatched it to Bremen, but there his vampire gave the canons no peace, so they sent the corpse back again, and now it lies once more in the marshes of Gottorp.

Most unutterably hideous is the country through which the railway now travels, wearisome levels only broken here and there by mounds, probably sepulchral. A straight line with tiny hillocks at intervals would do for a sketch of the whole of Sleswig and the greater part of Funen and Zealand. In times of early Danish history it was a frequent punishment to bury criminals alive in these dismal peat mounds. Twelve hours of changelessly flat scenery bring travellers from Hamburg to Frederikshaven, where we embark upon the Little Belt, the luggage-vans of the train being shunted on board the steamer. Immediately opposite lie the sandy shores of Funen, and in a few minutes we are there. Then four hours of ugly scenery take us across the island. It is only necessary to look out at the little town of Odense, called after the old hero-god, which was the birthplace of Hans Christian Andersen in 1805. The cathedral of Odense contains the shrine of the sainted King Canute IV. (1080—86), who was murdered while kneeling before the altar, owing to indignation at the severe taxation to which the love of Church endowment had incited him.

Nyborg, where we meet the sea again, will recall to lovers of old ballads the story of the innocent young knight, Folker Lowmanson, and his cruel death here in a barrel of spikes, from the jealousy of Waldemar IV. for his beautiful Queen Helwig, and how, to know his fate—

“With anxious heart did Denmark’s Queen
To Nyborg urge her horse,
And at the gate his bier she met,
And on it Folker’s corse.

“Such honour shown to son of knight
I never yet could hear;
The Queen of Denmark walked on foot
Herself before his bier.

“In tears then Helwig mounted horse
And silent homeward rode,
For in her heart a life-long grief
Had taken its abode.”

At Nyborg we embark on a miserable steamer for the passage of the Great Belt. It lasts an hour and a half, and is often most wretched. On landing at Korsor travellers are hurried into the train which is waiting for the vessel.

Now the country improves a little. Here and there we pass through great beech woods. Down the green glades of one of them a glimpse is caught of the college of Sorø. It occupies the site of a monastery founded by Asker Ryg, a chieftain who, when he departed on a journey of warfare, vowed that if the child to which his wife Inge was

about to give birth proved to be a girl, he would give his new building a spire, but a tower if it were a boy. On his return, he saw two towers rising in the distance. Inge had given birth to twin sons, who lived to become Asbiorn Snare, celebrated in the ballad of "Fair Christal," and Absalon, the warrior Bishop of Roeskilde—"first captain by sea and land." Absalon is buried here in the church of Soro, which contains the tomb of King Olaf, the shortlived son of the famous Queen Margaret; of her cruel father, Waldemar Atterdag, whose last words expressed regret that he had not suffocated his daughter in her cradle; and of her grandfather, Christopher II., with his wife Euphemia of Pomerania. Soon we pass Ringsted, which is scarcely worth stopping at, though its church contains the fine brass of King Erik Menred (1319) and his Queen Ingeborga, and though twenty kings and queens were entombed there before Roeskilde became the royal place of sepulture. Amongst them lies the popular Queen Dagmar, first wife of Waldemar II., still celebrated in ballad literature, for there is scarcely a Dane who is ignorant of the touching story of "Queen Dagmar's Death" which begins—

"Queen Dagmar is lying at Ribé sick,
At Ringsted is made her grave,"

and which contains her last touching request to her husband, and her simple confession of the only "sin" she could remember—

"Had I on a Sunday not laced my sleeves,
Or border upon them sewn,
No pangs had I felt by day or night,
Or torture of hell-fire known."

Tradition tells us that the dismal town of Ringsted was founded by King Ring, a warrior who, when he was seriously wounded in battle, placed the bodies of his slain heroes and that of his Queen Alpol on board a ship laden with pitch, and going out to the open sea, set the vessel on fire, and then fell upon his sword.

In the twilight we pass Roeskilde, and at 10½ p.m. long rows of street lamps reflected in canals, show that we have reached Copenhagen.

To those whose travels have chiefly led them southwards, there is a great pleasure in the first awaking in Copenhagen. Everything is new—the associations, the characteristics, the history; even the very names on the omnibuses are suggestive of the sagas and romances of the north; and though the summer sun is hot, the atmosphere is as clear as that of a tramontana day in an Italian winter, and the air is indescribably elastic. The comfortable Hôtel d'Angleterre stands in the Kongens Nytorv, a modern square with trees surrounding a statue in the centre, but there are glimpses of picturesque shipping down the side streets, and hard by is a spire quite ideally Danish, formed by three marvellous dragons with their tails twisted together in the air. Tradition declares that it was moved bodily from Calmar in the south of Sweden. It rises now from a beautiful building of brick erected in 1624 by Christian IV., brother-in-law of James I. of England, and used as the Exchange.

Not far off is the principal palace—Christiansborg Slot, often rebuilt, and very white and ugly. Besides the Royal Residence, its vast courts contain the Chambers of Parliament, the Royal Library, and a Picture Gallery chiefly filled with the works of native artists, amongst which those of Marstrand and Bloch are very striking and well worthy of attention.

A queer building in the shadow of the palace, which attracts notice by its frescoed walls, is the Thorwaldsen Museum, the shrine where Denmark has reverentially collected all the works and memorials of her greatest artist—Bertel Thorwaldsen. Though his family is said to have descended from the Danish king Harold Stildetand, he was born (in 1770) the son of one Gottschalk, who, half workman, half artist, was employed in carving figures for the bows of vessels. From his earliest childhood little Bertel accompanied his father to the wharfs and assisted him in his work, in which he showed such intelligence that in his eleventh year he was allowed to enter the Free School of Art. Here he soon made wonderful progress in sculpture, but could so little be persuaded to attend to other studies, that he reached the age of eighteen scarcely able to read. In his twenty-third year he obtained the great gold medal, to which a travelling stipend is attached, and thus he was enabled to go to Rome, where, encouraged at first by the patronage of Thomas Hope, the English banker, he soon reached the highest pitch of celebrity. Denmark became proud of her son, so that his visits to his native town in 1819 and 1837 were like triumphal progresses, all the city going forth to meet him, and lodging him splendidly at the public cost, but his heart always clung to the Eternal City, which continued to be the scene of his labours. Of his many works perhaps his noble lion at Lucerne is the best known. He never married, though he was long attached to a member of the old Scottish house of Mackenzie, and he died on a visit to Copenhagen in 1844.

In accordance with Thorwaldsen's own wish, he rests in the centre of his works. His grave has no tombstone, but is covered with green ivy. All around the little court which contains it are halls and galleries filled with the marvellously varied productions of his genius, arranged in the order of their execution—casts of all his absent sculptures, and many most grand originals. Especially beautiful are the statue of Mercury, modelled from a Roman boy, of which the original is in the possession of Lord Ashburton, and the exquisite reliefs of the Ages of Love, and of Day and Night, the two latter resulting from the inspiration of a single afternoon. But all seem to culminate in the great Hall of Christ, for though the statues here are only cast from those in the Vor Frue Kirche, they are far better seen in the well-lighted chamber than in the church. The colossal figures of the apostles lead up to the Saviour in sublime benediction; perhaps the statues of Simon Zelotes and the pilgrim St. James are the noblest amongst them. In the last room are gathered all the little personal memorials of Thorwaldsen—his books, pictures, and furniture.

The Museum of Northern Antiquities should also be visited, and the Tower of the Trinity Church, with a roadway inside making an

easy ascent to the strange view of many roofs and many waters which is obtained from the top. But the most delightful place in Copenhagen is the Palace of Rosenborg, standing at the end of a stately old garden—where it was built by Inigo Jones for Christian IV., and containing the room where he died, with his wedding dress, and most of his other clothes and possessions. This palace-building king, celebrated for the drinking bouts in which he indulged with his brother-in-law, James I. of England, was the greatest dandy of his time, and before we leave Denmark we shall become very familiar with his portraits, always distinguished by the wonderful left whisker twisted into a pigtail falling on one side of the chin. Other rooms in Rosenborg are devoted to each of the succeeding monarchs and filled with relics and memorials which carry one back into most romantic corners of Danish history, the ever-alternate succession of Christians and Frederics making a most terrible bewilderment, down to the two English queens, Louisa the beloved, and Caroline Matilda the unfortunate. Most curious amongst a myriad objects of value are the three great silver lions—"Great Belt, Little Belt, and Sound," which, by ancient custom, appear as mourners at all the funerals of the sovereigns, accompanying them to Roeskilde and returning afterwards to the palace.

Those interested in such matters will wander as we did through the more ancient parts of Copenhagen in search of old silver, and specimens of the older Copenhagen china. Formerly the china imitated that of Miessen, but it has now a more distinctive character, and is chiefly used in reproducing the works of Thorwaldsen. Copenhagen has no other especial manufactures.

No visitors to the Danish capital must omit a visit to Tivoli, the pretty odd pleasure grounds—very respectable too—near the railway station, where all kinds of evening amusements are provided in illuminated gardens and woods by a tiny lake, really very pretty. Here we watched the cars rushing like a whirlwind down one hill and up another, with their inmates screaming in pleasurable agony; and saw the extraordinary feats of "the Cannon King," who tossed a cannon ball, catching it on his hands, his head, his feet—anywhere, and then stood in front of a cannon and was shot, receiving in his hands the ball, which did nothing worse than twist him round by its force.

One day we went out—an hour and a half by rail—to Roeskilde, where a church was first founded by William, an Englishman, in the days of King Harold Blaatand (Bluetooth), brother of Canute the Great. It is dedicated to St. Lucius, because tradition tells that a terrible dragon, who infested the neighbouring fiord and banqueted on the inhabitants, was destroyed for ever when the head of the holy Pope St. Lucius was brought from Rome and presented for his breakfast. The tall spires of the cathedral rise, slender and gray, from the little town, and beneath, embosomed in sweeping cornfields, a lovely fiord stretches away into pale blue distances. Endless kings and queens are buried at Roeskilde.

The earlier sovereigns have glorious tombs, amongst which the most conspicuous is that of Queen Margaret, the "Semiramis of the North,"

who, born in the prison of Syborg, where her unhappy mother Queen Helwig was imprisoned by Waldemar Atterdag, and allowed to run wild in the forest in her childhood, lived to become one of the wisest of northern sovereigns, and to unite by the Act known as "the Union of Calmar," the crowns of Denmark, Sweden and Norway, which attained unwonted prosperity under her sway. There are effigies of Frederic II. and Christian IV., the grandfather and uncle of our Charles I., which recall his type of countenance and have the same peaked beard. Christian IV., the great palace-builder, whose birth was believed to have been prophesied by the mermaid Isbrand, was born (April 12, 1577) under a hawthorn tree on the road between Frederiksborg and Roeskilde, as his mother, Sophia of Mecklenburg, insisted on taking walks with her ladies-in-waiting far longer than was prudent. This king, his father, and all the later members of the royal house lie, not in their tombs, but in gorgeous coffins embossed with gold and silver upon the floor of the church, which has a very odd effect. The entrance of one of the private chapels is a gate with a Luge figure, in wrought ironwork, of the devil with his tail in his hand. In another chapel are fine works of Marstrand (1810—75), the best of the pupils of Eckersberg, who gave the first stimulus to the art of painting in Denmark.

The district around Roeskilde, and indeed the greater part of Denmark, is devoted to corn, for there is no country in Europe, excepting England and Belgium, which can compete with this as a corn-grower. It is curious that though the neighbouring Sweden and Norway are so covered with pines, no conifer will grow in Denmark except under most careful cultivation. The principal native tree is the beech, and the beech woods are nowhere more beautiful than in the neighbourhood of Copenhagen. The railway to Elsinore passes through the beautiful beech forests which are familiar to us through the stories of Hans Christian Andersen. Here, near a little roadside station, rises the Hampton Court of Denmark, the great castle of Frederiksborg, the most magnificent of the creations of Christian IV., which John of Fribourg erected for that monarch, who looked personally into the minutest details of his expenses, and so raised this structure, glorious as it is, with an economy which greatly astonished his thrifty parliament. In the depths of the beech woods is a great lake, in the centre of which, on three islands united by bridges, rises the palace, most beautiful in its time-honoured hue of red brick and grey stone, with high roofs, richly sculptured windows, and wondrous towers and spires. Each view of the castle seems more picturesque than the last. It is a dream of architectural beauty, to which the great expanse of transparent waters and the deep verdure of the surrounding woods add a mysterious charm. A gigantic gate-tower admits the visitor to the courtyard, where Christian IV., with his own hand, chopped off the head of the Master of the Mint, which he had established here, who had defrauded him. "He tried to cheat us, but we have cheated him, for we have chopped his head off," said the king. Inside, the palace has been gorgeously restored since a great fire by which it was terribly injured in

1859. The chapel, with the pew of Christian IV.—“bedekammer,” prayer-chamber, it is called—is most curious. There is a noble series of the pictures of the native artist Carl Bloch, recalling the works of Overbeck in their majesty and depth of feeling, but far more forcible.

A drive of four miles through beech woods leads to the comfortable later palace of Fredensborg, built as “a Castle of Peace” by Frederick IV. and Louisa of Mecklenburg, with a lovely garden and a view of the Esrom lake down green glades, in one of which is a mysterious assembly of stone statues in Norwegian costumes.

We may either take the railway or drive by Gurre from hence to Elsinore (Helsingor), where the great castle of Kronborg rises, with many towers built of grey stone, at the end of the little town on the low promontory jutting out into the sea. Stately avenues surround its bastions, and it is delightful to walk upon the platform where the first scene of Shakspeare’s *Hamlet* is laid, and to watch the numberless ships in the narrow sound which divides Denmark and Sweden. The castle is in perfect preservation. It was formerly used as a palace. Anne of Denmark was married here, by proxy to James VI. of Scotland, and here poor Caroline Matilda sate daily for hours at her prison window watching vainly for the fleet of England which she believed was coming to her rescue. Beyond the castle, a sandy plain reminding us of Scottish links, covered with bent-grass and drifted by seaweed, extends to Marienlyst, a little fashionable bathing place embosomed in verdure. Here a Carmelite convent was founded by the wife of Erik IX., that Queen Philippa—daughter of Henry IV. of England—who successfully defended Copenhagen against the Hanseatic League, but was afterwards beaten by her husband because her ships were defeated at Stralsund, an indignity which drove her to a monastic life. Hamlet’s Grave and Ophelia’s Brook are shown at Marienlyst, having been invented for anxious inquirers by the complaisant inhabitants. Alas! both were unknown to Andersen, who lived here in his childhood, and it is provoking to learn that Hamlet had really no especial connection with Elsinore, and was the son of a Jutland pirate in the insignificant island of Mors. But Denmark is the very home of picturesque stories, which are kept alive there by the ballad literature of the land, chiefly of the fourteenth or fifteenth centuries, but still known to rich and poor alike as in no other country. For hundreds of years these poetical histories have been the tunes to which, in winter, when no other exercise can be taken, people dance for hours, holding each other’s hands in two lines, making three steps forwards and backwards, keeping time, balancing, or remaining still for a moment, as they sing one of their old ballads or its refrain.

It was in a wild evening, with huge blue foam-crested waves rushing down the Sound, that we crossed in ten minutes to Helsingborg in Sweden, mounted for the sunset to the one huge remaining tower of its castle, and sketched as typical of almost all village towers in Denmark the belfry of the church where King Erik Menred was married to the Swedish princess Ingeborga.

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE, in *Good Words*.

PRINCE NAPOLEON.

Now that the weapon of a naked savage has struck down in a nameless skirmish the last of the eldest branch of the Bonapartes, and the first of the race who ever fell upon a field of battle, men's eyes are not unnaturally turned again upon one who often commanded their gaze before, but who seemed of late days to have passed from their notice for ever, the man whom strange chance has placed at the head of the Napoleon family. It seems in keeping with the pitiless irony of fate which has always pursued the Bonaparte dynasty—a fate as stern as the fabled destiny of the Pelopids—that the death of Prince Louis Napoleon should place whatever remains of succession at the feet of the man whom neither he nor his mother loved overmuch, at the feet of the Esau or rather the Ishmael of the House, Prince Napoleon Joseph Charles Paul Bonaparte (Jerôme), better known as Prince Napoleon, better known still in the *argot* of history as Plon-Plon. Prince Napoleon is the son of that somewhat feather-headed King of Westphalia who is chiefly conspicuous for his marriage with Miss Patterson of Baltimore—she who died but the other day—and for his exclamation at the battle of Waterloo: “Brother, here should perish all who bear the name of Bonaparte!” an heroic exclamation which did not prevent him from escaping from the field and living till 1860. Westphalia Jerôme was the youngest brother of the first Napoleon; but as the great Napoleon did what he liked with the succession, and set aside his other brothers when they displeased him, the year 1852 saw his son the heir-presumptive to the Imperial Crown. The birth of the poor lad who died last June in Zululand took away from him the succession to a great and apparently firmly established empire; his death has given him the headship of a fallen house, and put him nominally in command of a powerless party.

Prince Napoleon is one of the strangest figures of modern history. His career has been one long riddle unexplained as yet. No man in Europe has been more misunderstood, and few have been more disliked; no man had better chances of success than he, and no man ever made less use of his chances. To-day finds him as much a puzzle alike to his friends and his enemies as he was thirty years ago when he first swore allegiance to a French Republic. He has been described by a witty critic as a Cæsar out of place. But the epigram would have been much truer which described him as an unemployed Antony. The marvellous capability for doing the right thing at the right time which characterised Cæsar never was the property of Prince Napoleon. He has rather been conspicuous all his life for doing the right thing at the wrong moment. And now, close to his sixtieth year, he, the strangest evolution of the race Bonaparte, remains just where he was when he started,

having succeeded in convincing the world first that he was a fool, then that he was a man of genius, without winning any success either from his folly or his intellect. Among the many witty and bitter things that the Prince Napoleon has said about the members of his own family, one saying deserves especial remembrance—his epigrammatic observation that his cousin the Emperor took in the world twice: first, when he made the world believe that he was an idiot; and secondly, when he made it believe he was a statesman. The epigram would apply almost as well to its author as to its object.

This is his portrait, drawn by the hand of a bitter enemy:—"He is of a tall form, but with his neck sinking between his shoulders; his waist is fast disappearing before the irruption of corpulency; his gait is heavy and undignified; he is short-sighted, and his glance is an oblique one. His general appearance reminds you of the elder Bonaparte, the one whom MM. Thiers and Marco Saint Hilaire, Troplong and Havin, and likewise M. Prudhomme, style "le Grand Homme," but it reminds you still more of Otho or Vitellius, and somewhat also of the common mask of "Punch." Such a description as this gives no real idea of the appearance of the man or of the quality of character to be inferred from a study of his face. Flandrin's famous portrait gave another and a truer view of his nature. Strangely like the first Napoleon was it, so like that it would have passed in the eyes of most spectators as a picture of the Little Corporal. A more attentive observer would have asumed it to be a study of the Great Emperor after Leipzig or Waterloo, for there was stamped on the sensuous face a look of sullen discontent, of a disappointment that did not often belong to the features of the first of the Bonapartes. It was the face of a Napoleon without success, of a Napoleon who had not found his chance, who had waited too long for his Marengo. It was the face of a Napoleon compelled by strange fate to inaction, it was the face of Prince Napoleon. So like the Great Napoleon is he, that a pathetic little story which I once remember reading might very well be true. It told how one of the survivors of Napoleon's Old Guard who returned to his provincial home after Waterloo always refused to believe that his Emperor was dead, and insisted that he would return one day to restore to France her lost glory. The story went on to tell that years after it so chanced that Prince Napoleon had for some reason to go through this town at night, and some of the townspeople, thinking to play off a jest upon the old soldier, came to him and told him that his dream had come true, that the Emperor had indeed returned, and was at that moment passing through the principal street. Wild with excitement, the veteran rushed off to the spot where the Imperial escort was slowly making its way through the shouting crowd. The glare of torches shone upon the soldiers and upon a bareheaded man looking out of a carriage window, a man with the face of the conqueror of Austerlitz. The old soldier gave a wild cry of delight, "Vive l'Empereur!" and fell down fainting. When they came to raise him they found he was dead; he had died

happy in the belief that he had once again looked upon the face of his old commander.

It will not be without interest to glance rapidly over this career, and see what can be made of it. Prince Napoleon was born in 1822, at Trieste, and received a military education at the royal military academy of Ludwigsburg, where he signified himself by not a few quarrels with his comrades. In 1845 he and his father were allowed by Louis-Philippe to return to France, in spite of the law of banishment against all Napoleons. The year of revolution sent him to the Assembly as the deputy for Corsica, and he declared himself everywhere as a devoted republican, winning for himself the title of "Prince Rouge" and "Prince de la Montagne," although it must be said that many of the republicans made what I cannot but consider the mistake of not believing in his sincerity. I believe he was sincere enough in his republicanism, sincere enough in his hope that his cousin would keep true to his word. But in Prince Napoleon's character there seems to be a fatal sluggishness which is inclined to say, "I have done my best to shape the course of events, but if they won't take the course I wish, they must go their own way." The infamy of the *coup d'état* found no aider and abettor in him, but it was assumed by the outer public that he merely held aloof, while his enemies declared that he had deliberately helped to betray the republic. We know now, on the testimony of M. Victor Hugo, that the Red Prince came to him on the night of the 16th November, 1851, and placed before him a scheme for the succor of the threatened Republic. This scheme meant no less than the immediate arrest of the Prince-president by the order and action of the *côté gauche*, headed by its sixteen leaders, the *burggraves rouges*. Had this plan been adopted and proved successful, who can say how much of the future calamities of France might have been avoided? A France without its *coup d'état* and its Sedan seems difficult not to imagine, but such a thing might have been, though the "might-have-beens," says Carlyle, are for the most part a vanity. Victor Hugo declined the plan on the ground that one must not be illegal to prevent illegality; and the Prince feeling doubtless that he had done enough, retired, content to let things take their course, and to take whatever of good to him they might bring with them. In the course of that strange conversation, the knowledge of which now exonerates Prince Napoleon from so much, he made one speech which showed how keen was his appreciation of the situation of his House, and how true was his view into history. "I bear the name of Bonaparte," he said, "but I bear it without fanaticism. I am a Bonaparte, but not a Bonapartist. I respect the name, but I can judge it. It bears already one stain, that of the 18th Brumaire. Is it about to endure another? The old stain has disappeared in glory. Austerlitz eclipses Brumaire. Napoleon is absolved by his genius. The people have so much admired him that they have forgiven him. This glory of Napoleon's has survived the first blow; a

second would kill it. I do not wish this. I hate the first 18th Brumaire; I fear the second; I would hinder it."

When the Crimean war was juggled into existence to gratify conquered France by teaching her that her conqueror had inherited the Napoleonic glory with the Napoleonic name, a command was given to Prince Napoleon. He went out to the seat of war, stayed a few months with the army, and to the surprise of everyone returned home to Paris. The ostensible reason was sickness; his enemies said and say that it was because the man with the face of the great Napoleon had the heart of a coward, because he dealt in lieutenantry and dreaded the brave squares of war; his friends say that he was treated badly, that he had no chance, that he quarrelled with everyone and returned home in disgust. I for my part consider the cowardice theory utterly absurd, and I have on my side Mr. Kinglake, at least as likely to be a good judge of a man's military qualities as any of the Prince's assailants, who entirely exonerates him from his unlucky charge. "I may say," states the historian of the Crimean war, "that such knowledge as I have hitherto chanced to gain of his career has not yet enabled me to infer that he is a man of lower grade than his uncle in the matter of personal courage." It was, however, very unlucky for Prince Napoleon that he came back so ingloriously as to be styled the general who deserted; still more unlucky that the scheming of his Imperial cousin during the Italian war sent him down with a command into Tuscany, where no single wave, no spent ripple of the war, ever reached, and where he received from his soldiers the name of "the Immortal," the man that does not die. Nothing clings so surely about a great name as a charge which is difficult or impossible to disprove, and this charge of cowardice has clung about Prince Napoleon's name, never probably to be effaced from the minds of most persons. Some estimate, however, may be formed of the value of sweeping charges like this, when it is recollected that Sir Walter Scott brought the same charge of cowardice against the Great Napoleon, and that he found plenty of people ready to believe in the accusation.

Up to this time, and until long after, Europe had made its mind up with regard to the two cousins Bonaparte. Louis Napoleon, the Emperor, was the man of genius, subtle as the Sphinx, the master-mind, the combination of Machiavelli and Richelieu rolled into one, in fact, the heart and brain of Continental diplomacy. Prince Napoleon was the dull incapable coward, the helpless, hopeless, degenerate bearer of a mighty name. All the angry epithets which poor Claude Melnotte in his despair asks his mother if he deserves were hurled most lavishly by public opinion upon Plon-Plon or Craint-Plomb, as certain of his enemies delighted to style him. In one thing alone did public opinion allow him any excellence. Public opinion allowed that he excelled in profligacy. All the crimes which the vivid imagination and the virulent tongue of Cicero showered upon Antony were laid to the credit of Prince Napoleon. Not Trimalcion himself, nor any of the infamous Athenians

whose sins are gibbeted in the verse of Aristophanes, could boast a more repulsive reputation than that of Prince Napoleon at this time. For this reason his marriage with Princess Clothilde caused a deep and sincere feeling of horror, and *Punch's* cartoon, which represented the Emperor pronouncing the nuptial benediction over a weeping girl and his cousin with his uncle's face, represented the feeling at the time of nine persons out of ten. Undoubtedly the union could scarcely be considered a happy one, but it turned out better perhaps than most such marriages do, and at least it had about it nothing of the infamy of Louis-Philippe's hideous Spanish match. How far the opinion of the world was right as to Prince Napoleon's private character, it is no concern of ours to inquire: its opinion as to his stupidity was to be suddenly undeceived in 1861 by the famous speech in the Senate; which, by its splendid eloquence and its powerful defence of democratic liberty, took the world very much by surprise. If some actor who had played the part of a clown for years suddenly leaped into fame in one night as the greatest tragic actor of his time, the effect could not be more startling, more *bizarre*, than the revolution which converted the Cloten of the Palais-Royal into one of France's greatest orators, the peer of Vergniaud and Berryer. Never probably before in the history of France had any man earned so unenviable a fame for incapacity, and flung it off so suddenly, as suddenly as the matador flings off its heavy cloak when he thinks the time has come for him to face *el toro*. The fierce attacks upon the Orleanists which the speech contained, called forth from the Duke d'Aumale a pamphlet and a challenge. The Prince read the pamphlet *Egalité Petit-fils* and declined his challenge; rather it was declined for him by the Emperor. The old "coward cry" was of course raised, but all English politicians will agree that the Prince was right in seeing that the quarrels of hostile houses were not to be settled nowadays by the weapons which stirred and stilled the brawls of the Capulets and Montagues. One passage in this now somewhat forgotten pamphlet—which, however, deserves to be remembered as a manly defence of the cause of the King of the Barricades—described the characteristics of the Bonaparte race with a bitter truthfulness which must have been strangely unpalatable to its Imperial head:—

"Pour les Bonapartes, quand il s'agit de faire fusiller, leur parole est bonne. Et, tenez, prince, de toutes les promesses que vous et les vôtres avez faites ou pouvez faire, celle-là est la seule sur l'exécution de la quelle je compterais."

From this time forth the rôle of Prince Napoleon before the eyes of Europe was changed. He was now pointed out as the subtle schemer, the man of vast ambition and determined will. The cap and bells were taken from him, and he was invested with the cloak, the mask, and the dark lantern of the Conventional stage conspirator. His house became the rendezvous of continental malcontents, and no

event of any importance could take place in Europe without finding the very people who had made mouths at Plon-Plon for a fool inquiring eagerly what part Prince Napoleon had in the matter. He was now sent by his cousin upon diplomatic missions all over the world, and was in fact a sort of unofficial ambassador for the Empire everywhere. There can be little doubt that his genius, his far-sighted political intelligence, and his power of appreciating the relative values of nations, might have made his assistance of great service to Napoleon the Third, if Napoleon the Third had seen fit to profit by it more often. It is true that Prince Napoleon's political judgment generally led him to different conclusions from those evolved from the Tuileries, and it must be admitted that his opinions generally ran counter to those of the majority upon most great questions; but events have almost invariably justified Prince Napoleon, and showed that his Imperial cousin would have done wiser in listening to his single voice than to any clamor of public opinion. When Prince Napoleon went over to America during the civil war, to judge the question on its native ground, hearing the cause discussed in New York salons, in reunions of Boston abolitionists, and in the not altogether impartial atmosphere of General Beauregard's tent, he had the sense to see that the North was sure to win in the end; and he saw this at a time when the Emperor was moving heaven and earth to induce England to aid him in supporting by arms the cause of the South and slavery. Prince Napoleon was also strongly opposed to the Mexican intervention. He knew the temper of the American people too well to fancy that they would suffer Napoleon to carry out his dearly cherished infringement of what has come to be called the Munroe doctrine, but which is really the doctrine suggested to and impressed upon President Munroe by George Canning. The sequel of that most disastrous undertaking thoroughly justified his views. Upon all the great European questions, too, he showed a shrewd and foreseeing mind. He believed in Italy, he supported the cause of Poland, he foresaw the downfall of Austria, and we have it on his own authority that he strongly objected to the action of the French Government with regard to Rome, and attributed to that action the result of the war with Prussia. Moreover, he was a free-trader long before the Emperor could be induced to believe that the doctrine was an essential law of political economy. It may be asked, then, why a man who showed such capacity for statesmanship as to foresee the result of all the great political crises during his time, should yet have received such little honor for his prophecies, not only in his own country, but everywhere else? The truth doubtless is that Prince Napoleon's character is marred, not only by his bad temper and his proverbially bitter tongue, which make it impossible, or next to impossible, for him to get on with anyone or for anyone to get on with him—faults which caused him to fling up the Algerian administration, and brought him back to France from so many important missions—but by a worse defect

than either of these, a fatal want of energy. He lacks the proud patience which is so essential to true success, and he is disposed, when people decline to see things as he sees them, to give up in disgust, and let them learn by experience the wisdom of councils he had not himself the energy to do battle for. There is in him a great deal of the nature of Byron's Sardanapalus, who, while having no small share of the stuff that heroes are made of, fritters away his life in purposeless inaction and aimless pleasures. In aimless pleasures, indeed, a good deal of Prince Napoleon's life has been passed. Witness his purposeless wanderings in his yacht all over the world, wanderings which made wits enquire if the prince was qualifying to be a teacher of geography in case of any unexpected reverse to the Napoleon family. Witness too his endeavor to live the life of a Roman in modern Paris. Hence the villa Diomede, which most visitors to Paris have seen, and where, according to rumor, the Pompeian walls saw scenes Roman enough to have satisfied the taste of the *Arbiter Elegantie*. But the Pompeian dwelling was not a success. The Prince attempted baths after the Roman fashion, and they made the house too damp to live in; and gradually he got tired of his toy and of playing at being a Roman, and the villa Diomede was abandoned. Those who saw the Palais-Royal when it was Prince Napoleon's might well have wondered why a man with such a house should want to be anything better than a Bonaparte prince in an Orleanist palace. To do justice to the Prince, the palace showed that its temporary owner was a man of refined taste and high culture both in art and letters. I quote an account of the Palais-Royal written while the Bonaparte dynasty still swayed the fortunes of France:—

“His Palais-Royal is one of the most tasteful and elegant abodes belonging to a European prince. The stranger in Paris who is fortunate enough to obtain admission to it—and, indeed, admission is easy to procure—must be sadly wanting in taste if he does not admire the treasures of art and *vertu* which are laid up there, and the easy graceful manner of their arrangement. Nothing of the show-place is breathed there; no rules, no conditions, no watchful, dogging lackeys or sentinels make the visitor uncomfortable. Once admitted, the stranger goes where he will, and admires and examines what he pleases. He finds there curiosities and relics, medals and statues, bronzes and stones, from every land in which history or romance takes any interest; he gazes on the latest artistic successes—Doré's magnificent lights and shadows, Gérôme's audacious nudities; he observes autograph collections of value inestimable; he notices that on the tables, here and there, lie the newest triumphs or sensations of literature—the poem that every one is just talking of, the play that fills the theatres, George Sand's last novel, Renan's new volume, Taine's freshest criticism; he is impressed everywhere with the conviction that he is in the house of a man of high culture and

active intellect, who keeps up with the progress of the world in arts, and letters, and politics."

So for a brief period Prince Napoleon was the acknowledged hero of the hour, surprising everyone by his genius as a statesman, by his charm as a cultivated gentleman and man of the world, by his eccentricities as a man of fortune. Then came the famous Ajaccio speech, the sound of which, it may not unfairly be said, startled all Europe and all the civilised world. The Emperor was away in Algeria, and in his absence Prince Napoleon was naturally looked upon as the representative of the Empire and the Imperial principles. What, then, was the surprise of Europe to hear the Prince denouncing Austria, and all that Austrian policy represented, with all the impassioned oratory of which he had proved himself already so complete a master. He must have known that this audacity could not receive the sanction of the Emperor, and it did not. The Emperor repudiated all sympathy with the fiery utterances of his democratic lieutenant, and Prince Napoleon immediately resigned all his offices under the Emperor. From that time he retired into the apparent inactivity of his existence before 1861. Up to that year he had been the laughing-stock of everybody; but he went back into obscurity a wonder and a puzzle, with the memory of a brief and splendid celebrity about him. Not unlike Carlyle's Dumouriez has been his career so far. For years unseen and unknown, then for one resplendent season seen and known of all the ages and nations, and then again unseen and unknown. Whatever has been his private influence upon the affairs of Europe since the Ajaccio speech, his public life has been as quiet and reserved as if fame or ambition were unmeaning words to him. The fall of the Empire brought him into no prominence, and he took the Republic with the same composed indifference with which he formerly accepted the *comp d'état*. His short occupation of a seat in the National Assembly at Versailles, and his one display of oratory, only proved to the present generation that he was really a capable debater. Where Ledru Rollin failed he succeeded. It is by no means certain that Prince Napoleon's career is ended yet, or that he is destined to pass into history as one of its puzzles, like the "Chevalier d'Éon" or "The Man in the Iron Mask," and such other enigmatical nuisances. It is difficult to believe that he is content with having once taught the world that he is a man of genius, with the capacity for doing great things. There is a very picturesque scene in Scott's "Ivanhoe," when at the tournament the Black Knight holds aloof from the combat for a long time, and listens composedly to the taunts of his adversaries, and then suddenly dashes into the fight, clears everybody before him, and returns again to his silent solitary attitude. This is just the part which Prince Napoleon has played in the game of politics.

Some slight solution of the enigma of the Prince's life is perhaps to

be found in the following lines, written by him in the *Revue des deux Mondes* a few years back :—

“I have always had for the Emperor, my cousin, a thorough devotion, of which I think I have given him sufficient proofs by the frankness of my conduct, even by the very opposition I have shown to many acts of his government—a thankless *rôle*, which rarely confers power and influence, and which exposes its supporter to every kind of calumny. I found my only satisfaction in the sentiment of duty accomplished. My personal *rôle*, sometimes effaced, sometimes preponderating, has always had the same aim—the greatness of France, to be obtained by the alliance of the Napoleons with democratic ideas.”

Prince Napoleon has always been persistently disbelieved; it never seems to have entered into the minds of his enemies that he could possibly speak the truth. Yet the course of his life has been generally in accordance with his own statements, and his declaration, that the aim of his life has ever been the greatness of France, to be obtained by the union of Bonapartism and democracy, has never been belied by any action of his career. Indeed, it is to this strange faith in an impossible combination that his unsuccess might very fairly be attributed. His Bonapartism has injured him with the democrats, his democracy with the Bonapartes. The result has been that want of power and influence over which his deeply disappointed ambition was compelled to utter one cry in the confession of faith we have quoted.

JUSTIN HUNTLY MCCARTHY, in *Gentleman's Magazine*.

JUSTIN McCARTHY, M.P.

MR. McCARTHY, whose name is a familiar and favorite one to many of the large class of novel readers, has lately entered upon a new phase of his career. His deep and earnest interest in politics makes his entrance into the House of Commons something of an event to his admirers and friends, though the suddenness of his call was probably as much a surprise to himself as to anyone.

Justin McCarthy was a noticeable boy, being extremely clever and precocious. He was the son of a citizen of Cork, in which city he was born in November, 1830. He early distinguished himself in certain literary societies of Cork; and the first practical step in his career was that of becoming a reporter on the *Cork Examiner*. How many eminent men have in the same way entered the field of literature! The *Cork Examiner* was then under the editorship of John Francis Maguire, between whom and Mr. McCarthy there sprang up a great friendship, Mr. McCarthy continued his work as reporter upon this newspaper as long as he remained in Cork, and attempted little else during that time, with the exception of some fugitive pieces, which were considered remarkable for a boy of his age. From Cork he went to Liverpool, still working as a newspaper reporter; and there he met Miss Charlotte Allman, who, in spite of very scant worldly means and the consequent disapproval of her friends, married him after a short engagement. This lady has had the somewhat unusual experience of being the witness of her husband's career from its commencement, and his companion through all his most vivid experiences. Two children were born while the young couple still lived in Liverpool. When their daughter, the second child of their marriage was about three months old, they came to London. At this time Mr. McCarthy had produced a few good magazine articles, some of which have been collected in "Con Amore." The first article in that volume, on Voltaire, was written at this period, and appeared in the *Westminster Review*. It was much admired by Mr. John Stuart Mill, which was no small encouragement to the young author. Mr. McCarthy was now Parliamentary reporter for the *Morning Star*, of which now defunct newspaper he afterwards became the Foreign Editor. Mr. Lucas, John Bright's brother-in-law, was then editor, and when he died Mr. McCarthy was asked to take the editorship. "Paul Massie" and "The Waterdale Neighbors," Mr. McCarthy's two first novels, were produced during this time of newspaper work in London. "My Enemy's Daughter" was appearing in *Belgravia*, and simultaneously in America, when Mr. McCarthy went over to the States to commence his extensive wanderings there in 1868. This travelling throughout the States was principally undertaken

by Mr. McCarthy for the purpose of studying American politics; and when in America he took an appointment on the *Independent*, with the feeling that this would bring him into intimate connection with the political life of the country. Although a classical student, and a great lover of literature, and especially of German literature, yet Mr. McCarthy had always a decided leaning towards political life. In America he carried on his study of politics and his active literary work side by side, writing stories and articles for the *Galaxy* and other American magazines; but he never settled down there, preferring to move about as much as possible, in order to see all that could be seen. Everywhere his wife and children accompanied him, and there are many romantic episodes for them to look back upon. They went over to San Francisco, when the rails of the Pacific Railroad were only just laid, in one of the first trains, when there was a spice of danger about the journey. The Indians used to come down and gather about the train to look at the new travellers, and all along the line the soldiery had their camp fires, adding to the picturesqueness of the scene. Before travelling over the plains, they stopped at Omaha, and from there went on to Salt Lake City, where Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy made the acquaintance of Brigham Young and his large family. In an article in the *Galaxy*, Mr. McCarthy gave his account of Salt Lake City and its strange inhabitants. From thence he went on to San Francisco, and that never-to-be-forgotten moment came, in the journey over the wild prairies, when the conductor appeared and said, "We have passed the last farmhouse." The little band of travellers were then alone in the great plains, but for the soldiers who were camped here and there to guard the lines. Everything was so new, so deliciously fresh, that it gave another life to the travellers from the old country. On across the plains they went, and just dipped their feet in the Pacific, seeing and loving everything upon its shore, and then returned back by the way they came, having accomplished their purpose of looking at San Francisco, and being among the first travellers upon the new line. They spent the winter in New York, and went back to London the following summer.

It was pleasant enough in the old city life; but still London could not hold them long, for Mr. McCarthy had made engagements to lecture in America, and they had to return there almost immediately. This visit to the States brought them into the midst of a great excitement, for Mr. McCarthy was one of the negro's friends, and now when he returned there the negro was just emancipated. Mr. McCarthy went down south to Richmond and Charleston and other places, to feel and to see the freedom of the negro.

In "Lady Judith" we have some fruits of the American tour. Even those persons who do not read novels might find an interest in the descriptions of New York and San Francisco, which are so vivid, so full of careful observation, so complete. How far description is in place in a novel is a matter of opinion, but Mr. McCarthy is not one of the

essentially dramatic novelists; he does not pass you from one situation into another as if merely by the shifting of a scene; he does not hurry you through three volumes in agonising pursuit of a carefully hidden mystery. He dwells lovingly upon his subjects. In a novel of this quiet order, description, if really good, is acceptable, and the description of Broadway in "Lady Judith" is sufficiently racy to be conscientiously read, even by the "skipping" novel reader. Mr. McCarthy's great belief in America is thus expressed: "Europe is grown old, used up. No young man of rank can do anything useful, or take any high place, who has not seen and studied the republican States of America." Here is a bit of the description of Broadway, which even a born New Yorker may read with some pleasure, for people seldom appreciate the beauties or eccentricities of their own cities: "Broadway is usually one of the brightest and most animated streets in the world. No two houses in all its vast length (and it is as if the Strand intersected London from end to end) are like each other; this side of the street is never like that. A huge building of white marble stands next to one of brown stone, both of the newest and most glaring hues; and then comes a quaint old Dutch-looking house of the days of Stuyvesant, and then again something little better than a shanty. On this side you are reminded now of the Rue de Rivoli; cast your eyes across the street, and you see a scrap of the New Cut or a bit of Wapping. Here a side street runs across which seems borrowed from Liverpool; a few yards on is another which, with its quiet uniform red-brick houses, its double row of trees, its cleanliness and its quaintness, appears to have been transplanted from Delft or Utrecht. Nearly everywhere along the line of Broadway the shop-fronts bristle and glitter with signs, and thrust out huge symbolical devices, and flutter with flags. There are more banners and insignia hung out on Broadway every day than might be seen in the Strand on the occasion of a royal pageant. A Chinese city is not more parti-colored, bright, eccentric, fantastic in its devices to attract the attention of the passenger. To the European stranger this most practical and money-grasping of all streets seems as if it were perpetually playing at a sort of Venetian carnival; a huge frolic, mask, and mummery. Only when the snow begins to come down with its sudden overwhelming power, and hides the heavens in grey and swallows up the street in whiteness, does Broadway cease to be brilliant, glittering, and bizarre.

"Now, however, the snow has ceased to fall, and it is frozen over and forms a hard, white, gleaming pavement. Snow in London is soon merely a grey and dingy sort of mud; in New York it sparkles for weeks, bright as a sugary crust on a wedding-cake. The air is intensely clear, the sky is as blue as that of the Ægean Sea; the sun is brilliant. There is summer in the heavens, and winter on the earth. It is cold, to be sure—it ought to be piercingly cold; but somehow the atmosphere is so exhilarating, the sunlight is so radiant, the sky is so glorious in its azure, that one forgets to be chilled, and is delighted with the whole condition of things. The street rattles and rings with the tinkling

sleigh-bells; for nothing on wheels, except the staggering little city omnibuses, can now be seen along Broadway. Tiny basket-sleighs with one horse, bigger and more pretentious sleighs with two, with three, with four horses, glide along with jingling bells and gay caparisons with silver-embossed housings and gorgeous buffalo robes. The English traveller looking on can hardly believe that this sort of thing means business. It seems like some fantastic piece of Christmas revelry or a scene from a play. Nay, it hardly looks like a living reality of any kind. The radiant sun, the laughing sky above, the hard and gleaming snow beneath, the almost interminable stretch of incongruous street and the never-ceasing rush of odd, brilliant, picturesque vehicles, become bewildering to him . . . Such, however, is the common—to New Yorkers the common-place—appearance of Broadway in the winter."

"Dear Lady Disdain" contains a piece of description of another kind, but which is worthy of one of the modern American humorists. It is the account of an innocent English youth who, "having utterly failed in London, thought he must be qualified to succeed in New York. His idea was to give lectures and write books—poems especially. He soon found that every second person in America delivers lectures, and that every village has at least three poets—two women and one man." After a lecture delivered at a very little hall, where the "public did not rush in," a chance opens up for him in the shape of a lecturing engagement at a city, which, being only twenty years old, was obliged to be economical, and content itself with some young lecturers mixed in with the stars. So our young friend goes away to the city full of enthusiasm, and any very young man who is meditating a lecturing tour in America may as well read "Dear Lady Disdain" to find out something about what his experiences will be like. First he will find, if he goes far enough, that he is welcomed as a great English orator; secondly, he will probably find that his lecture is about something which does not interest his audience. "You don't understand our people here," says a friendly adviser to the young lecturer. "In places like this they have forgotten all about the effete aristocracies of Europe and don't care, as they would say, a snap one way or the other. I suppose an English village audience wouldn't care much for a lecture on the dangers of our Third Term system. Half our folks have no other notion attaching to England than the thought that your Queen is an excellent woman and a pattern mother." This is a good piece of writing, showing real political knowledge and insight. "Dear Lady Disdain," which is one of the best known of Mr. McCarthy's novels, is in itself simply a love story; but it is finely flavored with pictures of American life. The emotions and motives of comparatively ordinary people are well worked out by Mr. McCarthy, and perhaps the most vivid impression left on one's mind by "Dear Lady Disdain" is made by her relations with her father. There is something thrilling in the scene where she at last sees that father, who has always worn a mask of gentle

manners and culture, to be what he really is—a passionate, vulgar, selfish man. Indeed, in those emotions and relations between persons who are not in themselves extraordinary, but belong to the same types as the folk of every day, Mr. McCarthy shows his possession of that power of portraiture which is especially appreciated in the modern novelist. In “Miss Misanthrope” we have quite a different style. True there is the inevitable love story of all romancists, told in much the same manner as the love story of “Dear Lady Disdain” or “Lady Judith.” But quite another interest runs through “Miss Misanthrope,” which will have led many people, who professedly do not care for love stories, to read it. Mr. McCarthy, having studied the modern “art for art’s sake” school from the interior of its circle, has come out and depicted its follies with a satire which is immensely amusing, because it is so quiet and literal. “Nature,” says the poet of “Miss Misanthrope”—“Nature is the buxom sweetheart of ploughboy poets. We only affect to admire Nature because people think we can’t be good if we don’t. No one really cares about great cauliflower suns, and startling contrast of blazing purple and emerald green. There is nothing really beautiful in Nature, except her decay, her rank weeds, and dank grasses, and funereal evening glooms.” “We are satisfied,” he says, further on, “that the true artist never does have a public or look for it. The public can have their Tennysons, and Brownings, and Swinburnes, and Tupper, and all that lot. ‘That lot!’ broke in Miss Blanchet, mildly horrified, ‘that lot! Browning and Tupper put together!’ ‘My dear Mary, I don’t know one of these people from another. I never read any of them now. They are all the same sort of thing to me. These persons are not artists: they are only men trying to amuse the public. Some of them I am told are positively fond of politics.’” Yet this heroic artist, who professes to be superior to the desire for fame—“Vulgarity made immortal” as he calls it—eventually confesses that the absence of a publisher and the want of money are the real reasons which prevent his seeking for it. He very gladly allows the heroine to publish for him, on the condition that he alone dictates the style in which the volume is to appear; the result of which, as regards the cost, is somewhat alarming. But before that he reads the poems aloud before an audience of three; and there are some humorous touches in the description of this ceremony: “His poems belonged to what might be called the literature of disease. In principle, they said to corruption, ‘Thou art my father,’ and to the worm, ‘Thou art my mother and my sister.’ They dealt largely in graves and corpses, and the loves of skeletons and the sweet virtues of sin, and the joys of despair and dyspepsia.” This is excellent good; but the feeling of the heroine in listening to these ghastly rhymes contains something better still, for it reveals the reason why this nasty Bandelaire school has no actual life in it. “When she saw the genuine earnestness of the poet her inclination to laugh all died away, and she became filled with pity and pain. Then she tried hard to admire the verses, and could not.

At first the conceits and paradoxes were a little startling, and even shocking, and they made one listen. But the mind soon became attuned to them, and settled down and was stirred no more. Once you knew that Mr. Blanchet liked corpses, his peculiarity became of no greater interest than if his liking had been for babies. When it was made clear that what other people called hideousness he called beauty, it did not seem to matter much more than honest Faulconbridge's determination, if a man's name be John, to call him Peter." Here lies the whole thing in a nutshell. When we have accepted the fact that a certain school of poets prefer corpses, skeletons, vampires, death's heads, and all things ghastly to any form of healthy beauty; when we know that they like making love to lepers, and leaping into graves without Hamlet's excuse of a distraught mind; when we have fully taken in the ineffable merits of sensuousness, satiety, sickly sin and all the rest of it—what then? Why, then, we look to the music and the merits of the verse, getting used, if we can, to the likes and dislikes of the author. And we cannot but feel a sympathy for the unfortunate poet who must henceforth be, to use a phrase of Mr. Higginson's, lately applied to a very different class of writers, the victims of their own attitudes. Having declared for vampires, can they decently return to flesh and blood? Mr. McCarthy's depiction is unsparing. He does not restrict himself to poets. There is a composer, called Mellifont, who is producing an opera which "will sound the death knell of all the existing schools of music. They are all wrong, sir, from first to last, from Mozart to Wagner—all wrong, except Mellifont." This great composition is called "The Seven Deadly Sins." "It is to be in seven acts," explains the musician's friend and admirer, "and each act is to give an entirely new illustration of a deadly sin, which Mellifont will show to be the only true virtues of mankind. It will make a revolution, I can tell you." These pictures of an amusing modern form of life make "Miss Misanthrope" one of Mr. McCarthy's most amusing novels. As a novelist, speaking generally, his style is rather narrative than dramatic. He has a touch of sheer romance, which leads him to bring the persons of his plot together in the most unexpected manner—in London, in San Francisco, on the wild prairies. But his power lies in careful study of emotion and motive; and this very gift, of a quieter and less startling order than the dramatic, makes him valuable and interesting as an historian. A man who has accustomed himself to the thoughtful and quiet study of human nature, as well as having a wide experience in politics, is certainly the man who should write a history of our own time. It is perhaps a new view of novel writing to regard it as a preparation for something else; but in such a case as this it is an admirable preparation. For what can be more full of almost romantic—and certainly of dramatic—interest than the history of our own immediate past? Mr. McCarthy is, at all events, finding a reward for an arduous labor, his history is much liked and admired, and has met with considerable success. The two volumes yet to come should be even more full of interest than

those already given to the public ; they must be more vivid, for they deal with the period with which Mr. McCarthy himself has lived through. The satirical gift, the humorous insight, which Mr. McCarthy certainly possesses and hardly seems to have realized, or at all events has not used to any large extent, will be of great service in making clear the lights and shadows of modern political life. When Mr. McCarthy does put on his satirical spectacles, his gaze is so cool and his depiction so literal that it is almost disconcerting. See this keen touch at the unhappy servility of authors: "Having neither genius nor fortune, he was driven to make a way for himself ; and he hoped to make his way through society. He was one of the first to see that Bohemianism in literature was 'played out ;' that a reaction was setting in ; that Belgravianism was to be the next phase through which the literary man was to reach *ad astra* ; and he was one of the very first to assume boldly the new part of Writer in Society. We all know that some years ago many worthy honest fellows, personally averse to all irregularity and excess, model husbands and fathers, who paid their bills steadily, did, nevertheless, affect to be wild Bohemians and reckless men of genius just because that was the whim of the hour, and it seemed difficult to obtain a recognition in the guild of literature without conforming to its rules. So in latter days many a modest and quiet youth, who hardly knows *Clicquot* from old goosberry, or ever handed his card to a Belgravian lacquey, nevertheless he tries to be thought an authority on little dinners, and professes to scorn anybody who is not in society, because such is now the humor of the thing ; and light literature, weary of putting on the ways of the ruffian, has taken to imitating the manner and jargon of the footman." "Modern Leaders" is one of Mr. McCarthy's most interesting volumes, but it is almost unknown in England, having been written for Americans, and published only in New York. It is a collection of sketches written for the *Galaxy* during the period in which Mr. McCarthy worked upon that magazine. As magazine articles they are bright, clever, interesting ; as a volume of essays they form pleasant reading. They are principally biographical, and sometimes there is a touch of that kind of sparkling personality which is more amusing to other people than to the subject of the article ; that close delineation of individuals, which Americans so dearly love, is not altogether absent from these pages. Yet they bear the impress of being simply truthful rather than scandalous, and some of the notices of living authors are well worth reading. They reveal to us more of the author's mind than can be found in his novels. In these biographical sketches we appreciate the novelist's descriptive power. His description of George Eliot, written to bring her individuality before American readers, is a very charming tribute from one novelist to another.

"Her literary career began as a translator and an essayist. Her tastes seemed then to lead her wholly into the somewhat barren field where German metaphysics endeavor to come to the relief or confusion of German theology. . . . She is an accomplished linguist, a brilliant

talker, a musician of extraordinary skill. She has a musical sense so delicate and exquisite that there are tender, simple, true ballad melodies which fill her with a pathetic pain almost too keen to bear ; and yet she has the firm, strong command of tone and touch, without which a really scientific musician cannot be made. I do not think this exceeding sensibility of nature is often to be found in combination with the genuine mastery of the practical science of music. But Mrs. Lewes has mastered many sciences as well as literatures. Probably no novel writer, since novel writing became a business, ever possessed one tithe of her scientific knowledge. Indeed, hardly anything is rarer than the union of the scientific and the literary or artistic temperaments. So rare is it that the exceptional, the almost solitary, instance of Goethe comes up at once, distinct and striking to the mind. English novelists are even less likely to have anything of a scientific taste than French or German. Dickens knows nothing of science, and has, indeed, as little knowledge of any kind, save that which is derived from observation, as any respectable Englishman could well have. Thackeray was a man of varied reading, versed in the lighter literature of several languages, and strongly imbued with artistic tastes ; but he had no care for science, and knew nothing of it but just what everyone has to learn at school. Lord Lytton's science is a mere sham. Charlotte Brontë was all genius and ignorance. Mrs. Lewes is all genius and culture. Had she never written a page of fiction, nay, had she never written a line of poetry or prose, she must have been regarded with wonder and admiration by all who knew her as a woman of vast and varied knowledge ; a woman who could think deeply and talk brilliantly, who could play high and severe classical music like a professional performer, and could bring forth the most delicate and tender aroma of nature and poetry lying deep in the heart of some simple, old-fashioned Scotch or English ballad." This is but one instance of Mr. McCarthy's capacity for depicting a contemporary portrait with grace, tenderness, almost enthusiasm, and yet truthfulness. Moreover, his biographic sketches merge perpetually into criticism and critical comparison, where the subjects are literary ; where they are of political importance, into interesting and vigorous political essays. Here is a piece of literary criticism from an article on George Sand, which appeared in the *Galaxy* after the article on George Eliot :

"I expressed my conviction that on the whole she (the authoress of 'Romola') is entitled to higher rank as a novelist, than even the authoress of 'Consuelo.' Many, very many men and women, for whose judgment I have the highest respect, differed from me in this opinion. I still hold it, nevertheless ; but I freely admit that George Eliot has nothing like the dramatic insight which enables George Sand to enter into the feelings and experiences of a man. I go so far as to say that, having some knowledge of the literature of fiction in most countries, I am not aware of the existence of any woman but this one who could draw a real, living, struggling, passion-tortured man."

Mr. McCarthy's newest work, the "History of our own Times," com-

mences with the death of William IV., with whom "ended the reign of personal government in England." The volumes are full of interest, being written with a very pleasant brightness. There is no reason why history should not be infinitely more charming than any novel of such writers as Wilkie Collins or Charles Reade, being full at every turn of plot, situation, excitement, and mystery. It does but need a clear and brilliant mind to touch it, and the marvellous medley of human passion, emotion and intrigue, which make up the history of any epoch, must inevitably be full of a fascination all its own. As we have before said, Mr. McCarthy brings to this task just the education and the gifts which it demands. He has also the invaluable quality of impartiality; he is well known to have definite views of his own, yet it would be hard by only reading these volumes to guess to what party he belongs. Thus he may touch the confused images of past events, and bring them into order before our minds, without adding a new blur of prejudice. Mr. McCarthy's personal pictures are peculiarly vivid and effective, as, for instance, of Lord Brougham, of Mr. Cobden. He makes the men stand out upon the page. Indeed, they are more remarkable descriptions than those which he produces in his novels; there is all the enthusiasm and fire—there is twice the reality. The figure of Mr. Disraeli is introduced with admirable dramatic judgment. He appears at the end of a chapter, and at the apparent close of a debate in the House: "The explanation was over. The House of Commons were left rather to infer than to understand what the Government proposed to do. Lord John Russell entered into some personal explanations relating to his endeavor to form a Ministry, and the causes of its failure. These have not much interest for a later time. It might have seemed that the work of the night was done. It was evident that the ministerial policy could not be discussed then; for in fact it had not been announced. The House knew that the Prime Minister was a convert to the principles of Free Trade; but that was all that anyone could be said to know except those who were in the secrets of the Cabinet. There appeared, therefore, nothing for it but to wait until the time should come for the formal announcement and the full discussion of the Government measures. Suddenly, however, a new and striking figure intervened in the languishing debate, and filled the House of Commons with a fresh life. There is not often to be found in our Parliamentary history an example like this of a sudden turn given to a whole career by a timely speech. The member who rose to comment on the explanation of Sir Robert Peel had been for many years in the House of Commons. This was his tenth session. He had spoken often in each session. He had made many bold attempts to win a name in Parliament, and hitherto his political career had been simply a failure. From the hour when he spoke this speech, it was one long, unbroken, brilliant success." In this picture—in this clearing out the point of a life—is visible the novelist's art. The eye of a man who understands effect is turned upon the actions of that politician who has himself so

dearly loved effect, and who has so persistently attitudinised through his long career. Lord Beaconsfield is a brilliant and perplexing character in this true story; but the pages are full of vivid figures. They are bright, too, with illustrative comparisons drawn from literature. We find we have an historian who is not only an historian. He studies the political arena and the events of the day with a mind which is not saturated with blue-books alone, but which is also scholarly and liberal.

The History is not only a record of political or national events; the eminent literary figures of the day are also here enshrined. Posterity will certainly have little need to be ignorant of the life and manners of the great man of this generation, so widespread has been the biographical rage; and, probably, posterity will marvel at the number of long-forgotten names which have this poor immortality. Mr. McCarthy only touches the great central figures, those which have really, by their appearance, changed the color of the century in one way or another. He makes a somewhat amusing point with regard to that common remark that Mrs. Browning is the greatest poetess since Sappho, by observing that this appears to be greater praise than it is, simply because we know nothing of any great poetess between the two. The gap is indeed a long one!

Mr. McCarthy has written some clever novels, but he is, though a good novelist, not a great one. His novels are thorough, wholesome, and sufficiently fresh; but they have not the touch of fire which means genius in the writer and which leaves a mark, never to be forgotten, upon the reader's mind. He is thorough and brilliant as an essayist; as a biographer he is charming. Yet none of these vocations have held him with that immovable grasp which a real vocation puts upon its slave; perhaps it will be found in the political life which he has now personally entered, and in the record of passing political events. His career, now that he has thus settled himself in England, must be viewed with considerable interest by Americans. He has made himself almost one of them, by his warm interest in, and thorough study of, their political life. Several of his novels are equally divided between the two shores of the Atlantic. He is as much at home in the States as in Great Britain, in New York as in London; and that not merely in the sense in which a traveller is familiar with different cities, but in that of taking a vital interest in the people, and penetrating to their actual sentiments. He has travelled on the European continent and described certain portions of it in his writings; but no pictures are so vivid as those which he has given of America.

The vast amount of work done, by a journalist of Mr. McCarthy's order, and lost to view, in the columns of the daily papers, is something startling to think of. Few persons who have not attempted literature as a profession have any conception of the amount of hard work it involves—work which wins little glory. So little of the steady daily work is reprinted as a rule, that people forget it has been done. We have an instance of the various and different subjects which have interested Mr.

McCarthy, in looking over a little volume on the "Prohibitory Legislation in the United States;" the results of which are somewhat amusingly described. "I remember one Sunday in Springfield going with a friend, a resident of the city, to look for the door-keeper of some public hall. My friend hunted for him vainly in two or three restaurants or 'sample rooms,' to which he was referred. Coming out of one of these (I had not entered) he remarked that he hated going into these places on a Sunday. I asked him why, and he answered simply, 'Because there are so many drunken fellows always there!' He had previously been enlarging to me on the beauty of prohibitory legislation." From the above anecdote it is easy to guess what are Mr. McCarthy's conclusions on the subject. He considers that the repression of liquor selling is impossible in any place larger than a village. Mr. McCarthy's gift of observation, added to his wide reading, lift him quite out of the rank of the mere novelist, even in telling a simple story.

"A London friend of mine" says Mr. McCarthy in one of his best articles, "Science and Orthodoxy in England," "who has had long experience in the editing of high-class periodicals, is in the habit of affirming humorously that the teachers of the public are divided into two classes, those who know something and cannot write, and those who know nothing and can write." Mr. Huxley is cited by Mr. McCarthy as a notable exception to the rule, being one of the few great knowers who cultivate literary expression. Mr. McCarthy has the literary expression and cultivates knowledge. This makes him always interesting. Only one or two of his novels belong to the order of the simple love story. As a rule there is some depiction of modern life, or some singular modern character, carefully worked out. For instance, Mr. McCarthy gives us a very delightful specimen of the Irish M.P. as one of the characters in "A Fair Saxon." Mr. Tyrone does his best to explain to an English lady what his feelings about Ireland really are. Here is some of his explanation:

"We were conquered, you know . . . hundreds of years ago. . . . We don't like the idea even yet. We have never quite got over it. Good-humored English people, who are winners in most things, can't understand that, and think us sullen and foolish, and impossible to please. . . . The Celtic nature is not the least in the world like the Anglo-Saxon. With us everything is a sentiment. We can't help it; English people don't understand that; can't understand it. . . . I am not a lunatic or a criminal; and, believe me, I am deeply attached to England and English people. But I cannot forget that I belong to a people and a family which suffered half a dozen conquests and countless confiscations. Perhaps this is absurd. We cannot help it. . . . The national fancy which originated the banishee isn't quite the same as that which is represented by the Metropolitan Railway."

"Every Irishman who is not a lacquey or a coward is a conquered rebel and nothing else."

"Wherever you see an Irishman you see a man separated from the English friend who converses with him by the fact that the Irishman always feels himself the representative of a lost cause."

We have no right, of course, to assume that Mr. Tyrone expounds the author's sentiments, or that Mr. McCarthy feels himself a conquered rebel. In the article on Schiller in "Con Amore," Mr. McCarthy points out with some indignation how a phrase put into the mouth of one of Schiller's characters is often quoted as an expression of Schiller's own sentiments. This volume, by the way, is one of Mr. McCarthy's most charming productions. There can be no doubt of his merits as a critic when this book is looked through. "The Bohemia of Henri Mürger" is a very interesting essay. The Parisian Bohemia is compared with the Bohemia of Fleetstreet; that of Mürger with that beloved by Thackeray. The ways and manners of our literary classes always have a quaint flavor; never, perhaps, was that flavor so *outré* and peculiar as in the days of Thackeray. Since then, as Mr. McCarthy himself sadly points out, in more than one book, literature has learned to put on a dress tie and make its bow in drawing-rooms. The literary man whom Robertson depicts in "Society" is but a memory of the delightful pewter-pot days. When the scribbler goes out to an evening party now, he does not draw out with his handkerchief from the pocket of his dress-coat a horrid meerschaum and cast a gloom upon the company by the shocking sight of the thing. Not so; he has learned to be a Philistine; and the Bohemias of Mürger and of Thackeray are periods to look back to with a sigh. In those days, too, there was conversation instead of talk, as Mr. McCarthy points out in the amusing essay upon that subject. Notwithstanding Mr. McCarthy's varied gifts, his interest in politics seems to be the most overpowering interest in his life, and probably he is more in his place in the House than he has been anywhere, as yet. His election had an element of the romantic in it. Some private theatricals were taking place at his house, and in the midst of the amusement a telegram arrived, simply saying, "Come to Longford, we want to elect you as a member." At a moment's notice Mr. McCarthy and his son, who acts as his secretary, started for Longford. When he returned home he came back in the character of the successful candidate. He is regarded as an avowed Home Ruler, but though he does not hold himself aloof from his party in the House, he has shown no disposition as yet to join in their extravagances.

Mr McCarthy has worked as a journalist throughout his career: the regular newspaper work, which takes so much of the brain and energy of our literary men, has always been one of his vocations. He is now the Parliamentary leader-writer upon the *Daily News*. It remains to be seen how far politics will absorb his life and interests, or whether we are to expect any further volumes from the pen of a favorite novelist.

University Magazine.

A NEW VOCATION FOR WOMEN.

THAT increased attention is yearly paid amongst us to horticulture may be gathered, if from nothing else, from the number of books and periodicals exclusively devoted to the subject which continually issue from the press, as well as from the large sums expended in the maintenance of public and private gardens.

Nevertheless, viewed as a national industry, gardening cannot be said by any means to occupy in these kingdoms the position which it deserves to hold. In fact in that, as in many other branches of commerce, we are allowing ourselves to be beaten both by our continental neighbors and by our transatlantic cousins, and permitting our markets to be flooded at all seasons of the year with imported fruits and vegetables; nor can we fairly plead the deficiencies of our climate as an excuse for this state of things, since many branches of fruit and floriculture are more successful with us than they are under more genial atmospheric conditions.

The fact then must rather be attributed to two causes: our want of thrift, and our non-comprehension of the benefits to be obtained from the adoption of horticulture as a special subject of national instruction.

If Mr. Burbidge's statement be true, that we are paying 6,000,000*l.* annually for imported fruit alone, and that foreign growers find our prices so satisfactory that they are largely extending the area devoted to fruit culture: and if it be also true, as is contended by many experienced persons, that as much profit is obtainable from two acres under garden culture as from five times the space farmed in the ordinary way, it certainly behooves us, more especially as the production of meat and cereals is every year becoming less remunerative, to bring intelligent attention to bear upon what is not only distinctly a lucrative industry, but one which affords the means of giving employment directly and indirectly to a large proportion of our population.

There is, moreover, one particular section of the people to which gardening as an industry ought to prove extremely beneficial, though it has never yet recognized the fact that horticulture as a profession could be suitable to it. We allude to women, and we fail to see why, as was lately suggested by a contemporary devoted more particularly to social subjects, women of all classes should not adopt this vocation with decided success, facilities being afforded them for receiving instruction.

It is now admitted on all hands, not only that work is no degradation to gentlewomen, but that as it is manifestly needful for a large number of them to earn their own bread, it is desirable to find for them as many suitable openings as possible. A good deal in this way

has actually been done, but the movement tends too much in one direction. Every girl does not possess artistic or literary proclivities or a taste for deep study, and to some active spirits confinement and sedentary occupation are almost unendurable. We want, then, some callings for young women of this latter description, and several might be found in connection with the higher branches of horticulture. Indeed, if we except the roughest kinds of labor, there is scarcely a department of gardening which women could not carry out successfully, while for many operations their quick intuition, their patience, and their skilful fingers are pre-eminently suited.

Hybridising, grafting, budding, disbudding, who could accomplish them better? The growth and tendance of seeds and cuttings, the management of plant-houses of every kind, the training of espalier and cordon fruit-trees, all these are works suitable to women, and since many ladies undertake them for their own amusement, there does not seem to be any reason why others should not do so for profit.

At present, however, there is no opportunity for women to learn gardening, and the art is supposed, when they practise it, to come to them by nature, just as nursing and cooking were also supposed, not long ago, to be inherited by female birthright. Whatever information the lady gardener requires she must therefore pick up in a promiscuous manner, by reading, by asking questions, and by sad and bitter experience, the only wonder being that the results should be as creditable as they often are, for unquestionably the most tasteful and not the worst managed gardens are very often those of which the mistress takes at least the superintendence.

This superintendence might, however, be very much more effective had the lady gone through a course of training in horticultural principles and garden economics, and in how many families is there not a daughter who could devote her time and energies to this department of home management, and perhaps also to the instruction of her village neighbors, even if she has no need to use her knowledge in the way of personal profit?

To begin with the ornamental portion of the home garden, is there not much room in it for improvement? Under our present system every effort is directed to what is termed the bedding season. For a few short months the parterre may be said to be gay—at least it is filled with flaunting masses of red, yellow, pink, white, and blue, mixed with about as much taste as is displayed in the gaudy carpets we strive to emulate; but when frost arrives, and the “bedders” succumb to its ravages, there is usually nothing to fill their places, and we are reduced to contemplate the bare earth until the advent of another summer when the same unnatural style of floral decoration is again repeated in whatever may chance to be the fancy of the hour.

Where are all the beautiful herbaceous perennial plants, and the glowing annuals and biennials which used to succeed one another so unfailingly and mingle harmoniously in the old-fashioned English

garden? Truly it is not only "the flowers of the forest" which "are all weeded away," but almost all our ancient favorites, are banished, forsooth, as "common flowers," which are quite out of date. Surely Fashion is nowhere so detestable as when she meddles with the department of Flora. What is she, after all, this goddess, but the mere tool of the merchant, selling his wares for him, be they ribbons, *bric-à-brac*, or flowers? lording it over those who do not dare to call their souls their own, and laughing at them in her sleeve for being so easily duped by a thing so impalpable! If people would think for themselves, and have tastes of their own, everything that is beautiful would find its place in the pleasure garden, and we should no longer hear that a poor flower was unfashionable, "common," or in other words vulgar. Ladies, if they would, might do an incalculable amount of good by taking gardening matters into their own hands, but in order to do so efficiently they must thoroughly understand the art. Of this more anon. In continuing our strictures upon British horticulture, let us take a look at our orchards! Is it not piteous to see in some of our midland counties the huge old trees, picturesque, certainly, at all times, and gloriously beautiful when laden with their pearly white or blushing pink blossoms, dying away for want of proper manuring and pruning, and producing in the best seasons only small and inferior fruit? It is true that the pear-tree will live four hundred years, and the apple perhaps nearly as long, and that may be a reason for keeping here and there a venerable patriarch; but as the best fruit certainly grows upon young trees, it would be decidedly expedient to renew our orchards gradually and periodically, so as to keep the main area of them always at its best. The combination, too, of standard trees and bush fruits is one which ought to be encouraged, wherever the worth of fruit is relatively greater than that of grass, a fact, however, which would require to be determined in each particular locality. But at any rate a special system of manuring should be adopted, like that which Mr. Pell, "the Apple Prince" of the Hudson, is said to find so successful. *The Dietetic Reformer* of February, 1877, gave a very interesting account of this "lineal descendant of an English peer," with his 200 acres of Newtown Pippins alone (to say nothing of other varieties), his eighty acres of grapes, his extensive nurseries for renewing his orchards, and the peculiar system of management by which he contrives to ensure a good crop every year, and the account is well worthy the attention of British growers. Oyster shells, wood ashes, and salt are the food upon which his trees thrive so luxuriantly; and the pippins from the Pelham Farm travel all over Europe. But be it remarked the pippin-trees which started the whole affair were originally English, and here are we importing enormous quantities of the very fruit which is best suited to our own soil and climate when we might enrich ourselves by growing it, just as we also import enormous quantities of nuts,

which we could grow to perfection on our railway embankments and waste ground.

Leaving the orchards—which, however, we would have extensively multiplied—and coming to the cottage-garden, we find the plot which should count for so much in the economics of a lowly family, probably a bit of badly-tilled, sour, scantily-manured ground, containing perhaps a large apple or pear-tree which more than half-overshadows it, a few straggling gooseberries and currants, and a bed of leeks and cabbages. Very little is thought of it, no care is taken of it; and if you ask the owner or his wife why they do not improve their garden, they tell you, "'Tis good enough for the likes of we," and that is all you can get out of them, although very likely at the same time the cottage window will be filled with flourishing plants, proving by their fine bloom that ample care has been taken of them. The British rustic is, as every one knows, indolent and hard to move, wedded to old customs, unthrifty, and utterly impervious to any argument save the potent one of pounds, shillings and pence. Prove to him that the better cultivation of his garden will result in profit and he will turn his attention to the task; but the only way to reach him is by example, for notwithstanding the improvement in our poor schools, reading is still to him a labor, and his books are few. Let him see that inexpensive bush apple and pear-trees, which may alternate with vegetables, and will not overshadow his garden, will give him a capital crop; let him find out that their produce will have a money value, and that there is no mystery in the matter, beyond the industry and attention needful to grow certain things in his small way just as well as the squire can do it with his two or three gardeners—and the aspect of matters will soon be changed; for our friend the cottager has a capital eye for the main chance, and no one knows better than he the worth of a shilling. The rivalry, too, which would soon spring up between neighbors would still farther advance the matter.

There is an argument in favor of a vigorous reform in our gardening which should come home to every one, and that is the enormous price we have to pay for dessert fruit and table decoration, twenty pounds for this one item of a dinner-party being not at all a remarkable expenditure for fruit, the greater part of which is imported. It may be urged that the sunny skies of France and the Channel Islands produce better pears, peaches, and nectarines than our own more cloudy ones. But to this we reply that large orchard houses, and other kinds of shelter, which may be very cheaply constructed, would enable us to vie with our neighbors, if not to surpass them: the one thing needed in the case of the hardier fruits, being protection from early frosts, while for the more tender ones, artificial heat can be provided, and it is needless to remind the reader that our hot-house grapes are of far better flavor than those grown in vineyards in warmer countries, or that English strawberries, raspberries, gooseberries, and currants are much superior to any others.

It is of course impossible to afford protection to orchards; they must

run their chance, the profits of a good year making up for the deficiencies of a bad one. But if we grew our dessert apples and pears on bushes and pyramids, the slightest protection, mere rude awnings of tiffany would be enough to ward off all danger, to say nothing of the power we possess, by lifting and root-pruning, of rendering small trees increasingly prolific. Again, by judicious plant education, and careful selection of stocks, scions, and seedlings, we have it in our power to accelerate or retard their bearing; and may thus produce varieties of orchard trees which would not bloom until all danger from frost was over, in that way securing more abundant and regular fruit harvests. In fact there are a thousand ways in which our fruit production might be improved and extended, and there is profitable employment in the doing of it for thousands of hands, a consideration surely of immense importance when viewed in regard to the distress amongst our agricultural population and the numbers of operatives in need of work.

One great bar to the increase of fruit culture amongst us at present, besides the lack of capital, is the want of technical knowledge in those who would perhaps desire to carry on that branch of industry, and this technical knowledge is a vital necessity. Unless, therefore, some means be found of providing it, gardening will never advance beyond its present status. In France and Switzerland gardening is a regular part of elementary education, in fact in the former country it has been made a *sine quâ non* that the schoolmaster shall be able to give practical instruction in the art. Why should we remain behind other countries in this respect?

In the neighborhood of our village schools it would rarely be difficult to obtain a piece of garden ground; and even in our large towns one or two schools at least are usually so situated as to render the addition of a garden by no means impracticable; while in most workhouses the same possibility exists. The employment of the children in the open air would benefit them immensely in point of health, and at the same time prove remunerative if the work were carried out in an efficient manner, nor does there seem to be any reason why the girls should not take part in the occupation.

Margaret Howitt, in her *Twelve Months with Frederika Bremer in Sweden*, tells us that "some of the hardy Dalecarlian peasant women engage themselves as gardeners at gentlemen's houses, undertaking the entire charge of digging, planting, rolling, &c., and when they have in this way, by care and industry, saved a little sum of money, they return to the Dales, and not unfrequently again make their appearance in their old scenes with a husband." The example of these enterprising northern damsels would not be a bad one for many of our country lasses, who might undoubtedly make a good thing of it, particularly if they were enabled by means of previous training to do their work intelligently, for we often see women of the lower class endowed with a natural taste for gardening, and particularly with a love of flowers.

The article in *Social Notes*, to which we have before alluded, proposes

the establishment of a horticultural college for women, in which the students should be of several classes on a quasi-commercial basis, the college to become self-supporting, partly by means of the fees paid by students, and partly by the sale of the fruit, vegetables, flowers, and decorative plants which would be grown at the institution. In such a college the pupils would be required to pass examinations in the various branches, with a view to gaining certificates and diplomas, and theoretical and practical teaching would go hand in hand. The suggestion is a bold one, but not perhaps impracticable. We, however, require to be educated up to the idea.

If women would turn their attention to the subject, and recognise the field that lies before them, they might do much in the matter themselves. Once qualified for it we can quite imagine a lady professor of horticulture succeeding admirably. In the department of landscape-gardening, for instance, she might become another "Capability Brown," laying out grounds and superintending their plantation, planning horticultural structures, &c.; or, as a specialist, she might attain to eminence in some of the many distinct lines of flower and fruit production. In the colonies there must be a multitude of openings in these directions, large landed proprietors in Australia and elsewhere indulging in ornamental gardening and fruit culture to an extent of which we in England have but little idea.

But without leaving her own country the lady gardener may find ample employment for her energies. In his little volume on horticulture in the "British Industries" series, Mr. Burbidge gives us a most interesting account of the immense suburban "plant factories" which furnish the markets at every season of the year with the loveliest growing plants and cut flowers. Such establishments are usually devoted to the production of at most two or three different kinds, the system of culture being reduced to a regular routine, and the practice so successful that even large nurserymen are said to find it more advantageous to purchase plants from these specialists than to grow them for themselves. Mr. Beckwith, for example, sends to market yearly from 80,000 to 90,000 pelargoniums, and zonals in proportion, and forces between 60,000 and 70,000 hyacinths. Another grower, Mr. Reeves, imports as many as 160,000 tulip-bulbs every year, while whole houses are separately devoted to double-white primulas, poinsettias, begonias, fuchsias, and cinerarias. Mignonette, heliotropes, hydrangeas, asters and white arum lilies are the specialities of other growers, while others again devote themselves to producing cut flowers. Then there are the rare tropical orchids, palms, ferns, and fine foliaged plants, exceptional specimens of which frequently realize even at public auctions, almost fabulous prices. Not to mention the *Phalænopsis grandiflora*, sold to the Duke of Devonshire for a hundred guineas, and the *Dendrobium*, which gained a like sum from Lord Londesborough. large numbers of orchids have been purchased at public sales at prices varying from 10*l*. to 50*l*., such purchases being usually made by nurserymen for

the purpose of selling them again, while the continuous steady demand for new varieties causes vast sums to be spent in paying collectors to procure them from the ends of the earth.

These facts sufficiently prove that the production of beautiful plants is a lucrative industry, and one in which there is room for competition. Indeed at the present moment it probably pays better than the growth of fruit and vegetables, although the latter branch of gardening, ministering as it does to a necessity, is more to be depended upon in the long run, and in itself capable of considerable development, since the taste for fruit seems to be rapidly extending even amongst the lower classes, and the demand for it to be increasing materially almost every year.

The growth of flowers for perfume, and the production of seeds, are also profitable branches of commercial gardening, and branches in which far less capital is required than is needed for decorative plant-culture. In this country, however, only a few kinds of flowers can be successfully grown for distillation, but the seed question is one of great importance on account of the extensive adulteration which still prevails—the high prices paid for seeds, especially those of new varieties, holding out a strong temptation to the dishonest trader.

We see, then, that there is abundant room for more horticulturists, and we hope that we have not altogether failed in carrying the reader with us in our conviction. Let it be once widely felt that the “gardening question” is a national one, and its adoption into the State system of education is sure to follow. Systematic instruction might then be provided without difficulty by employing some of the existing machinery; and perhaps even the “National Garden,” recommended by Mr. Burbridge, might become a fact. If it does, we would suggest that there should be attached to it an efficient school of horticulture open to persons of both sexes, where serious studies of a theoretical kind might be carried on in conjunction with thorough practical training in every department.

J. CHESNEY, in *Macmillan's Magazine*.

THE FUTURE OF CHINA.

THE late reconquest by China of some of her former possessions in Central Asia, and the firm tone in which she is urging her demands upon Russia, in respect of the *Kuldja* territory, are giving her a prominence as a factor in Asiatic politics which she can scarcely be said to have claimed before. These signs of tenacity of purpose, if not of actual vitality, acquire an additional interest when viewed in connection with the recently modified policy of her Government towards Western States; a policy which, whether induced by an honest intention to forego the traditional exclusiveness of past ages, or by a shrewd determination to cope, if possible, with more advanced nations upon the advantageous footing secured by the cultivation of the progressive Arts and Sciences, has had the effect of bringing China into diplomatic relations with the principal Powers of Europe and America, and introducing her as a recognized element into the political calculations of the civilized world. The issue of the *Kuldja* controversy has a special interest for England, as the mistress of adjacent territory in India; but a far greater importance attaches to the result of the larger efforts which China is making to take up a position amongst the nations, and upon the success of which all her political future must depend. It is of that future, and of its bearing upon the interests of China's two great rivals in Asiatic dominion, Russia and Great Britain, that this paper proposes to treat.

It cannot be predicted of the Government of China, at any rate at present, that it is greedy of territory. On the contrary, its responsibilities are already as serious as it must feel at all competent to fulfil with credit to itself and satisfaction to its people. But, on the other hand, it is remarkably tenacious of parting with a single rood of ground, to which it may claim the right of traditional possession or more recent conquest. When portions of its territory have been torn from its grasp by successful rebellion, it has for the moment yielded to the inevitable. But the earliest opportunity possible has been seized for re-entering upon possession, either by force or craft. The late recovery of the province of Yunnan in China proper, and of Chinese Turkestan in Central Asia, after crushing defeats and years of alienation, affords notable instances of this tenacity of purpose. But such successful re-entries upon lost dominion have only been effected where the usurping power has partaken of the same or a similar Asiatic character with that of the Chinese themselves. Where circumstances have brought the Government into collision with the more energetic and enterprising people of the West, it has had no alternative but to make material con-

cessions, and to confirm these by treaties of perpetual amity and commerce. Russia and England are the only Western Powers that have thus benefited themselves at the expense of China; Russia, with a view to the enlargement or rectification of her frontier, which from the mouth of the Amoor to the foot of the *Tien Shan* is conterminous with that of China; and England, for the protection and promotion of her trade, which must have languished, if not perished, under the constraints of the old *Co-hong* system.

Whether the resubjugation of entire provinces by the Imperial Government may be regarded as a blessing or a curse to the populations concerned, it is difficult to decide. For them it is unhappily a mere choice between being at the mercy of unscrupulous adventurers, elated with a series of successes, and rendered ferocious by a life of rapine, but utterly unprepared to introduce any serious system of reform; or being restored to a rule which, although worn out and feeble, has the advantage of an old-established organization, and can prove, by its general policy at any rate, that it has the welfare of the governed seriously at heart. On the whole, setting aside the wholesale cruelty which has unhappily too often distinguished such governmental triumphs on the part of the Chinese, and to which, indeed, the unlucky people seem liable whichever party may happen to gain the ascendancy, the preferable conclusion would seem to be that re-submission to native authority is perhaps the mildest fate that can be desired for those subjects of China whose country has unfortunately been the scene of civil war. But an entirely different result may be looked for when foreign dominion—that is to say, European—has taken the place of Chinese. In the case of England, there can be little fear but that, in spite of the notable mistakes which have at times marked her colonial administration of Asiatic peoples, the primary object to which she has always set herself, has been the welfare of the governed, and the development of the resources of the country which they occupy. And even as regards Russia, however irresponsible her system of government, selfish and unscrupulous her foreign policy, and corrupt her executive may be regarded from an English point of view, still there can be little question that her assumption of authority over any tract of Asian territory must be considered preferable in the interests of philanthropy and general expediency to its restoration to an intrinsically weak and unpractical Government like that of the Chinese.

Assuming that the above proposition is a reasonable one, it follows as a fair inference, that the sooner China or any part of it is brought under the sway of some strong and progressive Power the better. And really, looking at the matter from a purely philanthropic and utilitarian point of view, that is about the best fate that can befall its inhabitants, as well in their own interest as in that of the world at large. Many things conspire to show that the days of the ruling dynasty are numbered; and who can say, when the catastrophe does come, whether the

huge but crumbling fabric will ever be reconstructed? or, if so, whose will be the head and hand that will accomplish the task? The probability is that the empire will, in spite of the marvellous homogeneity which characterizes its people, at once lose its cohesion, and break up into a number of petty chiefdoms; and one may well imagine the grievous and protracted misery that must follow upon such a dissolution. It would be ridiculous, nay, wicked, to suggest that this contingency might be anticipated, and an endeavor made to avert it by the timely absorption of a portion or of the whole of the Chinese territory. But we are entitled to express the hope that the course of mundane affairs may so shape itself as that such a calamity may be indefinitely delayed; or, if it be inevitable, that it may fall to the lot of some nation to take up the reins which shall have the will as well as the power to use the opportunity to the best advantage of the millions concerned.

The speculation seems here to suggest itself, whether there is a Western Power at all likely to find itself placed in this position, or which may be considered a suitable instrument for carrying out the work of reconstruction. The sphere of selection is limited. England and Russia, as far as can at present be foreseen, appear to be the only two Powers whose mission or interest seems likely to impel their influence Eastwards. Any idea that England will ever deliberately enter upon the possession of even a part of Chinese territory may at once be dismissed as unworthy to be entertained. Although her vast trade and world-wide associations are perpetually landing her in perplexing complications with Eastern tribes, complications, too, which at times, in despite of herself, end in conquest or annexation, still her modern policy is anything but aggressive; and if there be one collision which the English people would be less inclined to tolerate than another, it would be that of a little war entered upon for the mere purpose of territorial acquisition or philanthropic reform. China, moreover, is no mere petty principality like Abyssinia, Ashantee, or Afghanistan, that she had need be liable to the risk of annihilation or annexation, even should she again unhappily venture to take up arms against England on account of a mere trade dispute. But with Russia the case is materially different. An acquisitive policy has been traditional with her ever since Peter the Great, with prophetic foresight, laid down the lines by which her future conduct was to be guided; and political interest has none the less urged her on to extend her possessions Asia-wards, and to secure as much seaboard in any direction as will suit her ambitious designs. Conquests in Asia, moreover, provide a convenient safety-valve for adventurous, discontented, or unscrupulous spirits, who might occasion mischief at home, and who cannot otherwise be readily disposed of; whilst they at the same time have the effect of furnishing that outlet for a through trade which has always been the Russian merchant's dream. Russia has already, as is well known, rectified her frontier on the north and west of China, seriously to the diminution of the area not so long

ago comprised by the latter, and, by a well-directed combination of courage and craft, she has within the last twenty years succeeded in conquering or annexing extensive and fertile tracts of country in Central Asia. What more likely, therefore, than that, octopus-like, she should continue to stretch out her huge tentacles further and further, until they embrace some of the broad and fair provinces of China within their omnivorous grasp? The advantage of such an acquisition to Russia cannot be over-estimated. The Russian press, it is true, deprecates the acquisition of new territory, as being calculated to hinder the economical development of the people, and seriously to increase the present difficulties of the empire; and there can be little doubt that the dominions of the Czar are far too disproportioned to the numerical sum of his subjects to admit of their having realized, as they might have done, the immense natural riches of the empire. But with the acquisition of almost any part of China proper, Russia would gain territory already thickly peopled to her hand, and possessed of rich resources of every kind; and, could she approach the sea in any direction, she would acquire—what is so important to her maritime and commercial development—a coast-line that would go far towards giving her the commanding position as a naval Power which has always been one of her most cherished ambitions.

And what a glorious field would thereby be afforded her for developing her political designs! Instead of beating her wings to her own discomfiture against the bars which England must always throw about her as long as she persists in her attempts to absorb Turkey, or exercise a covert influence over the tribes on our Indian frontier, she would, if she pressed China-wards in preference, find unlimited opportunities for increasing her resources, enlarging her territory, and extending her sway, no nation caring, or being called upon, to say her nay. That she would prove the most suitable Power to be entrusted with so tremendous a responsibility, is an assertion that few would care to hazard without large qualification. The pitiless despotism which characterizes the Russian rule at home, the unrelenting harshness with which she has treated her Polish subjects, even to the studious stamping out of the nationalism of the people, and the license which has distinguished the grasp by Russian officials of civil power in Central Asia, scarcely tend to render the prospect of the extension of her sway to China very encouraging. But, as has been already advanced, a Russian administration is not without its advantages, as compared to a Chinese, and, unless a radical reform can be looked for in the existing system of Government in China itself, a prospect at best problematical, it may safely be said that her people might fare worse than pass under the domination of the Czar.

For the Chinese concerned, as has been suggested, the loss might be almost, if not altogether, construed into a gain. They would require an autocratic and despotic Government very similar to their own, only more powerful and practical in its operation and results; and, if only

One could hope that the rights and prejudices of the people could be respected, and their general interests consulted, the change would, on the whole, prove an advantageous one for the annexed territories generally. In one respect, at any rate, such a substitution might certainly be expected to bring about a material amelioration of the present condition and prospects of the country at large; and that is the improvement of general communication throughout the empire. Railways would undoubtedly be forthwith introduced, telegraphs laid down, river channels cleared and deepened, canals restored and maintained, and the many obstacles which now clog a might-be flourishing trade permanently removed. China, in fact, only needs a lion-hearted, capable, and progressive Government in order to encourage the enterprise of her people, bring out their many excellent characteristics, and develop the prolific natural resources which she undoubtedly possesses, in her own interest and that of the world in general; and, provided always such a result can be attained, combined with a discreet and paternal care for the people themselves, no one had need deprecate the substitution of a foreign for a native yoke.

It might be objected, Why should not such a thorough reconstruction and subsequent healthy development be attainable under the present dynasty, or, at any rate, under a purely native rule? To this we reply, that it is not in the nature of the Chinese to initiate reform or carry it honestly and steadily out. Neither the rulers nor the ruled appreciate its necessity; and, could they be enlightened sufficiently to perceive it, they do not possess the strength of character and fixity of purpose to follow out implicitly the course pointed out. A curious example of this lack of interest and resolve was to be observed as regards the foreign-drilled levies raised at the instance of their foreign advisers after the treaty of Tientsin. Men and money were readily provided to the extent suggested, and the men easily learnt the drill. But the foreign instructors had always to superintend the paying of wages in order to prevent peculation by the native officers, and, the moment their vigilant eyes were removed, drill and discipline were voted a nuisance by officers and men alike, arms and accoutrements ceased to be kept in order, and the force rapidly assumed its purely Chinese character. Relics of these levies exist at this moment, but the most unremitting patience and effort have been needed on the part of the foreign officers to maintain them in a state of anything like respectable discipline or effectiveness. A recent writer* calls attention to the stupendous efforts which the Chinese Government has of late been making towards a reorganization of its naval and military resources upon Western principles, and to the remarkable success which has in consequence attended its campaigns in Western China and Central Asia. But these measures have all owed their conception and execution to foreign energy, enterprise, and ability;

* Captain C. A. G. Bridge, R.N.: "The Revival of the Warlike Power of China," *Fraser's Magazine*, June, 1879.

and, as will be presently shown, wherever the salutary influence of these is weakened or removed, disorganization and relapse are sure to be the result. Something has, no doubt, been accomplished within the last twenty years towards opening the eyes of the Chinese Government to the wisdom of assuming a recognized place in the comity of nations, and inducing it to introduce various domestic measures of a useful and progressive nature. But, after all, pressure from without, and that of the most painstaking and persistent character, has been needed to effect what little has been done. Let this influence be removed; let the able customs organization now in vogue be taken out of alien hands; let foreign Ministers cease to impress upon the State departments the imperative importance of waking up to international and domestic responsibilities; let arsenals be deprived of foreign superintendence; let steamers throw overboard their foreign masters, mates, and engineers; in a word, let China try to keep afloat without corks, and what will be the consequence? Corruption would inevitably fatten on and extinguish foreign trade; foreign representatives would find Peking too hot to hold them; arsenals would gradually languish and cease to work; native-owned steamers would leave off plying the waters; and the whole country would eventually fall back into a condition of even more rapid decadence than that in which it was found when England first interfered to prop it up. What is perhaps more melancholy to contemplate, there would be few, if any, of her most ardent patriots but would congratulate themselves on the miserable change.

China may, perhaps, be saved from an eventual collapse, or from falling under the sway of all-grasping Russia; but it can only be by a universal development of the existing system of extraneous aid. What has been done for her customs revenue must be extended to all departments of the State, and the employment of foreign heads and hands must be rendered so general as even to permeate the ramifications of the executive in the eighteen provinces. But then the difficulty suggests itself, Where is the *personnel* needful for such a mighty organization to be found, with the talent and probity equal to the charge? England has proved it possible, in the case of India, to produce a corps of administrators who possess a character for ability, uprightness, and high-minded devotion to duty, to which the world can show no equal. But, as experience has so far proved, political balance at Peking demands that the prizes open to competition in the Chinese service should be distributed equally amongst subjects of all nationalities in treaty relations with China; and in such a huge army of *employés* as the exigency would require, and most of whom would probably owe their selection to patronage rather than to merit, it could not be but that many would find a place who might prove even greater curses to the governed than the worst type of the Chinese mandarins themselves. Moreover, such an innovation would practically amount to placing the entire nation under foreign authority, and it may be queried whether it would not be

more advantageous for the people to have one uniform foreign rule universally substituted for the native, than to be at the mercy of an executive formed of such heterogeneous materials as those we have described.

It may not be out of place to consider here a suggestion, which has been thrown out by more than one representative of the English press, as to the identity of British interests with those of China in resisting the insidious advances of Russia eastwards, and the expediency of giving the former our sympathy, if not material support, in her endeavor to recover *Kuldja* from Russian cupidity. What British interests comprise in that quarter of the globe may be summed up in a few words. Rectification and consolidation of certain portions of the frontier of British India, the maintenance as far as possible of neutral and independent Khanates to act as "buffers" between her territories and those of Russia, and the development of a free and active trade between the Indian and Central Asian markets. It seems scarcely worth the trouble of refuting any arguments that could be brought forward to prove that the concession of a covert or direct support to China in the *Kuldja* controversy would be likely to advantage England in any one of these respects. On the contrary, her interference would more probably imperil her interest under each head, and would most certainly have the effect of greatly incensing a Power which, with all its ill-will, has already shown its desire to conciliate, by withdrawing at our request the influence which it had been tempted in view of certain contingencies to use to our disadvantage in Afghanistan; a Power, too, which must and will pursue its career of acquisition in Central Asia, whatever we may say or do to the contrary; and with which, in view of its probable future there, it is manifestly to our interest as holders of India to live on neighborly terms. To quote a recent writer on the subject,* "Our object now should be rather to initiate a frank understanding with Russia as to the aims of our respective policies, to secure her agreement to definite boundaries to the spheres of influence of both Powers, and to form, so far as is possible, a union of interests with her in the future development of Asia."

Even were China to pledge herself to grant us all the advantages which we should have to bargain for as a consideration for committing ourselves to the serious step of affording her aid, it may be doubted whether she is sufficiently strong to maintain her ground, not merely against Russia, but against any adventurer like Yakoob Beg or rebels like the Panthys, who may suddenly rise up and wrest her territory from her. Then, again, it must be remembered what an alliance with such a Government as that of China is likely to involve. Her civil administration, based although it may be on a system excellently well suited to a people like the Chinese, is so weakened, save in a few isolated instances, by the incapacity, and so debased by the venality of

* See *Blackwell's Magazine*, July, 1879, pp. 120, 121.

its executive, that it has long since forfeited the confidence and goodwill of the masses, and rebellion has only to raise its head to find a fruitful soil for its speedy growth and development. Her army is numerically large, and can be recruited without difficulty, and she has constantly at command any quantity of the most approved war material, so long as there are foreigners to sell and she has the money to buy; to say nothing of what she can now to a certain extent manufacture for herself. But of strategy and the general science of war her officers are entirely ignorant, and beyond the capability of hurling huge masses of men at the enemy, irrespective of all consequences, she is in no way formidable as a military Power in the European sense of the term, nor could her troops permanently hope to hold their own against those of any Western State. Even the Japanese, in the little affair with China which threatened the peaceful relation of the two countries not long ago, showed themselves quite equal to the occasion, and their sailors and soldiers pined to exhibit their prowess, and prove the value of their recent acquirements in the art of war, as against the conservative and unpractical Chinese. If the rules of civilized warfare are to the Chinese a sealed book, still less can they be said to appreciate its humane side. Their officers fail to value the necessity, and indeed do not seem to possess the power, of protecting their own countrymen from the general license which marks the march of soldiery through, or the military occupation of, any peaceable district; and in the wholesale barbarities which invariably distinguish their triumphs over a conquered foe, they are scarcely to be surpassed by savages of the lowest type. Little more can be said in favour of the Chinese in respect of their relations with England and other Western nations. They have treaties of peace and commerce with the leading Powers, it is true, and they do not fail to act up to the strict letter of these engagements as construed by themselves. But the whole history of their foreign intercourse since 1842 has shown that the Chinese Government has borne with ill grace the restrictions thus imposed upon it, and has embraced every opportunity to evade them in spirit, whilst professing to carry them out in the letter. Trade has been everywhere hampered by vexatious imposts cunningly introduced on all kinds of pretexts, and as pertinaciously persisted in, in spite of pointed remonstrances on the part of foreign representatives. Outrages of a glaring kind have been passed over without redress, or perhaps with a show of redress so ingeniously conceded as to evince distinct sympathy with the perpetrators of the deeds complained of: and the case must be rare, if not unheard of, in which the initiative has been voluntarily taken by a Chinese official in righting a wrong suffered by a foreigner at the hands of a Chinese. Amicable relations prevail between the various foreign communities and the native population by whom they are surrounded; but these may be traced rather to the innate good-nature of the people, and the forbearing conduct of the "strangers from afar," than to any direct effort on

the part of the native authorities to encourage and develop friendly feeling. The Chinese Court still affects to regard the Emperor as the Supreme Ruler of all People under Heaven; its recognition of foreign Ministers accredited to it seems never to have advanced beyond the not very flattering ceremonial which accorded them a so-called audience in a body a few years ago; and the relations between the representatives and the high officials at Peking cannot as yet be said to have entered upon a phase which may strictly be styled cordial; and all this, notwithstanding that Chinese representatives to Western Courts have been treated with all the ceremony and consideration due to their official position, and have been received into the highest society of foreign capitals, not only without demur, but with a warmth and hospitality which, whilst on the spot, they have themselves been the first to acknowledge.* Under these circumstances, with a civil administration so

* Apropos of these remarks it is worth while quoting here a memorial by the ex-Ambassador Koo Sung-t'ao, published in the *London and China Telegraph* of 7th July, 1879, as the first presented to the Throne on his return to China, and in which the best that he can say of England, notwithstanding his cordial reception and marvellous experiences, seems to be that he was "excessively cast down in a strange country," where, "had he been put into a ditch, there would have been nobody to cover him with earth." The very name of the place to which he was accredited appears to have been beneath mention to his august master. The *Peking Gazette* of the 3rd moon, 3rd day, contains the following memorial from Koo Sung-t'ao, late Ambassador at the Court of St. James's, to the Emperor:—"Your servant," he writes, "has suffered from many bodily infirmities. Relying upon the the heavenly (*i. e.* your Majesty's) grace, I was appointed to go abroad on service of heavy responsibility. I am now feeble with age, having served at so great a distance; I also deplore my stupidity, and am extremely apprehensive of my inability in performing the functions devolving upon me. Since the sixth or seventh moon of the year before last I have suffered from insomnia. A year ago my spirits became daily more *abattu*. In the second month of last year I suddenly experienced phlegm rising in my mouth, and vomited fresh red blood, without being able to stop it, so that in a trice a basin would get quite full. I consider that my life has been marked by increasing afflictions; my respiration is impeded; I am agitated and nervous; already I have contracted an asthma, and this I certainly had not formerly. Excessively cast down, in a strange country several tens of thousands of li away, I thought that if I were put in a ditch there would be nobody to cover me with earth. Fortunately, by virtue of the heavenly (*i. e.*, Imperial) compassion, having been graciously permitted to give up my office, all that remains of me protractedly wearing out my failing breath, is due to the overflowing grace of the Holy Lord (the Emperor). During the two years I have been abroad I have passed under the hands of foreign doctors not a few, who have felt my pulse and administered medicine in a manner very different from native practitioners. In relieving my indigestion and removing the torpor [of my liver] they occasionally produced some little effect; but my constitution became weaker every day, and there was no restoring it. After casting about this way and that, there seemed but one resource left to me—to take advantage of a steamer bound for Fu (*i. e.*, Shanghai), and then to return by way of the Yangtze River to my native place and put myself under medical advice. Prostrate I implore the Heavenly Compassion to grant me three months' leave of absence, in order to establish a complete cure, so that perhaps I may not contract disease that will prove incurable. After your servant has got home it will be his duty to report early the day of his arrival, and he earnestly desires that he may be restored to health. Then I will return to the capital to resume my functions, and implore that some trifling post may be given me that I may testify my gratitude by strenuous exertions, like a dog or a horse. Wherefore I, your humble servant, now beg for leave of ab-

effete and corrupt, a military Power, so unpractical, a style of warfare so barbarous, and a Government so wanting in the honest desire to conciliate, can it be thought politic to go out of our way in order to further its pretensions, and that to the prejudice of a Power which, with all its faults, is progressive in its tendencies, and prepared to acknowledge our international rights, and which more nearly approaches us in recognising the duty of consulting the material interests of the people subjected to its sway? The little experience at any rate which we have had of the results of co-operation with the Chinese Government has not been such as to encourage us in a repetition of the experiment. Take, for example, the important aid given by England in clearing the province of Kiangsu of rebels in 1862-63, and thereby bringing about the eventual extermination of the Taepings. Such a service, it might be presumed, would have earned the lasting gratitude of the nation, and induced a cordiality of sentiment towards their benefactors which would have exhibited itself in an endeavour on the part of the Chinese Government to relax the restrictions and remove the vexations by which mutual relations had up to that time been beset. But nothing of the kind transpired. No special and national recognition of the service rendered was ever accorded; and, so far from any improvement being observable, as a consequence, in British relations with China, these were marked in the sequel by some of the most trying and difficult crises with which we have had to deal. More than this, the very moment of triumph was disgraced by an act of treachery in the deliberate murder of the surrendered rebel chiefs at Soochow, which must have induced in the mind of Colonel Gordon, R.E., the keenest regret that he had ever embarked his honour and expended his labours in the cause of such allies. The only other instance in which British influence was brought to bear towards rescuing the Chinese Government from an awkward dilemma was when the Japanese threatened reprisals for outrages committed against their subjects, and went the length of sending a considerable force to occupy the island of Formosa. Hostilities had commenced, and the war might have proved a protracted if not hazardous one for the Chinese, had not H.B.M.'s Minister volunteered his services as mediator, and succeeded in arranging matters to the satisfaction of both parties, and with as little loss of prestige to the Chinese as they had any right to expect. Here, again, if any gratitude was felt, there was no public recognition of the service rendered, and the obligation certainly left no appreciable trace upon the subsequent policy of the Government; for, in the very next difficulty with China which occurred not long after—namely, the official murder of Margary—it needed the pressure of our demands to the very verge of war, in order to procure the vaguest attempt at redress, and then we had to rest

sence on account of my ill-health, and respectfully present the petition in which my request is lucidly set forth, entreating with reverence that the sacred glance may rest upon it."

contented with commercial concessions as a makeweight for the substantial justice which could not, or would not, be granted.

To conclude, China, nationally considered, is in a state of decline. The very efforts which the more enlightened amongst her statesmen are now making towards rescuing her from the collapse which threatens show how desperate they consider her case, and how anxious they are to prevent or even delay the catastrophe. Her history, it is true, shows that although she has passed through a series of such periodical lapses, she has ever exhibited a wonderful power of recuperation more or less effective in its nature and extent. But these changes have been experienced at times when she was comparatively isolated from the rest of the world. Her political crises were never before complicated by the interposition of a foreign element, such as must be the case in any revolution through which she may hereafter pass. Mr. Robert Hart, the Inspector-General of Customs, Joseph-like, has done China good service in reorganizing the maritime revenue department, and advocating reform generally in the policy and practice of the State; and did China know her own interest she would largely develop and extend the advantages of a foreign admixture in her whole system of executive. But Mr. Hart's efforts must have a limited result at best, and they can only serve to put off the evil day. He cannot reform the nature of the Chinese mandarin; and until there is a radical change in this respect there can be little hope of reconstruction and progress under purely native guidance. The process becomes the more embarrassing and futile with aggressive foreign Powers pressing on all sides with their irresistible influence and exacting pretensions. China must in time, and as at present constituted, yield to one or the other, and Russia promises to be the one whose ambition and interests will probably lead her to turn the opportunity to advantage. It may not be the best fate that can befall any part of China to be Russianized, but it will be a better alternative for her people to be subjected to the sway of a civilized and civilizing Power than to become the prey to interminable civil wars. It will be better, moreover, for England and other nations, whose interest in the question is mainly commercial, that China's millions should be brought under a vigorous and progressive Government, able and willing to develop the vast trade resources at their disposal, than that they should decimate themselves and ruin their country by perpetual internecine strife. Whether it will be to the interest of England in a political point of view that Russia should attain the commanding position which the possession of any part of China would undoubtedly secure her, is an entirely different question. If it be a danger, it is a danger which she must look in the face, for everything seems to point to the possibility of such a consummation. But no consideration of political expediency or self-preservation can certainly warrant her in interfering as yet; and it is to be hoped that the time may never come when she shall be called upon to thwart the ambitious designs of her great

rival in Asian dominion in the extreme East, as she has so long and so successfully endeavoured to do in countries more directly affecting her political power and prestige in Europe and India.

WALTER H. MEDHURST, in *The Contemporary Review*.

IN SWEDEN.

It is not beautiful in Sweden, but it is very pretty ; if everything were not so very much alike, it would be very pretty indeed. The whole country as far north as Upsala is like an exaggerated Surrey—little hills covered with fir-woods and bilberries, brilliant, glistening little lakes sleeping in sandy hollows, but all just like one another.

We turned aside in our way from Helsingborg to the north to visit the old university of Lund, the Oxford of Sweden, a sleepy city, where the students lead a separate life in lodgings of their own, only being united in the public lectures ; for in Sweden, as in Italy, the taking of a degree only proves that the graduates have passed a certain number of examinations, not, as in England, that they have lived together for three years at least, forming their character and taste by mutual companionship and intimacy. The cathedral of Lund is a most noble Norman building, with giants and dwarfs sculptured against the pillars of its grand crypt, and a glorious archbishop's tomb, green and mossy with damp.

An immense railway journey, by day and night through the endless forests, brought us to Stockholm, where we arrived in the early morning. Though the town is little beyond an ugly collection of featureless modern streets, the situation is quite exquisite, for the city occupies a succession of islets between Lake Malar and the Baltic, surrounding, on a central isle, the huge Palace built from stately designs of Count Tessin in the middle of the last century, and the old church of Riddarholmen, where Gustavus Adolphus and many other royal persons repose beneath the banner-hung arches.

It sounds odd, but, next to the Palace, the most imposing building in Stockholm is certainly the Grand Hotel Rydberg, which is most comfortable and economical, in spite of its palatial aspect. There is no table d'hôte, and everything is paid for at the time, in the excellent restaurant on the first floor of the hotel. Here a side-table is always covered with dainties peculiarly Swedish, corn and birch brandy, and different kinds of potted fish, with fresh butter and olives, and it is the uni-

versal custom in Sweden to attack the side-table before sitting down to the regular dinner. The rooms in the hotel are excellent, and their front windows overlook all that is most characteristic in Stockholm—the glorious view down the fiord of the Baltic; its farther hilly bank covered with houses and churches; the bridge at the junction of the Baltic and Lake Malar, which is the centre of life in the capital, and the little pleasure-garden below, where hundreds of people are constantly eating and drinking under the trees, and whence strains of music are wafted late into the summer night; the mighty palace dominating the principal island, and the little steam-gondolas filled with people, which dart and hiss through the waters from one island to another. In Stockholm, where waters are many and bridges few, these steam-gondolas are the chief means of communication, and we made great use of them, the passages costing twelve öere, or one penny. The great white seagulls, poising over the water-streets or floating upon the waves, are also a striking feature.

The museums of Stockholm have little to call for any especial notice, except a grand statue of the sleeping Endymion from the Villa Adriana, and the curious collection of royal clothes down to the present date, a gallery of costume like that which once existed in London at the Tower Royal. The chief curiosity which the Swedish collection contains is the hat worn by Charles XII. when he was killed, in which the upward progress of the bullet can be traced, proving that the king's death was caused by an assassin, and not the result of a chance shot from the walls of Frederikshald. No especial features mark the interior of the Palace, though the Royal Stable for a hundred and forty-six horses is worthy of a visit; and the churches are uninteresting, except perhaps St. Nicholas, the coronation church, which contains the helmet and spurs of St. Olaf, stolen from Throndtjem. Riddarholmen can scarcely be regarded as a church; it is rather a great sepulchral hall hung with trophies, having a few tombs on the floor of the building, and vaults opening under the side walls, in which the different groups of royal persons are buried together as families. Under a chapel on the left lies Gustavus Adolphus, the justly popular great-grandson of Gustavus Wasa, who fell at the battle of Lutzen, and who, as a soldier, general, and king, ever knew true merit, and laboured for the glory of his country rather than for his own. In the opposite chapel repose the present royal family, descendants of Bernadotte, Prince of Pontecorvo, the only one of Napoleon's generals whose dynasty still occupy a throne. He began life as a common soldier, and his election as Charles XIV. of Sweden was chiefly due to the kindness with which he treated Swedish prisoners taken in the Pomeranian wars. But the Swedes have never had cause to repent of their choice, and their reigning house is probably the most popular in Europe. The coffins of those members of the royal family who have died within the memory of man are ever laden with fresh flowers.

Close by the Riddarholmen Church is the most picturesque bit of street architecture in Stockholm, where a statue of Burger Jarl, the traditional founder of the town, forms a foreground to the chapel of Gustavus Adolphus and one of the many bridges.

In saying that Stockholm is not picturesque one may seem to have spoken disparagingly, but, nevertheless, it is perfectly charming; there is so much life and movement upon its blue waters, and its many little public gardens give such a gay aspect to the buildings. Of these, the chief is the Kongsträdgården, surrounding a statue of Charles XIII., where the pleasant Café Blanche is filled all the evening with an animated crowd, gossiping and eating ices under the verandah and shrubberies, and listening to the music. While we were staying in Stockholm a hundred Upsala students came in their white caps to sing national melodies in the Catherina Church. We lived through two hours of fearful heat to hear them, and most beautiful it was. King Oscar II. was present—a noble royal figure and handsome face. He is the ideal sovereign of the age—artist, poet, musician, student, equally at home in ancient and modern languages, profoundly versed in all his duties, and nobly performing them.

We had intended going often, as the natives do, to dine amongst the trees and flowers at Hasselbacken, in the Djurgården, a wooden promontory, to which little steamers are always plying, but, alas! during eight of the ten July days we spent at Stockholm it rained incessantly. We were so cold that we were thankful for all the winter clothes we brought with us, and were filled with pity for the poor Swedes in being cheated out of their short summer, of which every day is precious. The streets were always sopping, but, in the covered gondolas, we managed several excursions to quiet, damp palaces on the banks of lonely fiords—Rosendal, remarkable for a grand porphyry vase in a brilliant little flower garden; and Ulriksdal, with its clipped avenues and melancholy creek.

Our limited knowledge of Swedish often caused us to embark in amusing ignorance as to whither we were going, and led us into many a surprise. One day we set off, intending to go to Drottningholm, but, on reaching the quay, found the steamer just gone. At that moment such a frightful storm of rain came on that we were obliged to rush for shelter wherever we could, and the nearest point of refuge was the deck of the steamer *Mary*, which instantly started. We feared we might be bound for the Baltic, and failing to make any one understand us, resolved to disembark at the first landing place. But then the rain was worse than ever, and we allowed ourselves to be carried on down Lake Malar, till our boat turned into a little creek, and landed us on the pier of a manufacturing town. We had not reached the end of the pier, however, before the rain came on again in such convulsive torrents that we fled back to the *Mary*, which again started on its travels, and this time, after stopping at many little ports, conveyed us back to Stockholm.

When we asked the captain what we were to pay for our voyage, he said, "Oh, nothing," and very much amused he and his crew seemed to be by our ignorance and adventures.

We had a fine day for our excursion by railway to Upsala, whence we hired a little carriage to take us on to Old Upsala, about three miles distant. A drive across a dull, marshy plain brings one to a delightfully wild district of downs, covered with hundreds of little sepulchral mounds like Wiltshire barrows, amid which three great tumuli, standing close together, are said to mark the graves of Odin, Thor, and Freya—heroes in their lifetime, gods in their death. Close beside them for centuries rose the temple which was the most sacred shrine of Scandinavian worship. It glittered all over with gold, and a golden chain, nine hundred ells in circumference, ran round its roof. In the temple were three statues, around which hovered all the principal mythological traditions of the north. The central figure was that of Odin or Wodan, the wizard-king, who is said to have come in the dawn of Swedish history from his domains of Asir, which extended from the Euxine to the Caspian, and whose capital was Asgard. He landed in Funen, where he founded Odense, and left his son Skjöld as a sovereign. Thence he passed into Sweden, and established his government at Sigtuna, not far from Upsala. His existence is affirmed by the Saxon Chronicle. He was called "the Father of Victory," for if he laid his hands on the heads of his generals, and predicted their success when they went out to battle, that success never failed them. He was also, says Snorro Sturlesen, "the Father of all the arts of modern Europe." Tradition has endowed him with every miraculous power. He could change his looks at pleasure—to his friends most beautiful, but a demon to his enemies. By his eloquence he captivated all who heard him, and as he always spoke in verse, he was called "the Artificer of Song." His verses were endowed with such magic power that they could strike his enemies with blindness or deafness, or could blunt their weapons. To listen to the sweetness of his music even the ghosts would come forth and the mountains would unfold their inmost recesses. He was the inventor of Runic characters. He could slaughter thousands at a blow, and he could render his own followers invulnerable. At his will he could assume the form of beasts; at his word the fire would cease to burn, the wind to blow, or the sea to rage. If he hurled his spear between two armies, it secured victory to those on whose side it fell. The dwarfs (Lapps) had built for him a ship called *Skidbladner*, in which he could cross the most dangerous seas with safety; but, when he did not want to use it, he could fold it up like a handkerchief. Everything was known to Odin, for did he not possess the mummified head of his enemy, Mimir, which was all-wise, and he had only to consult it? Yet with all these gifts and attributes, Odin remained human; he had no power over death. When he felt his end approaching he assembled all his friends and followers, and giving himself nine wounds

in a circle, allowed himself to bleed to death. The body of the great chieftain was burnt, and his ashes were buried under the mound of Upsala; but his spirit was believed to have gone back to the marvellous home in the Valhalla of Asgard, of which he had so often spoken, and whither he had always said that he should return. Henceforward it was considered that all blessings and mercies were gifts sent by Odin. The younger Edda tells that all who die in battle are Odin's adopted children. The Valkyriæ pick them out upon the battle-field and conduct them to the Valhalla, where they have perpetual life in the halls of Odin. Their days are spent in hunting or the joys of imaginary combats, and they return at night to feast upon the inexhaustible flesh of the boar Sahrminir, and to drink, out of horn cups, the mead formed from the milk of a single goat, which is strong enough nightly to intoxicate all the heroes. Huge logs constantly burn within the palace of Odin, for warmth is the northern idea of heaven, while in their "hel" it is eternal winter. When a Scandinavian chieftain died in battle, not only were his war-horse and all his gold and silver placed upon his funeral pyre, but all his followers slew themselves that he might enter the halls of Odin properly attended. The more glorious the chieftain the greater the number who must accompany him to Valhalla. To rejoin Odin in Asgard became the height of a warrior's ambition. It is recorded of Ragnar Lodbrok that when he was dying no word of lamentation was heard from him; on the contrary, he was transported with joy as he thought of the feast preparing for him in Odin's palace. "Soon, soon," he exclaimed, "I shall be seated in the splendid habitation of the gods, and drinking mead out of carved horns; a brave man does not dread death, and I shall utter no word of fear as I enter the halls of Odin." But stranger than all the legends concerning Odin is the fact that his memory is still so far fresh, that "Go to Odin" is yet used by the common people where an uncivil wish as to the lower regions would find expression in England. The fourth day of the week still commemorates Odin or Wodin—in old Norse, Odinsdgr, in Swedish and Danish, Onsdag, in English, Wednesday.

On the right hand of Odin, in the temple of Upsala, sate the statue of Freyja, or Freyer, represented as a hermaphrodite, with the attributes of productiveness. Freyja was the goddess of love, who rode in a car drawn by wild cats. She knew beforehand all that would happen, and divided the souls of the dead with Odin. She is commemorated in the sixth day of the week, that Freytag or Freyja's Day, which in Latin is Dies Veneris, or Venus' Day.

On the left of Odin sate Thor, who, says the Edda, was "the most valiant of the sons of Odin." He was the offspring of Odin and Frigga, "the mother of the gods," and the brother of "Balder the Beautiful." As the defender and avenger of the gods, he was represented as carrying the hammer with which he destroyed the giants, and which always returned to his hand when he threw it. He wore iron gauntlets and

had a girdle which doubled his strength when he put it on. The fifth day of the week was sacred to Thor, in old Norse *Þórsdag*, in Swedish and Danish *Torsdag*, in English Thursday; in Latin *Dies Jovis*, for Jupiter, the God of Thunder, had the same attributes as Thor.

There were three great festivals at Upsala, when multitudes flocked to the temple to consult its famous oracles or to sacrifice. The first was the winter festival of "Mother Night"—*saturnalia* in honor of Frey, or the sun, to invoke the blessings of a fruitful year; the second feast was in honor of the Earth; the third was in honor of Odin, to propitiate the Father of Battles. Every ninth year, at least, the king and all persons of distinction were expected to appear before the great temple, and nine victims were chosen for human sacrifice—captives in time of war, slaves in time of peace—"I send thee to Odin" being the consolatory last words spoken to each as he fell. If public calamities had been caused by any royal mismanagement, the people chose their king as a sacrifice; thus the first king of the petty province of Vermeland was burnt to appease Odin during a famine. It is also recorded that King Aun sacrificed his nine sons to obtain a prolongation of his own life. The victims were either hewn down or burnt in the temple itself, or hung in the grove adjoining—"Odin's Grove"—of which every leaf was sacred. Still, according to the *Voluspa*, the famous prophecy of Vela, at the end of the world even Odin, with all the other pagan deities, will perish in the general chaos, when a new earth of celestial beauty will arise upon the ruins of the old.

One of the most curious little churches in Christendom now stands upon the site of the ancient temple. The apse is evidently built out of the pagan sanctuary. The belfry, Swedish-fashion, is detached, built of massive timbers and painted bright red. There are scarcely any human habitations near, only the mighty barrows, overgrown with wild thyme and a thousand other flowers, which rise over the graves of the gods. In the tomb of Odin the Government still gives the mead, which was the nectar of Scandinavian heroes, to pilgrim visitors.

Like most of the Swedish towns, Upsala is disappointing, and its mean, ill-paved streets show few signs of antiquity. At the east end of the cathedral is the lofty tomb of Gustavus Wasa, the first Protestant King of Sweden, whose effigy lies between the charming figures of his two pretty little wives. In 1519 he was carried off as a hostage by that Christian King of Denmark, who forcibly made himself King of Sweden also, and ruled with savage tyranny. Escaping to Lubeck, he headed a revolutionary party against the tyrant, and, after many defeats, succeeded in taking Stockholm, where he was made King in 1523. Soon after, Olaf Petri's translation of the New Testament led to the Reformation in Sweden, where Gustavus Wasa was another Henry VIII., in taking the opportunity of seizing two-thirds of the Church revenues, and depriving all ecclesiastics of their incomes if they refused to embrace Lutheranism. One of his daughters-in-law was the famous Polish

princess, Queen Catherine Jagellonica, who tried hard to upset the new religion, and inculcated Catholicism upon her son, King Sigismund, who was deposed, on religious grounds, in favor of his uncle, Charles IX., the father of Gustavus Adolphus. This Queen Catherine Jagellonica has a fine tomb in a side chapel of Upsala Cathedral.

On a brilliant July morning we embarked at Stockholm in the steamer which runs twice a week down Lake Malar to Gripsholm. Most lovely were the long reaches of still water with their fringe of russet rocks, every crevice tufted with birch and dwarf mountain ash, opening here and there to show some red timber houses or a wooden spire. It was several hours of soft diorama, with the music of the pines, before the great castle of Gripsholm, the Windsor of Sweden, came in sight, with its many red towers and Eastern-looking domes and cupolas. We were landed at the little pier of Mariefred, in itself a lovely scene, with old trees feathering into the water, and a picturesque church rising in a grove of walnuts on a green hill behind. Hard by is a little inn where the whole of the passengers in the steamer dined together, at many little tables, the great staple of food being fresh trout and salmon of the lake, the bilberries and cloudberryes of the rocks, and the birch brandy and wild strawberries from the woods. After dinner every one trooped along the meadow paths to the castle, and rambled in friendly companionship over its numerous rooms, full of interest, and with many curious royal portraits and pieces of ancient furniture. There are endless historic recollections connected with Gripsholm, but they centre for the most part around the sons of Gustavus Wasa. Of these, John was immured here by Eric XIV., with his wife Catherine Jagellonica, who, during her imprisonment, gave birth to her son Sigismund, in a box-bed which still remains. Eric intended to have put his brother to death, but when he entered his cell for the purpose, was so overcome by fraternal feeling, that he begged his pardon instead. That pardon was not granted, for when John got the upper hand, he imprisoned Eric in a small chamber at the top of the castle, where he languished for ten years, during which he wrote a treatise on military art, and translated the history of Johannes Magnus, and where—in the end—he was poisoned.

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE, *in Good Words.*

NOTES FROM CYPRUS.

CYPRUS is an island of sudden changes. Both climate and landscape are subject to rapid variations. From the glare of an overpowering sun one may enter the cool shade of a tropical garden, with the murmur of water trickling past as it wanders amongst the groves of oranges, figs, and palms. The bare treeless plain may be changed in a very short space for pine-forests of magnificent trees: instead of sand and dust, we trample on bracken-fern by the side of rills and torrents running in steep gorges. The climate changes from great heat to chilling cold. We have noted a daily variation of 50 deg. of temperature; after a calm, clear morning, with the distant hills apparently close, suddenly a windy hurricane, accompanied by a thick haze, comes over the island, and shuts out the view. In the landscape it is the same. There are no gentle slopes; the hills all rise steeply from the plains; the water-courses run in deep beds, cut through alluvial soil and rock. These signs show the island to have been visited by heavy tropical rains. After the winter of 1877 the great Messarea plain was a lake of water and slime. This winter there has been barely five inches of rainfall—hardly enough to make the roads muddy for a few hours.

We were not fortunate coming to Cyprus in a year of exceptional heat, after a late season of heavy rain. Fever was more prevalent in the island than it has ever been known to be before, but the crops were good. This year we may expect very little fever, but a great scarcity of provisions. The wheat crop has completely failed, and the barley is very poor in the great cereal-growing plain. The harvests are now being reaped, and it is pitiful to see the poor women pulling up the thin stalks of barley, only nine inches long in most cases, where, in former years, the sickles cut down thick crops. Fortunately this is not the case all over the island. In the many fertile valleys of the hill districts, such as Papho, there has been enough rain to produce good crops; and though the great plain has failed completely, there will probably be sufficient in other districts to keep off absolute want, though prices are already becoming exorbitantly high.

There is no doubt that the resources of the island are great, if properly developed. It possesses a very fertile soil, capable of growing almost anything if carefully cultivated and irrigated; without water, the hot sirocco winds from the east soon dry up any vegetation. Irrigation, however, is not a difficult matter. On the plain, water is found almost everywhere at from 18 to 20 feet below the surface; and along the hillsides there are many springs and rivulets that run to waste through the inertness of the people. They would willingly pay

a handsome profit for the water if it was brought to them, but have not the capital or the enterprise to make the required aqueducts themselves. A few windmill-pumps on the plain would irrigate a farm sufficiently to make it independent of lack of rainfall, and for the production of crops and trees that require watering after the rainy season is past. There is no want of wind; a strong breeze springs up every day from the N.W., and very often covers the plain in a thick haze; mirage is seen in every direction,—lakes and cliffs rising picturesquely out of a dead flat. The hill-slopes grow vines in profusion, and these vineyards might be greatly extended. Many beautiful spots exist amongst the hills lying completely waste, grown over with scrub, hiding the old rock-cut wine-presses, that show where in ancient times there were once fruitful vineyards. Had the island been taken over by France instead of England, the French would have soon developed the wine-trade enormously. All that is wanted is capital to clear the scrub and plant the vines. For instance, a large tract of hill-country, called the Agamas, was, I believe, offered for sale not long ago—it measures about 40 square miles: only £200 was bid, and it was not sold. A little more, however, would have bought it. This tract extends out to Cape Arnaugti, and has the most beautiful slopes for vines, with a low-lying narrow plain along the shore, watered by several springs, one of which now turns a mill. The sea surrounds the property on all but one side, and the coast is indented with little bays and creeks. The hills rise about 1500 feet above the shore. Old wine-presses testify to its former fruitfulness. The hills are now covered with scrub, and are only used as grazing-ground for flocks of goats. Small portions of the plain are cultivated by a few shepherds, who also collect firewood and ship it from the shore. With capital these slopes might be green with vines, the low plains covered with groves of orange and fruit-trees. Wine might be produced and shipped on the spot without any transport; and besides these advantages, there is undoubtedly great mineral wealth beneath the soil, capable of paying largely for any outlay.

This is not a single case. There are many places in the island just as good waiting for the hand of the capitalist to change them from barren wastes to their former fruitfulness. Land lies idle that would soon form splendid cotton-fields; wheat, barley, and all cereals grow in profusion. Tobacco of a very superior quality can be produced. All the tobacco consumed is now imported, owing to the heavy-taxation formerly imposed upon the grown article by the Turks. Indigo might be grown in the warm valleys. All that is required is enterprise and capital.

Roads are a great want in the development of the island. The natives have no desire to save time,—they follow the same narrow rugged tracks up and down the rocks that their fathers followed before them, and if Government undertook to make roads for them, they would soon

be again destroyed ; but this would change if a few Englishmen settled in the country. The same thing would happen as has happened in the Lebanon. The English colony goes up from Byroun to some village in the hills for the summer months : a road where there was none before is soon made by the natives ; the houses are improved ; rents rise ; a hotel is started, and a thriving active community takes the place of a torpid village. The same effect would happen if a few colonists arrived ; the natives would soon make roads where they were needed, and the example of activity would speedily infuse energy into the sleepy inhabitants when they saw the advantages of it before them.

The two races that inhabit the country are very distinct types. The Turks are tall, well-built men, generally spare and active. The great characteristic that distinguishes them from the Greeks is their proud bearing. They all have a certain reserved expression on their faces, evidently thinking well of themselves. They are not at all fanatical about their religion ; and though good Moslems, they do not share in the sterner precepts of the law of Mohammed. They work better than the Greeks, are more inclined to take an interest in what is being done, but are also more independent and less submissive under reproof. It is rare to find the Turks inhospitable : they are generally very obliging at first. For instance, I have been told at a village that everything would be provided for nothing ; that I must accept their hospitality, not only in words of politeness, but really intending that I should live on them. After refusing such offers, it is strange to be cheated in the price of barley and chickens ; but it is Turkish and oriental. They generally have receding foreheads, whereas the Greek forehead is straight ; and the dark Nubian and semi-Nubians have domed foreheads. They prefer white-and-red striped Manchester stuff for their clothes, whereas the Greeks are almost always dressed in blue indigo-dyed stuffs of home manufacture. They are brave, fearing and looking up to no one, making splendid soldiers, and are peaceful, moderately honest, and industrious.

The Greeks are also fine-made men. They have a mild and humble expression of countenance, and are timid. They hide in the village as a Government official passes through, without any real cause. They are very religious, generally going to church every evening and keeping a great number of saints' days, and believing every superstitious story. They are stupid, and are bad workers, shirking as much as they can. They like a shilling a-day, but after two or three days they are all inclined to strike with three shillings. They are rich enough to lie in the sun and do nothing for a long time ; and they object to working when they become such capitalists. There are bright exceptions to this rule—energetic Greeks, who are better sometimes than stupid Turks ; but the great test of stamina, the keeping at continual steady work, breaks them all down. They are not nearly so intelligent or such good workers as the Maronites and Druses of the Lebanon.

The women of both races are not at all prepossessing; it is rare to see a face even tolerably good-looking, and their figures and voices are very objectionable. The Turkish women veil their faces, which is an advantage. The women do a great deal of manual labor,—fetching water, accompanying their lords to the fields to reap the harvest, and thrashing the corn: they help in everything except ploughing and sowing. It is odd to see the parties in the fields, reaping, almost always one man to two women, both Greek and Turkish alike.

The children are pretty, some with flaxen hair and cherub faces. The Turkish children are not nearly so pretty as the Greek.

There are a good many landed proprietors of a superior class, looked up to as rich men by their fellow-townsmen, whose word has generally a great influence in the village. Most well-situated villages have one of these magnates, who owns more land and has a better house than any one else. When Turks, they live very retired lives on their properties, and seem to be inclined to be miserly. They associate freely with their *employés*, and it is difficult to distinguish between them. The natives give them the title of Effendi. The large Greek proprietors very rarely live on their land,—they prefer to live in the largest town of the district, letting the land, or having an agent to farm for them. There are also a few Armenians who have large possessions but live in the towns.

The different monasteries of the Greek Church own a large amount of land derived from different sources. Grants from the Sultan, purchases and legacies, have made them rich. In many cases the lands owned by monasteries have been allowed to lie idle; others have tilled them without opposition, and have thus obtained a right of possession. Thus the boundaries of church properties are in a very confused state, owing to no trouble being taken by the heads of the different monasteries to keep their boundaries clear. A lawsuit with a rich monastery was not objectionable to a Turkish judge, who was able generally to make it very profitable to himself. Naturally the old monks put off the day when they would be obliged to part with their savings in bribes. The result has been that the properties have gradually been encroached upon by the surrounding proprietors.

Next to the monasteries is the *vakuf* land that has been left to mosques and Mohammedan charities by worthy Moslems. These lands are usually let at a very low rent—they cannot be sold. To escape from a disputed title, a Turk would make his land *vakuf*, and rent it himself. The remainder of the land is divided up into very small holdings owned by the peasants. These properties are subdivided amongst the sons on the parents' decease, so that a quarter of an acre sometimes belongs to four or five brothers. Women were formerly not allowed to inherit land, and they generally inherited trees. Thus the trees belong to a different proprietor to the land.

There are no hedges and ditches in Cyprus. The different allotments

are marked, or supposed or be marked out by stones; but as these stones have generally disappeared, the holdings are only known approximately.

Each village is a little community of itself. They elect each year a head-man called the Muktar, with a council of elders to assist him. The Muktar is recognised by the Government, and all communications to the village pass through him. He collects taxes, is called upon to answer any questions, to find offenders, and to keep order. In mixed villages of Turks and Greeks, where the division is about equal, they elect two Muktars, one for each sect; but when a large majority is of one creed, one Muktar is deemed sufficient for all. Though Greeks and Turks may live together in the same village all their lives, they associate very little together. Generally the village is divided into quarters, —the Greek houses in one part, and the Turkish houses together in another. A Turk marrying a Greek girl is very rare, though it does occasionally take place. The reverse never happens, differing in this from the case among the inhabitants of Crete.

Next to the Muktar in the social scale of the village is the priest or *papa*. In the Turkish villages it is the *hodja* or schoolmaster who keeps the mosque. The priests are married, and till their lands the same as any peasant. They generally have been taught to read and write, and are looked up to by the people as guides in cases of difficulty.

The villages on the plain and low-lying hills are almost entirely built of sun-dried mud-slabs about one foot three inches square by four inches deep. The roof is made of wooden rafters laid flat, covered with reed mats; on this about a foot of earth is placed and rammed hard. This forms a good protection from the sun, but the rain soon washes it away. The better class of houses are of two stories, with a veranda along the upper one, and a row of arches supporting it below. The upper story is used for sleeping and living in. In the hills the houses are built of stone, and the churches have pitched roofs covered with tiles. On the plain, the churches are large rectangular buildings, with vaulted or domed roofs coated with cement. There is always an apse at the east end, and generally a small belfry is attached. The interiors are decorated according to the Greek fashion, with a heavy wooden screen, which is generally well carved and covered with gilding. The Russian eagles frequently figure on the gates of the sanctuary.

The natives, both Turk and Greek, wear high boots with clump soles, loose baggy trousers, a shirt and small jacket, and a fez; a Manchester cotton handkerchief is tied round the fez by the Greeks, and sometimes a white turban, but generally plain by the Turks. On feast-days and at weddings the Greeks dress themselves up in very long baggy trousers of dark-blue cloth or shiny calico, tied round the knee, so as to show a white stocking and shoes with buckles. Their waist-coats are bright with embroidery, and they wear small close-fitting

jackets. Turkish Effendis and landed proprietors assume a European dress.

The English rule is undoubtedly popular in Cyprus. The Greeks are naturally more enthusiastic than the Turks in their expression of devotion to the Government of the Queen. For instance, in the village of Kethroea on New-Year's eve, while the clocks were chiming the advent of another year, shouts and cheers for Victoria and the English woke us up. No English were with them, and the shouting was quite spontaneous.

The Turks are also pleased with the new rule. They are not worried by *zabtiehs*, they have no fear of conscription, and they rather like the English.

The Greeks may be partially descendants from an ancient Cypriot race. There are some curious types amongst them,—traces of Egyptian crusading and German blood, with, of course, a strong mixture of the Greek peasant race. In the northwest portion of the island, about Korruachitz, there are several villages of Maronites, settlers from the Lebanon. They appear to have arrived about fifteen years ago, and have maintained their religion, though they have given up their language and taken to speaking Greek.

Flocks of goats and fat-tailed sheep roam all over the country in large herds, picking up a scanty sustenance on dried-up herbage. They give a good supply of milk in the spring, particularly in the mountain districts of Limasol and Papho. A large number of cheeses are made and exported from Limasol every year. The cattle are, as a rule, small, and are used for ploughing and carting. They are not milked or eaten by the natives. Donkeys and mules are the common beasts of burden, and are very numerous. The mules are good, but the natives do not understand loading them properly. They have slight trumpery saddles, and, as a rule, carry very little. Ponies are common, and are ridden and used as pack-animals. There are also a few inferior camels.

A slight description of the country from the northern shore to Troados will give some idea of the topography of the island.

The northern shore is completely cut off from the rest of the island by a range of mountains that only leave a narrow strip of very fertile reddish soil between them and the sea. This plain is covered with carob and olive trees, and is well watered from the hills close by. The dense foliage of the carob gives a delightful shade; and this is one of the pleasantest portions of the island to live in. Unfortunately this plain is very narrow, and the land rises steeply to the northern range of mountains, which stand up in sharp crags and peaks, stretching away east and west the whole length of the island. On some of these peaks and overhanging precipices castles are perched, such as the medieval castle of Hilaricon and the two queens' houses at Buffavento and Kantara. The two latter appear probably to have been used as places to look out for an enemy from the north, and by lighting beacons to warn

the island of coming danger. Of both of them a legend relates that they are composed of a hundred rooms, ninety-nine of which are known, and that when the hundreth is discovered it will be full of gold. The masonry is rough-hewn, not dressed and shows no signs of great age. The stones used are only of moderate dimensions, and the whole has more the appearance of being only three or four hundred years old than that of great antiquity.

Along the northern slopes of these hills there are many charming nooks, cool-shaded valleys with bright streams, the sea breaking in the many little coves and creeks of the shore close by—while beyond, the snow-clad hills of Asia Minor stand out clear.

Ascending the path that leads to Nicosia, we look down on a broad brown plain without trees, that appears quite flat from the elevation we are at. Villages are dotted about, with their white churches standing out conspicuously. Nicosia is seen in mid-plain, with cathedrals and minarets and patches of green; and beyond are the blue range of Makeras and Troados, with the Mount of the Holy Cross standing out by itself to the east.

Immediately below us is a band of shale hills about three miles wide, perfectly barren, and with very steep slopes: they are cut up by innumerable water-courses; the denudation that has formed them has been arrested by layers of almost vertical strata, sustaining the clayey soil at an angle of almost 45 deg. To the east amongst the barren hills, appears a strip of brilliant green running out into the plain: this is Kethroea, one of the gems of Cyprus. Below the cliffs of the Pentadactylon a large spring gushes out of the rocks at an elevation of 850 feet above the sea. The spring is enclosed, in modern masonry, in a covered channel, which collects the water from four different heads. The water is bright, clear, and slightly warm—67 deg. Fahr. Rather more than four thousand gallons a minute are constantly supplied both summer and winter. The remains of an ancient aqueduct can be traced that once led the water to Salamis. Rushing down a steep valley in the shale hills, the water changes them up to a certain level into the most fertile banks, clothed with green of every hue, and covered with fruit-trees; above the water-line the hills remain the same barren, glaring, mud-colored ridges, that seem to set off the green-like brightness of the valley they contain. Passing along innumerable aqueducts, covered with luxuriant fronds of maidenhair fern, turning over a score of mills; the streams find their way through thick groves of oranges, pomegranates, mulberries, and other fruit trees. Reaching the mouth of the valley the water is carried fan-like out on to the plain, fertilizing the soil until every drop is expended. Houses cluster along the banks of the main streams, and as these spread on the plain, they form small villages, gradually becoming more distinct and separated.

Leaving Nicosia to the east, we cross the plain, passing the dried-up Pedias river. The plain is not so level as it appeared from above;

ridges of flat rocks show a former elevation that has been swept away by the rains of centuries, only leaving islands here and there to show what was once the formation. Where the top crust remains all is bare and uncultivated, but where it is broken away by denudation the land is very fertile. Passing the fertile plain of Morphu on the west, we make straight for the hills below Mount Troados, whose glittering snow-clad top serves as a guide. Here we again come on rushing streams of water, groves of oranges and lemons, that make Leoka the noted orange-growing place in the island. Situated at the mouth of a valley a short distance from the sea, it is one of the most charming spots. The hills around are full of mineral wealth, and clothed with mighty pines; broad and fertile valleys lead from them to the plain below.

Advancing up the valley, with the rushing torrent at our feet, we come across villages perched on the steep slopes, resembling villages in Switzerland. Above, the hills are covered with vineyards. To the west the mountains get wilder, and the pine forests grow larger and more dense. In this little-explored country there is a mass of intricate valleys and steep slopes covered with trees. There are streams of water, and the ground in parts is clothed with luxuriant bracken-fern under the lofty pines. Though much injured by burning for resin, they are still fine trees, and there are a good many young ones growing up to refill the spaces that have been cleared.

The mountaineers are very hospitable. They sprinkle our hands with rose-water, and bring out curious preserves of grapes and other sweets. Sometimes they burn olive-branches in a large spoon in front of us, as a preventive from the evil eye. The olive-branches have been hung up in the church for some time.

A narrow and steep path leads up to Traodos or Olympus. From here we get a magnificent view of almost the whole island. The plain we have passed looks dim and misty below us. The northern range of mountains are blue, and appear to stretch away to the east beyond our range of sight. To the east and west, ranges of mountain-tops fill the space in the utmost confusion. To the west these tops are more densely wooded with dark pines than those to the east. Looking south over the Limasol and Papho districts, hill and valley seem to fill up the whole of the island. The hills are covered with scrub and sometimes with trees. A marked line can be clearly distinguished where the white chalk gives place to the dark metamorphosed rocks of which Troados is formed; and here the vineyards are seen covering the slopes in all directions. Towards the southwest a large white hill stands out prominently, crowned by a little chapel. This is the Panagia Khrisosogiotessa, a large Greek monastery, rivaling the great monastery of Kiku, which can also be seen in the pine-covered hills to our west. Over the Papho district the white chalky limestone seems to prevail. The valleys are large, and have streams of water in them irrigating the lower slopes of the steep hills. The hills are greener, the grass forming in places a

perfect turf. Numbers of horses and cattle are grazing, driven over from the parched plain to the north to feed on the luxuriant slopes of the Papho and Limasol hills.

We have had our eyes on Cyprus as a desirable position for some time. As early as October 1876, it appears something had been decided, for the innumerable and very bad maps of the island issued on linen from the War Office are all stamped with that date. Palestine, no doubt, was the great rival, had war broken out with Russia. We might have occupied the country which we must defend from invasion from the north; we might have constructed the works that would make the passes of the Lebanon inaccessible, and have prepared the position about Mount Carmel, the greatest battle-field of the world, for the final contest.

Directly "Peace with honor" prevailed, Cyprus carried the day. We know the advantage of a sea-girt shore. No complications of holy sites and sentimental interests, no religious task of sending the Jew back and placing a king on the throne of Judah, tend to embarrass our occupation of the island.

The position of Cyprus was clearly seen to be almost perfect as a base of operations in Syria, and for influencing the reforms in Asia Minor.

So we have come to Cyprus, and some are horribly disgusted because it is not the seventh heaven promised by Mohammed to true believers. Had we been only looking for a charming climate, a delightful and healthy country, rich and prosperous, capable of paying us well for taking possession of it, there is no doubt we might have chosen something nearer the Garden of Eden; but we should have been no better than freebooters, looting from the weak the richest jewels we could get hold of.

The great reasons for our coming should not be lost sight of—to influence the Turkish rule in Asia Minor for good, and to be capable of resisting any further encroachments from the north. Unless we see reforms carried out in Asia Minor, how can we answer the great Christian deliverer when he advances to lift the yoke from suffering Christians? We may know that the Muscovite yoke is twice as heavy as the Ottoman; still, fanatical Christians, as all Christians are in the East, will prefer a heavy yoke, put on by a master of their own faith, rather than a lighter burden imposed by the infidel Moslem.

The army of those who are to be our future allies should also be attended to. We know what splendid fighting material there is in the Turkish soldier. We also know their wants—good officers, discipline, and commissariat. By raising and maintaining a Turkish regiment in Cyprus, we could find out by experience the reforms necessary. It would become the training school for officers, who would be capable of carrying out the same reforms in Asia Minor; and in case of war, we should have men able to raise troops amongst the many warlike tribes

of Syria and Asia Minor who would follow an English leader to the death.

By thus employing Cyprus we should make its possession politically of the vastest importance, and we should really possess the key of the East.

Blackwood's Magazine.

CAMP LEOKONIKO, CYPRUS.

CLERICAL EDUCATION IN FRANCE.

I.

TIME was when the victims of contemporaneous iniquity knew of no other resource but an appeal to the judgment of posterity. In our days, thanks to progress, those who have to complain of their fellow-countrymen can lodge an appeal immediately after, or sometimes even before, the sentence which condemns them. Nothing is easier: all that is required is to cross the frontier and to throw one's self, whether wounded or not, into the arms of the foreigner. The foreigner, that *postérité vivante*, is generally disposed to annul the decrees of his neighbour. He will do so all the more readily that he is better managed and his national pride more skillfully flattered. Tell him that he is free and you are enslaved, that his laws are perfect and your own hateful, that Lord Beaconsfield is a god and M. Jules Ferry a demon, and you will at once get a hearing and your cause will be already half won. Although the process savours somewhat of Platonic emigration, I do not undertake to blame it altogether. It would certainly be more patriotic to *laver notre tinge sale en famille*, but these international complaints and pathetic appeals to foreign judgment possess at any rate the merit of affirming two great points: the unity of right and the solidity of nations. It has pleased the French Clericals to summon M. Jules Ferry before the tribunal of English opinion: be it so. They have put forward, and in the very pages of the *Nineteenth Century*, a clever, eloquent, and ardent advocate: it was their right. But it is mere justice that a friend of the assailed Minister, and a firm partisan of his Bill, should be allowed to speak in his turn. I am a free-trader, and in the exportation of our arguments, whether good or bad, I demand that both sides be admitted free on a footing of perfect equality.

Permit me, first of all, to point out that the Ferry Bill is no longer the property of M. Jules Ferry, neither of that "reactionary Government" which M. l'Abbé Martin holds up to the hatred and contempt of

all English Liberals. The Chamber of Deputies, in its sitting of the 9th of July last, took possession of the measure in voting it by 362 against 159—that is to say by an enormous majority. Now, the Chamber, which is neither young nor old, but precisely in the prime of life, most undoubtedly represents the country which elected it. It is well known that the election of the 14th of October, 1877, opened under the auspices of Marshal de MacMahon and the pressure of an unscrupulous Ministry. The Duc de Broglie, M. de Fourtou, their colleagues, their prefects, their agents, and their paid publicists had left no stone unturned, during five months, to deceive, intimidate, and frighten universal suffrage. They had taken a base advantage of force and even of justice, sometimes distorting the law, sometimes trampling it under their feet, and had strained all the powers of government to prevent the re-election of the 363. The clergy, secular or regular, of all ranks, threw themselves headlong into the electoral struggle. It was they, the clergy, who had provoked, counselled, and directed the foolish adventure of the 16th of May; in fact, this was so well known that, when speaking of the poor old Marshal and his Ministers, the peasants the most remote from Paris used to say: “It’s the government of the priests” (*C’est le gouvernement des curés*). The electors, therefore went to the poll with a full knowledge of the situation; they knew what they were doing; the millions of men who elected, in spite of M. de MacMahon and his advisers, the present majority of the French parliament did not only record their vote for the Republic against the Empire or the Monarchy, but also for the Liberal element against the Clerical one.

The deputies who emerged from that hard and perilous struggle know that their mandate expires in two years; they diligently watch their electors; they render them accounts, ask their advice, and keep up daily communications with them. Rest assured that it was not to please a minister or a Government that they voted the Ferry Bill. They voted it under the direct inspiration of their constituents; and to vote it they were 362. Remark the figures, and acknowledge with me that there exists in this country a fixed, solid, and almost immutable majority against Clericalism and the Monarchy.

If M. Jules Ferry be a despot, as you have been told, then he is so in company with all his colleagues of the Cabinet, with two-thirds of the Chamber, and with two-thirds of the country. It is not, therefore, the Minister of Public Instruction, but France that must be denounced by Liberal Europe.

But—pardon the question—do you happen to know thoroughly this vexatious and tyrannical law which is held up to your contempt, without one article, one paragraph, one word being quoted from it? When you saw M. l’Abbé Martin, pleading against M. Jules Ferry in an article of twenty-two pages, devote eighteen of them to the question of primary schools you must have naturally thought that the Brothers of the

Christian Doctrine and the modest Sisters of the village schools were to be the first victims of this new Diocletian. Be not uneasy, generous souls! the Ferry Bill. . . . But perhaps you had better read it for yourselves. With the exception of one single article, Article VII., to which I honestly call your attention, it treats only of higher education. You have been made to tremble for the future of the country schoolmasters, whereas the question really concerns our Oxfords and Cambridges! Here is the full text of the Bill.

ART. I.—The examinations and practical competitions which determine the conferring of degrees can only be gone through before the establishments of higher education belonging to the State.

ART. II.—The pupils of public and private establishments for higher education are all subjected to the same rules of study, especially as regards the conditions of age, degree, matriculation, practical labours, attendance in the hospitals and laboratories, the compulsory delays between each examination, and the fees to be paid to the public treasury.

ART. III.—The pupils of private establishments for higher education matriculate in the State faculties at dates fixed by the rules.

Matriculation is gratis for the pupils of the schools of the State and for free pupils.

The Superior Council of Public Instruction will, after hearing the Minister of Finance, decide on the tariff of the new examination fees.

ART. IV.—Private establishments for higher education cannot assume the title of Faculty or University.

The certificates they can judge fit to grant to their pupils cannot bear the designation of Bachelor's degree, Licentiate's degree, or Doctor's degree.

ART. V.—The titles or degrees of Fellow, Doctor, Master of Arts, Bachelor of Arts, &c., can only be granted to persons who have obtained them after competition or regular examination before the faculties of the State.

ART. VI.—The opening of courses of lectures is subject, without any other restriction, to the rules prescribed by Article 3 of the law of the 12th of July, 1875.

ART. VII.—No person belonging to an unauthorized religious community is allowed to govern a public or private educational establishment of whatsoever order, or to give instruction therein.

ART. VIII.—No private establishment for education, no association formed for the purpose of instruction, can be recognized as being of public utility, except in virtue of a law.

ART. IX.—Every infringement of the provisions of Articles 4, 5, and 7 of the present law will be punished by a fine of 100 to 1,000 francs, and a repetition of the infringement by a fine of 1,000 to 3,000 francs.

As regards Article 7, the infringement will entail the shutting up of the establishment.

ART. X.—Are abrogated the provisions of laws, decrees, ordinances, and rules contrary to the present law, and especially the last paragraph but one of Article 2 and Articles 11, 13, 14, 15, and 22 of the law of the 12th of July, 1875.

Now, it must be admitted by every impartial reader that if the *libres penseurs*, who are accused of seeking to exterminate religion, had no other weapon than this Bill, religion would not be exterminated so soon as is pretended. Setting aside Article VII, which we shall fully discuss further on, what remains? A very broad, very complete, and very liberal organization of higher education in private establishments. It is a new edition, slightly modified, of the 1875 law, which is so highly thought of by all clericals. Higher education is free; we have all of us the right to compete with the State faculties. If it be true

that the rich Ultramontanes have already spent twenty millions of francs for that object, their money is safe, for their schools will never be shut up. If they have really resolved to spend one hundred millions more in the same undertaking, nobody will oppose them. The only modification made in the law of 1875 is contained in Article I., which reserves to the State the right of conferring degrees. The clerical majority of 1875 had delegated that power to a mixed jury recruited among the professors of the private and public schools; but it is evident that the Government could not, without forfeiting all its claims to the confidence of the country, abandon or share the right to confer diplomas which procure access to public offices. The degrees of Bachelor of Arts, Master of Arts, Doctor, &c., are titles which the State alone must dispose of, after having submitted the candidates to the judgment of a special jury instituted by it. The candidates are at liberty to study where they please, in public schools or in private institutions, but the authority that gives them a diploma intends to be, and must be, a judge of their capacity. It is the only means of preventing the usurpation and counterfeiting of degrees, and of securing a fair and honest competition in the domain of knowledge and talent.

So legitimate is this claim of the State that M. l'Abbé Martin has not even tried to dispute it in his vehement pleading against the Ferry Bill. He finds it more opportune, and casier too, to defend the congregationist teachers of both sexes, whom the new law does not affect or even refer to in any way. To praise the Brothers of the Christian Doctrine, the superiority of their teaching as compared with lay education, the smallness of the expense they entail upon the State and the municipalities, and the incontestable devotion that some of them showed during the siege of Paris—all this forms abundant material for an oratorical display which I do not desire to depreciate. This *lieu commun*, which M. le Comte de Mun exposed in his turn, on the 10th of July at the Winter Circus in Paris, derives a kind of authority from some statistics well got up. These religious teachers, whom it is wrong to stigmatize with the name of *Ignorantins*, are certainly not deficient in merit, for they render great services and excel in the art of making the most of them. Paris is the theatre of their greatest efforts and most striking successes; it is in the capital that they concentrate their best masters and produce their best pupils. A very legitimate ambition spurs them on to contend for all the prizes which the Administration offers for competition, and the statistics do not err in registering their victories. It is said that their schools are not so good in the provinces, and that, even in Paris, they cram the head pupils of each form to the detriment of the others—a process which is absolutely prohibited in the lay establishments; but these are accusations resting on no proof, and I have no desire to assume the responsibility of them. As they have no family to keep, their teachings must naturally cost less than that of the lay teachers; but this is an advantage which must not be exag-

gerated. When I read in the figures of M. l'Abbé Martin that at Puy-laurens the cost of each pupil is ten francs at the Brothers' schools and one hundred francs at the lay school, I wonder if it be possible that a commune of 6,000 souls can afford to pay so high for the luxury of a lay schoolmaster. And this prodigality appears to me still more improbable at Saint Amour, a small place, with only 2,343 inhabitants, which will soon be made bankrupt if it spends 135 francs 23 centimes for every youngster at the primary school. Neither do I believe that M. l'Abbé Martin was correctly informed when he was told that, in certain villages, three Sisters lived on a total income of 500 francs—that is to say, at the rate of 45 centimes ($4\frac{1}{2}d$) per head and per day. As the French proverb has it: "Who proves too much proves nothing."

After having rendered full justice to the congregationist teachers, I have the right to defend our lay schoolmasters a little, and all the more so that these honest people do not know under what colours they are painted to the English public, and that they have no review or paper in England in which to justify themselves. I do not pretend to say that they are Academicians, or that they are ascetics who live on roots and grasshoppers, but they are modest and patient functionaries, very badly paid, and good fathers of families. You could find among them, without seeking long, men of transcendent merit: for instance, we have among the high officers of the University an Inspector-General, who, from an humble rural teacher, has become, in a few years, Bachelor of Arts, Doctor, and Professor of Chemistry at the Faculty of Strasbourg. But let us only consider the bulk of them. They are good and sound, and, whatever may say the Clericals who excommunicate them, they are, above all, independent and courageous. Owing to a contradiction which I will not attempt to explain, the same adversaries accuse them of servility and revolt: they are represented at the same time and in the same article as political instruments at the disposal of the Government, and as "the agents of an impious and licentious socialism." Poor village *sarans*! humble professors in *sabots*! But what pains me most is to think that M. Thiers, who was a plebian like them, gave to their enemies sticks to beat them with. They are still branded with one or two unjust and unfortunate sentences uttered by that great citizen. M. Thiers was not infallible. Surprised in 1848 by a revolution which he had involuntarily provoked, and violently moved by the criminal insurrections of the 15th of May and the 24th of June, he somewhat lost his senses, like the majority of the *bourgeoisie*. His strong common sense was so undermined that he gave himself up as it were to a few dangerous friends. The Dupanlous and the Falloux evoked before his eyes that phantom of the social peril, which five-and-twenty years later, in 1873, they were to use against him. And they handled him so well that the eloquent defender of the rights of civil society, the conqueror in that great debate of 1845 which ended

by a resolution against the unauthorized religious communities, the old chief of the Liberal party, threw himself headlong into the clerical reaction. He not only wanted to give the monopoly of primary instruction to religious communities, but he would also have willingly closed three-fourths of the schools. He went so far as to say that "education is the beginning of competency, and that competency is not the lot of everybody." It was during this temporary wandering astray of his genius that M. Thiers excommunicated our 40,000 lay teachers as so many anti-priests (*anti-curés*). Now, the highest ambition of this vast oppressed body was, and still is, not to black the boots of the village priest!

The Republic of 1879 has begun to enfranchise them; it has made it its duty to secure their welfare, and do not imagine that in exchange it does ask them to sacrifice their dignity. All the efforts of the honest statesmen who govern us to-day tend to keep the priest to his church and the schoolmaster to his school; unfortunately, it is easier to prohibit the schoolmaster from indulging in Republican propagandism than to bridle the monarchial zeal of the priest.

It has been affirmed in these very pages, and in the face of England, that M. Jules Ferry desires to drive out the congregationists from the schoolroom and to make education a lay monopoly. And, as it was not easy to prove such an assertion, the writer has thought it fit to bring forward a witness for the prosecution, the deputy Bourzat, author of the "famous" amendment which was proposed and rejected in 1850, a partisan, as he says, of M. Jules Ferry. The author of that demonstration forgot one thing—namely, that in 1850 M. Jules Ferry was still at school, and that a law student has not got any partisans in a legislative assembly.

It would have been far more simple and prudent to ask the Minister himself whether he dreamt of suppressing congregationist education. M. Jules Ferry would not have failed to reply: "It is the dream of some of my friends, but I, as a member of Government, have serious reasons for not rejecting the services of the authorized congregations."

In the absence of the famous Bourzat, whose very name has been forgotten and buried, M. Madier de Montjau and some other deputies of the Extreme Left have put the question with almost brutal frankness. Here is the text of their amendment:—

No one is allowed to direct a public or private establishment for education of whatsoever order, or to give instruction therein, if he belongs to the secular clergy or to a religious community, or if he has not ceased to belong to either for at least two years. The present provision is not applicable to directors and professors of faculties of theology, and seminaries established or recognized by anterior laws.

The honourable M. Madier de Montjau is not an insignificant member. He is a veteran of the Republic, and one of the most venerated of our Parliamentarians; he possesses both eloquence and logic. The reasons he brought forward in support of his radical amendment were

not devoid of value, but neither M. Jules Ferry nor the majority of the Chamber would take them into account; there is both in the Cabinet and in the Parliament a strong determination to pursue a policy of moderation. In consequence, M. Jules Ferry declared that the authorized religious communities give instruction to 1,650,000 children, of whom 1,180,000 are little girls, and that he does not think it possible to replace them in that public service. He denied eloquently any idea of declaring war against the secular or regular clergy; he asserted positively that the priesthood should not be allowed to govern France, but that, at the same time, Government is equally resolved to leave the Church mistress at home. Finally, he concluded by saying that the rights of civil society are sufficiently guaranteed by the Concordat, that the Government is thoroughly armed, that it would use its weapons to prevent any encroachment of the Church, and that the Extreme Left, instead of strengthening the Republic, would only weaken it were their amendment adopted.

This excellent speech could not fail, in a really wise assembly, to substantiate the policy of consideration, which is also the policy of practical results, and the amendment of M. Madier de Montjau was rejected by 381 to 78 votes. Never was a more striking denial given to the enemies of the Republic and to all who calumniate designedly the Ministry and Parliament.

The hawkers of ready-made sentences never fail to protest against university monopoly—that is to say, instruction of all degrees by the State.

Do you know what has become of this monopoly? Every citizen, whether lay or clerical, has the right to teach in a primary, secondary, or higher school, under three conditions: first, that he has not been condemned for a degrading offence; secondly, that he has proved his capacity and is not absolutely ignorant of what he professes to teach; and, thirdly, that he is not one of the 3,000 individuals whom the new law, by Article VII., simply excludes from the schoolroom, whereas it would have been easy, wise, and legal to turn them out of the country. Of these I will speak further on; I must keep the best for the last.

That “execrable” Republic which certain Frenchmen hold up, in such an un-French way, to the hatred and contempt of the foreigner, not only allows bishops, priests, and religious orders to establish as many schools as they like, but it opens to them its own schools, and without verifying their qualifications, without testing their competency, on the simple guarantee of their dress, it hands over to them, good-naturedly but blindly, 1,650,000 children of both sexes. Did you ever hear of a more complaisant monopoly?

This excessive good-nature opens the way to many abuses, and local authorities here and there have protested for some time past. These authorities, who according to M. l'Abbé Martin “are alone interested in the good condition of the school,” show a preference, often justified, for

lay education. There are, it appears, ignorant congregationists; there are some who are cruel, and who, to punish the children, give them a foretaste of hell-fire. Some again have made themselves conspicuous by their imprudent zeal against the Republic; others have been guilty of offences so monstrous that parents prefer to send their children to a lay school and pay twice the price for getting a father of a family for master. The tribunals are at times obliged to punish members of the authorized religious communities; the prefectural administration has also been bound to suppress acts of formal rebellion; yet the Minister of Public Instruction and the majority of the Chamber of Deputies have decided with common accord that there is more good than harm in the congregationist teaching, and that it is necessary to maintain it, *Ainsi soit-il*.

II.

I now come to Article VII., the only important and disputed one, the discussion of which has taken up fourteen long sittings of the Chamber. And yet it is not a new provision, for, as M. Jules Ferry reminded us in his speech of the 27th of June, "it is an article of law which was voted almost unanimously, in 1844, by the House of Peers under Louis-Philippe."

But, you may say, if this law has not been repealed it does still exist; why then submit it to a fresh sanction of Parliament?

It is quite certain that M. Jules Ferry and his colleagues in the Cabinet do not require Article VII. to close the colleges of the Jesuits, the Marists, the Dominicans, and other unauthorized communities; they have even the right of dissolving such communities without further ado.

I will not go back to the edicts of Louis the Fifteenth and Louis the Sixteenth against the Jesuits; we will leave the old *régime* undisturbed in the quiet repose of the grave.

In 1790 the Constituent Assembly voted a law that succeeding Governments have left unrepealed: the text of it runs as follows:—

ART. I.—The constitutional law of the kingdom henceforth recognizes no solemn monastic vow on the part of either sex.

Therefore, religious orders and communities in which such vows shall be taken are by the present and shall remain suppressed in France; and no further institutions of the kind will be allowed to be established.

On the 18th of August, 1792, the Legislative Assembly decreed that all secular bodies or communities of men or women, whether religious or lay . . . under whatsoever denominations they may be existing in France . . . shall cease to exist, or be suppressed, on and after the publication of the present decree.

Finally, the decree of Messidor, year XII., after having dissolved a society of Jesuits in disguise, was careful to add:

All other forms of unauthorized congregations or communities instituted under pretence of religion are also abolished.

ART. II.—Ecclesiastics making up the said congregations or communities are forthwith to return to their respective dioceses, there to live in conformity with the law and under the common jurisdiction.

ART. III.—All laws opposed to the recognition of religious orders, the members of which bind themselves by eternal vows, are to be carried out in accordance with their letter and spirit.

ART. IV.—No congregation or community of men or women is to be established in future under a religious pretext, unless formal authority to do so be granted by Imperial decree, after due examination of the statutes and regulations under which the said congregation or community proposes to live.

Neither the First Empire, the Restoration, Louis-Philippe, nor Napoleon the Third; neither the second nor third Republic, has repealed this wise legislation. Whenever an occasion for its public discussion has arisen, both Government and Chambers with one accord have firmly upheld it.

France does not admit or ever will admit of the existence of secret societies which, under the cloak of religion, really constitute small powers within the State. She authorizes and encourages such communities as submit to the law, do not seek to conceal either their statutes or sources of income, and have a French citizen at their head. We reckon in our midst 22,216 male members of recognized religious bodies, and 113,750 female members; and the population of convents at present subject to the common law is twice as numerous as that of the regular conventual establishments at the close of the old *régime*. Convents, as well as bishoprics and church demesnes, enjoy the right of inheriting bequests and donations under the very mild supervision of the State, which thus, under the Republic, enables them to derive by such means some ten millions per annum. But a society or individual having taken a vow of obedience and belonging body and soul to a foreign chief forms a perfect anomaly in the law of our country.

These communities nevertheless exist. Expelled from the national territory, they have managed to return clandestinely, in spite of the law; there they flourish in the face of the executive and the magistracy: 13,750 unrecognized monks and 5,899 nuns go freely about their business in our very midst. Not that the State refuses them the necessary authority—they themselves will have none of it. They have spontaneously outlawed themselves; and, finding they get along very comfortably under the circumstances, would prefer leaving the country to placing themselves within the law. As it is impossible to dissolve a society without vexatiously interfering with the members thereof, and as that France of 1789, in spite of calumny, is a very tolerant country indeed, the rights of the State have ever been made subservient to individual liberty, and the least authorized communities have become the wealthiest, the most independent and audacious of all.

The religious order which has benefited in the highest degree from French toleration is the Society of Jesus. We were blessed with 200 Jesuits in 1845: we have now 1,509. These men, who, individually, have taken the vow of poverty, and collectively do not enjoy the right of acquiring a single inch of land, are owners of seventy-four houses: they possess mansions and estates. Not only have their powerful

Company taken up their stand above civil authority, but they also challenge the ecclesiastical power, and defer only to a General, a foreigner living at Florence. M. Jules Ferry has established the fact by irrefragable arguments. In 1865, the then Archbishop of Paris, Mgr. Darboy, had taken upon himself to pay a visit to a Jesuit establishment situate within his diocese. The Roman Curia sent him a harsh and haughty monition, in which it affirmed its "particular and private jurisdiction over these regular members of the clergy;" accusing him of having "perpetrated a true act of spoliation against the Apostolic See." Consequently, the Jesuits evidently only recognize the direct authority of the Pope; they are even outside the episcopal jurisdiction. And all unauthorized communities stand exactly on the same footing.

The absolute independence of some few thousand monks might be tolerated were they to devote themselves to a purely contemplative life, or confine themselves to preaching in the pulpit, writing in the papers, and publishing works of doubtful casuistry or distorted history. But directly they lay hands on education—when they turn their convents into schools and entice thousands of children of the middle classes for the purpose of moulding their young minds and inculcating their particular ideas—it behooves the State, not merely as a right, but as a bounden duty, to be up and doing.

So thought the Duc Victor de Broglie, M. Guizot, M. Thiers, M. Villemain, and all the great Parliamentary men of 1844. The very day on which the State resigned its monopoly of university teaching and proclaimed for the first time the freedom of secondary teaching, those statesmen advocated with all the might of their eloquence a clause, of which M. Ferry's Art. VII. is but a repetition; they demanded that before granting to a master the right to open a school or course of lectures, he be compelled to pledge his oath in writing that he was not a member of an unauthorized community.

Where was the need of such an exclusive provision? By what spirit were the eminent men who brought about its insertion in the law actuated? Will it be said they feared the universities might suffer from the competition of the Jesuits? Clericals themselves (who just now go any length) dare not bring publicly an accusation so base against M. Ferry. In the sitting of the 26th of June last, the Minister said to the members of the Right: "Do you credit the University with such sentiments?" whereupon the Right protested twice. This does not prevent the champions of clericalism from turning a fable they disclaim into an export commodity, to be disseminated abroad!

There is nothing in the Jesuits' colleges our secondary schools need envy; the former can in no way checkmate the University. The Jesuits have 9,000 pupils; the other unauthorized congregations, 7,000; the Government collegiate schools and universities, thank goodness, number 79,000 pupils. There is consequently much exaggeration in the figures according to which the State and the disciples of Loyola

would seem to divide between them the teaching of French middle-class youth.

I was never in favor of boarding-schools, nor an admirer of our colleges and grammar-schools; I fully admit they are more like barracks than comfortable dwellings. I will even confess that, though the instruction given therein is first-class, they leave much to be desired as regards good breeding. But the low price charged for board will explain the absence of comfort. Considerable divergence exists between the French and the English custom in this respect. A well-to-do London tradesman strives to make a gentleman of his son rather than consider him in the light of his heir; the Paris citizen lays by at the expense of his son's education, in order to leave him a bigger hoard when he dies. With you, eight shillings a day set aside for a boy's schooling does not seem out of the way; we find that sum too great by half; and I know many respectable families who grumble at having to pay 1,200 francs per annum. Now, our academic year consists of 300 days; the daily expense for board is four francs; for this price our colleges and boarding-schools undertake not only to educate, but to lodge, sleep, wash, and feed growing lads blessed with a keen appetite.

True, Government schools would be far more comfortable if the men entrusted with the teaching, instead of being respectable fathers of families, ill-paid and over-worked, were fashionable confessors, dandy "directors of consciences," who kindly distributed spiritual favors in exchange for worldly goods, insinuating in the soliciting of donations, and, where bequests were concerned, bringing clever but undue influence to bear. To their shame, must I say it, my friends of the university are gifted with every talent but that one.

The resident pupil in our collegiate schools is removed from his family, which he hardly sees once a week; his intercourse with the professors is of an official kind; the visits from the head-master and proctor are few and far between, and as a rule to reprimand; the only man he sees at every hour of the day is a worn-out, soured, and unfortunate usher, who has neither time nor the means of forming his pupils, were that his duty. And yet, in the long run, the collegian turns out as good-mannered and often a better man than does the petted boy of the congregationists. He has acquired his education by himself, by the circumstances of a life in common, by the rough but open-hearted intercourse with his school-fellows, by the spirit of justice and equality which is drawn in with the breath in those good old public schools, where the first rank always falls to the best man; where the rich boy and the poor one partake of the same bad food and sleep on beds alike wretched; where likes and dislikes are equally sincere, and where the informer is held in cordial hatred.

But we are losing sight of the Jesuits. Let us return to them, to inform all who are not aware of the fact or have forgotten it that, to use Gladstone's happy expression, the Society of Jesus ever remains

"the most perfect instrument of mental servitude ever devised." The *Syllabus* is their handiwork; the superstition of the Sacred Heart comes from them; the new dogmas of the Immaculate Conception and Papal Infallibility issued from their mysterious laboratory. The Jesuits, who are not even Frenchmen, although their first plot was hatched in a cellar at Montmartre; the Jesuits, who are unable to show a single French name on the long list of the Generals of their order, would most willingly conquer France. They have gained far too much ground during the last thirty years. We had a Gallican Church, which shed a great light; they have killed it. We had a liberal Catholicism; they caused it to be excommunicated. They overawe our bishops and through them the whole of the lower clergy; and to give a visible shape to that servitude they have imposed the Roman rite on all the dioceses. Had we still a king, they would thrust a confessor and Ministers upon him. The sovereignty of the people having been declared, much to their mortification, they will not acknowledge themselves beaten; and there they are marching gaily to storm universal suffrage. As the leaders of Democracy are and will always be recruited from the middle classes, among self-made men, the Jesuits have resolved to gain possession of the middle classes; what little remains of the nobility being already on their side. Fear, intrigue, and fashion make up valuable auxiliaries for their purposes. Nine thousand youths are being prepared by them as candidates for Civil Service appointments or for the liberal professions; they imbue their minds with the purest monarchical spirit; they teach them to treat with contempt the fundamental principles on which our forefathers built modern society, and instil in them hatred of the Revolution. When I say the Revolution, I speak not merely of the republican form of government, but of our very manners, of our institutions, of our laws, of the Civil Code. The Revolution is to them in the nineteenth century what the Reform was in the sixteenth—the enemy to be killed. Their first campaign ended in disaster, for Protestantism was the stronger of the two; but they mean to signally retaliate upon the Revolution. They feel all the more sanguine of victory that their ranks are swelled by allies picked up pretty well in every quarter—ay, from among their former enemies.

How would you act in our place? Would you make ready for defence, or consider it more liberal, more consonant with the principles of modern society, to let them do as they please, and quietly put up with it?

Most assuredly liberty is the finest thing in the world. All kinds of liberty are dear to me, save one, however—the liberty of those who lurk at street-corners at night for the purpose of throttling me.

Let the Jesuits and their friends of the unauthorized congregations only ask liberty for themselves, and it will not be denied them; but when they demand it against us, ought we to grant it? M. Dupin answered that in a very few words, in the sitting of the 25th of January, 1844: "Gentlemen, we must always state the case frankly. Well! I

tell you frankly : a question of domination lies hidden within this question of liberty." Yes, of domination ; and Mgr. Dupanloup did not trouble to disguise the fact on the 13th of November, 1849, at the time our Clericals fancied themselves masters of the position. Read the letter he sent to the *Ami de la Religion*.

In despite of common sense it has been uselessly said, and the statement has been miserably hawked about, that the De Falloux Bill had been passed concurrently with and in favor of the University. The law was framed against the monopoly of the University and passed in spite of the University.

All the great reforms brought about by the law, reforms that must, within a few years, deeply change French institutions, are the fruits of immense labor. Only after three months' keen and incessant strife have we successively obtained by sheer force :

The freedom of elementary seminaries ; the recognition of religious congregations, and of the Jesuits as such ; the abolition of University degrees ; the annihilation of normal schools ; a radical change in primary education ; the utter and irretrievable disorganization of the University hierarchy ; free primary boarding-schools, and eleemosynary education ; and, lastly, the high position reserved to our reverend Fathers, the bishops, on the Public School Boards.

The bill did not turn out quite as perfect as the charitable prelate anticipated. The Normal Schools, those humble but invaluable nurseries of our school-masters, were not demolished ; nevertheless, liberal-minded University professors whatever their merit or rank, were mercilessly persecuted.

I can speak on the matter from experience, as I was reading up for an examination for a Fellowship at the higher Normal School, while the Jesuits and their friends were getting their Bill through. I was there together with Taine, Sarcey, Weiss, and poor Prévost-Paradol with Eugene Yung, Dottain, and Paul Boitteau, of the *Débats* ; Dyonis Ordinaire, of the *République Française*, and many more who at this moment are no more professors than I am. Why are we not professors, it will be asked ? Because the famous law on free secondary education was the signal for an abominable proscription ; Because the Director of the Normal School, our dear and revered friend M. Dubois, founder of the *Globe*, and M. Vacherot, the sub-director, were struck down under our very eyes ; because all the Liberal professors (M. Deschanel will remember it) had to submit or resign, and in a few cases became exiles. Such is the liberty of teaching as Jesuits and their friends understand and practice it.

And this is not the only liberty they trample under foot whenever they feel strong enough. We are still smarting under the effects of the 24th of May, 1873, and the 16th of May 1877, clerical ventures, the authors of which admitted neither freedom of the press, free-trade, freedom of public meeting, electoral freedom—nor freedom in death, for the Moral Order prefects made no scruple to bring civil interments and street scavenging together under the same regulations !

It is in the name of liberty that people now seek to shield the implacable enemies of every French liberty from an application of the law. It is because we are living under a Republic that the Jesuits, after having striven hard to strangle it, crave permission to inoculate the rising generations with their hatred of it. And they get people to plead their cause abroad (I call you to witness) in articles every line of which is rank with hatred of the Republic !

And they call us reactionists because we seek to bring back the religious question, not, as they do, to the worst days of the eighteenth century, but to the *modus vivendi*, at once equitable, fair and wise, of forty years ago.

Now, if to aspire to recover what we have seen despoiled of by might or craft is to be a reactionist, none of us have any right to cast our looks towards Alsace and Lorraine. Prince Bismarck, who, to say the least of it, is as sensible a man as M. l'Abbé Martin, would say to us : " For shame, gentlemen ! Do you want to drive France back nine years ? You are not men of your time."

EDMOND ABOUT, in *Nineteenth Century*.

A CAGLIOSTRO OF THE SECOND CENTURY.

IN the Acts of the Apostles we meet with a class of persons whose features have in our own times become again familiar to us—quacks and conjurors professing to be in communication with the spiritual world, and regarded with curiosity and interest by serious men high in rank and authority. Sergius Paulus was craving for any light which could be given to him, and in default of better teaching had listened to Elymas the Sorcerer. Simon Magus, if we may credit Catholic tradition, was in favour at the Imperial Court of Rome, where he matched his power against St. Peter's, and was defeated only because God was stronger than the devil. The "curious arts" of these people were regarded both by Christian and heathen as a real mastery of a supernatural secret; and in the hunger for information about the great mystery with which the whole society was possessed, they rose, many of them, into positions of extraordinary influence and consequence. Asia Minor seems to have been their chief breeding ground, where Eastern magic came in contact with Greek civilisation, and imposture was able to disguise itself in the phrases of philosophy.

Apollonius of Tyana was the most remarkable of these adventurers. His life, unfortunately, has been written by believers in his pretensions; and we have no knowledge of what he looked like to hard-headed men of the world. The Apollonius of Philostratus is a heathen saviour, who claimed a commission from heaven to teach a pure and reformed religion, and in attestation of his authority went about healing the sick, raising dead men to life, casting out devils, and prophesying future events which came afterwards to pass. The interesting fact about Apollonius is the extensive recognition which he obtained, and the ease with which his impostures found acceptance in the existing condition of the popular mind. Out of the legends of him little can be gathered, save the barest outline of his history. He was born four years before the Christian era in Tyana, a city of Cappadocia. His parents sent him to be educated at Tarsus in Cilicia, a place of considerable wealth and repute, and he must have been about beginning his studies there when St. Paul as a little boy was first running about the streets. The life in Tarsus being too luxurious for Apollonius's aspirations, he became a water-drinker and a vegetarian, and betook himself as a recluse to the temple of Æsculapius at Ægæ. Æsculapius, as the god of healing, and therefore the most practically useful, had become the most popular of the heathen divinities. He alone of them was supposed to remain beneficently active, and even to appear at times in

visible form in sick-rooms and by sick-beds. Apollonius's devotion to Æsculapius means that he studied medicine. On the death of his father he divided his property among the poor, and after five years of retirement he travelled as far as India in search of knowledge. He discoursed with learned Brahmins there, and came home with enlightened ideas, and with some skill in the arts of the Indian jugglers. With these two possessions he began his career as a teacher in the Roman Empire. He preached his new religion, and he worked miracles to induce people to believe in him. He was at Rome in Nero's time, when Simon Magus and St. Peter were there. Perhaps tradition has confused him with Simon Magus. In the convulsions which followed Nero's murder, being then an old man, he attached himself to Vespasian in Egypt. Vespasian, who was not without his superstitions, and himself had been once persuaded to work a miracle, is said to have looked kindly on him and patronised him, and Apollonius blossomed out into glory as the spiritual adviser of the Vespasian dynasty. The cruelties of Domitian estranged him. He was accused of conspiring with Nerva, and of having sacrificed a child to bribe the gods in Nerva's interest. He was even charged with having pretended to be a god himself. He was arraigned, convicted, and was about to suffer, when he vanished out of the hands of the Roman police, to reappear at Ephesus, where he soon after died.

Clearly enough, we are off the ground of history in much of this. If Apollonius died at Ephesus in Nerva's time, he was a hundred years old at least, and must have been a contemporary with St. John there, who is supposed to have been writing his Gospel in the same city about that very time.

However that may be, it is certain that after his death a temple was raised to Apollonius at the place of his birth, and Tyana became a privileged city. Similar honours were assigned elsewhere to him as an evidence of the facility and completeness with which he had gained credit for his pretended divine commission. The truth about him is probably that he was a physician, and had obtained some real knowledge of the methods of curing diseases. In India, besides philosophy and juggling, he may have learnt to practise what is now called animal magnetism; and finding that he had a real power on the nervous system of hysterical patients, the nature of which he did not understand, he may have himself believed it to be supernatural. With these arts he succeeded in persuading his countrymen that he was "some great one," "a great power of God;" and both in life and death, in an age when the traditionary religion was grown incredible, and the human race was craving for a new revelation, Apollonius of Tyana, among many others, was looked upon through a large part of the Roman Empire as an emanation of the Divine nature. Such periods are the opportunities of false prophets. Mankind when they grow enthusiastic mistake their hopes and imaginations for evidence of truth, and

run like sheep after every new pretender who professes to hold the key of the mystery which they are so passionately anxious to penetrate.

Our present business, however, is not with the prophet of Tyana. Apollonius left a school of esoteric disciples behind him, with one of whom we are fortunately able to form a closer acquaintance. Apollonius we see through a mist of illusion. Alexander of Abonotichus we are able to look at with the eyes of the cleverest man who was alive on this planet in the second century. With the help of Lucian's portrait of Alexander we can discern, perhaps, the true lineaments of Apollonius himself. We can see, at any rate, what these workers of miracles really were, as well as the nature of the element in which they made their conquests, at the side of, and in open rivalry with, the teachers of Christianity.

A word first about Lucian himself. At the Christian era, and immediately after it, the Asiatic provinces of the Empire were singularly productive of eminent men. The same intercourse of Eastern and Western civilisation which produced the magicians was generating in all directions an active intellectual fermentation. The "disciples" were "called Christians first at Antioch." It was in Asia Minor that St. Paul first established a Gentile Church. There sprang up the multitude of heresies out of conflict with which the Christian creeds shaped themselves. And by the side of those who were constructing a positive faith, were found others who were watching the phenomena round them with an anxious but severe scepticism, unable themselves to find truth in the agitating speculations which were distracting everybody that came near them, but with a clear eye to distinguish knaves and impostors, and a resolution as honourable as St. Paul's to fight with and expose falsehood wherever they encountered it. Among these the most admirable was the satirist, artist, man of letters, the much spoken-of and little studied Lucian, the most gifted and perhaps the purest-hearted thinker outside the Church who was produced under the Roman Empire. He was born at Samosata on the Euphrates about the year 120. He was intended for a sculptor, but his quick discursive intellect led him into a wider field, and he spent his life as a critic of the spiritual phenomena of his age. To Christianity he paid little attention. To him it appeared but as one of the many phases of belief which were showing themselves among the ignorant and uneducated. But it was harmless, and he did not quarrel with it. He was one of a small circle of observers who looked on such things with the eyes of a man of science. Cool-headed, and with an honest hatred of lies, he ridiculed the impious theology of the established pagan religion; with the same instinct he attacked the charlatans who came, like Apollonius, pretending to a Divine commission. He was doing the Church's work when he seemed most distant from it, and was struggling against illusions peculiarly seductive to the class of minds to whom the Church particularly addressed itself. Thus to Lucian we

are indebted for cross lights upon the history of times which show us how and why at that particular period Christianity was able to establish itself. His scientific contemporaries were more antagonistic to it than himself. The Celsus against whom Origen wrote his great defence was Lucian's intimate friend. But if Christianity was incredible and offensive to them, men like Apollonius of Tyana were infinitely more offensive. Christianity was at most a delusion. Apollonius of Tyana was a quack and a scoundrel. Besides the treatise which Origen answered, Celsus wrote a book against the magicians. Lucian speaks of Apollonius in a letter to Celsus as if they were both agreed about the character of the prophet of Tyana, and had this book survived we should have perhaps found a second picture there of Apollonius, which would have made impossible the rash parallels which have been attempted in modern times. The companion picture of Alexander of Abonotichus, by Lucian himself, happily remains. When the world was bowing down before this extraordinary rascal, Lucian traced out his history, and risked his own life in trying to explode the imposture. Though human folly proved too strong, and Alexander died, like Apollonius, with the supernatural aureole about him, Lucian, at the express desire of Celsus, placed on record a minute account of the man, lucid to the smallest detail. He describes him as a servant of the devil, in the most modern sense of the word—not of the prince of the power of the air, as a Christian Father would have described him, with evil genii at his bidding, but of the devil of lying and imposture with whom now-a-days we are so sadly familiar. He commences with an apology for touching so base a subject; he undertakes it only at his friend's request. Nor can he tell the entire story. Alexander of Abonotichus was as great in rascaldom as Alexander of Macedon in war and politics. His exploits would fill large volumes, and the most which Lucian could do was to fill a few baskets from the dungheap and offer them as specimens. Even thus much he feels a certain shame in attempting. If the wretch had received his true deserts, he would have been torn in pieces by apes and foxes in the arena, and the very name of him would have been blotted out of memory. Biographies, however, had been written, and had given pleasure, of distinguished highwaymen; and an account of a man who had plundered, not a small district, but the whole Roman Empire, might not be without its uses.

With these few words of contemptuous preface Lucian tells his story; and in a form still more abridged we now offer it to our readers.

Abonotichus was a small coast town on the south shore of the Black Sea, a few miles west of Sinope. At this place, at the beginning of the second century, the future prophet was brought into the world. His parents were in a humble rank of life. The boy was of unusual beauty; and having no inclination for work and a very strong inclination for pleasure, he turned his advantages to abominable account.

By-and-by he was taken up by a doctor who had been one of Apollonius's disciples. The old villain had learnt his master's arts. He understood medicine, could cure stomach-aches and headaches, set a limb, or assist at a lying-in. But besides his legitimate capabilities, he had set up for a magician. He dealt in spells and love-charms; he could find treasures with a divining rod, discover lost deeds and wills, provide heirs for disputed inheritances, and, when well paid for it, he knew how to mix a poison. In these arts the young Alexander became an apt pupil and was useful as a sort of *famulus*. He learnt Apollonius's traditional secrets, and at the age of twenty, when his master died, he was in a condition to practise on his own account.

He was now thrown on the world to shift for himself. But his spirits were light, and his confidence in himself was boundless: as long as there were fools with money in their pockets, he could have a well-founded hope of transferring part of it to his own. A provincial town was too small a theatre of operations. He set off for Byzantium, the great mart of ancient commerce, which was thronged with merchants from all parts of the world. Like seeks to like. At Byzantium Alexander made acquaintance with a vagabond named Cocconas, a fellow who gained a living by foretelling the winners at games and races, lounging in the betting rings, and gambling with idle young gentlemen. By this means he found entrance into what was called society. Alexander was more beautiful as a man than as a boy. Cocconas introduced him to a rich Macedonian lady, who was spending the season in the city. The lady fell in love with him, and on her return to her country seat at Pella, carried Alexander and his friend along with her. This was very well for a time; but the situation, perhaps, had its drawbacks. Aspiring ambition is not easily satisfied; and the young heart began to sigh for a larger sphere.

In the midst of pleasure he had an eye for business. In Macedonia, and especially about Pella, there was at this time a great number of large, harmless snakes. They came into the houses, where they were useful in keeping down rats and mice; they let the children play with them; they crept into beds at night and were never interfered with. From this local peculiarity, the story, perhaps, originated of the miraculous birth of Alexander the Great. It occurred to the two adventurers that something might be made of one of these serpents. They bought a very handsome specimen, and soon after they left Pella, taking it with them.

For a while they lounged about together, carrying on Cocconas's old trade, and expanding it into fortune-telling. Fools, they observed, were always craving to know the future, and would listen to any one who pretended to see into it. In this way they made much money, and they found the art so easy that their views went higher. They proposed to set up an oracular shrine of their own, which would take the place of Delphi and Delos. The pythonesses on the old-established

tripods were growing silent. Apollo, it seemed, was tired of attending them, and inquirers were often sent away unsatisfied. There was clearly a want in the world, and Alexander and his friend thought they saw their way towards supplying it.

The loss of oracles was not the whole of the misfortune. The world was beginning to feel that it had even lost God. The Greek mythology had grown incredible. The Epicureans were saying that there was no such thing as Providence, and never had been. The majority of people were still of a different opinion; but they were uneasy, and were feeling very generally indeed that if gods there were, they ought to make their existence better known. Here was an opportunity, not only of making a fortune, but of vindicating the great principles of religion and becoming benefactors of humanity.

They decided to try. Sleight of hand and cunning might succeed when philosophy had failed. Was it said there were no gods? They would produce a god, a real visible god, that men could feel and handle, that would itself speak and give out oracles, and so silence forever the wicked unbelievers. So far they saw their way. The next question was, the place where the god was to appear. Cocconas was for Chalcedon, on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus. It was a busy place, almost as full of merchants as Byzantium; the population all busy with speculation, and money in any quantity to be made there. This was good as far as it went. But Chalcedon was too much in the light. The pagan gods, as the shrewder Alexander knew, were not fond of commercial cities. Christianity thrived in the busy haunts of men. Caves, mountains and woods, remote islands, retired provincial villages, suited better with Apollo and Æsculapius. Traders' wits were sharpened with business, and they might be unpleasantly curious. The simple inhabitants of the interior, Phrygians and Bithynians, Galatians and Cappadocians, would be an easier prey where a reputation had first to be created; and success depended on a favourable beginning. At his own Abonotichus, he told Cocconas that a man had only to appear with a fife and drum before him, and clashing a pair of cymbals, and the whole population would be on their knees before him.

The better judgment of Alexander carried the day. Abonotichus himself was decided on as the theatre of operations. Cocconas, however, was allowed to introduce Chalcedon into the first act of the drama. Æsculapius, the best believed in of the surviving divinities, was the god who was to be incarnated. Joe Smith must have read Lucian's story, and have taken a hint from it. In the temple of Apollo, at Chalcedon, the bold adventurers buried some brass plates, bearing an inscription that Apollo and Æsculapius were about to visit Pontus and that Æsculapius would appear at Abonotichus in a bodily form. The plates were conveniently discovered, and became the talk of the bazaars. Merchants going and coming spread the story. Asia Minor was excited, as well it might be. At the favoured Abonotichus the delighted

people resolved to build a temple to receive the god at his coming, and they set to work at once, clearing the ground for the foundations.

The train being thus well laid, Alexander had no further need of a companion. Cocconas was a vulgar type of rogue, unfit for the decorous hypocrisies which were now to be acted. He was left behind on some pretext at Chalcedon, where he died, it was said from a snake-bite, and so drops out of sight. The supreme performer returned, with the field to himself, to his native town. Lucian describes him as he then appeared; tall, majestic, extremely handsome, hair long and flowing, complexion fair, a moderate beard, partly his own and partly false, but the imitation excellent, eyes large and lustrous, and a voice sweet and limpid. As to his character, says Lucian, "God grant that I may never meet with such another. His cunning was wonderful, his dexterity matchless. His eagerness for knowledge, his capacity for learning, and power of memory, were equally extraordinary."

The simple citizens of Abonotichus, on the gape already for the coming of a god among them, had no chance against so capable a villain. They had not seen him since the wonderful days of his boyhood, when he had been known as the *famulus* of an old wizard. He now presented himself among them, his locks wildly streaming, in a purple tunic with a white cloak thrown over it. In his hand he bore a falchion like that with which Perseus had slain the Górgon. He chanted a doggerel of Alexandrian metaphysics, with monads and triads, pentads and decads, playing in anagrams upon his own name. He had learnt from an oracle, he said, that Perseus was his mother's ancestor, and that a wonderful destiny had been foretold for him. He rolled his beautiful soft eyes. With the help of soap-wort he foamed at the mouth as if possessed. The poor people had known his mother, and had no conception of her illustrious lineage. But there was no disputing with an oracle. What an oracle said must be true. He was received with an ovation, all the town bowing down before him, and he then prepared for his next step.

The snake throughout the East was the symbol of knowledge and immortality. The serpent with his tail in his mouth represented the circle of eternity. The serpent in annually shedding its skin was supposed to renew its life forever. A sect even of Gnostic Christians were serpent worshippers. From the time of the brazen serpent in the wilderness, it was the special emblem of the art of healing; and if the Divine physician ever appeared on earth in visible shape, a snake's was the form which he might be expected to assume.

The snake which had been bought at Pella was now to be applied to its purpose. The monster, for it was of enormous size, had accompanied Alexander through his subsequent adventures. It had become so tame that it would coil about his body, and remain in any position which he desired. He had made a human face out of linen for it, which he had painted with extreme ingenuity. The mouth would open and shut by an arrangement of horsehair. The black forked tongue

shot in and out, and the creature had grown accustomed to its mask and wore it without objection.

A full-grown divinity being thus ready at hand, the intending prophet next furnished himself with the egg of a goose, opened it, cleared out the contents, and placed inside a small embryo snake just born. This done, he filled the cracks and smoothed them over with wax and white lead. Æsculapius's temple was meanwhile making progress. The foundations had been dug, and there were pits and holes, which a recent rain had filled with water. In one of these muddy pools Alexander concealed his egg, as he had done the plates at Chalcedon, and the next morning he rushed into the market-place in a state of frenzy, almost naked, a girdle of gold tissue about his waist, hair streaming, eyes flashing, mouth foaming, and the Perseus falchion wheeling about his head. The crowd collected at the sight of him, frantic as himself. He sprang upon some mound or bench. "Blessed," he cried, "be this town of Abonotichus, and blessed be they that dwell in it. This day the prophecy is fulfilled, and God is coming to take His place among us."

The entire population was out, old and young, men and women, quivering with hope and emotion. Alexander made an oration in an unknown tongue; some said it was Hebrew, some Phœnician, all agreed that it was inspired. The only words articulately heard were the names of Apollo and Æsculapius. When he had done he set up the familiar Psalm of the Sun God, and moved, with the crowd singing in chorus behind him, to the site of the temple. He stepped into the water, offered a prayer to Æsculapius, and then asking for a bowl he scooped his egg out of the mud.

"Æsculapius is here," he said, holding it for a moment in the hollow of his hand. And then, with every eye fixed on him in the intensity of expectation, he broke it. The tiny creature twisted about his fingers. "It moves, it moves!" the people cried in ecstasy. Not a question was asked. The doubt would have been impious. They shouted. They blessed the gods. They blessed themselves for the glory which they had witnessed. Health, wealth, all pleasant things which the gods could give, they saw raining on the happy Abonotichus. Alexander swept back to his house bearing the divinity in his bosom, the awe-struck people following. For a few days there was a pause, while the tale of what had happened spread along the shores of the Black Sea. Then on foot, on mules, in carts, in boats, multitudes flocked in from all directions to the birthplace of Æsculapius. The roads were choked with them; the town overflowed with them. "They had the forms of men," as Lucian says, "but they were as sheep in all besides, heads and hearts empty alike." Alexander was ready for their reception. He had erected a booth or tabernacle with a door at each end and a railed passage leading from one door to the other. Behind the rail on a couch in a subdued light, the prophet sat visible to every one, the snake from Pella wreathed about his neck, the coils glittering amidst the folds of

his dress, the tail playing on the ground. The head was concealed ; but occasionally the prophet raised his arm, and then appeared an awful face, the mouth moving, the tongue darting in and out. There it was, the veritable traditionary serpent with the human countenance which appears in the mediæval pictures of the Temptation and the Fall.

The prophet told the spectators that into this mysterious being the embryo that was found in the egg had developed in a few days. The place was dark ; the crowd which was pressing to be admitted was enormous. The stream of worshippers passed quickly from door to door. They could but look and give place to others. But a single glance was enough for minds disposed to believe. The rapidity of the creature's growth, so far from exciting suspicion, was only a fresh evidence of its miraculous nature. The first exhibition was so successful that others followed. The first visitors had been chiefly the poor ; but as the fame of the appearance spread, the higher classes caught the infection. Men of fortune came with rich offerings ; and so confident was Alexander in their folly, that those who gave most liberally were allowed to touch the scales and to look steadily at the moving mouth. So well the trick was done that Lucian says, "Epicurus himself would have been taken in." "Nothing could save a man but a mind with the firmness of adamant, and fortified by a scientific conviction that the thing which he supposed himself to see was a physical impossibility."

The wonder was still imperfect. The divinity was there, but as yet he had not spoken. The excitement, however, grew and spread. All Asia Minor was caught with it. The old stories were true, then. There were gods after all, and the wicked philosophers were wrong. Heavy hearts were lifted up again. From lip to lip the blessed message flew ; over Galatia, over Bithynia, away across the Bosphorus, into Thrace and Macedonia. A good, a real one, had been born at Abonotichus, with a serpent's body and the face of a man. Pictures were taken of him. Images were made in brass or silver, and circulated in thousands. At length it was announced that the lips had given an articulate sound.

"I am Glycon, the sweet one," the creature had said, "the third blood of Zeus, and the light of the world."

The temple was now finished. Proper accommodation had been provided for Æsculapius and his prophet priest ; and a public announcement was made that the god, for a proper consideration, would answer any questions which might be put to him. There was a doubt at first about the tariff. Amphilocho, who had migrated from Thebes to a shrine in Cilicia, and had been prophesying there for ten centuries, charged two obols, or three pence, for each oracle ; but money had fallen in value, and answers directly from a god were in themselves of higher worth. Æsculapius, or Alexander for him, demanded eight obols, or a shilling. Days and hours were fixed when inquirers could

be received. They were expected to send in their names beforehand, and to write their questions on a paper or parchment, which they might seal up in any way that they pleased. Alexander received the packets from their hands, and after a day, or sometimes two days, restored them with the answers to the questions attached.

People came, of course, in thousands. The seals being apparently unbroken, the mere fact that an answer was given of some kind predisposed them to be satisfied with it. Either a thin knife-blade made red-hot had been passed under the wax, or a cast of the impression was taken in collyrium and a new seal was manufactured. The obvious explanation occurred to no one. People in search of the miraculous never like to be disappointed. Either they themselves betray their secrets, or they ask questions so foolish that it cannot be known whether the answer is true or false. Most of the inquirers came to consult Æsculapius about their health, and Alexander knew medicine enough to be able generally to read in their faces what was the matter with them. Thus they were easily satisfied, and went away as convinced as when they arrived. The names being given in beforehand, private information was easily obtained from slaves or companions. Shrewd guesses were miracles, when they were correct, and one success outweighed a hundred failures. In cases of difficulty the oracular method was always in reserve, with the ambiguities of magniloquent nonsense. The real strength of Alexander was in his professional skill, which usually was in itself all-sufficient. He had a special quack remedy of his own, which he prescribed as a panacea, a kind of plaster made out of goat's fat. To aspiring politicians, young lovers, or heirs expectant, he replied that his fates were undecided, and that the event depended on the will of Æsculapius and the intercessions of his prophet.

Never was audacity greater or more splendidly rewarded. The gold ingots sent to Delphi were as nothing compared to the treasures which streamed into Abonotichus. Each question was separately paid for, and ten or fifteen were not enough for the curiosity of single visitors. The work soon outgrew the strength of a single man. The prophet had an army of disciples, who were munificently paid. They were employed some as servants, some as spies, oracle manufacturers, secretaries, keepers of seals, or interpreters of the various Asiatic dialects. Each applicant received his answer in his own tongue, to his overwhelming admiration. Success brought fresh ambitions with it. Emissaries were dispersed through the Empire spreading the fame of the new prophet; instigating fools to consult the oracle, and letting Alexander know who they were and what they wanted. If a slave had run away, if a will could not be found, if a treasure had been secreted, if a robbery was undiscovered, Alexander became the universal resource. The air was full of miracles. The sick were healed. The dead were raised to life, or were reported and were believed to have

been raised, which came to the same thing. To believe was a duty, to doubt was a sin. A god had come on earth to save a world which was perishing in scepticism. Simple hearts were bounding with gratitude; and no devotion could be too extreme, and no expression of it in the form of offerings too extravagant. Æsculapius might have built a throne of gold for himself out of the pious contributions of the faithful. Being a god, he was personally disinterested. "Gold and silver," he said through the oracle, "were nothing to him; he commanded only that his servant the prophet should receive the honours due to him."

High favor, such as had fallen upon Alexander, could not be enjoyed without some drawbacks. The world believed, but an envious minority remained incredulous, and whispered that the prophet was a charlatan. The men of science persisted that miracles were against nature, and that a professing worker of miracles was necessarily a rogue. The Christians, to whom Lucian does full justice in the matter, regarded Alexander as a missionary of the devil, and abhorred both him and his works. Combinations were formed to expose him. Traps were cleverly laid for him into which all his adroitness could not save him from occasionally falling. But he had contrived to entangle his personal credit in the great spiritual questions which were agitating mankind, and to enlist in his interest the pious side of paganism. The schools of philosophy were divided about him. The respectable sects, Platonists, Stoics, and Pythagoreans, who believed in a spiritual system underlying the sensible, saw in the manifestation at Abonotichus a revelation in harmony with their theories. If they did not wholly believe, they looked at it as a phenomenon useful to an age which was denying the supernatural.

Alexander, quick to catch at the prevailing influences, flattered the philosophers in turn. Pythagoras was made a saint in his calendar. He spoke of Pythagoras as the greatest of the ancient sages. He claimed to represent him; at length he let it be known privately that he was Pythagoras. He gilt his thigh and the yellow lustre was allowed to be seen. The wise man of Samos was again present unrecognized, like Apollo among the herdsmen of Admetus.

The philosophers of the second century, if Lucian can be believed, were not a lofty set of beings. They professed sublime doctrines, but the doctrines had little effect on their lives, and the different schools hated one another with genuine sectarian intensity. The Pythagoreans were little better than their rivals, but their teaching was more respectable. They insisted that men had souls as well as bodies. They believed in immortality and future retribution, and they had the sympathies with them of the decent part of society. Alexander's instinct led him to them as the best friends he could have; and they in turn were ready to play into his hands in their own interests. By their mystical theories they were the natural victims of illusion. Opinions adopted out of superstition or emotion cannot be encountered by reason. They

are like epidemic diseases which seize and subdue the mental constitution. They yield only when they have spent their force, and are superseded by other beliefs of an analogous kind. The spiritual world is ruled by homœopathy, and one disorder is only cured by a second and a similar one.

Thus supported, therefore, Pythagoras Alexander replied to attempts at exposure by open defiance. Pontus, he said, was full of blaspheming atheists and Christians; Æsculapius was displeased that, after he had condescended to come among his people, such wretches should be any longer tolerated; and he demanded that they should be stoned out of the province. A pious inquirer was set to ask after the soul of Epicurus. Æsculapius answered that Epicurus was in hell, lying in filth, and in chains of lead. The Pythagoreans clapped their hands. Hell, they had always said, was the proper place for him; and he was there; the oracle had declared it.

It is very interesting to find two classes of men, generally supposed to be so antagonistic as the men of science and the Christians, standing alone together against the world as the opponents of a lying scoundrel. The explanation of their union was that each of them had hold of a side of real truth, while the respectable world was given over to shadows. The Epicureans understood the laws of nature and the principles of evidence. The Christians had a new ideal of human life and duty in them, which was to regenerate the whole race of mankind. It was thus fit and right that they should work together against a wretch who understood nothing but human folly and the art of playing upon it, and against the gulls and idiots who were ready to swallow any absurdity which surprised or flattered them.

The Epicureans were Alexander's most dangerous enemies; for they had friends in the higher circles of society. Amestris, between Abonotichus and the Bosphorus, was the seat of the provincial administration. Lepidus, the Roman proprætor, was a man of sense and culture. The town took its intellectual tone from him, and was unfavourable to the prophet's pretensions. Ingenious tricks had been played upon him from that quarter, with too much success; and he had been driven to announce that for the future no inquiries sent from Amestris would be entertained. Some mockeries had followed. Alexander could not afford to let the public enthusiasm cool, and mistakes for the future must be avoided. Æsculapius had hitherto communicated with his worshippers in writing. When he uttered sounds, it was in private to the prophet. To silence doubt, the serpent was now to be heard directly speaking. A tube was fitted through which articulate noises could be made to issue from the snake's mouth with the help of a confederate behind the curtain. Select visitors only were admitted to this especially sacred performance, and a high price had to be paid for it. But the experiment was tried with perfect success; and the method was found to have its conveniences. The word-of-mouth oracles were

taken down and were given afterwards to the world; but if mistakes had been made they could be altered before publication. An accident of the kind happened shortly after which might have been disastrous if the original practice had been followed, but which Alexander was able to turn into a brilliant success.

Severian, a Roman general, had been sent by the Emperor Verus to invade Armenia. He called at Abonotichus on his way, to learn if he was likely to succeed, and Æsculapius encouraged him with his own lips in bad Homeric verse. He had told Severian that he would subdue the Armenians, and return in glory to Rome with the bay wreath on his temples and wearing the golden circlet of Apollo. Severian, whether he believed Æsculapius or not, went his way, lost his army, and was himself killed. The oracle was immediately reversed. The line which appeared in the published record was: "Go not against the Armenians, where death and disaster await thee." Thus out of "the nettle danger" Alexander "had plucked the flower safety." The death of Severian was explained by his neglect or defiance of the warning. In another way, too, he showed his prudence. He made friends at the rival shrines. Monopolies, he knew, were odious and dangerous. If Æsculapius spoke through him, Apollo spoke now and then elsewhere. He would sometimes tell a patient that he had no message for him, and that he must go for advice to Claros or to the cave of the Branchidæ.

Thus he continued to baffle his detractors, and to rise from glory to glory. His fame reached the Imperial Court, and to consult Alexander became the fashion in high Roman society. Ladies of rank, men of business, intriguing generals or senators, took into their counsels the prophet of Abonotichus. Some who had perilous political schemes on hand were rash enough to commit their secrets to paper, and to send them, under the protection of their seals, for the opinion of Æsculapius. The prophet, when he discovered matter of this kind, kept the packets by him without returning them. He thus held the writers in his power, and made them feel that their lives were in his hands.

And there were others in high position, men of thought who were waiting for some kind of revelation, that sought him out from purer motives. Rutilian, a senator, in favour with the Emperor, a man of ability, who had passed his life in the public service, and still held an important office, adopted Alexander for his spiritual father. Rutilian was a Pythagorean of most devout temperament, assiduous in prayers to the Invisible Being or Beings of whose existence he was assured. When he heard that Æsculapius had come into the world, he had already a predisposition to believe, and was prevented only by public duties from flying to learn if the news was true. He could not go to Pontus himself, but he sent friends on whom he could rely, and whose temperament resembled his own. The majestic appearance of the prophet, the inspired eyes, the rich sweet voice, awed them into imme-

diate conviction. They were shown wonders; but they had believed before they had seen, and they returned to Rome to exaggerate what they had witnessed. Rutilian, receiving their report into his own eager imagination, brought it out of the crucible again transfigured yet more gloriously. He was a man of known piety and veracity, incapable of conscious falsehood, true and just in all his dealings. Astonished Rome could not yet wholly surrender itself. Officers of the imperial household hastened over to see with their own eyes. It had not occurred to them that they might see things which they could not explain, yet that what they saw might be no more than a trick. Men without scientific training who trust their own judgment in such matters are the natural prey of charlatans. These gentlemen came to Abonotichus. They were received with the highest honours. Alexander displayed his miracles to them, made them handsome presents, and sent them home open-mouthed to glorify Æsculapius and his prophet in the fullest confidence that they were speaking nothing but the truth. Rutilian was triumphant. He was now either relieved from office, or he obtained leave of absence, and at last was able to throw himself in person at the apostle's feet. He was sixty years old at the time when the acquaintance began. His wife was dead, and he had one only son. The first question which he asked Alexander was about his boy's education. Alexander told him that his teachers were to be Pythagoras and Homer. The child died, and went to his tutors in Hades; and the prophet at the first step had given a convincing proof of his inspiration. Lucian, in his contempt of folly, half pardons Alexander when such a man as Rutilian was so eager to be his dupe. The new disciple, being a Pythagorean, believed in pre-existence. He asked through what personalities he had himself passed already. Alexander told him he had been no less a person than Achilles. After Achilles he had been Menander, and when his present life was over he was to become immortal, and live thenceforward as a sunbeam. Rutilian believed it all. No absurdity was too monstrous for him. While he on his part was infinitely useful to Alexander. Few sceptics were hardy enough thenceforward to question the character of the friend of the Emperor's favourite.

Among his female adorers or connections, of whom Alexander had as many as Brigham Young, there was a girl whom he called his daughter, on the mother's side of exalted parentage. Selene, or the Moon, had seen Alexander sleeping like Endymion, had become enamoured of him, and had descended to his embraces. The young lady he declared to be the offspring of this celestial union. Rutilian being a widower was informed that Selene and Æsculapius had selected him to be her husband. He was delighted. He believed the marriage to be an adoption into heaven. Like Menelaus, he would never die, being the son-in-law of a god, and the nuptials were celebrated with august solemnity.

Abonotichus after this became a holy city, a Mecca, a place of pilgrimage. The prophet was a power in the Empire, and began to surround himself with pomp and display. Among other ceremonies he instituted a public service in the temple in imitation of the mysteries of Eleusis. That he was able to present such scenes with impunity is a most curious illustration of the mental condition of the time.

The service commenced with a procession of acolytes carrying torches, the prophet at their head, like the priests of Ceres, giving notice to the profane to keep aloof, and inviting the believers in Æsculapius to approach and take part in the holy mystery. The profane whom he specially meant were the Christians and the atheists. The prophet spoke; the congregation answered. The prophet said, "Away with the Christians!" The people replied, "Away with the atheists!" Those who presented themselves for communion were examined first by Alexander to ascertain their fitness. If found unorthodox, they were excluded from the temple. The ceremonial then commenced. It consisted of a series of tableaux. The first day was given to representations of the lying-in of Latona, the birth of Apollo, the marriage of Apollo and Coronis, with the issue of it in the generation of Æsculapius. On the second day there was the incarnation of the "sweet one," with the Chalcedon plates, the goose egg, and the snake. Alexander himself was the hero of the third. A new revelation, it seems, had informed him of mysterious circumstances attending his own coming into the world. His mother had been visited by Podalirius, Æsculapius's mythical son. The temple was then brilliantly illuminated. The prophet, after some preliminary gesticulations, laid himself down, as Endymion, to sleep upon a couch. Selene, the Moon, personated by the beautiful wife of an officer of the imperial court, who was the prophet's mistress, descended upon him from the roof and covered him with kisses, the husband looking on, delighted with the honour which had fallen upon him.

In the final scene, Alexander appeared in his priestly dress. A hymn was sung to the snake, the congregation accompanying or responding. The choir then formed into a circle and went through a mystic dance, the prophet standing in the centre.

The miraculous birth of Alexander, after being thus announced, was made into an article of faith, which the disciples were bound to receive. A difficulty arose which had not been foreseen. If he was the son of a god, how could he be Pythagoras? and how came he by the golden thigh? He was equal to the occasion; he was not Pythagoras, he said, and yet he was. He had the same soul with Pythagoras. It was the Spirit of God, which waned and was renewed like the moon. The Spirit descended from heaven at special times and on special persons, and again ascended when its purpose was attained. The gold thigh was perhaps explained as its accompanying symbol.

Having identified himself with the Pythagoreans, he announced with

authority the general truth of their doctrines. He insisted on an elevated morality, and directed his disciples to abstain from sensual vices. The rules, however, had no application to himself, and behind the veil he created a Cyprian paradise. His reputation being so well established, the privilege of admission to the temple rites was eagerly sought after.

The oracle, meanwhile, was active as ever, and now and then by its mistakes produced frightful injustice. A Paphlagonian gentleman had sent his son to be educated at Alexandria. The boy had joined an expedition up the Nile, where he fell in with some merchants on their way to the Red Sea and India. Curiosity led him to accompany them; and his household in the city, who had charge of him, after waiting for a while and finding that he did not come back, concluded that he had been drowned in the river, and returned to Paphlagonia with the news that the boy was dead. The father consulted the seer of Abonotichus. Alexander informed him that his son had been made away with by the servants. The Roman governor was appealed to. The word of Alexander, supported as he was by Rutilian, was conclusive, and the unfortunate wretches were thrown to the wild beasts. Soon after, the boy appeared, none the worse for his journey; and an indignant friend of the family went to Abonotichus to expose the impostor before his worshippers. Unfortunately, a superstition once established is proof against commonplace evidence. Alexander only answered by telling the congregation to stone the blasphemer, who was rescued when nearly dead by the interposition of a casual traveller.

Another adventure into which he fell might have been more dangerous. The war of Marcus Aurelius with the Marcomanni was the occasion of the celebrated story in Christian mythology of the Thundering Legion. It is difficult, and even impossible, to reconcile the account of the war in the Christian legend with Lucian's description of it; but Lucian was alive at the time, and when he says that the Emperor was disastrously defeated, he is unlikely to have been mistaken. Lucian says that Marcus Aurelius, before he began the campaign, applied to Alexander. Alexander told him that if he devoted two lions to the gods and threw them into the Danube, there would be a glorious victory and a happy peace. The lions swam the river, landed on the opposite bank, and were immediately killed. The Emperor lost a battle and many thousand men. Aquileia itself nearly escaped being taken.

This catastrophe tried the faith even of Rutilian. Alexander, however, told him that the gods had foretold a victory, but had not allowed him to know on which side the victory would be. Rutilian resisted temptation and continued to believe.

Affairs, however, had become serious, when such a man was allowed to play with the interests of the Empire. Intelligent Romans went to Abonotichus to make inquiries, and were so troublesome that Æsculapius had to interfere. When a stranger arrived, the god decided

whether he was to be admitted to reside in the town. A suspicious visitor was ordered to depart under penalties. At last, as a public warning against the dangerous spirit of scepticism, Alexander burnt a copy of the writings of Epicurus in the market square, and threw the ashes into the sea. Lepidus of Amestris, the Roman Governor, made another effort. The prophet was on his guard against laymen; but a priest, it was thought, might be more fortunate. A priest was sent, but unluckily the priest was a fool and gave Alexander a new triumph. He was granted an interview with "the sweet one," and a conversation followed which Lucian saw hung up in a temple at Tium, written in letters of gold:

Priest. Tell me, Lord Glycon, who art thou?

Glycon. I am the young Æsculapius, the second and not the first. This is a mystery, which may not be revealed.

Priest. How long wilt thou remain with us?

Glycon. My time is a thousand years and three. Then I go to the East to the barbarians. They also must hear my word.

Priest. What will become of me after this life?

Glycon. First thou wilt be a camel, and then a prophet like Alexander.

The dialogue ended with a curse on Lepidus for his inquisitiveness and unbelief.

Other means failing, the adventure was next undertaken by Lucian himself. Lucian was friend of Rutilian. He had many times remonstrated with him. He had endeavoured to prevent his marriage. He had protested against the countenance which Rutilian was lending to a lying rogue. Rutilian pitied Lucian's hardness of heart, and perhaps advised him to go to Abonotichus and examine for himself. Lucian at any rate went. Rutilian's friendship secured him respectful treatment. Alexander received him with extreme courtesy, and he admits that the prophet's manners and appearance surprised and struck him. But Lucian was fortified with a conviction that all pretenders to supernatural powers were enthusiasts or impostors, that miracles had never been or could not be. He tried Æsculapius with unusual questions. He asked him first if the prophet wore false hair. He sealed his envelope so skilfully that it could not be opened, and he received an answer in an "unknown tongue." His discovered next that the prophet had been sounding his valet as to Lucian's object in coming to him. The valet was faithful, and Lucian bade him tell Alexander that he was suffering from a pain in his side. He then wrote on two slips of paper, "What was the birthplace of Homer?" enclosed them in two packets, and sealed them as before. The valet informed the prophet that one referred to the pain, and that the other was to ask whether his master should return to Italy by land or sea. The replies were first an advice to try Alexander's plaster, secondly an intimation that a voyage would prove dangerous. These experiments would have been enough for Lucian, but his object was rather to convince his friend than himself, and he tried again.

This time he wrote, "When will the villainies of Alexander be exposed?" At the back of the envelope he made a note that it contained eight questions, all of which he paid for. The prophet was completely caught; he returned eight answers, the whole of them unintelligible; and with demonstration, as he thought, in his hands, Lucian went to his friend.

He found his labour thrown away. Belief in the marvellous does not rise from evidence and will not yield to it. There is the easy answer, that infidels are answered according to the impiety of their hearts, that the gods will not and perhaps cannot work miracles in the presence of sceptics. Nothing came of this first visit except that Lucian lost the regard of his friend whom Alexander warned against him. But he had become interested in the matter; he determined to probe the mystery to the bottom. He went to the governor and offered, if he could have security for his life, to furnish him with proofs of the imposition which would justify the interference of the police.

The governor gave him a guard of soldiers, and thus attended he went to Abonotichus a second time. The prophet was holding his levée. Lucian presented himself, neglecting to make an obeisance, to the general scandal. The prophet took no notice, but gave him his hand to kiss, and Lucian bit it to the bone. The believers shrieked, and Lucian would have been strangled but for his guard. Alexander, however, to his surprise and real admiration, bore the pain manfully. He told his friends that he and his god had tamed ruder spirits than Lucian's: he bade them all retire, and leave him and his visitor together.

When they were alone, he asked Lucian quietly why a person whose acquaintance he had valued, was determined to be his enemy. Calmness is always agreeable. Lucian never doubted for a moment Alexander's real character, but the prophet interested him in spite of himself. That he might study him at leisure, he accepted his overtures, and even entered into some kind of intimacy with him. He stayed for some days at Abonotichus. The worshippers were astonished to find an open blasphemer admitted to confidential intercourse with their chief. And Alexander undoubtedly succeeded, if not in disarming his guest's suspicions, yet in softening the vehemence of his dislike. He was so clever, so well informed, apparently so frank and open, that, as Lucian said, he would have taken in Epicurus himself. The search for evidence against him was dropped, the governor's guard was sent home, and Lucian after a prolonged visit accepted an offer from Alexander to send him by water to the Bosphorus. The prophet placed at his disposition one of his finest vessels, saw him on board, loaded him with presents, and so dismissed him.

Keener-witted man than Lucian was not alive on earth; yet his wit had not saved him from being to some extent deceived, and he had a near escape of paying with his life for his credulity. He had not been

long at sea when he observed the pilot and crew consulting together. The crew were insisting upon something to which the pilot would not consent. The pilot at length came to him and said that "Alexander's orders were that Lucian was to be thrown overboard; he had a wife and children, he had lived respectably for sixty years, and did not wish in his old age to stain his conscience with a murder. He could not go on to the Bosphorus, but he would put his passenger on shore."

Lucian was landed in Bithynia. He was a person of considerable public influence. He had powerful friends in the province and at Rome. He was looked on favourably by Marcus Aurelius himself. He laid his story before the governor, not Lepidus, but another, and Lucian, if any one, might be assured that what he said would receive attention. But in an era of belief reason and fact are powerless; the governor told him that if he could convict Alexander on the clearest evidence it would be impossible to punish him. Prophet he was in the opinion of the whole country, and prophet he would remain. Lucian was as little successful as his predecessors, and his interference had gained him nothing except materials for the singular account which he has left behind. Rutilian was abandoned to fate and to the daughter of the Moon, and the glories of the prophet of Abonotichus were established above the reach of calumny. The Emperor bestowed distinctions on him. The name of his town was changed. Coins were struck, and now are extant, with "the sweet one's" thin face on one side and Alexander's on the other. He lived to be an old man, and died with his fame undimmed and the belief in him unabated. What became of the snake, history omits to tell.

The superstition did not break in pieces at once. The oracle continued to prophesy after Alexander's death, and there was a competition among the disciples as to which of them was to succeed him. The favourite candidate was an old physician, who, Lucian says, ought not to have been found in such company. The dispute was referred at last to Rutilian, who decided that no successor was needed. Alexander was not dead, but was translated merely into a better world, from which he still watched over his faithful followers.

So ends this singular story, valuable for the light which it throws on a critical epoch in human history, and especially on the disposition of the people among whom Paul and Barnabas were taken for gods, and among whom Paul founded his seven churches. Christianity exactly met what they were searching for in an ennobling and purifying form, and saved those who accepted it from being the victims of sham prophets like Alexander. To persons so circumstanced, men of intellect like Lucian addressed themselves in vain. The science of Epicurus was merely negative. He might insist that miracles were an illusion, and that the laws of nature were never broken; but to the human heart craving for light from heaven, and refusing to be satisfied without it, Epicurus had not a word to say, not a word of what lay behind the

veil, not a word which would serve for guidance in the paths of ordinary duty. Intellect and experience may make it probable to thoughtful persons that morality and happiness go together; but when all is said, clever men are found of a different opinion; and if the human race had waited to recognize the sanctions of moral obligation till science had made out on what they rested to its own satisfaction, the first steps out of barbarism would have been never taken. Knowledge is a plant which grows but slowly. Those who gather knowledge must live before they can learn. How to live, therefore, how to distinguish good from evil, press first for an immediate answer. And the answer was given by conscience whole æons before reflecting intellect had constructed its theories of expediency and the greatest happiness of the greatest number.

Out of conscience grows religion; but religion, when St. Paul came, was dead, and the educated multitudes in the Empire were sitting by the body of it, unable to believe that it was gone, and still passionately hoping that the silent gods would again speak to them out of heaven. So intense was the longing, that reason had abdicated its proper function; any plausible pretender could collect disciples in millions; and to an audience thus prepared to receive it, Christianity was originally offered. Independent of philosophy, the better sort of men hate evil and impurity; their instincts were recognized and justified in the new creed, and they welcomed it as a reviving principle of moral life. It did not save them from illusions which men of science would have escaped. Holiness of life is no protection against freaks of imagination; God is so near to the believer that he sees His action everywhere, and the hagiology of the early Church is as full of legend as the pagan mythology. The apocryphal gospels breathe a spirit to the full as credulous as the story of the incarnation of Glycon at Abonotichus; with this essential and enormous difference, however, that the credulity of the Christians was dominated by conscience, and they detected a polluted impostor with as sure an instinct as the most cultivated Epicurean.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, in *Nineteenth Century*.

A HUNGARIAN EPISODE: ZIGEUNER MUSIC.

It was a calm August night in Raab: repose had already taken possession of the quaint old moonlit streets, a few hours ago so sultry and so busy, and, we may add, so noisy with the bustle of the annual horse-fair. All lights seemed under the ban of the curfew, but those of a *café-ház* (or coffee-house) forming the angle of the street nearly facing the windows of our primitive rooms. It was a picturesque house, with a verandah covering in a part of the street divided off by a row of square green boxes containing bushy oleanders in flower.

The scene, too, was picturesque as we caught glimpses of a considerable gathering of Magyars within, indulging in the lazy luxury of the never-neglected pipe.

We left our casements open, closing the Venetian shutters, and were preparing for rest, when suddenly the surrounding stillness was broken by a brilliant cascade of clear and thrilling notes proceeding from some unrecognisable instrument or instruments, and giving expression to a melody altogether distinctive in character. It was wildly sweet and melancholy in tone, and possessed at once a grace and a power which entranced us as with some weird and irresistible fascination.

It literally spoke, and in language inspired by a creative fancy, weaving a fairy poem with the originality and facility of genius. We listened breathless, as the caprice of the unseen artist revelled in the rainbow hues with which he was pleased to tint his picture—as harmonious, as soft, as rich, and alas! as evanescent; we followed, enraptured, the magic numbers, astonished as well as charmed by the audacity with which the movements changed, till at length the measure became rapid and yet more rapid as the tale approached its climax, and the *improvisatore*, carried away by his muse, expressed his enthusiasm in notes which came pouring on in unrestrained luxuriance as it were a mountain torrent leaping down from rock to rock—it was the very poetry of music. Abruptly, and with the *bizarrierie* which had stamped the whole performance, a final chord closed the recital, and in an instant all was hushed. Vainly we waited and hoped for a renewal of the bewitching strain; we looked out only to discern that the guests of the *café-ház*, whence we had no doubt the sounds had proceeded, were dispersing, and to feel convinced that it would be useless to repair thither, with any hope of satisfying our curiosity on the subject: for as we looked the doors were closed and the lights were extinguished. Next morning, on waking, the mysterious improvisation still lingered on our hearing, and on the appearance of our excellent Magyar friend we related to him what we had heard and how we had been impressed.

"Glad I am," replied he, "that you have had an opportunity of hearing that singular and beautiful music: it is one of the peculiarities of our nation, and the specialty of our vast nomad tribes to whom these itinerant bands belong. As their habits are altogether erratic, their visits to our larger and even our smaller cities are arbitrary, but just now they attracted hither by our cattle-fair.

"These Zigeuners of Hungary," he continued, "like the Gitanos of Spain, the Bayadères of Portugal, the Bohemians of Central and the Gipsies of Northern Europe, have no fixed habitation: they lead a free and independent life, occupying movable dwellings and establishing themselves at intervals in our *putztas* and forests. You will meet them halting within and on the skirts of the Bakonyer-Wald as they journey from place to place and settle for the time being in the immediate vicinity of the locality where they seek employment.

"As they exercise various handicrafts, they are always sure of being able to earn their livelihood, whether by tinkering, carpentering, basket-making, china-mending, horse-shoeing, or other industries, while a certain number of them possess the remarkable gift of imagining the wildest and most stirring poems and interpreting them in a music entirely *sui generis*.

"As long as they remain in one spot they resort in the evenings to the principal *cavés*, so that if you would like to hear and also to see their performance, which is, I assure you, very extraordinary, I will with pleasure conduct you this evening to one which I know they frequent."

Rejoiced at this offer, we met at the appointed hour, and after traversing the broad market-place in which stood our hotel, the "Golden Lamb," and threading several narrow and characteristic streets, we arrived at the entrance of the *cavé* in question. A considerable crowd surrounded the door, but as soon as they perceived we were strangers they made a passage with the utmost courtesy, and we followed our friend within, into a spacious room. At the upper end a portion of the floor was raised about a foot; here were placed seats for those of the audience who were of a higher class, and among them, according to the dictates of Magyar hospitality, to us was immediately assigned a place of honor.

Down the centre of the room was a large billiard table, and along either side at regular intervals small circular marble-topped tables, at which sat groups of two or more persons sipping wine, coffee, beer, &c. but the universal pipe was in the mouth of every one, and so dense was the smoke that it was not easy to distinguish what was going on.

Just below the dais a considerable space had been reserved for the Zigeuner band. In the midst stood a large square table, and on it was the singular instrument to be played by the principal performer, the tones of which had so intensely mystified us, and to which the ten others, flute, fife, violins and violoncellos, constituted the accompaniment. It consisted of a sounding-board about three feet in length and

of a breadth sloping from two to three feet, across which was stretched the strings, the whole of extremely rough construction and played by means of two short strips of whalebone muffled with a rag wound round the end of each: with these it is more sharply or gently, deliberately or rapidly struck, and it is difficult to conceive how so simple, not to say clumsy, an apparatus can be made to produce a tone so sweet, flexible, and powerful, or be amenable to such delicate, brilliant, varied and expressive execution. It is called "tzymbalon," and the tzymbalon player it is who improvises the melody and gives the cue to the band, who upon the intuitive apprehension of his thoughts and also of those of each other produce the most appropriate and effective accompaniment. From the divan on which we had been so obligingly placed we were able, without being too near the music, to observe not only the whole group, but could also study the audience.

The performers were now agreeing upon their theme, arranging their several parts—(howbeit all score-less)—and tuning their strings, and it was impossible not to remark the unmistakable stamp of their race which all bore, not only on their countenances and features, but in their whole person and bearing. Swarthy in complexion, with jet-black hair, beard, eyes, and eyebrows, their Oriental features were lighted up with an intelligent expression, and that they were born musicians, untutored, untaught, untrained by any laws—for genius recognises none—was manifested in the complete command they had of their instruments, which seemed to be absolutely part of themselves. Equally striking was the marvellous spontaneity and simultaneousness of their action in this entirely extemporaneous performance. Never was there the slightest hesitation or break on the part of any of them, though the leader playing the tzymbalon changed whether the key, the time, the harmony, or the movement, as he wove his romance, for such it was.

The pieces thus executed by these unique musicians may be called "operas without written libretti," and strange to say the *libretto* would be utterly superfluous. for so expressive are the strains, the hearer must be dull of comprehension indeed if he fail to follow their meaning. Indeed one scarcely realises that the scene so graphically described by the music is not actually before one's eyes, so entirely do they follow the Horatian rule and lead the minds of the audience *quocumque volent*, making them see what they seem to see themselves.

The theme is generally a legend or story selected from among those orally preserved among the tribe, and narrated in the language of music, so that it is no wonder they should be lost in a kind of dreamy inspiration and abandon themselves for the time to the caprices of their imagination. According to the nature of the subject, they occasionally become so excited that they impress one with the idea they are enacting the scene they depict, and thus, without an effort, succeed in firing their audience with their own enthusiasm.

At length the instruments are tuned, and amid breathless silence the

piece begins. To ourselves no intimation had been made as to its nature ; no form of words or even abridged "argument" had been passed round. There was nothing but the weird influence of these musicians of nature imparting their narrative by the language of music to a musical people. Attracted by the prestige and the novelty of the situation, we also gave ourselves to the subject, and as it proceeded it interpreted itself to us as follows :—

The simple, flowing, graceful melody with which it opened described a calm scene of rural life, the rosy dawn, the freshness of the easy morning hour, the dewy grass, the scent of spring flowers, the brook bubbling beneath overhanging branches, all was there—a contented peasant population, going forth to their healthy, harmless, peaceful occupations ; the cowherd driving his cattle to their mountain pastures ; the shepherd leading his flocks afield ; the *Ross-hirt* scampering over the *putzta* with his troop of horses, and the advancing day bringing out "the insect youth" with their busy hum on the calm noon-tide air.

Now we are in the depths of the forest ; the sun is pouring his beams through the interstices of the foliage, and the glowing light mottles the chequered ground. Innocent birds are singing in the trees, but among men a marauding spirit is astir : a horde of brigands, headed by their desperate chief, is preparing an attack on these happy, laborious, unconscious, and alas ! prosperous villagers. Their plan of action is arranged, they start for their merciless expedition ; we are roused by the sudden clattering of hoofs, the clang of arms, the sound of voices, the periodical word of command. We have arrived at the encounter and are prepared for the dismay of the surprised peasants expressed in the furious shouts of men, the shrieks of women, the cries of children, as by the power of arms and the force of numbers their stores and cattle are seized and carried away amid violence and bloodshed, and the defenceless owners made captive.

But things are not to end thus, the innocent will be avenged ; retributive justice is not to be mocked and awaits the dastardly plunderers ; the battery of Heaven interposes to avenge the wrongs of the helpless ; and the dark eye of the Zigeuner flashes as he draws down the forked lightning in vivid flashes, and presently follows the roar of the loud thunder echoing from one mountain peak to another and answering again and again as it pursues its mysterious transit into the far-off distance and dies away. The cowardly victors, seeing one of their chiefs, horse and rider, struck to the ground in the immediate front of their band, and so suddenly that the rest, having no time to rein in, ride headlong over him, have recourse to a hasty flight ; more than one is thrown with violence to the ground, and they are unable to gain their forest fastness ; the fury of the storm pursues them shelterless and bewildered they are scattered in all directions ; their booty escapes them, their captives are freed, while the confusion that prevails among

them renders their expedition abortive. In the midst of the fury of the elements, and the general consternation it has occasioned, a shot from the cross-bow of one of the peasants, who have now summoned presence of mind to defend themselves, has struck their leader, and while trying to rally his band he has fallen dead from his horse, and the panic is complete.

But see the leader of the performance; he has worked himself into a frenzy by the time this consummation is reached; his countenance becomes of a deeper hue; the perspiration runs down his face, and as he gives the final stroke, the whalebones drop from his hands and he sinks back in his chair completely exhausted.

To ourselves this exciting performance was perfectly magical, and we had so completely followed every stage of the story, that, when the finale came, difficult as it seems to understand it now, we were not even surprised at this result to the poet-musician. The audience, more or less used to these exhibitions of genius, though not astonished, were enthusiastic in their applause, and testified their sympathy and admiration by loudly cheering the band, raising their glasses in the air and drinking the health of the performers with reiterated bravos.

A hat was carried round by one of the Zigeuners, and we were glad to have this opportunity of testifying our gratification; but Hungarian hospitality admits of no compromise, and we were disappointed as well as surprised, on beckoning the collector to us, to find his approach forbidden by the landlord, who, advancing, whispered that the little performance must be considered as offered to us in our character of strangers, and that all present would feel gratified if we would accept it as a mark of their welcome to us on coming among them. All we could do, therefore, was to assure the spokesman of the pleasure we had derived from the entertainment and to beg him to convey the expression of our warm recognition of the courtesy of those who had provided it for us. At the same time we would not be denied the pleasure of seeing the Zigeuner band drink our health, and requested the landlord to provide them wherewithal to perform this task.

The history of these strange folks is as interesting as curious. Each of these wandering detachments owns a tract or beat, the bounds of which are recognised and respected by the rest, and they pay their periodical visits to the towns and villages it contains with great regularity. Those who claim the town of Raab as their privileged resort have from time immemorial earned, and have traditionally maintained, a brilliant reputation as *virtuosi*. Among them, the names of Bibary, Szarcoszy, and Ketskemety are recognised as stars of the first magnitude, but Farkacs Miskah is the "full-moon" of tzymbalon-players.

The Zigeuner-volk constitute an important element in the social habits of the Hungarian people, they are regarded as a national institution, without the help of which their popular festivities, public or private, their marriages, baptisms, betrothals, anniversaries and family

gatherings would be devoid of spirit or interest. The musical faculties inherited by these people seem to amount almost to a supplementary sense. Theoretically speaking, they know nothing of the science of music, but their ear catches with marvellous facility, and their mind retains, any air they may once hear, and they possess the power of reproducing it on any of their own simple instruments. It is sufficient to hum or whistle to them the suggestion of a tune they have never heard, for them to play it with elaborate accompaniments. This is the delight of the Magyar population. Every Hungarian has his favourite air, and sometimes a whole evening in a *cavé-ház* is passed in calling upon the Zigeuners for this reproduction of one tune after another; their success in responding to these appeals being met with the most rapturous applause. The popular dances such as the Czardacs could not be danced without the accompaniment of the tzymbalon.

It is a singular and suggestive fact that the idiosyncratic talent evinced by these unlearned musicians is a gift *per se* and is incapable of being attained or improved. The great Maestro Liszt—himself a Hungarian and conversant with the music of these tribes—gives an interesting account of an experiment made by himself to train and educate a Zigeuner lad, very proficient in his own natural art. The result, however, proved abortive, and so far from cultivating the germ which appeared so fertile, he only succeeded in disturbing his preconceived notions without imparting any new ideas.

It must not be supposed that music forms the occupation of all Zigeuners; there is only one section that gives itself up to this æsthetic pursuit; others employing their early youth in acquiring the various trades by which they earn their living: these are, as in other countries, charcoal-burning, tinkering, smithing, nail-making, horse-shoeing, while the women carry on an auxiliary “business” in tambourine playing, dancing and fortune-telling, and often earn from the credulity of village maidens more than the men who supply the domestic needs of the population.

Thus they travel from village to village in their movable wooden hut, with their families and all their chattels about them; pigs and dogs, their only live-stock, bringing up the rear, a hammer and bellows their only tools, and an iron pot their compendious *batterie de cuisine*. Arrived at their halting-place on the outskirts of a town, they encamp, dig a hole and kindle their bivouac-fire; they then unharness their horse and leave him to find his pasture. While the women wash their clothes and cook their food, the men present themselves to their expectant employers and generally find repairs and orders awaiting their arrival.

Although the Zigeuners belong to all countries, those of each country maintain their distinctive peculiarities so rigidly from generation to generation, that there is no tracing in them any affinity to the races among which they have established themselves.

Wonderfully hardy in constitution, they will face the extremes, whether of heat or cold, without any of those artificial compensations which with all other people have become necessities of nature. Thus a mere rag suffices to cover them beneath the keenest blast, and they expose themselves bare-headed to the fiercest sun. The Zigeuner is reckless as a child and wild as a beast of prey; he knows no care for the morrow and is always in need, and in squalid poverty: though eager for a meal when he can get it by no matter what means, he will go without food uncomplainingly when it is not to be had; tobacco, however, is to him a necessity, and he *cannot* school himself to do without it; but he is content with the vilest sort, and if he cannot obtain any fit to smoke he rolls up into a ball such as he can procure and keeps it in his mouth.

The newly-born Zigeuner child is, from the hour of its birth, used to cold water by being plunged into the nearest spring at whatever season of the year, and after a couple of weeks' travels tied to its mother's back or borne on her head whether through piercing cold or torrid heat. For the first two years it wears no clothing; it receives no training of any kind unless in the art of plundering or acquiring its trade, so that its moral degradation may be easily estimated.

Sigismund granted to the Zigeuners of Hungary certain privileges and recognised their right to be represented by deputies; and his successor tried in vain to induce them to settle and take up fixed habits as artisans or agricultural labourers. Then, as always, it was found impossible to wean them from their independent habits and nomad propensities.

We are glad to add that it has been ascertained the musical Zigeuners exhibit a great moral superiority over the rest of their tribe, and there seems every reason to attribute this elevation to the refining influences of their pursuit. These generally appear in peasant costume, but they are always glad to purchase second-hand the rich dress-costume of the Magyar, and this graceful and picturesque attire becomes them well.

Once again it was our lot to hear the Zigeuner band, but this time on foreign soil, in the precincts of the Trocadero. Strange as it may seem, we scarcely recognised our enchanters of Raab. Their strains were marvellously sweet, and they were also distinctive in their character as all national music always must be; but it was like the song of the caged nightingale. The effect was that produced by seeing a choice relic of antiquity in a museum instead of on the spot where it was found; the prestige was gone with the *cadre* that surrounded it, and the Zigeuner of Magyar-land had lost his witchery!

Author of "FLEMISH INTERIORS," in *Fraser's Magazine*.

H A U N T E D .

When candle-flames burn blue,
Between the night and the morning,
I know that it is you,
My love, that was so true
And that I killed with scorning.

The watch dogs howl and bay;
I pale, and leave off smiling.
Only the other day
I held your heart in play,
Intent upon beguiling.

A little while ago
I wrung your soul with sighing;
Or brought a sudden glow
Into your cheek by low,
Soft answers in replying.

My life was all disguise;
A mask of feints and fancies;
I used to lift my eyes,
And take you by surprise
With smiles and upward glances.

And now, where'er I go,
Your sad ghost follows after;
And blue the flame burns low,
And doors creak to and fro,
And silent grows the laughter.

G. B. STUART, in *The Argosy*.

T H E L A R K .

O brown lark, loving cloud-land best,
And sun-smit seas of sky,
Thee doth a musical unrest
Drive to rise upward from thy nest
Far fathoms high.

O fluid-fluting blackbird, keep
The midnight of thy wing
Close to my home, where leaves grow deep,
Since where two lovers lie asleep
Thou lov'st to sing.

MORTIMER COLLINS, in *Temple Bar*.

HISTORY AND POLITICS.

II.

WE may say in general of the different studies which together make up education, that in England some of them are alive, others have only an imperfect vitality, and others have no vitality at all. As an obvious illustration of the difference I may refer to the classical and the modern languages. At our great schools all is zeal and emulation where Latin and Greek are in question, but the French lesson is languid; and while all the classical knowledge acquired there is carried away to the university to receive further augmentation, the little knowledge of French that has been picked up is dropped again almost immediately.

When we inquire whence arises this difference, we discover two causes which may give vitality to a study. The first and most obvious is its intrinsic importance. And yet that this cause does not operate so powerfully as we might expect is evident from the example just given. The advantage of knowing French is evident to every one, but the use of knowing Latin, though conceivably it may be greater, is at any rate not so evident; yet the study of Latin flourishes, and that of French does not. More effect seems to be produced by a certain extrinsic importance which is given to some studies either by accidental circumstances or by deliberate design. What are called the "bread-studies" never quite lose their vitality; thus there will never be any difficulty in keeping alive some sort of study of law so long as a number of people get a livelihood from it. And classics, though not in the same strict sense a bread-study, have taken the lead of all studies among us mainly in consequence of the endowments which have been attached to them by those who, on various grounds, were convinced of their value.

When a study has, through one of these causes, or more than one, acquired vitality, the teacher of it has an easy task before him. He no longer throws away his expositions upon empty benches, or upon unwilling hearers whose attention he can see to be comfortably absorbed in their novel. What is no less important, on such a subject text-books, manuals, and helps of all kinds are continually issuing from the press, whereas if the subject wants vitality it is to little purpose that the teacher here and there strikes out a flash of interest; the awakened mind goes to sleep again, the new-born ardour dies for want of nutriment.

Now, of the study of history we may say that it is slowly emerging out of a state in which, at certain points, it was not kept alive in any

of these ways. As to its intrinsic importance, this could only be political, and there were few politicians indeed who would have recognised the importance of any historian except Hansard. It had few prizes at the universities, and there were few means of making a livelihood by it. But at some points it was warmed into life by contact with other studies. Their provinces had *enclaves* within its boundary, so that we might occasionally see a public which did not in general study history, profoundly interested in some controversy which was really historical. Church controversies kept alive an interest in one set of historical questions, and our organised classical education diffused a considerable interest in another set. It used to be said, though I fear without much justice, that Niebuhr's speculations excited more interest here than in Germany; at any rate Mr. Grote could not complain of want of appreciation. Moreover, a great nation like this cannot but feel a good deal of interest, because it feels a great deal of pride, in its own history. Certainly English history has not been able to compete for a moment with Greek and Roman either in schools or universities. I do not think it can be said that the highly-educated Englishman, as a rule, includes among his acquirements an accurate or intelligent knowledge of English history. But even the moderately-educated Englishman reads with interest whatever appears on the subject, if it is not too long and has but a reasonable seasoning of "pictorial writing." And in this country, as in other parts of Europe, there has been of late much diligence in exploring the national archives, and out of the newly-acquired materials solid historical works in no small number have been built.

But it may still be observed that the study of history, as such, is only beginning to show signs of vitality. A historical subject which is not classical or English or ecclesiastical hardly yet excites interest among us, from which it appears that we are interested in Greece or Rome or England or religion rather than in history. Hence it is that there is a great gap, not only in the historical knowledge of our educated class, but also in our historical literature. Modern continental history is very much neglected; no one thinks it necessary to pretend to any complete knowledge of that subject, and we have extremely few elaborate English books upon it. It seems to be supposed that no part of modern French or German history need be studied unless it is of the most thrilling interest. Books on the French Revolution and Frederick the Great have been well received, but they have been full of everything that is amazing and astonishing. I have been lately told by reviewers that it is doubtful whether the German War of Liberation is of sufficient interest to deserve careful study! Now we are not nearly so nice when the question is of one of those parts of history the study of which is really alive among us. We do not then think that the ordinary course of historical affairs is not worth attention, and that only what is exceptional and astonishing should be studied. In ancient history we follow with painful exactness the petty campaigns of the Pelo-

ponnesian War; we speculate with insatiable curiosity upon the original constitution of Rome. About the dullest periods of our own history what volumes we write and read! How eagerly we inquire who wrote *Junius*! But our curiosity is dormant where it has not been awakened by one of those accidental causes that I have mentioned. We write no elaborate histories of modern France or Germany or Russia, and we do not think that such histories ought to be written.

Here then I note one great deficiency; but there is another. I have spoken of English history as a subject which has some vitality. And yet it has not vitality in the same sense as Greek and Roman history. The interest in it does not with most people awaken till their education is over. In schools it is almost as dead as the modern languages, and so it has been till lately in the universities. Hence with most people the study of it is never more than an amusement of leisure, and accordingly it is pursued without rigorous method or purpose. The curious questions take precedence of the important ones; what is abstruse or technical is passed over lightly; and since amusement is the object, the self-denial of sacrificing prejudices to better knowledge and of recognizing unwelcome truths is little practised. And now the inquirer, being in this not too serious frame of mind, is exposed to a great temptation, which comes from party-spirit. He is, or fancies himself to be, a Whig or a Tory, a Conservative or a Liberal, and this fact has the greatest possible influence upon his studies.

Upon the direct effect of party organisation upon politics, much has been written both favorably and unfavorably. After its first appearance, and through the reigns of William III. and Anne, it was supposed to be mischievous, but with the advent of the Hanover family it became supreme, and began to be pronounced beneficial. After being bitterly attacked by Bolingbroke, it was supposed to have been triumphantly vindicated by Burke, and since that vindication few doctrines have been more generally received among us than the indispensable use of party organisation, though occasionally a faint voice is heard suggesting that the system has its disadvantages, and may perhaps by this time have played its part. I have no intention of contributing here a single word to this controversy. But it is evident that the system must have an indirect as well as a direct tendency. The custom which enlists almost all intelligent Englishmen in every generation from youth to age in a political party, whether good or bad for its immediate purpose, must have further and very serious effects upon the national mind. If party-spirit make people one-sided, as is sometimes said, it must be a rather serious matter to subject a whole nation deliberately and on principle to the influence of party-spirit. If the study of history be important, and that of the national history pre-eminently so, it is surely worth consideration whether our party-organisation is or is not unfavorable to the growth of a true and grand view of the national history. Not only in political action but in the study of English history we are all alike Big-endians and Little-endians!

The important point is not that we differ and form parties in politics—this would not be worth discussing because it is certainly unavoidable—but that we carry back our party differences into history. In practical politics we have a sensible rule not to disturb the settlement once fairly reached of a controverted question, *Vestigia nulla retrorsum*. If we could in some similar way limit our political controversies retrospectively, and honestly differ about the questions of the day without allowing the dispute to spread back over all past history, no great harm would be done. The important point is that habit of generalising or idealising our party quarrels which leads us to see them reflected in past history. It would not matter so much that we are all either Liberals or Conservatives, if we had not persuaded ourselves that this difference is but a transient phase of an eternal and necessary conflict between two different classes of men. But when we idealise our party-war and picture it as an Armageddon, or battle between the good and evil principles, between the children of light and the children of darkness, we are driven to assume that the Liberals and Conservatives of the present day answer to the Whigs and Tories of the Revolution, and these to the Cavaliers and Roundheads of the Civil War, and these again to the parties of Strafford and Eliot. We go further and assimilate religious parties to political. From the Reformation onwards we regard the Puritans as religious Liberals, and the Anglican party as Conservative. Nay, we go much further, and see the same eternal controversy raging in all countries and ages. Julius Cæsar and Pericles become Liberals, and their opponents, predestined to failure, are Conservatives. All history appears to be typified in the war of the gods and the Titans.

This grand generalisation is never established by reasoning, but is taken for granted, as if its grandeur and the easy explanation it furnishes of so many phenomena at once, made it self-evident instead of making it peculiarly suspicious. I believe it to be almost entirely baseless. Not only do I believe those analogies between Athenian or Roman and modern politics of which so much has been made to be almost entirely fantastic, but I do not admit the analogy between the politics of the present age and those of the seventeenth century, or of the eighteenth before the French Revolution. I do not believe that the modern Liberal answers to the Whig of the Revolution of 1688, nor the modern Conservative to the old Tory, nor the old Tory to the follower of Strafford. The resemblances seem to me to be superficial, and the seductive unity which they give to English history, to be an illusion. In this opinion I am not singular. Lord Stanhope in a well-known passage of his history has made a still stronger statement. He alleges not only that the Whig of Queen Anne's reign does not answer to the Whig of the Reform Bill, nor the Tory to the Tory, but the very contrary, that the Whig answers to the Tory, and the Tory to the Whig, and he supports this extraordinary position by a parallel, which is telling enough, between a Tory of Harley's school and a Whig of the Reform Bill. How or when such a marvellous transformation was effected,

and effected too without any one remarking it, he does not explain, and I do not mean to defend Lord Stanhope from the criticisms which his theory encountered from Macaulay at its first appearance, and has undergone from Mr. Lecky recently. But no such theory could have been broached if the party-war of our history had been the simple unvarying thing it is commonly imagined to have been, a perpetual conflict between liberty and servility, or between progress and sluggish inertness or caution. You say perhaps it has been such a conflict on the whole, but at particular points there is so much confusion that its true character cannot be discerned; the stream flows so, but it has occasional eddies, the tide sets this way, but a single wave may be seen moving the other. Very pretty metaphors; but few of us are aware how large and startling are the phenomena which they are invented to explain. Let me at least suggest that the true explanation may be quite different, that this grand theory of a steady uniform tendency of affairs, aided by all the friends of light, and thwarted by all timid, or faithless, or over-cautious friends of darkness, may be an illusion, and that the party-conflicts of different ages may really have little connexion with each other. Strafford may have been on the side of the Court, and yet not at all like a Tory. Burke may have been an anxious Conservative in his old age, after having been at an earlier time the great light and philosopher of Whiggism, and yet he may, as he said himself, have changed no opinion. Pitt may have sided with the Court, and yet not have been the "foul apostate from his father's fame" that Coleridge saw in him. It may be that it is not so much the unlikeness of parties at different periods that needs to be explained as their likeness. We may ask why it should be expected that the parties of one age should resemble those of another? It does not follow because there is a perpetual party-conflict among us that there is a standing difference of opinion. Where Parliament has the function of criticism, an organised Opposition becomes a necessity. Such an Opposition need not represent any opposite theory of politics; it need not have a political doctrine of its own. In fact, Pulteney did not make a less efficient leader of opposition to Walpole because both were Whigs, nor Canning to Addington because both were Tories. On the other hand, a perpetual party-conflict will always *seem* to imply a standing difference of opinion. There is a strong temptation when rival parties have once been organized, have lasted some time, and when a new generation has been educated to follow in the steps of the first party-leaders, to *idealize* the party-war. At particular times the parties really are at issue on some grand point of principle, and when this happens the conflict is felt to be more interesting, and party-passions rise into a sort of religion. Hence arises the wish to keep the conflict always at this high level, and so an attempt is made to represent parties as united like sects or churches by a common creed, not by mere agreement on some passing question, but by a deeper agreement on universal political principles. It would not be very easy to make this out

if the members of the party were critical, but they are not; they readily accept the grand maxims which are put into their mouths. And then the last step is taken; the creed of the existing party is identified in the same facile manner with the supposed creed of the famous parties of our past history, and at last with all the famous historical parties that seem to have been in the right anywhere, whether at Florence, or ancient Rome, or ancient Athens.

This has been done with so much success, that I may seem to be suggesting a kind of sceptical doubt, which deprives history of its grandeur and interest. It is so interesting to think that Russell and Sidney died for the principles for which modern Liberals fight, and that Falkland may be invoked as a kind of patron-saint by the modern Conservative. It makes history seem comparatively so dull to suppose that the controversies of that age were really essentially different from those of the present day, that they are essentially extinct, and that we yield to an illusion when we suppose that we are engaged in the same struggle as our ancestors. But the truth is, that it is just this premature generalization, this easy and popular philosophy of history, which in practice makes our history a sealed book to us. It is this which prevents us from learning anything from it, because it prevents us from studying it without prejudice; it is this which prevents English history from taking its proper place in education; it is this which makes the most learned works on it untrustworthy and unauthoritative.

It does not matter where we go in the history of England since the accession of the Stuarts, we cannot escape the influence of our party connexions. We cannot dream of looking simply at the facts, though in all other departments of study we recognize this to be the indispensable condition of obtaining trustworthy knowledge. In every statesman, whose career we study, we see a member either of our own party, or the party opposed to us. We form our opinion of each statesman, not by studying him, but simply by marking the uniform he wears. If that uniform is the wrong one he is condemned, and all his merits sink to the level of redeeming features, only pleaded in mitigation of sentence. Now, the reason of this is not simply that there are parties, nor that we belong to a party, but that by a theory we have put those parties into history.

And what is it that prevents history from taking its proper place in education? *Prima facie*, you would say that no study could be more important. In theory what can be more desirable than that every Englishman should have the history of his country at his fingers' ends, that he should understand its position and vocation in the world, that in political questions he should be well-furnished with precedents, and practiced in forming a judgment? But practically there is the same difficulty that meets us in theology. Is the teacher to teach his own opinions, which may chance to be entirely opposed to all that the pupil has been taught in his father's house? Or are we to have a conscience

clause? When this difficulty meets us in theology, we often try to meet it by saying to the teachers of religion, Do not you exaggerate your differences? Is there not a great deal upon which you can agree? Now the same might be said to the teachers of history, if we could convince ourselves that we have done wrong in idealizing our party-war, if we could understand that our party differences do not run back far into the past, that they are for the most part purely practical and occasional, and that the sublime platitudes which we suppose to underlie them are for the most part only the weapons used in the rhetorical war or dreams of our own fussy imagination.

And once more, what is it which disquiets us when we read the most esteemed histories? Can we pretend that we follow the teaching of Macaulay or even Hallam with the same confidence which we give to the teachers of abstract science? Who would for a moment pretend that Macaulay is an impartial writer? He does not pretend it himself. And this is because he identifies the Whigs of the Revolution with the Whigs of the Reform Bill, to whom he himself belonged. Perhaps if he could have rid himself of the influence of a name, if he could have rendered himself a candid account of all the changes of meaning which that name had suffered in travelling through a century and a half, realised fully how different were the Whigs of Walpole's time from those of the Revolution, and the Rockingham Whigs from both, and the Foxites from all; and if from all these considerations he could have drawn the conclusion that his party-ties put him under no obligation to the Junto of Queen Anne's time, and that his connexion with Lord Russell left him perfectly free in respect to Lord Russell's ancestor, he might have been impartial as well as brilliant. As it is, the difference between historians and investigators in other departments in respect of dispassionate candour is most startling. In other departments it is acknowledged that prejudice or partiality disqualifies a man for ascertaining the truth. On a serious scientific question, who cares for the rhetorical arguments of a partisan? We put them on one side at once as not worthy of attention. It is not so in history. There, too, no doubt, we acknowledge impartiality to be a virtue, but it is impartiality in a secondary and very modified sense. It is the impartiality of one who can acknowledge faults in his own side, and admire the virtues of an antagonist. It is the impartiality of one who controls his inclination by a violent effort. It is not that more complete impartiality which the Germans call objectivity. It is not the cool indifference of a judge who does not form any opinion at all until the investigation is finished, and who, if he detected in himself any initial bias towards either side, would desire to withdraw from the decision of the case. In a historian impartiality of this kind would seem almost monstrous. What! When he narrates some war in which his countrymen have been engaged, is he not to betray the smallest personal interest in the cause or the conduct of his countrymen, no inclination to believe their cause just, no wish to find their valour heroic? To expect this of

him would surely be to require him to divest himself of his humanity.

But I suppose it is none the less true that all such personal feelings are fatal to scientific investigation, because they are natural or praiseworthy in themselves. If we cannot see this when we read our own historians, because their prejudices are our own, we see it without the least difficulty in foreign historians. What reader of Michelet, for example, does not smile at the furious zeal with which he pleads the cause of France on all occasions, the petulant contempt with which he treats all nations that may pretend to rival her? What reader does not feel that it would be waste of time to argue with such transparent partiality, and that it cannot be regarded seriously? We do not question that Michelet's patriotism is a very proper feeling, nevertheless we are sorry to see into what puerilities it can betray a grave writer. It is no doubt difficult to say how this particular bias, which is given by national prejudice, should be overcome, though it is easy to see the necessity of overcoming it. But the other bias, with which I am now principally concerned, the bias which arises from party-spirit, cannot this be dealt with? It may seem at first sight not less natural and inevitable. You cannot require the Whig to give up his love of liberty, or the Tory his dread of innovation or anarchy, any more than you can require the patriot to give up his patriotism.

Well! but if it should turn out on examination that these simple issues have not been so often tried in our party-war as is commonly supposed, then the difficulty may be very much diminished. If it should appear that this popular conception of the rival parties is not derived from plain undeniable facts, but that it is a generalisation, and a very loose and questionable one; if it is certain that Whigs have sometimes been what Tories are thought to be, and that Tories have over and over again played the part of Whigs; if the questions agitated in past times turn out on examination to have been much less closely similar to those agitated at the present day than we are apt to suppose; then we may take up past history in a more unprejudiced spirit. Let us only not assume too readily that universal history has for a second title, like a modern novel, *Old Friends with New Faces*. Let us think it possible that the controversies of our day have not always occupied mankind—nay, that they may have been unknown and inconceivable to our forefathers at no very distant time. Possibly if we give ourselves this chance, we may gradually come to think that we have been all along the victims of a superstition in supposing that an eternal war has always gone forward between the principles of progress and conservation, between youth and age, between the past and the future, and that this grandiose generalisation, so far from explaining the history of the world, disguises and perverts it, which is worse than if it left it unexplained.

I may enter more fully into this question later. Meanwhile let me

call attention to the mischievous effect of allowing our history to remain the battle-field of parties. In my former paper I sketched the outline of a plan for making the study of history at once scientific and practical. It was to be made scientific by the strict limitation of its subject-matter. It was to be confined to one class of phenomena among the many which human affairs present, to the phenomena of government. It was to deal in the first place not with individuals but with societies, and in the second place with societies only in so far as they form states, that is, exhibit specimens of the phenomenon called government. History was to be treated as the material of a science, but the science was to be strictly political, not merely anthropological or sociological. Thus treated it would become practical in the same degree that it became scientific. For it would become the basis of an education which should aim at explaining the relation of the individual to the state or government, precisely the education most wanted—and also unfortunately most wanting!—in a country which attaches so much value to the idea of self-government. Now of such a system of political education the very core would be a full view of the history of our own state, deduced on the one hand from the general principles of the political science and resulting on the other in an exposition of its present situation, of the phase of internal development at which it has arrived, and of its present relation to other states, to its own colonies and dependencies, and to the community of nations. In this scheme English history instead of being called, as it is now, merely interesting, instead of being valued as a stirring, or flattering, or romantic story, would become a source of the most potent practical influence, a principal and fundamental instrument of culture.

I have often before quoted, and yet I must quote again, because I find myself brought back to it in spite of myself, the *dictum* that the true Bible of every nation is its national history. So it was to the Jews, and so in some vague speculative way it has generally been admitted that it ought to be to us. Yet we seem to make no progress towards this goal. Let each of us ask himself whence came the influences which worked most powerfully in the formation of his intellect and character, what studies took most hold of him. Many such influences there are, religious, philosophical, literary or artistic, which one may observe every day seizing upon men and determining their vocation. It is very seldom that English history shows this power. Among the great educational influences it scarcely seems to have a place. And yet one would think that it ought to have one of the first places.

Now the principal reason of this surely is that it has been given over as a prey to parties. What paralyzes religion so much paralyzes also English history. There is no sort of agreement about it. Not only in details but in the largest and most important matters the cherished belief of this man is deadly heresy to that. Meanwhile as the controversies can only be settled by minute research, for which few have leisure, and as the investigators themselves are more or less pledged to

a party, there is little prospect of any agreement being arrived at. The dispute becomes chronic and interminable, till those who love serviceable knowledge abandon the subject in despair, adopt a theory of Agnosticism, and conclude that in English history, or perhaps in all history, nothing like certainty is attainable. And as in religion the most ardent believers are often forced to agree with the Agnostics that, whether or no religion can be known, at any rate for peace sake it must not be taught, so English history, if not excluded from education, is at least slurred over and pushed into the background because of party differences.

Let us try and measure roughly this complete, radical discord of Englishmen about their own history, a discord which scarcely any one expects ever to see healed. Roughly, then, we may say that three great events, or groups of events, in English history, have still a living and practical interest which every one can recognise. These are the Reformation, the long Stuart controversy, and our war with the French Revolution and with Napoleon. Almost all the practical instruction which our history can afford must be contained in one of these three great transitions. All ecclesiastical policy must depend on a true view of the Reformation, the Stuart controversy raised and settled all the principal constitutional questions, while the relation of England to the Continent and to modern ideas was determined mainly by the great war. But what makes party-spirit so peculiarly mischievous in culture is that it seizes upon everything that is specially interesting and instructive, and upon nothing else; thus it has well-nigh destroyed religion precisely because religion is of such sovereign interest. In the same way it has possessed itself completely of these three great transitions in our history. Instead of drawing our politics from them we are all intent upon putting our politics into them. An interminable debate rages over every important question they suggest, a debate which in the nature of things can no more be settled than you can hope to bring the *Daily News* into agreement with the *Standard*. And the effect of this interminable sham-discussion upon the average Englishman who watches without sharing in it, is to produce in his mind a rooted Agnosticism, an unconscious but not less real disbelief in all historical conclusions and in the value of all historical study. While the parties are absorbed in dressing up and maintaining their rival versions of history, scientific men and serious students are saying with a sneer, See how history is written! and exhorting people to abandon it for more fruitful studies. And probably they will soon be prepared with a proof that from the essential constitution of the human mind it is not capable of determining who wrote *Icon Basilike*, and will demonstrate *à priori* that the character of Cromwell must always remain "unknown and unknowable!"

As in theology so in English history, the ultimate result is that we hear the same questions discussed all our lives but never arrive at any conclusion about them, nay, at any clear conception of them.

ordinary Englishman, who has all his life heard of the settlement of the Church under Elizabeth, of the discontent of the Puritans, and how out of Puritanism gradually sprang the modern Non-conformity whose quarrel with the Church fills the world still, can give no precise account of that momentous settlement. Ever since he spoke in the debating society of his school he has canvassed the conduct of Charles I., Pym, Hampden, and Cromwell, and of James II. and William of Orange; but he never to the end of his life arrives at any rational well-weighed opinion on these personages. There is sometimes a superficial appearance as if progress were made, as if general agreement were arrived at. Thus, since Macaulay and Mr. Carlyle, it has become the universal fashion to admire Oliver Cromwell, the Puritans and the Whigs, and the opposite view may seem to have been silenced by the force of reason. But I am persuaded that this agreement is no more founded on reason than the old fashion of the days of Hume and the Waverley Novels. The fascinating pens have gone over to the other side; that is all. Men agree with Macaulay, not because they have weighed his reasoning, but because it is put in such a form that they can understand, remember, and repeat it. I can see nothing final in the present phase of that old controversy. Already we have seen Mr. Matthew Arnold giving his vote for Falkland against Hampden, condemning Puritanism as a mistaken creed, and pronouncing Oliver a Philistine of genius.

But perhaps the strange and deplorable result of handing over the high interest of English history to the issue of trial by combat, is best seen in the way we treat the third of the transitions in question. How Englishmen ought to regard the long war their fathers waged with the French Revolution and with Napoleon, is a more momentous question than those which relate to the Stuarts, as it refers to a time so much more recent; and as it is intimately involved with questions we have ourselves had, nay, with questions we still have, to solve. Are we to think of the victories of Nelson and Wellington with pride and satisfaction? or are we to think of them and of all the sacrifices in blood and treasure which we made for twenty years as parts of an erroneous and pernicious policy, a senseless struggle against modern ideas and enlightenment? What question can be of importance more fundamental? And why should it not be settled rationally? There is no great difference among us in our views of the French Revolution itself, or of the character of Napoleon. At any rate, the negotiations upon which everything depended were not generally broken off upon any of those fundamental differences which are supposed to divide English parties. Yet this question, too, is decided among us purely on party grounds. The Conservative asserts as a matter of course that the war was glorious and necessary; the Liberal equally as a matter of course that, at least in its beginning and for a long time, it was wicked and pernicious. And here, more even than in the other controversies, it may be observed that the ardour which inspires both sides does not for a moment prompt

them to study the subject or acquire precise information about it. For that would lead them to inquire into Continental affairs, to make themselves acquainted with the modern history of France and Germany, and the Englishman is firmly of opinion that to do this is more than can be expected of him. And indeed in election speeches and leading articles, who feels the want of precise information upon a subject upon which the audience is wholly uncritical? Who would be so weak as to hesitate for a moment in dogmatising about the great war, because he knows nothing about it beyond the names of a few battles?

But you may ask, what remedy for this plague of party-spirit? Is it not vain to deplore it, as it has hitherto proved vain in theology, where the evil is even more serious? Well! at least in history we have not to struggle with a positive system of tests. An independent and systematic study of history at the universities might do much. If a sufficient number of men would consecrate their lives to historical study without casting any side-glances towards a political career; and if, while renouncing the prizes of politics they would keep the subject of politics constantly in view, that is, if they would choose by preference those parts of history from which politicians most commonly draw their examples, and resist the temptation of plunging into remote periods where cheaper laurels can be won, because no prejudices are offended, much, perhaps, might be done. The work of such men would be as useful in culture itself as in practical life. While on the one side it gave the politician better and sounder materials to work with, on the other it would give the universities a stronger influence in the country.

J. R. SEELEY, in *Macmillan's Magazine*.

THE PROBLEM OF THE GREAT PYRAMID.

A FEW months ago I endeavoured to trace out, in these pages, the probable origin of the week, as a measure of time, by a method which has not hitherto, so far as I know, been followed in such cases. I followed chiefly a line of *à priori* reasoning, considering how herdsmen and tillers of the soil would be apt at a very early period to use the moon as a means of measuring time, and how in endeavouring so to use her they would almost of necessity be led to employ special methods of subdividing the period during which she passes through her various phases. But while each step of the reasoning was thus based on *à priori* considerations, its validity was tested by the evidence which has

reached us respecting the various methods employed by different nations of antiquity for following the moon's motions. It appears to me that the conclusions to which this method of reasoning led were more satisfactory, because more trustworthy, than those which have been reached respecting the week by the mere study of various traditions which have reached us respecting the early use of this widespread time measure.

I now propose to apply a somewhat similar method to a problem which has always been regarded as at once highly interesting and very difficult, the question of the purpose for which the pyramids of Egypt, and especially the pyramids of Ghizeh, were erected. But I do not here take the full problem under consideration. I have, indeed, elsewhere dealt with it in a general manner, and have been led to a theory respecting the pyramids which will be touched on towards the close of the present paper. Here, however, I intend to deal only with one special part of the problem, that part to which alone the method I propose to employ is applicable—the question of the astronomical purpose which the pyramids were intended to subserve. It will be understood, therefore, why I have spoken of applying a somewhat similar method, and not a precisely similar method, to the problem of the pyramids. For whereas in dealing with the origin of the week, I could from the very beginning of the inquiry apply the *à priori* method, I cannot do so in the case of the pyramids. I do not know of any line of *à priori* reasoning by which it could be proved, or even rendered probable, that any race of men, of whatever proclivities or avocations, would naturally be led to construct buildings resembling the pyramids. If it could be, of course, that line of reasoning would at the same time indicate what purposes such buildings were intended to subserve. Failing evidence of this kind, we must follow at first the *à posteriori* method; and this method, while it is clear enough as to the construction of pyramids, for there are the pyramids themselves to speak unmistakably on this point, is not altogether so clear as to any one of the purposes for which the pyramids were built.

Yet I think that if there is one purpose among possibly many which the builders of the pyramids had in their thoughts, which can be unmistakably inferred from the pyramids themselves, independently of all traditions, it is the purpose of constructing edifices which should enable men to observe the heavenly bodies in some way not otherwise obtainable. If the orienting of the faces of the pyramids had been effected in some such way as the orienting of most of our cathedrals and churches—*i.e.*, in a manner quite sufficiently exact as tested by ordinary observation, but not capable of bearing astronomical tests,—it might reasonably enough be inferred that having to erect square buildings for any purpose whatever, men were likely enough to set them four-square to the cardinal points, and that, therefore, no stress whatever can be laid on this feature of the pyramids' construction. But when we find that the orienting of the pyramids has been effected with

extreme care, that in the case of the great pyramid, which is the typical edifice of this kind, the orienting bears well the closest astronomical scrutiny, we cannot doubt that this feature indicates an astronomical purpose as surely as it indicates the use of astronomical methods.

But while we thus start with what is to some degree an assumption, with what at any rate is not based on *à priori* considerations, yet manifestly we may expect to find evidence as we proceed which shall either strengthen our opinion on this point, or show it to be unsound. We are going to make this astronomical purpose the starting-point for a series of *à priori* considerations, each to be tested by whatever direct evidence may be available; and it is practically certain that if we have thus started in an entirely wrong direction, we shall before long find out our mistake. At least we shall do so, if we start with the desire to find out as much of the truth as we can, and not with the determination to see only those facts which point in the direction along which we have set out, overlooking any which seem to point in a different direction. We need not necessarily be in the wrong track, because of such seeming indications. If we are on the right track, we shall see things more clearly as we proceed; and it may be that evidence which at first seems to accord ill with the idea that we are progressing towards the truth, may be found among the most satisfactory evidence obtainable. But we must in any case note such evidence, even at the time when it seems to suggest that we are on the wrong track. We may push on, nevertheless, to see how such evidence appears a little later. But we must by no means forget its existence. So only can we hope to reach the truth or a portion of the truth, instead of merely making out a good case for some particular theory.

We start, then, with the assumption that the great pyramid, called the Pyramid of Cheops, was built for this purpose, *inter alia*, to enable men to make certain astronomical observations with great accuracy; and what we propose to do is to inquire what would be done by men having this purpose in view, having, as the pyramid builders had, (1) a fine astronomical site, (2) the command of enormous wealth, (3) practically exhaustless stores of material, and (4) the means of compelling many thousands of men to labour for them.

Watching the celestial bodies hour by hour, day by day, and year by year, the observer recognizes certain regions of the heavens which require special attention, and certain noteworthy directions both with respect to the horizon and to elevation above the horizon.

For instance, the observer perceives that the stars, which are in many respects the most conveniently observable bodies, are carried round as if they were rigidly attached to a hollow sphere, carried around an axis passing through the station of the observer (as through a centre) and directed towards a certain point in the dome of the heavens. That point, then, is one whose direction must not only be ascertained, but must be in some way or other indicated. Whatever the nature of an

astronomer's instruments or observatory, whether he have but a few simple contrivances in a structure of insignificant proportions, or the most perfect instruments in a noble edifice of most exquisite construction and of the utmost attainable stability, he must in every case have the position of the pole of the heavens clearly indicated in some way or other. Now, the pole of the heavens is a point lying due north, at a certain definite elevation above the horizon. Thus, the first consideration to be attended to by the builder of any sort of astronomical observatory, is the determination of the direction of the true north (or the laying down of a true north-and-south line), while the second is the determination and in some way or other the indication of the angle of elevation above the north point, at which the true pole of the heavens may lie. To get the true north-and-south line, however, the astronomer would be apt at first, perhaps, rather to make mid-day observations than to observe the stars at night. It would have been the observation of these which first called his attention to the existence of a definite point round which all the stars seem to be carried in parallel circles; but he would very quickly notice that the sun and the moon, and also the five planets, are carried round the same polar axis, only differing from the stars in this: that, besides being thus carried round with the celestial sphere, they also move upon that sphere, though with a motion which is very slow compared with that which they derive from the seeming motion of the sphere itself. Now, among these bodies the sun and moon possess a distinct advantage over the stars. A body illuminated by either the sun or the moon throws a shadow, and thus if we place an upright pointed rod in sunlight or moonlight, and note where the shadow of the point lies, we know that a straight line from the point to the shadow of the point is directed exactly towards the sun or the moon, as the case may be. Leaving the moon aside as in other respects unsuitable, for she only shines with suitable lustre in one part of each month, we have in the sun's motions a means of getting the north-and-south line by thus noting the position of the shadow of a pointed upright. For being carried around an inclined axis directed northwards, the sun is, of course, brought to his greatest elevation on any given day when due south. So that if we note when the shadow of an upright is shortest on any day, we know that at that moment the sun is at his highest or due south; and the line joining the centre of the upright's base with the end of the shadow at that instant lies due north-and-south.

But though theoretically this method is sufficient, it is open, in practice, to a serious objection. The sun's elevation, when he is nearly at his highest, changes very slowly; so that it is difficult to determine the precise moment when the shadow is shortest. But the direction of the shadow is steadily changing all the time that we thus remain in doubt whether the sun's elevation has reached its maximum or not. We are apt, then, to make an error as to time, which will result in a noteworthy error as to the direction of the north-and-south line.

For this reason, it would be better for any one employing this shadow method to take two epochs on either side of solar noon, when the sun was at exactly the same elevation, or the shadow of exactly the same length,—determining this by striking out a circle around the foot of the upright, and observing where the shadow's point crossed this circle before noon in drawing nearer to the base, and after noon in passing away from the base. These two intersections with the circle necessarily lie at equal distances from the north-and-south line, which can thus be more exactly determined than by the other method, simply because the end of the shadow crosses the circle traced on the ground at moments which can be more exactly determined than the moment when the shadow is shortest.

Now, we notice in this description of methods, which unquestionably were followed by the very earliest astronomers, one circumstance which clearly points to a feature as absolutely essential in every astronomical observing station. (I do not say "observatory," for I am speaking just now of observations so elementary that the word would be out of place.) The observer must have a perfectly flat floor on which to receive the shadow of the upright pointer. And not only must the floor be flat, but it must also be perfectly horizontal. At any rate, it must not slope down either towards east or towards the west, for then the shadows on either side the north-and-south line would be unequal. And though a slope towards the north or south would not affect the equality of such shadows, and would therefore be admissible, yet it would clearly be altogether undesirable; since the avoidance of a slope towards east or west would be much more difficult if the surface were tilted, however slightly, towards north or south. Apart from this, several other circumstances make it extremely desirable that the surface from which the astronomers make their observations should be perfectly horizontal. In particular, we shall see presently that the exact determination of elevations above the eastern and western horizons would be very necessary even in the earliest and simplest methods of observation, and for this purpose it would be essential that the observing surface should be as carefully levelled in a north-and-south as in an east-and-west direction.

We should expect to find, then, that when the particular stage of astronomical progress had been reached, at which men not only perceived the necessity of well-devised buildings for astronomical observation, but were able to devote time, labour, and expense to the construction of such buildings, the first point to which they would direct their attention would be the formation of a perfectly level surface, on which eventually they might lay down a north-and-south or true meridional line.

Now, of the extreme care with which this preliminary question of level was considered by the builders of the great pyramid, we have singularly clear and decisive evidence. For all around the base of the pyramid there was a pavement, and we find the builders not only so well acquainted with the position of the true horizontal plane at the

level of this pavement, but so careful to follow it (even as respects this pavement, which, be it noticed, was only, in all probability, a subsidiary and quasi-ornamental feature of the building), that the pavement "was varied in thickness at the rate of about an inch in 100 feet to make it absolutely level, which the rock was not."*

But now with regard to the true north-and-south direction, although the shadow method, carried out on a truly level surface, would be satisfactory enough for a first rough approximation, or even for what any but astronomers would regard as extreme accuracy, it would be open to serious objections for really exact work. These objections would have become known to observers long before the construction of the pyramid was commenced, and would have been associated with the difficulties which suggested, I think, the idea itself of constructing such an edifice.

Supposing an upright pointed post is set up, and the position of the end of the shadow upon a perfectly level surface is noted; then whatever use we intend to make of this observation, it is essential that we should know the precise position of the centre of the upright's base, and also that the upright should be truly vertical. Otherwise we have only exactly obtained the position of one end of the line we want, and to draw the line properly we ought as exactly to know the position of the other end. If we want *also* to know the true position of a line joining the point of the upright and the shadow of this point, we require to know the true height of the upright. And even if we have these points determined, we still have not a *material* line from the point of the upright to the place of its shadow. A cord or chain from one point to the other would be curved, even if tightly stretched, and it would not be tightly stretched, if long, without either breaking or pulling over the upright. A straight bar of the required length could not be readily made or used: if stout enough to lie straight from point to point it would be unwieldy, if not stout enough so that it bent under its own weight it would be useless.

Thus the shadow method, while difficult of application to give a true north-and-south horizontal line, would fail utterly to give material indications of the sun's elevation on particular days, without which it would be impossible to obtain in this manner any material indications of the position of the celestial pole.

A natural resource, under these circumstances—at least a natural resource for astronomers who could afford to adopt the plan—would be to build up masses of masonry, in which there should be tubular holes or

* It seems to me not improbable that the level was determined by simply flooding (though to a very small depth only, of course) the entire area to be levelled—not only the pavement level, but higher levels as the pyramid was raised layer by layer. By completing the outside of each layer first, an enclosed space capable of receiving the water would be formed (the flooding being required once only for each layer), and when the level had been taken the water could be allowed to run off by the inter- or passages to the well which Piazzi Smyth considers to be symbolical of the bottomless pit.

tunnellings pointing in certain required directions. In one sense the contrivance would be clumsy, for a tunnelling once constructed, would not admit of any change of position, nor even allow of any save very limited changes in the direction of the line of view through them. In fact, the more effective a tunnelling would be in determining any particular direction, the less scope, of course, would it afford for any change in the direction of a line of sight along it. So that the astronomical architect would have to limit the use of this particular method to those cases in which great accuracy in obtaining a direction line and great rigidity in the material indication of that line's position were essential or at least exceedingly desirable. Again, in some cases presently to be noticed, he would require, not a tubing directed to some special fixed point in the sky, but an opening commanding some special range of view. Yet again it would be manifestly well for him to retain, whenever possible, the power of using the shadow method in observing the sun and moon; for this method in the case of bodies varying their position on the celestial sphere, not merely with respect to the cardinal points, would be of great value. Its value would be enhanced if the shadows could be formed by objects and received on surfaces holding a permanent position.

We begin to see some of the requirements of an astronomical building such as we have supposed the earlier observers to plan.

First, such a building must be large, to give suitable length to the direction lines, whether along edges of the building or along tubular passages or tunnellings within it. Secondly, it must be massive in order that these edges and passages might have the necessary stability and permanence. Thirdly, it must be of a form contributing to such stability, and as height above surrounding objects (even hills lying at considerable distances) would be a desirable feature, it would be proper to have the mass of masonry growing smaller from the base upwards. Fourthly, it must have its sides carefully oriented, so that it must have either a square or oblong base with two sides lying exactly north and south, and the other two lying exactly east and west. Fifthly, it must have the direction of the pole of the heavens either actually indicated by a tunnelling of some sort pointed directly polewards, or else inferable from a tunnelling pointing upon a suitable star close to the true pole of the heavens.

The lower part of a pyramid would fulfil the conditions required for the stability of such a structure, and a square or oblong form would be suitable for the base of such a pyramid. We must not overlook the fact that a complete pyramid would be utterly unsuitable for an astronomical edifice. Even a pyramid built up of tiers of stone and continued so far upwards that the uppermost layer consisted of a single massive stone, would be quite useless as an observatory. The notion which has been entertained by some fanciful persons, that one purpose which the great pyramid was intended to subserve, was to provide a raised small platform high above the general level of the soil, in order

that astronomers might climb night after night to that platform, and thence make their observations on the stars, is altogether untenable. Probably no fancy respecting the pyramids has done more to discredit the astronomical theory of these structures than has this ridiculous notion; because even those who are not astronomers and therefore little familiar with the requirements of a building intended for astronomical observation, perceive at once the futility of any such arrangement, and the enormous, one may almost say the infinite disproportion between the cost at which the raised small platform would have been obtained, and the small advantage which astronomers would derive from climbing up to it instead of observing from the ground level. Yet we have seen this notion not only gravely advanced by persons who are to some degree acquainted with astronomical requirements, but elaborately illustrated. Thus, in Flammarion's "History of the Heavens," there is a picture representing six astronomers in Eastern garb, perched in uncomfortable attitudes on the uppermost steps of the pyramid, whence they are staring hard at a comet, naturally without the slightest opportunity of determining its true position in the sky, since they have no direction lines of any sort for their guidance. Apart from this, their attention is very properly directed in great part to the necessity of preserving their equilibrium. In only one point in fact does this picture accord with *a priori* probabilities—namely, in the great muscular development of these ancient observers. They are perfectly herculean, and well they might be, if night after night they had to observe the celestial bodies from a place so hard to reach, and where attitudes so awkward must be maintained during the long hours of the night.

It is perfectly clear, and is in fact one of the chief difficulties of the astronomical theory of the pyramids, that it would only be when these buildings were as yet incomplete that they could subserve any useful astronomical purposes; nevertheless we must not on this account suffer ourselves at this early stage of our inquiry to be diverted from the astronomical theory by what must be admitted to be a very strong argument against it. We have seen that there is such decisive and even demonstrative evidence in favour of the theory that the pyramids were not oriented in a general, still less in a merely casual, manner, and this is, in reality, such clear evidence of their astronomical significance, that we must pass further on upon the line of reasoning which we have adopted—prepared to turn back indeed if absolutely convincing evidence should be found against the theory of the astronomical purpose of the pyramids, but anticipating rather that, on a close inquiry, a means of obviating this particular objection may before long be found.

Let us suppose, then, that astronomers have determined to erect a massive edifice, on a square or oblong base properly oriented, constructing within this edifice such tubular openings as would be most useful for the purpose of indicating the true directions of certain celestial objects at particular times and seasons.

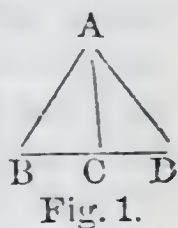
Before commencing so costly a structure they would be careful to select the best possible position for it, not only as respects the nature of the ground, but also as respects latitude. For it must be remembered that, from certain parts of the earth, the various points and circles which the astronomer recognizes in the heavens occupy special positions and fulfill special relations.

So far as conditions of the soil, surrounding country, and so forth are concerned, few positions could surpass that selected for the great pyramid and its companions. The pyramids of Ghizeh are situated on a platform of rock, about 150 feet above the level of the desert. The largest of them, the Pyramid of Cheops, stands on an elevation free all around, insomuch that less sand has gathered round it than would otherwise have been the case. How admirably suited these pyramids are for observing stations is shown by the way in which they are themselves seen from a distance. It has been remarked by every one who has seen the pyramids that the sense of sight is deceived in the attempt to appreciate their distance and magnitude. "Though removed several leagues from the spectator, they appear to be close at hand: and it is not until he has travelled some miles in a direct line towards them, that he becomes sensible of their vast bulk and also of the pure atmosphere through which they are viewed."

With regard to their astronomical position, it seems clear that the builders intended to place the great pyramid precisely in latitude 30° , or, in other words, in that latitude where the true pole of the heavens is one-third of the way from the horizon to the point overhead (the zenith), and where the noon sun at true spring or autumn (when the sun rises almost exactly in the east, and sets almost exactly in the west) is two-thirds of the way from the horizon to the point overhead. In an observatory set exactly in this position, some of the calculations or geometrical constructions, as the case may be, involved in astronomical problems are considerably simplified. The first problem in Euclid, for example, by which a triangle of three equal sides is made, affords the means of drawing the proper angle at which the mid-day sun in spring or autumn is raised above the horizon, and at which the pole of the heavens is removed from the point overhead. Relations depending on this angle are also more readily calculated, for the very same reason, in fact, that the angle itself is more readily drawn. And though the builders of the great pyramid must have been advanced far beyond the stage at which any difficulty in dealing directly with other angles would be involved, yet they would perceive the great advantage of having one among the angles entering into their problems thus conveniently chosen. In our time, when by the use of logarithmic and other tables, all calculations are greatly simplified, and when also astronomers have learned to recognize that no possible choice of latitude would simplify their labours (unless an observatory could be set up at the North Pole itself, which would be in other respects inconvenient), matters of this sort are no longer worth considering, but to the mathematicians

who planned the great pyramid they would have possessed extreme importance.

To set the centre of the pyramid's future base in latitude 30° , two methods could be used, both already to some degree considered—the shadow method, and the Pole-star method. If at noon, at the season when the sun rose due east and set due west, an upright A C were found to throw a shadow C D, so proportioned to A C that A C D would be one-half of an equal-sided triangle, then, theoretically, the point where this upright was placed would be in latitude 30° . As a matter of fact it would not be, because the air, by bending the sun's rays, throws the sun apparently somewhat above his true position. Apart from this, at the time of true spring and autumn, the sun does not seem to rise due east, or set due west, for he is raised above the horizon by atmospheric refraction, before he has really reached it in the morning, and he remains raised above it after he has really passed below—understanding the word “really” to relate to his actual geometrical direction. Thus, at true spring or autumn, the sun rises slightly to the north of east, and sets slightly to the north of west. The atmospheric refraction is indeed so marked, as respects these parts of the sun's apparent course, that it must have been quickly recognized. Probably, however, it would be regarded as a peculiarity only affecting the sun when close to the horizon, and would be (correctly) associated with his apparent change of shape when so situated. Astronomers would be prevented in this way from using the sun's horizontal position at any season to guide them with respect to the cardinal points, but they would still consider the sun, when raised high above the horizon, as a suitable astronomical index (so to speak), and would have no idea that even at a height of sixty degrees above the horizon, or seen as in direction D A, Fig. 1, he is seen appreciably above his true position.



Adopting this method—the shadow method—to fix the latitude of the pyramid's base, they would conceive the sun was sixty degrees above the horizon at noon, at true spring or autumn, when in reality he was somewhat below that elevation. Or, in other words, they would conceive they were in latitude 30° north, when in reality they were far higher (the mid-day sun at any season sinking lower and lower as we travel farther and farther north). The actual amount by which, supposing their observations exact, they would thus set this station north of its proper position, would depend on the refractive qualities of the air in Egypt. But although there is some slight difference in this respect between Egypt and Greenwich, it is but small; and we can determine from the Greenwich refraction tables, within a very slight limit of error, the amount by which the architects of the great pyramid would have set the centre of the base north of latitude 30° , if they had trusted solely to the shadow method. The distance would have been as nearly as possible 115 yards, or say three furlongs.

Now, if they followed the other method, observing the stars around

the pole, in order to determine the elevation of the true pole of the heavens, they would be in a similar way exposed to error arising from the effects of atmospheric refraction. They would proceed probably somewhat in this wise:—Using any kind of direction lines, they would take the altitude of their Polar star (1) when passing immediately under the pole, and (2) when passing immediately above the pole. The mean of altitudes thus obtained would be the altitude of the true pole of the heavens. Now, atmospheric refraction affects the stars in the same way that it affects the sun, and the nearer a star is to the horizon, the more it is raised by atmospheric refraction. The Polar-star in both its positions—that is when passing below the pole, and when passing above that point—is raised by refraction, rather more when below than when above; but the estimated position of the pole itself, raised by about the mean of these two effects, is in effect raised almost exactly as much as it would be if it were itself directly observed (that is if a star occupied the pole itself, instead of merely circling close round the pole). We may then simplify matters by leaving out of consideration at present all questions of the actual Polar-star in the time of the pyramid builders, and simply considering how far they would have set the pyramid's base in error, if they had determined their latitude by observing a star occupying the position of the true pole of the heavens.

They would have endeavored to determine where the pole appears to be raised exactly thirty degrees above the horizon. But the effect of refraction being to raise every celestial object above its true position, they would have supposed the pole to be raised thirty degrees when in reality it was less raised than this. In other words, they would have supposed they were in latitude 30 deg., when in reality they were in some lower latitude, for the pole of the heavens rises higher and higher above the horizon as we pass to higher and higher latitudes. Thus they would set their station somewhat to the south of latitude 30° instead of to the north, as when they were supposed to have used the shadow method. Here again we can find how far they would set it south of that latitude. Using the Greenwich refraction table (which is the same as Bessel's), we find that they would have made a much greater error than when using the other method, simply because they would be observing a body at an elevation of about thirty degrees only, whereas in taking the sun's mid-day altitude in spring or autumn, they would be observing a body at twice as great an elevation. The error would be, in fact, in this case, about 1 mile 1512 yards.

It seems not at all unlikely that astronomers, so skilful and ingenious as the builders of the pyramid manifestly were, would have employed both methods. In that case they would certainly have obtained widely discrepant results, rough as their means and methods must unquestionably have been, compared with modern instruments and methods. The exact determination from the shadow plan would have set them 1125 yards to the north of the true latitude; while the exact determination from the Polar-star method would have set them 1 mile 1512 yards

south of the true latitude. Whether they would thus have been led to detect the effect of atmospheric refraction on celestial bodies high above the horizon may be open to question. But certainly they would have recognised the action of some cause or other, rendering one or other method, or both methods, unsatisfactory. If so, and we can scarcely doubt that this would actually happen (for certainly they would recognise the theoretical justice of both methods, and we can hardly imagine that having two available methods, they would limit their operations to one method only), they would scarcely see any better way of proceeding than to take a position intermediate between the two which they had thus obtained. Such a position would lie almost exactly 1072 yards south of true latitude 30 deg. north.

Whether the architects of the pyramids of Cheops really proceeded in this way or not, it is certain that they obtained a result corresponding so well with this that if we assume they really did intend to set the base of the pyramid in latitude 30 deg., we find it difficult to persuade ourselves that they did not follow some such course as I have just indicated—the coincidence is so close considering the nature of the observations involved. According to Professor Piazzzi Smyth, whose observational labors in relation to the great pyramid are worthy of all praise, the centre of the base of this pyramid lies about 1 mile 568 yards south of the thirtieth parallel of latitude. This is 944 yards north of the position they would have deduced from the Pole-star method; 1 mile 1693 yards south of the position they would have deduced from the shadow method; and 1256 yards south of the mean position between the two last-named. The position of the base seems to prove beyond all possibility of question that the shadow method was not the method on which sole or chief reliance was placed, though this method must have been known to the builders of the pyramid. It does not, however, prove that the star method was the only method followed. A distance of 944 yards is so small in a matter of this sort that we might fairly enough assume that the position of the base was determined by the Pole-star method. If, however, we suppose the builders of the pyramid to have been exceedingly skilful in applying the methods available to them, we might not unreasonably conclude from the position of the pyramid's base that they used both the shadow method and the Pole-star method, but that, recognizing the superiority of the latter, they gave greater weight to the result of employing this method. Supposing, for instance, they applied the Pole-star method three times as often as the shadow method, and took the mean of all the results thus obtained, then the deduced position would lie three times as far from the northern position obtained by the shadow method as from the southern position obtained by the Pole-star method. In this case their results, if correctly deduced, would have been only about 156 yards north of the actual present position of the centre of the base.

It is impossible, however, to place the least reliance on any calculation like that made in the last few lines. By *à posteriori* reasoning such

as this one can prove almost anything about the pyramids. For observe, though presented as *à priori* reasoning, it is in reality not so, being based on the observed fact, that the true position lies more than three times as far from the northerly limit as from the southern one. Now, if in any other way, not open to exception, we knew that the builders of the pyramid used both the sun method and the star method, with perfect observational accuracy, but without knowledge of the laws of atmospheric refraction, we could infer from the observed position the precise relative weights they attached to the two methods. But it is altogether unsafe, or, to speak plainly, it is in the logical sense a perfectly vicious manner of reasoning, to ascertain first such relative weights on an assumption of this kind, and having so found them, to assert that the relation thus detected is a probable one in itself, and that since, when assumed, it accounts precisely for the observed position of the pyramid, therefore the pyramid was posited in that way and no other. It has been by unsound reasoning of this kind that nine-tenths of the absurdities have been established on which Taylor and Professor Smyth and their followers have established what may be called the pyramid religion.

All we can fairly assume as probable from the evidence, in so far as that evidence bears on the results of *à priori* considerations, is that the builders of the great pyramid preferred the Pole-star method to the shadow method, as a means of determining the true position of latitude 30° north. They seem to have applied this method with great skill, considering the means at their disposal, if we suppose that they took no account whatever of the influence of refraction. If they took refraction into account at all they considerably underrated its influence.

Piazzi Smyth's idea that they knew the *precise* position of the thirtieth parallel of latitude, and also the *precise* position of the parallel, where, owing to refraction, the Pole-star would appear to be thirty degrees above the horizon, and deliberately set the base of the pyramid between these limits (not exactly or nearly exactly half-way, but somewhere between them), cannot be entertained for a moment by any one not prepared to regard the whole history of the construction of the pyramid as supernatural. My argument, let me note in passing, is not intended for persons who take this particular view of the pyramid, a view on which reasoning could not very well be brought to bear.

If the star method had been used to determine the position of the parallel of 30° north latitude, we may be certain it would be used also to orient the building. Probably indeed the very structures (temporary, of course) by which the final observations for the latitude had been made, would remain available also for the orientation. These structures would consist of uprights so placed that the line of sight along their extremities (or along a tube perhaps borne aloft by them in a slanting position) the Pole-star could be seen when immediately below or immediately above the pole. Altogether the more convenient direction of the two would be that towards the Pole-star when below the pole. The extremities of these uprights, or the axis of the upraised tube, would

lie in a north-and-south line considerably inclined to the horizon, because the pole itself being thirty degrees above the horizon, the Pole-star, whatever this star might be, would be high above the horizon even when exactly under the pole. No star so far from the pole as to pass close to the horizon would be of use even for the work of orientation, while for the work of obtaining the latitude it would be absolutely essential that a star close to the pole should be used.

A line along the feet of the uprights would run north-and-south. But the very object for which the great astronomical edifice was being raised, was that the north-and-south line amongst others should be indicated by more perfect methods.

Now at this stage of proceedings, what could be more perfect as a method of obtaining the true bearing of the pole than to dig a tubular hole into the solid rock, along which tube the Pole-star at its lower culmination should be visible? Perfect stability would be thus insured for this fundamental direction line. It would be easy to obtain the direction with great accuracy, even though at first starting the borings were not quite correctly made. And the further the boring was continued downwards towards the south the greater the accuracy of the direction line thus obtained. Of course there could be no question whatever in such underground boring, of the advantage of taking the lower passage of the Pole-star, not the upper. For a line directly from the star at its upper passage would slant downwards at an angle of more than thirty degrees from the horizon, while a line directly from the star at its lower passage would slant downwards at an angle of less than thirty degrees; and the smaller this angle the less would be the length, and the less the depth of the boring required for any given horizontal range.

Besides perfect stability, a boring through the solid rock would present another most important advantage over any other method of orienting the base of the pyramid. In the case of an inclined direction line above the level of the horizontal base, there would be the difficulty of determining the precise position of points under the raised line; for manifest difficulties would arise in letting fall plumb-lines from various points along the optical axis of a raised tubing. But nothing could be simpler than the plan by which the horizontal line corresponding to the underground tube could be determined. All that would be necessary would be to allow the tube to terminate in a tolerably large open space: and from a point in the base vertically above this, to let fall a plumb-line through a fine vertical boring into this open space. It would thus be found how far the point from which the plumb-line was let fall lay, either to the east or to the west of the optical axis of the underground tunnel, and therefore how far to the east or to the west of the centre of the open mouth of this tunnel. Thus the true direction of a north-and-south line from the end of the tube to the middle of the base would be ascertained. This would be the meridian line of the pyramid's base, or rather the meridian line corresponding to

the position of the underground passage directed towards the Pole-star when immediately under the pole.

A line at right angles to the meridian line thus obtained would lie due east and west, and the true position of the east-and-west line would probably be better indicated in this way than by direct observation of the sun or stars. If direct observation were made at all, it would be made not on the sun in the horizon near the time of spring and autumn, for the sun's position is then largely affected by refraction. The sun might be observed for this purpose during the summer months, at moments when calculation showed that he should be due east or west, or crossing what is technically the *prime vertical*. Possibly the so-called azimuth trenches on the east side of the great pyramid may have been in some way associated with observations of this sort, as the middle trench is directed considerably to the north of the east point, and not far from the direction in which the sun would rise when about thirty degrees (a favourite angle with the pyramid architects) past the vernal equinox. But I lay no stress on this point. The meridian line obtained from the underground passage would have given the builders so ready a means of determining accurately the east and west lines for the north and south edges of the pyramid's base, that any other observations for this purpose can hardly have been more than subsidiary. It is, of course, well known that there is precisely such an underground tunnelling as the considerations I have indicated seem to suggest as a desirable feature in a proposed astronomical edifice on a very noble scale. In all the pyramids of Ghizeh, indeed, there is such a tunnelling as we might expect on almost any theory of the relation of the smaller pyramids to the great one. But the slant tunnel under the great pyramid is constructed with far greater skill and care than have been bestowed on the tunnels under the other pyramids. Its length underground amounts to more than 350 feet, so that, viewed from the bottom, the mouth, about four feet across from top to bottom on the square, would give a sky range of rather less than one-third of a degree, or about one-fourth more than the moon's apparent diameter. But, of course, there was nothing to prevent the observers who used this tube from greatly narrowing these limits by using diaphragms, one covering up all the mouth of the tube, except a small opening near the centre, and another correspondingly occupying the lower part of the tube from which the observation was made.

It seems satisfactorily made out that the object of the slant tunnel, which runs 350 feet through the rock on which the pyramid is built, was to observe the Pole-star of the period at its lower culmination, to obtain thence the true direction of the north point. The slow motion of a star very near the pole would cause any error in time, as when this observation was made to be of very little importance, though we can understand that even such observations as these would remind the builders of the pyramid of the absolute necessity of good time-measurements and time observations in astronomical research.

Finding this point clearly made out, we can fairly use the observed direction of the inclined passage to determine what was the position of the Pole-star at the time when the foundations of the great pyramid were laid, and even what that Pole-star may have been. On this point there has never been much doubt, though considerable doubt exists as to the exact epoch when the star occupied the position in question. According to the observations made by Professor Smyth, the entrance passage has a slope of about $26^{\circ} 27'$, which would have corresponded, when refraction is taken into account, to the elevation of the star observed through the passage, at an angle of about $26^{\circ} 29'$ above the horizon. The true latitude of the pyramid being $29^{\circ} 58' 51''$, corresponding to an elevation of the true pole of the heavens, by about $30^{\circ} \frac{1}{4}'$ above the horizon, it follows that if Professor Smyth obtained the true angle for the entrance passage, the Pole-star must have been about $3^{\circ} 31\frac{1}{2}'$ from the pole. Smyth himself considers that we ought to infer the angle for the entrance passage from that of other internal passages, presently to be mentioned, which he thinks were manifestly intended to be at the same angle of inclination, though directed southwards instead of northwards. Assuming this to be the case, though for my own part I cannot see why we should do so (most certainly we have no *a priori* reason for so doing), we should have $26^{\circ} 18'$ as about the required angle of inclination, whence we should get about $3^{\circ} 42'$ for the distance of the Pole-star of the pyramid's time from the true pole of the heavens. The difference may seem of very slight importance, and I note that Professor Smyth passes it over as if it really were unimportant; but in reality it corresponds to somewhat large time-differences. He quotes Sir J. Herschel's correct statement, that about the year 2170 B.C. the star Alpha Draconis, when passing below the pole, was elevated at an angle of about $26^{\circ} 18'$ above the horizon or was about $3^{\circ} 42'$ from the pole of the heavens (I have before me, as I write, Sir J. Herschel's original statement, which is not put precisely in this way); and he mentions also that somewhere about 3440 B.C. the same star was situated at about the same distance from the pole. But he omits to notice that since, during the long interval of 1270 years, Alpha Draconis had been first gradually approaching the pole until it was at its nearest, when it was only about $3\frac{1}{2}'$ from that point, and then as gradually receding from the pole until again $3^{\circ} 42'$ from it, it follows that the difference of nine or ten minutes in the estimated inclination of the entrance passage corresponds to a very considerable interval in time, certainly to not less than fifty years. (Exact calculation would be easy, but it would be time wasted where the data are inexact.)

Having their base properly oriented, and being about to erect the building itself, the architects would certainly not have closed the mouth of the slant tunnel pointing northwards, but would have carried the passage onwards through the basement layers of the edifice, until these had reached the height corresponding to the place where the prolongation of the passage would meet the slanting north face of the building.

I incline to think that at this place they would not be content to allow the north face to remain in steps, but would fit in casing stones (not necessarily those which would eventually form the slant surface of the pyramid, but more probably slanted so as to be perpendicular to the axis of the ascending passage). They would probably cut a square aperture through such slant stones corresponding to the size of the passage elsewhere, so as to make the four surfaces of the passage perfectly plane from its greatest depth below the base of the pyramid to its aperture, close to the surface to be formed eventually by the casing stones of the pyramid itself.

Now, in this part of his work, the astronomical architect could scarcely fail to take into account the circumstance that the inclined passage, however convenient as bearing upon a bright star near the pole when that star was due north, was, nevertheless, not coincident in direction with the true polar axis of the celestial sphere. I cannot but think he would in some way mark the position of their true polar axis. And the natural way of marking it would be to indicate where the passage of his Pole-star *above* the pole ceased to be visible through the slant tube. In other words he would mark where a line from the middle of the lowest face of the inclined passage to the middle of the upper edge of the mouth was inclined by twice the angle $3^{\circ} 42'$ to the axis of the passage. To an eye placed on the optical axis of the passage, at this distance from the mouth, the middle of the upper edge of the mouth would (*quam proximè*) show the place of the true pole of the heavens. It certainly is a singular coincidence that at the part of the tube where this condition would be fulfilled, there is a peculiarity in the construction of the entrance passage, which has been indeed otherwise explained, but I shall leave the reader to determine whether the other explanation is altogether a likely one. The feature is described by Smyth as "a most singular portion of the passage—viz., a place where two adjacent wall-joints, similar, too, on either side of the passage, were *vertical* or nearly so; while every other wall-joint, both above and below, was *rectangular* to the length of the passage, and, therefore, largely *inclined* to the vertical." Now I take the mean of Smyth's determinations of the transverse height of the entrance passage as 47.23 inches (the extreme values are 47.14 and 47.32), and I find that, from a point on the floor of the entrance passage, this transverse height would subtend an angle of $7^{\circ} 24'$ (the range of Alpha Draconis in altitude when on the meridian) at a distance 363.65 inches from the transverse mouth of the passage. Taking this distance from Smyth's scale in Plate xvii. of his work on the pyramid ("Our inheritance in the Great Pyramid"), I find that, if measured along the base of the entrance passage from the lowest edge of the vertical stone, it falls exactly upon the spot where he has marked in the probable outline of the uncased pyramid, while, if measured from the upper edge of the same stone, it falls just about as far within the outline of the cased pyramid as we should expect the outer edge of a sloped end stone to the tunnel to have lain.

It may be said that from the floor of the entrance passage no star could have been seen, because no eye could be placed there. But the builders of the pyramid cannot reasonably be supposed to have been ignorant of the simple properties of plane mirrors, and by simply placing a thin piece of polished metal upon the floor at this spot, and noting where they could see the star and the upper edge of the tunnel's mouth in contact by reflection in this mirror, they could determine precisely where the star could be seen touching that edge, by an eye placed (were that possible) precisely in the plane in the floor.

I have said there is another explanation of this peculiarity in the entrance passage, but I should rather have said there is another explanation of a line marked on the stone next below the vertical one. I should imagine this line, which is nothing more than a mark such "as might be ruled with a blunt steel instrument, but by a master hand for power, evenness, straightness, and still more for rectangularity to the passage axis," was a mere sign to show where the upright stone was to come. But Professor Smyth, who gives no explanation of the upright stone itself, except that it seems, from its upright position, to have had "something representative of setting up, or preparation for the erecting of a building," believe that the mark is as many inches from the mouth of the tunnel as there were years between the dispersal of man and the building of the pyramid; that thence downwards to the place where an ascending passage begins, marks in like manner the number of years which were to follow before the Exodus; thence along the ascending passage to the beginning of the great gallery the number of years from the Exodus to the coming of Christ; and thence along the floor of the grand gallery to its end, the interval between the first coming of Christ and the second coming or the end of the world, which it appears is to take place in the year 1881. It is true not one of these intervals accords with the dates given by those who are considered the best authorities in Biblical matters,—but so much the worse for the dates.

To return to the pyramid.

We have considered how, probably, the architect would plan the prolongation of the entrance passage to its place of opening out on the northern face. But as the pyramid rose layer by layer above its basement, there must be ascending passages of some sort towards the south, the most important part of the sky in astronomical research.

The astronomers who planned the pyramid would specially require four things. First, they must have the ascending passage in the absolutely true meridian plan; secondly, they would require to have in view, along a passage as narrow as the entrance tunnel, some conspicuous star, if possible a star so bright as to be visible by day (along such a tunnel) as well as by night; thirdly, they must have the means of observing the sun at solar noon on every day in the year; and fourthly, they must also have the entire range of the zodiac or planetary highway brought into view along their chief meridional opening.

The first of these points is at once the most important and the most

difficult. It is so important, indeed, that we may hope for significant evidence from the consideration of the methods which would suggest themselves as available.

Consider:—The square base has been duly oriented. Therefore, if each square layer is placed properly, the continually diminishing square platform will remain always oriented. But if any error is made in this work the exactness of the orientation will gradually be lost. And this part of the work cannot be tested by astronomical observations as exact as those by which the base was laid, unless the vertical boring by which the middle of the base, or a point near it, was brought into connection with the entrance passage, is continued upwards through the successive layers of the pyramidal structure. As the rock rises to a considerable height within the interior of the pyramid,* probably to quite the height of the opening of the entrance passage on the northern slope, it would only be found necessary to carry up this vertical boring on the building itself after this level has been reached. But in any case this would be an unsatisfactory way of obtaining the meridian plane when once the boring had reached a higher level than the opening of the entrance passage; for only horizontal lines from the boring to the inclined tunnelling would be of use for exact work, and no such lines could be drawn when once the level of the upper end of the entrance passage had been passed by the builders.

A plan would be available, however (not yet noticed, so far as I know, by any who have studied the astronomical relations of the great pyramid), which would have enabled the builders perfectly to overcome this difficulty.

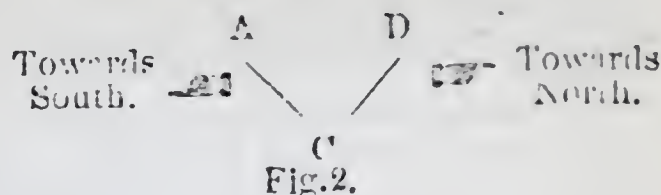
Suppose the line of sight down the entrance passage were continued upwards along an ascending passage, after reflection at a perfectly horizontal surface—the surface of still water—then by the simplest of all optical laws, that of the reflection of light, the descending and ascending lines of sight on either side of the place of reflection, would lie in the same vertical plane, that, namely, of the entrance passage, or of the meridian. Moreover, the farther upwards an ascending passage was carried, along which the reflected visual rays could pass, the more perfect would be the adjustment of this meridional plane.

To apply this method, it would be necessary to temporarily plug up the entrance passage where it passed into the solid rock, to make the stone-work above it very perfect and close fitting, so that whenever occasion arose for making one of the observations we are considering, water might be poured into the entrance passage, and remain long enough standing at the corner (so to speak) where this passage and the suggested ascending passage could meet, for Alpha Draconis to be ob-

* The irregular descending passage long known as the well, which communicates between the ascending passage and the underground chamber, enables us to ascertain how high the rock rises into the pyramid at this particular part of the base. We thus learn that the rock rises in this place, at any rate, thirty or forty feet above the basal plane.

served down the ascending passage.

Fig. 2 shows what is meant. Here D C is the descending passage, C A the ascending passage. C the corner where the water would be placed when Alpha Draconis was



about to pass below the pole. The observer would look down A C, and would see Alpha Draconis by rays which had passed down D C, and had been reflected by the water at C. Supposing the building to have been erected, as Lepsius and other Egyptologists consider, at the rate of one layer in each year, then only one observation of the kind described need be made per annum. Indeed, fewer would serve, since three or four layers of stone might be added without any fresh occasion arising to test the direction of the passage C A.

It is hardly necessary to remind those who have given any attention to the subject of the pyramid that there is precisely such an ascending passage as C A, and that as yet no explanation of the identity of its angle of ascent with the angle of descent of the passage D C has ever been given. Most pyramidalists content themselves by assuming, as Sir E. Beckett puts it, "that the same angle would probably be used for both sets of passages, *as there was no reason for varying it*," which is not exactly an explanation of the relation. Mr. Wachterbarth has suggested that the passages were so adjusted for the purpose of managing a system of balance cars united by ropes from one passage to another; but this explanation is open, as Beckett points out, to the fatal objection that the passages meet at their lowest point, not at their highest, so that it would be rather a puzzle "to work out the mechanical idea." The reflection explanation is not only open to no such objections, but involves precisely such an application of optical laws as we should expect from men so ingenious as the pyramid builders certainly were. In saying this, let me explain, I am not commending myself for ingenuity in thinking of the method, simply because such methods are quite common and familiar in the astronomy of modern times.

While I find this explanation, which occurred to me even while this paper was in writing, so satisfactory that I feel almost tempted to say, like Sir G. Airy of his explanation of the Deluge as an overflow of the Nile, that "I cannot entertain the slightest doubt" of its validity, I feel that there ought to be some evidence in the descending passage itself of the use of this method. We might not find any traces of the plugs used to stop up, once a year or so, the rock part of the descending passage. For they would be only temporary arrangements. But we should expect to find the floor of the descending passage constructed with special care, and very closely fitted, where the water was to be received.

Inquiring whether this is so, I find not only that it is, but that another hitherto unexplained feature of the great pyramid finds its

explanation in this way,—the now celebrated “secret sign.” Let us read Professor Smyth’s account of this peculiar feature :—

“When measuring the cross-joints in the floor of the entrance-passage, in 1865, I went on chronicling their angles, each one proving to be very nearly at right angles to the axis, until suddenly one came which was *diagonal*; another, and that was diagonal too; but, after that, the rectangular position was resumed. Further, the stone material carrying these diagonal joints was harder and better than elsewhere in the floor, so as to have saved that part from the monstrous excavations elsewhere perpetrated by some moderns. Why, then, did the builders change the rectangular joint angle at that point, and execute such unusual angles as they chose in place of it, in a better material of stone than elsewhere; and yet with so little desire to call general attention to it, that they made the joints fine and close to that degree that they escaped the attention of all men until 1865 A.D. The answer came from the diagonal joints themselves, on discovering that the stone between them was opposite to the butt end of the portcullis of the first ascending passage, or to the hole whence the prismatic stone of concealment through 3000 years had dropped out almost before Al Mamoun’s eyes. Here, therefore, was a secret sign in the pavement of the entrance-passage, appreciable only to a careful eye and a measurement by angle, but made in such hard material that it was evidently intended to last to the end of human time with the great pyramid, and *has done so thus far.*”

Whether Professor Smyth is right in considering that the specially-prepared position of the floor was intended not for any practical purpose, but to escape the notice of the careless, while yet, when the right men, “at last, duly instructed, entered the passage,” this mysterious floor-sign should show them where a ceiling-stone was movable, on perceiving which they “would have laid bare the beginning of the whole train of those sub-aërial features of construction which are the great pyramid’s most distinctive glory, and exist in no other pyramid in Egypt or the world,” I leave the reader to judge. I would remark, only, that, if so, the builders of the pyramid were not remarkably good prophets, seeing that the event befell otherwise, the ceiling-stone dropping out a thousand years or so before the floor-sign was noticed; wherefore we need not feel altogether alarmed at their own prediction (according to Professor Smyth), that the end of the world is to come in 1881, even as Mother Shipton also is reported to have prophesied. For my own part, I am quite content with my own interpretation of the secret sign; as showing where the floor of the descending passage was purposely prepared for the reception of water, on the still surface of which the Pole-star of the day might be mirrored for one looking down the ascending passage.

Albeit, I cannot but think this ascending passage must also have been so directed as to show some bright star when due south. For if the passage had only given the meridian plane, but without permitting the astronomer to observe the southing of any fixed star, it would have subserved only one-half its purposes as a meridional instrument. It is to be remembered that, supposing the ascending passage to have its position determined in the way I have described, there would be nothing to prevent its being also made to show any fixed star nearly at the same elevation. For it could readily be enlarged in a vertical

direction, the floor remaining unaltered. Since it is not enlarged until the great gallery is reached (at a distance of nearly 127 feet from the place where the ascent begins), it follows, or is at least rendered highly probable, that some bright star was in view through that ascending passage.

Now, taking the date 2170 B.C., which Professor Smyth assigns to the beginning of the great pyramid, or even taking any date (as we fairly may), within a century or so on either side of that date, we find no bright star which would have been visible when due south, through the ascending passage. I have calculated the position of that circle among the stars along which lay all the points passing $26^{\circ} 18'$ above the horizon when due south, in the latitude of Ghizeh, 2170 years before the Christian era; and it does not pass near a single conspicuous star.*

There is only one fourth magnitude star which it actually approaches—namely, Epsilon Ceti; and one fifth magnitude star, Beta of the Southern Crown.

When we remember that Egyptologists, almost without exception, assert that the date of the builders of the great pyramid *must* have been more than a thousand years earlier than 2170 B.C., and that Bunsen has assigned to Menes the date 3620 B.C., while the date 3300 B.C. has been assigned to Cheops or Suphis on apparently good authority, we are led to inquire whether the other epoch when Alpha Draconis was at about the right distance from the pole of the heavens may not have been the true era of the commencement of the great pyramid. Now, the year 3300 B.C., though a little late, would accord fairly well with the time when Alpha Draconis was at the proper distance $3\frac{2}{3}^{\circ}$ from the pole of the heavens. If the inclination of the entrance-passage is $26^{\circ} 27'$, as Professor Smyth made it, the exact date for this would be 3390 B.C.; if $26^{\circ} 40'$, as others made it before his measurements, the date would be about 3320 B.C., which would suit well with the date 3300 B.C., since a century either way would only carry the star about a third of a degree towards or from the pole.

Now, when we inquire whether in the year 3300 B. C. any bright

* There is a statement perfectly startling in its accuracy, in a chapter of Blake's "Astronomical Myths," derived from Mr. Haliburton's researches, asserting that in the year 2170 B. C. the Pleiades were "*exactly at that height that they could be seen in the direction of the Southward-pointing passage of the pyramid.*" The italics are not mine. As this passage pointed $33\frac{2}{3}^{\circ}$, or thereabouts, below (that is south of) the equator, and the Pleiades were then some $3\frac{2}{3}^{\circ}$ north of the equator, the passage certainly did not then point to the Pleiades. Nor has there been any time since the world began when the Pleiades were anywhere near the direction of the southward pointing passage. In fact they have never been more than 20° south of the equator. The statement follows immediately after another to the surprising effect that in the year 2170 B. C., "the Pleiades *really* commenced the spring by their midnight culmination." The only comment an astronomer can make on this startling assertion is to repeat with emphasis the word italicized by Mr. Haliburton (or Mr. Blake?). The Pleiades being then in conjunction with what is now called the first point of Aries, culminated at noon, not at midnight, at the time of the vernal equinox.

star would have been visible, at southing, through the ascending passage, we find that a very bright star indeed, an orb otherwise remarkable as the nearest of all the stars, the brilliant Alpha Centauri, shone as it crossed the meridian right down that ascending tube. It is so bright that, viewed through that tube, it must have been visible to the naked eye, even when southing in full daylight.

But thirdly, we must consider how the builders of the pyramid would arrange for the observation of the sun at noon on every clear day in the year.

They would carry up the floor of the ascending passage in an unchanged direction, as it already pointed south of the lowest place of the noon sun at mid-winter. They would have to turn the tunnel into a lofty gallery, to increase the vertical range of view on the meridian. It seems reasonable to infer that they would prefer so to arrange matters that the upper end of the gallery would be near the middle of the platform which would form the top of the pyramidal structure from the time when it was completed for observational purposes. The height of the gallery would be so adjusted to its length, that the mid-winter's sun would not shine further than the lower end of the gallery (that is, to the upper end of the smaller ascending passage). In fact, as the moon and planets would have to be observed when due south, through this meridional gallery, and as they range further from the equator both north and south than the sun does, it would be necessary that the gallery should extend lower down than the sun's mid-winter noon rays would shine.

As it would be a part of the observer's work to note exactly how far down the gallery the shadow of its upper southern edge reached, as well as the moment when the sun's light passed from the western to the eastern wall of the gallery, and other details of the kind; besides, of course, taking time-observations of the moment when the sun's edge seemed to reach the edge of the gallery's southern opening; and as such observations could not be properly made by men standing on the smooth slanting floor of the gallery, it would be desirable to have cross-benches capable of being set at different heights along the sloping gallery. In some observations, indeed, as where the transits of several stars southing within short intervals of time had to be observed, it would be necessary to set some observers at one part of the gallery, others at another part, and perhaps even to have several sets of observers along the gallery. And this suggests yet another consideration. It might be thought desirable, if great importance was attached (as the whole building shows that great importance must have been attached) to the exactness of the observations, to have several observations of each transit of a star across the mouth of the gallery. In this case, it would be well to have the breadth of the gallery different at different heights, though its walls must of necessity be upright throughout—that is, the walls must be upright from the height where one breadth commences, to the height where the next breadth commences. With a

gallery built in this fashion, it would be possible to take several observations of the same transit, somewhat in the same way that the modern observer watches the transit of a star across each of five, seven, or nine parallel spider threads in order to obtain a more correct time for the passage of the star across the middle thread, than if he noted this passage alone.

How far the grand gallery corresponds with these requirements can be judged from the following description given by Professor Greaves in 1638:—"It is," he says, "a very stately piece of work, and not inferior, either in respect of the curiosity of art, or richness of materials, to the most sumptuous and magnificent buildings," and a little further on he says, "this gallery, or corridor, or whatever else I may call it, is built of white and polished marble (limestone), the which is very evenly cut in spacious squares or tables. Of such materials as is the pavement, such is the roof and such are the side walls that flank it; the coagmentation or knitting of the joints is so close, that they are scarce discernible to a curious eye; and that which adds grace to the whole structure, though it makes the passage the more slippery and difficult, is the acclivity or rising of the ascent. The height of this gallery is 26 feet" (Professor Smyth's careful measurements show the true height to be more nearly 28 feet), "the breadth of 6.870 feet, of which 3.435 feet are to be allowed for the way in the midst, which is set and bounded on both sides with two banks (like benches) of sleek and polished stone; each of these hath 1.717 of a foot in breadth, and as much in depth." These measurements are not strictly exact. Smyth made the breadth of the gallery above the banks or ramps, as he calls them, 6 feet $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches; the space between the ramps, 3 feet 6 inches; the ramps nearly about 1 foot $8\frac{1}{4}$ inches broad, and nearly 1 foot 9 inches high, measured transversely, that is, at right angles to the ascending floor.

As to arrangements for the convenience of observers in the slippery and difficult floor of this gallery, we find that upon the top of these benches or ramps, near the angle where they meet the wall, "there are little spaces cut in right-angled parallel figures, set on each side opposite one another, *intended, no question, for some other end than ornament.*"

The diversity of width which I have indicated as a desirable feature in a meridional gallery, is a marked feature of the actual gallery. "In the casting and ranging of the marbles" (limestone), "in both the side wall, there is one piece of architecture," says Greaves, "in my judgment very graceful, and that is that all the courses or stones, which are but seven (so great are these stones), do set and flag over one another about three inches; the bottom of the uppermost course overlapping the top of the next, and so in order, the rest as they descend." The faces of these stones are exactly vertical, and as the width of the gallery diminishes upwards by about six inches for each successive course, it follows that the width at the top is about $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet less than the width,

6 feet $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches, at the bottom, or agrees in fact with the width of the space between the benches or ramps. Thus the shadow of the vertical edges of the gallery at solar noon just reached to the edges of the ramps, the shadow of the next lower vertical edges falling three inches from the edges higher up the ramps, those of the next vertical edges six inches from these edges, still higher up, and so forth. The true hour of the sun's southing could thus be most accurately determined by seven sets of observers placed in different parts of the gallery, and near midsummer, when the range of the shadows would be so far shortened, that a smaller number of observers only could follow the shadows' motions; but in some respects, the observations in this part of the year could be more readily and exactly made than in winter, when the shadows' spaces of various width would range along the entire length of the gallery.

Similar remarks would apply to observations of the moon, which could also be directly observed. The planets and stars of course could only be observed directly.

The grand gallery could be used for the observation of any celestial body southing higher than $26^{\circ} 18'$ above the horizon; but not very effectively for objects passing near the zenith. The Pleiades could be well observed. They southed about $63\frac{2}{3}^{\circ}$ above the horizon in the year 2140 B.C. or thereabouts, when they were on the equinoctial colure.* But if I am right in taking the year 3300 B.C. when Alpha Centauri shone down the smaller ascending passage in southing, the Pleiades were about 58° only above the horizon when southing, and therefore even more favorably observable from the great meridional gallery.

In passing I may note that at this time, about 3300 years before our era, the equinoctial point (that is, the point where the sun passes north of the equator, and the year begins according to the old manner of reckoning) was midway between the horns of the Bull. So that then, and then alone, a poet might truly speak of spring as the time

“Candidus auratis aperit quum cornibus annum
Taurus.”

as Virgil incorrectly did (repeating doubtless some old tradition) at a later time. Even Professor Smyth notices the necessity that the pyramid gallery should correspond in some degree with such a date. “For,” says he, “there have been traditions for long, whence arising I know not, that the seven overlappings of the grand gallery, so impressively

* This date is sometimes given earlier, but when account is taken of the proper motion of these stars we get about the date above mentioned. I cannot understand how Dr. Ball, Astronomer Royal for Ireland, has obtained the date 2248 B. C., unless he has taken the proper motion of Alcyone the wrong way. The proper motion of this star during the last 4000 years has been such as to increase the star's distance from the equinoctial colure; and therefore, of course, the actual interval of time since the star was on the colure is less than it would be calculated to be if the proper motion were neglected.

described by Professor Greaves, had something to do with the Pleiades, those proverbially seven stars of the primeval world," only that he considers the pyramid related to *memorial* not *observing* astronomy, "of an earlier date than Virgil's." The Pleiades also, it may be remarked, were scarcely regarded in old times as belonging to the constellation of the Bull, but formed a separate asterism.

The upper end of the great gallery lies very near the vertical axis of the pyramid. It is equidistant, in fact, from the north and south edges of the pyramid platform at this level, but lies somewhat to the east of the true centre of this platform. One can recognise a certain convenience in this arrangement, for the actual centre of the platform would be required as a position from whence observation of the whole sky could be made. Observers stationed there would have the cardinal points and the points midway between them defined by the edges and angles of the square platform, which would not be the case if they were displaced from the centre. Stationed as they would be close to the mouth of the gallery, they would hear the time signalings given forth by the observers placed at various parts of the gallery; and no doubt one chief end of the exact time-observations for which the gallery was manifestly constructed, would be to enable the platform observers duly to record the time when various phenomena were noticed in any part of the heavens.

This corresponds well with the statement made by Proclus, that the pyramids of Egypt, which, according to Diodorus Siculus, had been in existence during 3600 years, terminated in a platform upon which the priests made their celestial observations. The last-named historian alleges also (Biblioth. Hist. Lib. I.), that the Egyptians, who claimed to be the most ancient of men, professed to be acquainted with the situation of the earth, the risings and settings of stars, to have arranged the order of days and months, and pretended to be able to predict future events, with certainty, from their observations of celestial phenomena. I think that it is in this association of astrology with astronomy that we find the explanation of what, after all, remains the great mystery of the pyramid—the fact, namely, that all the passages, ascending, descending and horizontal, constructed with such extreme care, and at the cost of so much labor, in the interior of the great pyramid, were eventually (perhaps not very long after their construction) to be closed up. I reject utterly the idea that they could have been constructed merely as memorials. Sir E. Beckett, who seems willing to admit this conception, rejects the notion that the builders of the pyramid recorded "standard measures by hiding them with the utmost ingenuity." Is it not equally absurd to imagine that they recorded the date of the great pyramid, by construction, by those most elaborately concealed passages? Why they should have concealed them after constructing them so carefully, may not be clear. For my own part, I regard the theory that the Pyramid of Suphis was built for astrological observations, relating to the life of that monarch only, as

affording the most satisfactory explanation yet advanced of the mysterious circumstance that the building was closed up after his death. Supposing the part of the edifice (fifty layers in all), which includes the ascending and descending passages, to have been erected during his lifetime, it may be that some reverential or superstitious feeling caused his successors, or the priesthood, to regard the building as sacred after his death—to be closed up therefore and completed as a perfect pyramid, polished *ad unguem* from its pointed summit to the lines along which the four faces met the smooth pavement round its base. We might thus explain why each monarch required his own astrological observatory afterwards to become his tomb. Be this as it may, it is certain that the pyramids were constructed for astronomical observations; and it would, I conceive, be utterly unreasonable to imagine that the costly interior fittings and arrangements, “not inferior, in respect of curiosity of art or richness of materials, to the most sumptuous and magnificent buildings,” were intended to subserve no other purpose but to be memorials; and that, too, not until, in the course of thousands of years, the whole mass of the pyramid had begun to lose the exactness of its original figure.

R. A. PROCTOR, in *Contemporary Review*.

WILLIAM BLACK.

MR. WILLIAM BLACK is so well known to readers of light literature that it is unnecessary to describe him as a favorite novelist, although no living writer better fills that particular description. There may be greater novelists, but Mr. Black is essentially a favorite with the public. In “A Daughter of Heth” he struck a delicate yet quite intelligible chord of pathos, and won his position. Everybody knows that touching, dainty romance; it has moved innumerable hearts, and made people laugh and cry who would hardly like to confess that a novel could so affect them. Published anonymously in 1871, the book had reached its eleventh edition in the following year. It was the first of Mr. Black’s books that won such exceptional success; and it certainly would seem that that strange creature, the British public, has good taste, for none of Mr. Black’s previous works are quite so charming as this one, which brought him his great popularity. It is one of those unusual novels which will bear several readings and the closest criticism; it is too real to be quickly exhausted. Although Mr. Black could not remember whether his heroine’s hair was black or brown, making it “silky brown” in one place and black later on, such an inconsistency does not confuse the mental picture which she produces,

as it certainly would with a less definite heroine. She has much the same effect as certain people whom one occasionally meets, whose faces are all expression, and whose eyes change in color with their mood. It seems quite probable that, if one knew and admired Coquette personally, one might be unable to remember the color of her hair.

Mr. Black speaks of having recognised "A Daughter of Heth" under various odd disguises in later novels not bearing his own name. This is probable enough, for the reason that amateurs in any profession always suppose the most perfect work to be the easiest to imitate because it appears so simple. "A Daughter of Heth" can no more be imitated with any success than any piece of true original work ever can be. It has several merits besides its originality, which place it out of reach of imitation. First of all, the author's style has become, by long practice, simple, with the simplicity of which only a good writer is capable. Then, every character in the book is a living individual. It is impossible to read fifty pages of it without feeling vividly impressed with the individualities of the entire group of *dramatis personæ*, even to the servants in the house.

How wonderfully familiar seem Andrew and Leezibeth when one looks again at the pages in which they first appear!

"Andrew thought it was none of his business. Had his companion been an ordinarily sober and discreet young woman, he would not have allowed her to talk so familiarly with this graceless young nobleman; but, said the minister's man to himself, they were well met."

"They jabbered away in their foreign lingo," said Andrew that evening to his wife Leezibeth, the housekeeper, "and I'm thinking it was siccan a language as was talked in Sodom and Gomorrah. And he was a' smiles and she was a' smiles; and they seemed to think nae shame of themselves; goin' through a decent country side. It's a dispensation, Leezibeth; that's what it is—a dispensation—this hussey comin' amang us wi' her French silks and her satins, and her deevlish licence o' talking like a play-actor."

"Andrew, my man," said Leezibeth, with a touch of spite (for she had become rather a partisan of the stranger), "she'll no be the only lang tongue we hae in the parish. And what ails ye at her talking, if ye dinna understand it? As for her silks and her satins, the queen on the throne couldna set them off better."

"Didna I tell ye?" said Andrew eagerly, "the carnal eye is attracted already. She has cuist her wiles owre ye, Leezibeth. It's a temptation."

"Will the body be quiet?" said Leezibeth, with rising anger; "he's fair out o' his wits to think that a woman come to my time o' life should think o' silks and satins for mysel'. 'Deed, Andrew, there's no fear o' my spending siller on finery, when ye never see a bawbee without running for an auld stocking to put it in."

Oddly enough, Andrew was the only one of the household who apprehended any evil from the arrival of the young girl who had come

to pass her life among people very dissimilar from herself. The simplicity and frankness of her manner towards Lord Earlshope he exaggerated into nothing short of licence; and his "dour" imagination had already perceived in her some strange resemblance to the Scarlet Woman, the Mother of Abominations, who sat on the seven hills and mocked at the saints. Andrew was a morbid and morose man, of Seceder descent, and he had inherited a tinge of the old Cameronian feeling, not often met with nowadays. He felt it incumbent on him to be a sort of living protest in the manse against the temporising and feeble condition of theological opinion he found there. He looked upon Mr. Cassilis as little else than a "Moderate;" and even made bold, upon rare occasions, to confront the Minister himself.

"Andrew," said Mr. Cassilis one day, "you are a rebellious servant, and one that would intemperately disturb the peace o' the Church."

"In nowise, Minister; in nowise," retorted Andrew, with firmness. "But in matters spiritual I will yield obedience to no man. There is but one King in Sion, sir, for a' that a dominant and Erastian Establishment may say."

Fascinating as is Coquette herself, one yet lingers over these other characters. There is here none of that style of writing which seems to be copied from the "starring" system of the theatres, by which if one, or at the utmost two, of the characters are carefully represented, the rest are mere names and dummies. Mr. Black has taken the trouble, in this exquisite novel, to make the picture complete: the men and women in it, one and all, are actual men and women. One can see by some of the sketches of Raphael and Leonardo da Vinci that those great artists often, in commencing to draw a figure, actually worked out its anatomy, and satisfied themselves that its very skeleton was correct before they clothed it in the beauty of flesh. There is this kind of reality in the characters of "A Daughter of Heth;" the result is that it appears to be the lightest and most amusing of novels, so perfectly natural is it. This, which makes the book so remarkable, is by no means a characteristic of all William Black's work. A brief story such as "Lady Silverdale's Sweetheart," written in the style of "A Daughter of Heth," would have been a gem, even if it had retained its disagreeable features. But it has none of the clear intensity which makes Coquette a character before six sentences have been written about her. There are no individuals in "Lady Silverdale's Sweetheart," only shadowy outlines. Perhaps Mr. Black might say that he is not to blame for this. Coquette and her uncle the Scotch minister, and her cousin the Whaup, were full of life in themselves: while in Lady Silverdale and her Sweetheart there was next to nothing to represent. A novelist may say this, and perhaps justly: but it is a great question whether, as these eidolons, or flesh and blood phantoms, are naturally obscure, they should not be allowed to remain so.

Mr. Black, being very popular, is also, as a natural consequence, very much reviewed; and it would seem as if everything, good or ill,

that can be said about his books has been said. Mr. Black observes that the *Saturday Review* considered "Three Feathers" a very good book, and that the *Spectator*, appearing on the same day pronounced it to be a very bad book. This kind of thing inevitably produces a hopeless effect upon an author; he has to give up attending to reviewers. Mr. Black was at one time accused of limiting himself to pictures of artistic life too closely. Now it is said that his books are too much devoted to yachting and to life in the Highlands. There are many good excuses for Mr. Black's frequent descriptions of yachting life. One is, that he has admirable power in bringing before us the storms and smiles of the sea; and another is, that from a dramatic point of view a yacht is a delightful thing. If all your important characters are on board, you have your story isolated from the world, and surrounded only by a frame of picturesque sea-life. People are so much thrown together who are at sea in one vessel, that it appears natural for emotions to be hurried and intense.

How isolated from all the world beyond that little circle which is so changed by her presence, seems poor Coquette in Lord Earlshope's yacht!

"Sunset in the wild Loch Schairraig. Far up amid the shoulders and peaks of Garsven there were flashes of flame and the glow of the western skies, with here and there a beam of ruddy and misty light, touching the summits of the mountains in the east; but down here, in the black and desolate lake, the bare and riven rocks showed their fantastic forms in a cold grey twilight. There was a murmur of streams in the stillness, and the hollow silence was broken from time to time by the call of wild fowl. Otherwise the desolate scene was as silent as death, and the only moving thing abroad was the red light in the cloud. The *Caroline* lay motionless in the dark water. As the sunset fell the mountains seemed to grow larger; the twisted and precipitous cliffs that shot down into the sea grew more and more distant, while a pale blue vapour gathered here and there, as if the spirits of the mountains were advancing under a veil.

"Oddly enough, the terror of Coquette had largely subsided when the *Caroline* had cast anchor. She regarded the gloomy shores with aversion and distrust, but she no longer trembled. Indeed, the place seemed to exercise some fascination over her; for, while all the others were busy with their own affairs, she did not cease to scan with strange and wondering eyes the sombre stretch of water, the picturesque and desolate shore, and the mystic splendours of the twilight overhead." In the midst of this strange sad scenery comes the crisis of Coquette's life, when she confesses her love for Lord Earlshope. How intense it makes the simple coloring of that unhappy interview, the desolate surroundings which are in themselves enough to terrify the bright natured girl. The description of them, too, is so fine, that it lingers in the mind.

Mr. Black probably puts some of the reviewers out of humor with his sea voyages by one very cruel trait which he exhibits, and that is a

considerable contempt for bad sailors. He may be right; perhaps there is something intrinsically meritorious in being at home upon the blue waters: if so, how charming that a thing so enjoyable should be also virtuous! However, whether he is praised or blamed probably Mr. Black will give little heed. When an author has been at work so long, opinions begin to pall upon him. Mr. Black seems to have arrived at this indifferent state, for, to use his own words, he has "discovered that the only reasonable way of living for a human being, is to do his own work in his own way, and to leave opinion about it to the various voices that first contradict themselves and then fade into thin air." It is well when a man who has good work in him has resolved to follow his own light, for he who follows public opinion is pursuing a will o' the wisp. Public favour appears to have a higher intelligence: a book must have some merit to attain absolute success. This "A Daughter of Heth" has obtained most markedly, and, as we have said, in quite a different degree from any of Mr. Black's former novels, notwithstanding that some of the reviewers take to themselves the credit of having discovered a new power in the literary world when Mr. Black's first novel "Love or Marriage" appeared. Fortunately, critics do not rule absolutely, although they try very hard to look as if they did. It is some consolation to an author who has to face the contradictory voices of the press that his final appeal is to that higher power, the favour of Mr. Mudie's subscribers, and after them of the freer multitude who buy books in one volume. The several charming novels which Mr. Black has produced since "A Daughter of Heth" have had still greater success; and he has now so distinctly been approved by the public voice that he can afford to disregard individual critics.

There is a similarity in the central idea of "A Daughter of Heth" and "A Princess of Thule;" in both is a sweet-natured woman taken out of her own natural surroundings, and vainly endeavouring to adapt herself to something wholly different and very irksome; while the books vary altogether in detail. The heroines are not dissimilar, when their difference in accent and mannerism and education have been allowed for. Sheila loves the sea and the wild birds, and takes interest in all the vivid details of out-of-door life, while Coquette lives in her music. But both, with all their spirit and power, are submissive, patient, and anxious to please the tyrants who govern them in their exile. Sheila, when she submissively allows her hair to be re-arranged according to the fancy of her husband's disagreeable old aunt, is in the same mood as is Coquette, when she is willing to give up her very religion if she can only please the people about her. Both suffer from the narrowness of the circle into which they are put; Sheila from the stiff conventionality of London life, Coquette from the hard Puritanism of a northern village atmosphere. But there is no character in "A Princess of Thule" half so real as the "Whaup;" nor is there the humour which the old servants in "A Daughter of Heth" supply so admirably to balance the keen pathos of the book. There is an amusing, sturdy, rough man-

servant in the "Three Feathers," of the same order as the servants at the Mause. Mr. Black being the happy possessor of that power of strong humorous description, should, in mercy towards the general melancholy of human living, give us as much of it as his work will bear. And no tenderness or pathos will lose by the contrast. In "Madcap Violet" there is a need of this racy humour. Mr. Black is of opinion that this book contains some of his best work; so it may, but that work loses something of its delicacy of colour for want of that vigorous contrast of character which is so fascinating in "A Daughter of Heth." Mr. Black's earlier books vary very much in merit. "Love or Marriage" Mr. Black says, he has not read since it was written in 1868, and that he has now only a "vague impression that it aimed at the reconstruction of the whole social system." Probably, if he did take the trouble to read this first essay of his, he would not find it very interesting. His capacity for construction and power of language have been developed very largely since then.

"In Silk Attire," which followed "Love or Marriage," is a far better book, but it has not the clearness and simplicity of later work. Mr. Black seems to think that book had more success than it deserved, as "Kilmeny," which came after it, had less. Certainly "Kilmeny" is of a different order: it is infinitely more delicate, and more charming. It is wanting in clearness, but it has a delightful colour, a soft atmosphere which was the presage of the beauty of "A Daughter of Heth." "Kilmeny" is very delicious to those who like to read dreamily, but it is wanting in that element of popularity, an intelligible and exciting plot. Then came "A Daughter of Heth," and after that the "Three Feathers." Well, as to this book, which of the reviewers was right? Is it good, or is it bad? A matter of taste. To those readers who like a love story pure and simple the "Three Feathers" will be very pleasant reading. It contains some of those bright touches of scenery which always make Mr. Black's books delightful. There are one or two features in the story not common to the regular romance; as, for instance, that the beautiful one of two sisters has no adventures at all, but is absorbed in attending to the love affairs of the other, who, by contrast, is supposed to be almost plain. "Wenna," in the "Three Feathers" is the nearest approach Mr. Black has attempted to the Jane Eyre type of heroine, the little, plain woman, all fire and character—that heroine who came as a glorious relief after the inevitable almond-eyed beauties of the old-fashioned romances, and who has now, alas! been travestied into the nasty, immoral, green-eyed creatures who come up as flowers in our light literature. Mr. Black has a gentlemanly preference for a really handsome heroine, who looks well under all circumstances, who has a fine figure, splendid hair, extraordinary eyes, and in the case of Madcap Violet even undisguisably beautiful arms. It is of course patently true that plain women are capable often of greater powers of fascination than pretty ones, and that they have their fill of romance. Perhaps, therefore, as the novelist has to deal with the effects of

character, and can but poorly represent the beauty he admires, it is rather odd that he should as a rule make beauty a *sine quâ non* for his heroine. So it is, however; and Mr. Black is no exception to this rule; he does not care for abnormalities; he prefers physical beauty, and physical health. He is the very opposite pole to such a writer as Wilkie Collins, who can devote himself to chronicle the loves of a blind girl and a blue man, or the unhallowed attachment of a horrible creature like Miserrimus Dexter for a woman who is not only another man's wife but is very ugly. Mr. Black admits us to no chamber of horrors. If he is tragic or pathetic, he is also very wholesome.

Doubtless his genuine passion for out-of-door life has helped to make him a wholesome writer. A man's eyes must be tolerably clear if he can love to face the openness of sea and sky. Although born actually in the town of Glasgow, he very early emancipated himself from town life. He was fond both of rowing and of walking; he belonged to rowing clubs, and would walk sometimes such a distance as from Glasgow to Edinburgh. Although his boyish water adventures must have been upon the river Clyde principally, it is evident that the sea itself has always been his true love. He has never been sea-sick in his life, and never having experienced the sensation, has small mercy for those who have. Under these circumstances, and, as certainly it is more graceful not to be sea-sick, we must endeavour to forgive Mr. Black's heroes and heroines for being all born with sea-legs as good as his own, while only the villains suffer from the caprices of the ocean.

Mr. Black considers it quite unnecessary that any one should suffer from sea-sickness, and avows that, "if there is one thing on earth that he is proud of, it is getting tender subjects on board a yacht, and forcing them to keep well in spite of themselves." Mr. Black possesses an infallible recipe for this, with which he has certainly effected some cures, but, as it is said Mr. Black is himself intending to give the recipe in question to the world in next month's *Cornhill*, we will leave him to impart this great and valuable secret to the world in his own language.

It is quite a characteristic of Mr. Black, and a feature in his life, that he is as much at home on the water as on land, and knows all about the management of a vessel. He may be described as a daring yachtsman; last year he went out in a dreadful storm, when no one else would venture, and steered his own ship. Although he has travelled on the Continent, giving us good proof in "In Silk Attire" that he appreciated the Black Forest—though he has crossed the Atlantic, and made the acquaintance of our American cousins at home and faced the American interviewer—yet he has plainly never been able to supplant his love of Scotland. He goes to the west coast year after year, dwelling upon the scenery, which seems to have a great effect upon him. He has always been fond of the society of artists, probably because he has something of the painter's peculiar appreciation of external beauty. His descriptions of scenery give to his writings a value and position all their own;

he sees so much. It is said that Mr. Swinburne is a great admirer of his descriptions of scenery; indeed it is no wonder if poets condescend to read romances which contain such word painting as this. . . . "the twilight of the tall pines almost shut out the red flames of the morning over their peaks. The soft, succulent, yellow moss was heavy with dew, and so were the ferns and the stoneberry bushes. A dense carpet of this low brushwood deadened the sound of their progress; and they advanced, silent as phantoms, into the dim recesses of the wood. Here and there occurred an opening or clearance, with a few felled trees lying about; then they struggled through a wilderness of young fir and oak, and finally came to a tract of the forest where nothing was to be seen as far as the eye could reach but innumerable tall trunks, coated with the yellow and grey lichens of many years, branchless almost to their summit, and rising from a level plain of damp green moss. There was not even the sound of a bird, or of a falling leaf, to break the intense silence of the place; nor was there the shadow of any living thing to be seen down those long, narrow avenues between the closely-growing stems of the trees. . . . The sun came out . . . and soon there were straggling lanes of gold running down into the blue twilight of the distance; while the heat seemed to have suddenly awakened a drowsy humming of insect life. Now and then a brightly-plumaged jay would flash through the trees, screaming hoarsely; and then again the same dead hot stillness prevailed. It was in this perfect silence that a living thing stole out of some short bushes and softly made its way over the golden and green moss until it caught sight of Will. Then it cocked up its head, and calmly regarded him with a cold, glassy, curious stare. The moment it lifted its head he saw that it was a fox, not reddish-brown, but blackish-grey, with extraordinary bright eyes; and as they had been specially invited to shoot foxes—which are of no use for hunting purposes, and do much damage in the Black Forest—he instinctively put up his gun. As instinctively he put it down again.

"My old prejudices are too strong," he said; wherewith he contented himself with lifting a lump of dried wood, and hurling it at the small animal, which now slunk away in another direction."

Here is another glimpse of the Black Forest—a glimpse so real that one scents the woodland odours: "In process of time they left the soft blue breadth of the lake behind them, and found themselves in the valley leading up to the Feldburg. Grete struck an independent, zigzag course up the hill's side, clambering up rocky slopes, cutting through patches of forest, and so on, until they found themselves on the high mountain road leading to their destination. Nothing was to be seen of the carriage; and so they went on alone, into the silence of the tall pines, while the valley beneath them gradually grew wider, and the horizon beyond grew more and more distant. Now they were really in the Black Forest of the old romances—not the low-lying districts, where the trees are of modern growth, but up in the rocky wilderness where

the magnificent trunks were encrusted and coated with lichens of immemorial age—where the spongy yellow-green moss, here and there of a dull crimson, would let a man sink to the waist—where the wild profusion of underwood was rank and strong with the heat of the sun and the moisture of innumerable streams trickling down their rocky channels in the hillside—where the yellow light, falling between the splendid stems of the trees, glimmered away down the narrow avenues, and seemed to conjure up strange forms and faces out of the still brushwood and the fantastic grey lichens which hung everywhere around. Several times a cock capercailzie, with two or three hens under his protection, would rise with a prodigious noise and disappear in the green darkness overhead; occasionally a mountain-hare flew past."

There is much of this charming bright description in "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton," which Mr. Ruskin well describes as "a very delightful and wise book of its kind." "Madcap Violet," too, is full of delicacy and sweetness. But it is a question whether "Macleod of Dare" is not altogether the best specimen of Mr. Black's work. It has not the light-hearted gaiety of some of the slighter stories, certainly. It is full of sadness and distress.

It is a strange bitter-sweet poem of modern life. It is a story of to-day; yet it is utterly romantic. Mr. Black has caught that delicate spirit of romance, which, to dimmer eyes, would seem to have flown before our matter-of-fact nineteenth century life. He sees that it is still with us; that the human heart is still passionate: that lovers' eyes still brim with tears of unreasoning sadness; that the world is as mysteriously beautiful as in the old days of Arthurian romance. "Macleod of Dare" is full of nature, not only in the seas and skies, but in the human souls whose life romance is told so simply; there is a weird sense of the inevitable differences between human temperaments:

Dark and true and tender is the North,
And bright and fierce and fickle is the South.

Just at the white heather and the red rose are differently planned by Nature, so are the Highland Chief and the Roseleaf whom he loves. To those who have grown sick of that dead level of monotony and mediocrity which town life produces, "Macleod of Dare" is like a breath of strong fresh air. The readers who object to the tragic end of the story have only read half the book; they have missed the writing between the lines. As a mere narrative it seems a sad ending; there is perhaps rather too strong a tone of tragedy. But a soul so intense as Keith Macleod's must either live or die; he cannot consent to exist; and in his death what so natural as that he should crush the fluttering roseleaf in his hand? Keith Macleod is as real as the rock on which his castle stands; his moods as natural as those of the sea he loves. You can no more find fault with his disposition than you would with that of a sea-gull. He is natural. So, if it comes to that, is the Roseleaf, after her own fashion—for

it is a question whether an artificial life is not as necessary and healthy for some human beings as what we call a natural life, for the sake of distinction, is to others. But the development of this character is too painful to linger over; one can only turn away from it with a sigh. The quaint mixture of Highland spirit and tradition with modern modes of life in that part of the book in which Macleod carries off his bride, is most original. The actual failure of the attempt to bring the old spirit of conquest by force to act upon a modern creature like the Roseleaf is so natural: she cannot, like Flora Macdonald's mother, love her chief for his wild tenacity of purpose. She only hates him for thwarting her will.

The descriptions of natural scenery in this book are indeed wonderful. Nothing can be more exquisite and truly poetic in feeling than the pictures it contains of the varied beauties of sea and sky and moorland. The whole book breathes the very scents and odours of the open air. One thing is becoming very noticeable in Mr. Black's writing: he will describe Kensington Gardens as carefully as a storm at sea: he omits nothing, and, like a true artist, he can see the beauties of a city street as well as those of a moorland. Turner learned to love effects of sky and water upon the margin of our town-defiled "coffee-coloured" Thames. Wherever there is light and shade the artist can see beauty; and so with Mr. Black: he will attract your attention to the prettiness of the red chimney-pots against the blue sky in a London street. He is by no means the first artist who has admired them; but it takes an artist to notice a beauty of this sort. Another peculiar feature in Mr. Black's mode of observation is illustrated rather specially in "Macleod of Dare." To him the phenomena of nature are events, apart from any special effect upon human lives. Perhaps Mr. Blackmore is the only other living writer who has that same peculiar power of making a storm or a sunrise, or a fall of snow, impart a thrill of apprehension and interest to the reader apart from the human concerns of the book. To other authors nature is only important in so far as her storms or calms actually affect human affairs. Charles Reade can describe a storm at sea with some force and excitement; but a storm would have no place in his book, unless a wreck were necessary. Now, to Mr. Black it was plain the events of nature are vivid events in themselves, and their effect upon the human mind is, to him, a great reality. In these days, when such dense masses of human beings live for the great part of their time within four walls and amid the surroundings of the city, we may almost regard as apostles of truth those writers who remind us of the great elements which make up the natural world, and who, without using nature, after the fashion of some modern poets, as a mere ornament to their writing, can bring her vividly before us. She is our mother; and it is possible that much mental health is lost by not staying long enough to read her lessons. The strength of the sea air enters into the soul as well as into the lungs.

With regard to his personal career, Mr. Black himself is the best authority, and as he has given some account of it in a humorous autobiography which he wrote for "The Portrait," we cannot do better than quote his own words:—"I am informed, on what I hold to be excellent authority, that I was born in Glasgow, on either the 13th or 15th of November, 1841,—the precise day is not a point likely to drive the world into convulsions of dispute. I never had any systematised education to speak of; but I managed to pick up a vast array of smatterings—a crude and confused jumble of hydraulics, Latin verbs, vegetable physiology, Czerny's Exercises for the Piano, and a dozen other things: a perhaps not unnatural outcome of all which was that I found myself engaged, at one and the same time, on a translation of Livy which was to excel in literary accuracy anything the world had ever seen before; on the formation of a complete collection of British flowering plants—the grasses and cryptogams were a trifle beyond me; and on the construction—on paper—of a machine which should demonstrate the possibility of perpetual motion. The translation of Livy did not get beyond half a book or so; that monument of learning is at the disposal of any publisher who will pay for it. The perpetual-motion machine was never forwarded to the Royal Society; but its phantom on paper at least succeeded in puzzling a good many worthy persons, who could only bring against it the objection that in time friction would destroy the mechanism—a puerile and vulgar argument. The scant herbarium remains to this day; a poor enough treasure-house of botanical lore, but a rich treasure-house of memories—memories of innumerable and healthful wanderings by hill and moorland and sea-shore, through the rain, and sunlight, and beautiful colors of the western Highlands. But the chiefest of my ambitions was to become a landscape painter; and I laboured away for a year or two at the Government School of Art, and presented my friends with the most horrible abominations in water-colour and oil. As an artist I was a complete failure; and so qualified myself for becoming in after-life—for a time—an art critic."

Mr. Black is a very rapid writer. There are fabulous stories told of the amount of leader-writing which he could accomplish in his days of journalistic work. In writing novels he seems to sit down with all his matter in his head and only the actual work of the penmanship to do, so that he can write straight on. He will take perhaps a week of what ignorant mortals might consider idleness, and then in a day or two write out all that has accumulated in his mind. Thus, although he seems to keep his brain perpetually employed either in observation or construction, his hours of actual physical work are not really very many. He seldom works two days running, even in the thick of a novel, as the strain of this continuous work is too great, although occasionally this rule is broken by some few days of consecutive writing. Mr. Black seems, altogether, to have a very fluent and easily commanded power

of production, but even he cannot always write. Sometimes he will shut himself up, or leave home for a few days in order to get through a spell of work. Mr. Black's earlier novels were written when he accomplished an amount of journalistic work which must have made it no light labor to produce bright romances at the same time. But Mr. Black is not one of those persons who enjoy talking of themselves or their own work, and we are left to judge for ourselves whether his work has always been a pleasure to him even when he was most full of it. Mr. Black is a very good pool player—a fact which will bring a smile to many of us, as recalling that delightful sketch, "The Legend of a Billiard Club"—and is indeed fond of games and the various active amusements with which our humanity busies itself: most people would suppose him to like the light and bright side of life. Yet it is probable that, if Mr. Black were personally asked to describe his own disposition, he would say that his habitual mood is one of profound melancholy. It is more than probable that other authors, also gifted with the power both of enjoyment and of giving enjoyment, would render a similar account of themselves. It is a question whether anyone who has cultivated his powers of observation will not inevitably be more often sad than gay.

Mr. Black deliberately avows the characters he describes to be not individuals, but types. He is an artist in intent, not a photographer. Yet, like all authors who put much reality into their work, he has had a good deal of trouble about the identification of his characters. For instance, he has had three different originals of the Princess of Thule pointed out to him. Of course he will sometimes take a hint for a character from an individual, but it is generally as little to be identified as in the case of the King of Borva, who was suggested by an Englishman. Probably there is not a single instance of Mr. Black's describing any individual in such a manner that he would be recognised even by his most intimate friend. So those who are possessed with the passion of identification must give up the hope of ever meeting the charming Coquette, or amusing themselves with the unconventionalities of the actual Princess of Thule. But in descriptions of life and manners we may accept Mr. Black's pictures as being very accurate. It is this power of incessant general observation which gives such a human reality to some of his writings.

Mr. Black is married, and has a family; but he is still a young man, and, though he leaves a past behind him which many men would be content to regard as a completed career, he has evidently a future also, the results of which Time alone can give us any idea of. The mark of true genius is the enlargement of power with every added year of life; and Mr. Black, who has so little exhausted his brain that ere he has finished one work he is in haste to begin another, will probably yet astonish his most ardent admirers.

—*University Magazine.*

DULCE EST DESIPERE.

▲ LATIN STUDENT'S SONG OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY.

(*Translated from the "Carmina Burana," p. 137.*)

Cast aside dull books and thought !
 Sweet is folly, sweet is play ;
 Take the pleasure spring hath brought
 In youth's opening holiday !
 Right it is that age should ponder
 On grave matters fraught with care ;
 Tender youth is free to wander,
 Free to frolic light as air.

Like a dream our prime is flown,
 Prisoned in a study ;
 Sport and folly are youth's own,
 Tender youth and ruddy.

Lo, the spring of life slips by,
 Frozen winter comes apace ;
 Strength is minished silently,
 Care writes wrinkles on our face ;
 Blood dries up and courage fails us,
 Pleasure dwindles, joys decrease,
 Till old age at last assails us
 With his troop of illnesses.

Like a dream our prime is flown,
 Prisoned in a study ;
 Sport and folly are youth's own,
 Tender youth and ruddy.

Live we like the gods above !
 This is wisdom, this is truth :
 Chase the joys of gentle love
 In the leisure of our youth !

Keep the vows we swore together
 Lads, obey that ordinance ;
 Seek the fields in sunny weather,
 Where the laughing maidens dance.

Like a dream our prime is flown,
 Prisoned in a study ;
 Sport and folly are youth's own,
 Tender youth and ruddy.

There the lad who lists may see
 Which among the girls is kind ;
 There young limbs deliciously
 Flashing through the dances wind ;
 While the girls their arms are raising,
 Moving, winding o'er the lea,
 Still I stand and gaze, and gazing
 They have stolen the soul of me !

Like a dream our prime is flown,
 Prisoned in a study ;
 Sport and folly are youth's own,
 Tender youth and ruddy.

THE PRIZE FRENCH NOVEL.

As we had occasion to observe repeatedly in a recent article on French novelists, the honours awarded by the Council of the Academy are by no means a guarantee for moral excellence. Literary genius is permitted an ample license, which it uses freely, and often abuses. We have pictures of life which may be striking, and are possibly veracious, but over which discretion and delicacy would be inclined to throw a veil; while clever authors exhaust their ingenuity in refining on the eccentricities of illicit passion. In short, it seems to be the doctrine of the Academy that breadth and boldness of treatment are the qualities most to be admired; and that fiction should be written for adults of experience who have graduated in the vices and follies of the age. It is something of an event, then, and no ordinary distinction besides, when a novel, in the opinion of those eminent experts, is considered good enough to gain the Monthyon prize of virtue, which takes the form of a *douceur* of 25,000 francs. That, as the French say, is a *joli denier* to fall to an author incidentally in these days of keen competition; and it ought to insure his book, besides, an extensive circulation, which must raise a reputation that already stands high. Appearing under such a distinguished *imprimatur*, the story should be clever enough to please anybody; and for once a novel of talent is recommended for popularity in families. That is the success which M. Hector Malot has just obtained with his "Sans Famille;"* and if we are in any degree disappointed in the book, it is merely because our expectations had been raised, under the circumstances, unnaturally high. If it does not strike us as absolutely a masterpiece, it is undoubtedly an extremely fascinating story, written with unflagging force and spirit, and as full of genuine pathos as of graceful and delicate descriptions. If there is an agreeable absence of coarse or licentious sensation, there is an abundance of lively and moving incident. And the interest—which with some exceptions we shall call attention to, is invariably innocent and natural—is sustained with ingenious simplicity from the first chapter to the last.

"Sans Famille" is a book for children as well as for grown-up people. As the name implies, it relates the adventures of a foundling who, after passing unharmed and uncontaminated through a series of trials and vicissitudes, is reclaimed at last by his wealthy family. The notion of such a juvenile Gil Blas is by no means a new one. Eugene Sue for one had written the "History of a Foundling," in his

* Sans Famille, par Hector Malot. Paris: E. Dentu. 1879.

own eminently characteristic style; but nothing can be more striking in every respect than the contrast between the book of the sensation-loving advocate of Socialism and this of M. Malot. Sue's Martin was one of those ideal characters who reproduce, and in rare luxuriance, in the hotbeds of crime and dissipation the simple virtues of the Golden Age. Like M. Malot's brave and honest little hero, he went unscathed through the temptations that beset his path; but then, for the purpose of his glorification, or for the satisfaction of the readers of the *feuilleton*, these temptations were painted with a minuteness that left nothing to desire. "Martin," in fact, was an unwholesome book, with an admirable moral; while "Sans Famille" is written throughout in a tone of scrupulous purity. Rémi, the Foundling, is thrown among hard people and bad people; he is forced into the company of thieves, and has to extricate himself as he can from the snares that they lay for him. Our common-sense tells us that he must have been familiar with sights and scenes that were far from edifying, and doubtless he had to listen to a deal of bad language. It was a grand opportunity for a realistic writer who was ambitious of depicting coarseness and crime with all the force of effective contrast. But M. Malot shows none of that cynical realism which seeks its situations and sensations in doing violence to our feelings and decency; and he leaves all that is gross and objectionable to be filled in *à discretion* by the practised imagination.

What is even more strange to the readers of contemporary fiction, there is almost an entire absence of the love-making which is the staple of the ordinary novel; although there is a very fair amount of marrying and giving in marriage compressed into the chapter which may pass for the epilogue. Not that the story is by any means destitute of sentiment, amorous as well as amical. Young Rémi not only slips into firm friendships with the animals and children who at one time or another form the family circles of the small adventurer; but in the nascent chivalry of his affectionate nature, he has a precocious attachment for a little dumb girl, who subsequently becomes the partner of his prosperity. M. Malot, indeed, draws those children and animals with a sympathy and tenderness which are inexpressibly engaging, as he strikes the key to the tone of his story on the title-page, in the dedication of the contents to his own little daughter. And by way of showing the spirit which inspired the composition of his work, we can hardly do better than quote that dedication:—

"While writing this book I have been constantly thinking of you, my child, and your name at each moment has been coming to my lips. Will Lucie feel that? Will Lucie be interested in that? Always Lucie. Your name so often pronounced should be inscribed at the head of these pages. I know not what fortune may be reserved for them; but be it what it will, they will have given me the pleasure which is well worth every success—the satisfaction of thinking you may read them—the joy of offering them to you."

The success may have exceeded the writer's expectations, though

his literary experience must have told him that he had gone some way towards deserving it. His sketches of character, especially those taken from humble life, impress one forcibly as being as real as they are vigorous. As we have said already, he chiefly excels in his children, and those creations of his own sympathetic fancy have clearly become living realities for him. Their sufferings and misfortunes serve to endear them to him, and as you distinguish the working of their better nature which triumphs over the drawbacks of miserable upbringing, you grow attached to them in spite of their rags and dirt. The touches in which he describes their rare moments of enjoyment, and the pleasures which, to those who have been nursed in affluence, seem almost a melancholy satire on the word, might make one inclined to imagine that in his own early years he had gone through similar experiences to those of his Rémi. It may be said, indeed, that he looks too habitually on the bright side of human nature—and perhaps the criticism would be a fair one. The life he has been narrating, and the necessities of his plot, make him introduce a fair sprinkling of villains; but with the single exception of a truculent master of organ-boys, these blacker sketches of his are rather superficial and theatrical. He has very evidently drawn them *contre cœur*, thinking probably that his Lucie would be frightened or disgusted at them. But in landscape-painting he is always at home, and in his *itinéraire*, through the greater part of the departments in France, he presents us with landscapes in endless variety. It is characteristic of the subdued tone of his style that there are few of those passages that will bear quotation apart from the context in which they are naturally introduced. They are the very reverse of fine writing; he is chary of vaguely eloquent epithets, and never indulges in high-flown flights of word-painting. But on the other hand, in a few well-considered lines, or even with a casual touch or two, he can convey a most vivid impression of the features of a district, reviving the fading recollections of his reader.

We make the acquaintance of the little Rémi in a village in one of the most poverty-stricken districts in the centre of France. He has been adopted and brought up by a "*brave femme*," an expression which has hardly its counterpart in English. The Mère Barberin and her husband are typical French peasants. The couple are on good terms enough, but they have been in the way of living much apart, owing to the necessity of getting a livelihood. Barberin is a mason or bricklayer. Although his *pied-à-terre* is in the country, unfortunately he is not a peasant proprietor; and he has been residing in Paris, where work abounds. As for his wife, she stays at home and does her best to keep a cottage roof over her head, sending out their solitary cow to feed by the roadsides under the care of Rémi. While the couple were living together in the great capital, Barberin had picked up the child one evening in one of the avenues of the Champs Elysées quarter. An impulse of humanity might

have had something to say to his bringing it home, but the speculation of making a good stroke of business had influenced him more immediately. The dress of the abandoned baby showed that the parents must be wealthy, and it might be hoped that it would be reclaimed sooner or later. Mère Barberin's heart is touched at once by its helplessness—the more so that she has lost an infant of her own. She takes the child to her motherly arms, and pets and spoils it as it grows up. Rémi, whose nature is one that expands with affection, regards the loving woman as his mother. When they had shifted their home to the country, and Barberin had returned to Paris, neither the woman nor her nursling appears to miss him much. The wife has news of her husband from time to time by travelling comrades, who seek a night's hospitality. Though he sends messages more often than money, she is content; for she continues to support herself and her charge *tant bien que mal*. Unfortunately times of trouble are in store for them. Barberin has an accident, and is shelved in the hospital; and he sends orders to sell the cow and remit him the price. He is *père de famille* and the poor woman's master, and there is no disputing the peremptory behest. The sale of the poor "Rousette" and the leave-taking are the first of a long series of touching scenes which are described in simple and graphic language.

"We lived so well by our cow, Mère Barberin and I, that to this moment I had hardly ever tasted meat. But it was not only our wet-nurse that she was, she was our comrade too, and our friend: for you are not to fancy that the cow is a stupid beast; on the contrary it is an animal full of intelligence and of moral virtues, so much the more developed as they have been cultivated by education. We petted our cow, we talked to her, she understood us; and as for her, with her big, round, gentle eyes, she knew perfectly well how to make us understand what she wanted or how she felt. In short, she loved us, and we loved her, which is saying everything."

Rousette felt the separation as much as her owners. Her astonished resistance is only overcome when it is explained to her that there is positively no help for it; and when she has been led from the embraces of her sorrowing family, her lamentations are heard dying away in the distance. The loss of the cow is but the beginning of sorrows, and the prelude to a far more trying separation. Barberin comes back a sullen cripple to a cottage where there is no more milk and butter. Naturally his first idea is to retrench, and he is ready, besides, *faire flèche de tout bois*, as the proverb has it. There is no prospect, apparently, of Rémi being reclaimed; he is only a burden in the meantime, and the best thing is to get rid of him. The tension of feeling in the Barberin household, in these circumstances, is described with wonderful fidelity to nature. We have Barberin himself behaving the more roughly, that he is ashamed in his heart of what he is doing. Seemingly he reassures himself with a free French rendering of our English "Needs must," etc.; and assumes a more despotic and repulsive manner than is customary with him. As for his hard-working wife, she never dreams of disputing

the will of her tyrant, whom, after all, she loves in a fashion; though she does not scruple to deceive him and play the hypocrite, with the idea of making things smoother for Rémi. And both she and the little boy are waiting in grief and apprehension the impending separation, which they feel to be inevitable.

We remarked already on the instinctive sympathy with which M. Malot enters into the probable feelings of his little hero, and in this supreme moment of Rémi's young life we have an admirable example of it. Barberin has led him away from his mother by adoption, to be disposed of either at the Hospice of the commune or elsewhere. His ingenuity exhausts itself in disagreeable suggestions; his speculations lose themselves in horrible uncertainty, and he fears he will never come back to his home. Yet when Barberin, taking him by the ear, pushes him into the village *café*, and when he hears the door shut to behind him, he says—

“I felt myself comforted; the *café* did not seem to me a dangerous place; and besides, on the other hand, it was the *café*, and I had always had a longing to pass its door. The *café*! the *café* of the *auberge* Notre Dame! what sort of place could that possibly be? How often I had asked myself the question!”

Dangerous for him or no, it was in the *café* his fate was to be decided by a chance *rencontre* due to accident or Providence. After considerable haggling, he is bought cheap from his foster-father by a picturesque-looking old gentleman in ragged sheepskin and faded velvet. Barberin asks few questions of the purchaser, but Rémi might have been very much worse off. Old Vitalis is an Italian naturalised as a Frenchman, and master of a troop of travelling comedians. The company for which Rémi has been recruited consists of a poodle, a spaniel, a third dog, and a monkey—the latter a fellow of infinite jest. How Rémi falls naturally into relations of affectionate intimacy with the members of his new family is charmingly described. Surely M. Malot must have modelled his animals from the life, for he gives each of them its own very distinct individuality, with traits of character which never belie themselves. Signor Vitalis presents them to his new acquisition, in language which *sent le grand seigneur* through the sheepskins, and we see at once that there is a mystery in the life of this grand-mannered *impresario*. “The one I call Capi,” continued Vitalis, “otherwise called Capitano in Italian, is the chief of the dogs; it is he who, as the most intelligent, transmits my orders to the others. This young dandy with the black hair is the Signor Zerbino, which means the gallant, a name which he merits in every respect. As for that young lady with the modest air, she is the Signora Dolce, a charming Englishwoman, who has not stolen her name of the gentle one.” All the dogs are excellent company, though Zerbino and Dolce have their defects. The former is *gourmand*, and given to petty larceny under temptation; and the temptations come by no means unfrequently, since, notwithstanding the talents of the troop, they are from time to time reduced to short commons; while the beautiful

Dolce is coquettish and volatile. But Capi is a dog of no ordinary character, and before the close of his well-spent life—which M. Malot, by the way, prolongs rather improbably—we get to feel the warmest respect and regard for him. Though he has lived on the roads, his morals are beyond reproach; so far as his lights go, his conduct is unimpeachable; his intelligence, as his master boasted, is extraordinary; and he has not only a heart of gold, but excellent taste and discretion. Poor little Rémi is naturally very sad, as he is led away over the range of hills that rises behind the cottage where he has been brought up. With streaming eyes he has taken his last wistful look at the well-known dung-heap, and the solitary fowl, and the crooked pear-tree on whose branches he used to swing. He had screamed an adieu or appeal of “*Maman! maman!*” from a distance, to the Mère Barberin, who had appeared on the scene, and seemed to be searching for him. He had been somewhat consoled by his new master’s promise of hobnailed shoes and a pair of velvet breeches when they should reach the nearest town. But at night, when they had to sleep on some bundles of fern in an empty barn, after slightly breaking their fast on a crust, his spirits gave way as he thought of his warm bed and the soup the Mère Barberin used to make for supper. As he lay shivering and hungry in his solitary wretchedness the future terrified him—

“Would it be always the same thing, day after day? to trudge forward under the rain without resting, to sleep in some barn, to shake with cold, to have nothing for supper but a bit of dry bread, nobody to pity me, nobody to love, no Mère Barberin?”

“As I was thinking sadly, with a swelling heart and my eyes brimful of tears, I felt a warm breath pass over my face. I stretched out my hand, and it met the curly coat of Capi. He had drawn near me softly, slipping stealthily over the fern, and he was smelling at me; he snuffed gently; his breath ran over my face and in my hair. What did he want? He stretched himself down in the fern close by me, and began delicately to lick my hands. Quite overcome by the caress, I half raised myself, and kissed him on his cold nose. He gave a little stifled cry, then quickly he put his paw in my hand, and lay still. Then I forgot my weariness and my troubles; my choking throat was relieved; I breathed again; I was no longer alone; I had a friend.”

The respectable Capi was Rémi’s first friend, as Mattia, a little Savoyard outcast, was his second. The friendship with Capi never belied itself through the many vicissitudes of their checkered fortunes, though on several occasions, like the worthy Mère Barberin, Vitalis’s trusted deputy tried to reconcile his feelings with his duty. He had mounted guard on Rémi at a sign from Vitalis, while the boy was still so near the cottage that a sudden impulse and a light pair of legs might have carried him down the hill to it in a rush. Yet in the darkness his feelings of sympathy became irresistible, and he took the opportunity of expressing the compassion he had stifled. So in another charming little scene, on another occasion, Rémi and the four-footed comedians had temporarily lost their master, who, having infringed the police regulations, had been locked away in prison for a

month or two. Poor Rémi finds Zerbino and Dolce very difficult to manage, as he has to keep them in good humour on short commons. Zerbino has bolted with a piece of meat from a butcher's, and being fully aware of the enormity of his offence, shows no signs of reappearing. Rémi, in despair, turns to his friend and confidant, and despatches him in quest of the culprit.

"I called Capi.

"Go and bring me Zerbino.' And he started straightway to accomplish the mission I had charged him with. It seemed to me, however, that he accepted his *role* with less zeal than was usual with him, and in the glance that he cast at me before going off, I fancied I saw that he would rather have been Zerbino's advocate than my gendarme. . . . An hour passed without my seeing either one or the other come back, and I had begun to feel uneasy when Capi reappeared alone with his head hanging down. 'Where is Zerbino?' Capi crouched in an attitude of alarm, and then on looking at him, I remarked that one of his ears was bleeding. I had no need of explanation for understanding what had happened. Zerbino had revolted against the gendarmerie—he had offered resistance; and Capi, who perhaps only obeyed with regret an order which he deemed exceedingly harsh, had willingly let himself have the worst of it."

Rémi's lot as a vagabond mountebank was a rough one. But M. Malot takes care to avoid putting an excessive strain upon our feelings. As Rémi's nature shows signs of his gentle blood and the hereditary transmission of noble qualities, so we are given to understand very soon that there is a brighter future in store for him. Besides, the boy is seldom actually maltreated, and when he is suffering cold, hunger, or fatigue, we feel that he is going through an education which is salutary though severe. With his sunny sanguine disposition, he quickly begins to learn that happiness may be in a great measure independent of external circumstances; and he smooths the ways of life by the practice of a cheerful resignation. Many writers would have been inclined to work upon our feelings, and heighten the effects of impending contrasts by making the master he is sold to a brutal tyrant, or, at all events, careless and capricious. Old Vitalis is nothing of the kind; but, unfortunately, circumstances have made him a misanthrope, and he is austere enough to be an uncongenial companion for a sensitive and warm-hearted child. At the same time he is no bad schoolmaster for a foundling with the world before him,—and not an unfriendly one. He never gives way to passion; he is always just; he has studied human nature closely, and he reads the boy like a book. Characteristically he begins by making some apology for Barberin; for he sees that Rémi's faith in humanity has been rudely shocked. "He is not, perhaps, so hard as you imagine. He has not the means of living; he is crippled; he cannot work any more, and he calculates that he cannot let himself die of hunger for the sake of supporting you. Understand, once for all, my boy, that life is too often a battle, in which you cannot do just what you please." But Rémi is not to pass his life in comparative freedom from care and responsibility under the wing of Vitalis, who, after all, finds him in some sort of food, and stands between him and the world. Even be-

fore the successive catastrophes which deprive Vitalis of the means of livelihood, and then of life itself, Rémi is cast for a time on his own resources, and has some opportunity of learning to act independently. He is a child who has been growing prematurely into a man; he has a temperament that, happily for him, is at once thoughtful and *insouciant*. Vitalis is under lock and key, and the boy is turned with the *troupe* out of the *auberge* where they had been staying. He has but a very few *sous* in his purse, and there is nothing for it but to support himself and his dependants by falling back on their performances without their chief. The monkey, who, thanks to his size, has the smallest appetite of the party, is the most cheerful and the least sympathetic. Rémi, who has got into the habit of prattling to the dogs and to himself, gathers his little company round him, and makes them a solemn address in due form.

"You wish us to give entertainments: assuredly it is good advice; but shall we make any money? All depends on that. If we don't succeed, I warn you that we have but three *sous* for our whole fortune. So we must take in a hole or two in our belts. That being the case, I venture to hope that you will understand the full gravity of the circumstances, and that, instead of playing me foolish tricks, you will place your intelligence at the service of the company. I ask for obedience, sobriety, and courage. Let us close our files, and count upon me as I count on you."

The dogs, he says, understood his meaning if they did not enter into all the refinements of his eloquence. But as for M. Joli-Cœur, the monkey, it was impossible to keep his attention fixed on any subject. He began by listening with the most lively interest; but the next moment he had broken away, and was swinging himself in the branches of the trees overhead. "Had Capi offered me such an insult, I should certainly have felt wounded, but nothing surprised me in Joli-Cœur: he was only an addlepate, a featherbrain; and then, after all, it was very natural that he should like to amuse himself a little." Thanks to the indifference of the villagers, and the officious interference of the *gardes champêtres*, the miserable little company would certainly have starved. They are saved in their extremity by a happy accident, in which Rémi for a moment touches the port in which he is to rest from his wanderings at the end of his story. They are picked up on a floating yacht-barge, to play for the entertainment of a crippled English boy, whose mother, following the prescription of the doctors, is taking him for a cruise on the rivers and canals. A word on Rémi's part might have cut short his troubles. We and the English lady know what he does not,—that she had been robbed of a baby in Paris some years before; and her maternal heart feels a strange affection for the gentle-mannered young vagabond who has been living on her charity. But Rémi, negatively disingenuous for once, suppresses the fact of his being a foundling in telling his story. He is afraid of being ignominiously sent away as no fit companion for Arthur Milligan. So when Vitalis, on his release from prison, declines, for reasons which he afterwards repents, to hand the boy over

to Mrs. Milligan, Rémi must leave the floating paradise to resume his wanderings on the inhospitable roads.

The incidents in which Vitalis recognises the punishment of his egoism come in as picturesque illustrations of the fate of solitary existences in a world which is busy with its own concerns. We have them lost in a snowstorm in a forest in the French midlands, and houseless in a wild winter night in Paris; and the city is as cruelly indifferent as the country. More so, indeed; for in the forest they at least find shelter in a woodcutter's hut, while in Paris the old man dies of exposure. But that night in the woodlands has cost them dear. There is a veil drawn over the fate of Dolce and Zerbino, for, having strayed away into the darkness, they are supposed to be snapped up by the wolves who are howling around the hovel. But the deathbed of poor M. Joli-Cœur is very pathetic, for he pays with his life for that volatile temperament of his. Instead of curling himself up warm under his master's sheepskin, he has chosen to run out into the snowstorm, and caught inflammation of the lungs. He is recovered, indeed, and taken to the nearest village, and put to bed in a comfortable room in the *auberge*, where all that medical skill can do is done for him. Vitalis, by diplomacy and delicate flattery, has even persuaded the doctor of the place to attend him. As he remarked in his most insinuating manner--

"No doubt the patient was only a monkey, but a monkey of extraordinary genius; and a comrade besides, and a friend for us. How could we intrust so remarkable a comedian to the care of an ordinary veterinary surgeon! Everybody knows that those village farriers are no better than asses; while everybody knows, too, that the physicians in their different degrees are all men of science,—so much so, that you are certain in the smallest village of finding skill and generosity when you ring at the doctor's door. Finally, though the monkey is only a beast, yet, according to the naturalists, he so closely resembles a man, that the diseases of the one are the same as those of the other. Is it not interesting, from this point of view of art, to study the points in which those maladies resemble each other and those in which they differ?"

The doctor does his best, but the disease has gone too far. Joli-Cœur's character has been changed and softened by illness. He clings to his friends, and, like a spoiled child, will let neither of them out of his sight. He even craves for sympathy from Capi, whom he used to take a pleasure in tormenting. But his *gourmandise* remains by him to the last, nor does the near approach of death make him forget the cunning which finally precipitates his end. Rémi had spent his only *sous* in buying barley-sugar for the poor little invalid, and, as Joli-Cœur remarked that he got a piece when he coughed, he took to coughing perpetually.

"When I found out the trick, you may be sure I put away the barley-sugar; but he would not be discouraged. He began by imploring me with suppliant eyes; but when he saw that his prayers were useless, he raised himself to a sitting posture, and, bending double, with one hand pressed upon his stomach, he coughed with all his strength; his face grew flushed, the veins of his forehead distended themselves, the tears streamed from his eyes, and he perished by suffocation—no longer playing a comedy, but for good and all."

The second part of Rémi's public life finds him his own master. Vitalis is dead and buried; and Capi has transferred his allegiance. It is true that Vitalis had died because he could not find friends and a shelter at a moment's notice; but the whole moral of M. Malot's book is that there is a great deal of disinterested charity in the world, and especially among the poor who are most in need of it. Even Barberin found an apologist in Vitalis; and Rémi is always stumbling on somebody who lends him a helping hand, though either some accident or his roving instincts make him keep continually moving on. When he loses his protector, he is received for a time into the family of a weak but worthy market-gardener, where he makes the acquaintance of his future wife. There is some novelty in the idea of making the chance acquaintance of two children develop into a serious and life-long attachment, and naturally little Lise does not figure very conspicuously in the story. She is separated almost immediately from her boy-lover, though the remembrance of her serves as a guiding-star to keep him in the path of honesty and virtue, which, however, he has never shown an inclination to quit. But if he is somewhat too young for sentiment and a passion, he is sorely in need of companionship and friendship, and he is richly rewarded, as it turns out, for a benevolent impulse. Rémi had paid a flying visit to the den of the Ogre Garofali, who traded on the wretchedness of small Savoyard organ-grinders, and there he had made the acquaintance of one of the victims; and by a hazard he renews his friendship with Mattia as he is on the point of resuming his wanderings.

There is something very touching in the *rencontre* of the outcasts. Rémi's lot had been by no means an enviable one, but in comparison with Mattia he had been living on velvet. Not only had Mattia never known kindness since a speculative uncle carried him off from his mother, but he had been half starved and brutally ill-treated. What makes his fate more poignant is, that he had his recollections like Rémi—recollections of a real mother and of a little sister who had loved him in the cottage in Savoy. Now cast out into the streets of Paris with his fiddle, he has lost heart, and resigned himself to dying. Rémi, who has seen the world, and is comparatively rich in the possession of a few loose francs, takes compassion on his helplessness. He chivalrously resolves to charge himself with Mattia and his fortunes; and there is a delightfully natural touch of flattered vanity in the motives that bring him to his benevolent decision. He has the pleasure, for the first time, of playing the protector, and Mattia looks up to him with naïf respect.

"I can work," says Mattia, enforcing his appeal. "To begin with, I play the fiddle; then I can disjoint myself. I dance on the rope, I jump through the hoops, I sing; I shall be your servant, I shall obey you. I don't ask money, only food. If I behave badly you shall beat me—that is agreed upon; all I ask is, that you don't hit me on the head—that must be agreed on too—for my head is too sensitive since Garofali thumped me on it so constantly."

A more industrious, long-headed, and intelligent pair of little fellows never took to travelling the provinces. Mattia, with his engaging qualities, and a vast capacity for affection now that he has found a friend to lavish it on, has all the subtlety of the Italian in embryo. This juvenile Machiavelli, under his airs of childish simplicity, takes the measure of the shrewd French peasant to an inch, and even manages to hold his own with the stern minions of the police. Rémi has had a magnificent idea, and Mattia has thrown himself into it heart and soul. They are to sing and play their way to the cottage of the Mère Barberin, having previously arranged a joyful surprise for her. When her husband met with his accident, she had, as already mentioned, to sell the cow she lived by, and now they hope to replace Rousse with another. So while they gather in *sous* and “white pieces” at their *al fresco* concerts, they make it their pleasure to live as frugally as they may, that they may save all they can towards the purchase-money. We almost forget that they are mere children, till Rémi very seasonably reminds us of it. They had bought their cow at last, to their great joy and pride, with the assistance of a kindly farrier, and were conducting her towards her destination by easy stages. They had halted for their morning meal, and to let her feed by the side of the road.

“Naturally we had done eating long before the cow; then after admiring her quite long enough, not knowing what to do, we set to playing at ball, Mattia and me—for you must not fancy that we were two *petits bons-hommes*, grave and serious, thinking of nothing but getting money. If we led a life unlike that of children of our age, we had all the same the tastes and the ideas of our childhood,—that is to say, we liked to play at children’s games, nor did we ever let a day go by without a game at ball or leap-frog. All at once, for no particular reason, very often Mattia would say to me, ‘Shall we have a game?’ Then in a turn of the hand we laid aside our bags and our instruments, and began to play on the road; and more than once, had I not had my watch to remind me of the hour, we should have gone on playing till nightfall. But it warned me that I was chief of the *troupe*,—that we must work and get money for our living; and then I would pass the band of my harp over my aching shoulders, and *en avant*.”

It is a charming episode where the cow is introduced on the sly into Mère Barberin’s empty cow-shed; and the pleasant practical joke is crowned with complete success, while it is hard to say whether the old lady or the children are the most delighted. Then there is a most sensational incident which nearly ends in a disastrous tragedy, when Rémi is shut up for many days in a coal-mine, owing to an explosion of gas and an influx of water. Casually M. Malot gives a vivid picture of the free-thinking, the serious piety, and the superstition that are to be found in different members of the French labouring classes. The little knot of imprisoned miners in the imminent approach of death, express their innermost feelings as if they had met in the confessional; and in particular there is a fierce outburst of doctrinal controversy between a bigoted Catholic and a devout Protestant of the Cevennes. But Rémi’s wanderings in France are drawing to a conclusion. His visit of gratitude to his foster-mother, and the self-de-

nial he showed in the purchase of the cow, have brought him a reward as usual. He has got a clue to the existence of relations who have been looking for him, and is only too eager to be received into a family of his own. He has all along had a craving for affection, and it becomes absorbing and overpowering, now he has a hope of its being gratified. He never doubts for a moment that his friends must be rich, for Mère Barberin has dwelt upon the costliness of his baby-linen, and the idea fills him with delight,—not so much for himself as for those who have been good to him; and, flattering himself with the great things he means to do for them, he builds all kinds of castles in the air. Nor have his expectations deceived him, as it proves in the end, though there are many slips between the cup and the lip. An advertisement that takes him over to England in search of his mother lands him in a *guet-apens*. Though his English adventures are exciting enough in all conscience, we must say that they compare unfavourably with his French experiences. M. Malot knows England very creditably for a Frenchman, but naturally he shows none of that intimate familiarity with it which gives their air of intense *vraisemblance* to his French pictures. Moreover, in bringing his slight plot to a hasty climax, he does considerable violence to probabilities. In consequence of the machinations of the malignant uncle who has been the author of all his misery, and has stood between him and his inheritance, Rémi is handed over to a household of thieves, who are imposed upon him as the family he has been in search of. The redeeming feature in that part of his story is the consistently conscientious way in which he strives to get up filial and fraternal devotion for the father and brothers from whom he instinctively revolts. Incorruptibly honest, he is arrested on a false charge, to be rescued by Mattia under circumstances which say little for the vigilance and energy of our police. Safe again on the French side of the Channel, he gives himself up to the chase of Mrs Milligan, who, as he suspects, has reasons to be interested in him independently of their former acquaintance; and the mother and child, after brief but satisfactory explanations, fall into each other's arms. Rémi proves to be a rich English land-owner, which accounts for the trouble taken to make away with him, and the difficulties interposed in the way of his recovery. How he marries Lise, who has been cured of her dumbness and educated by the benevolent care of Mrs Milligan; how his younger brother Arthur, who is delighted at being disinherited, makes the acquaintance of Mattia's sister and marries her; how Mattia himself, developing his extraordinary genius, becomes the most brilliant violinist of the age,—all these things are rather hurriedly narrated in the concluding chapter. The grateful and generous Rémi, unchanged by prosperity, unites all the humble friends of his adversity in a great family *fête* under the ancestral roof of the Milligans at Milligan Park. Even Capi in his honoured old age has survived to make one of the circle, and takes round the hat among "the honourable company," as in the old strol-

ling days, on a quest that is to lay the foundations of a charity ; while Mère Barberin, who has been persuaded to emigrate, brings down the baby who is her special care. We should willingly have had the conclusion simplified, so that the ending of the story might have been more in harmony with its course. But to French readers the blemishes we detect in the English scenes will be less conspicuous ; and we may say that on the whole this innocent novel fully deserves the honour that has been done it.

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THE NATIONAL POETRY OF SERVIA.

If all national literature be an instructive study, worthy our care and attention, then assuredly the poetry of Serbia, apart from the interest which has lately attached to that country, may boldly claim for itself equal investigation with the songs of other nations ; the research amply rewarding the student by its revelations of unexpected beauty, pathos, and tender grace.

The national poetry of Serbia may be roughly divided into two classes : the one being purely lyrical, the other consisting of epic poems, more or less long, in which the liberty and glory of Serbia is proudly sung, together with its unavailing struggles later on against the Moslem oppressor. There is no doubt that the heroic spirit breathing in these poems has fanned and kept alive the spark of liberty and patriotism in this people, crushed though it has been through four dark centuries of Turkish oppression. Many of the epics are devoted to the deeds of Servian heroes, of whom the greatest and most popular is the " King's son, Marco," whose doings and daring, if not vouched for by history, at any rate live immortal in innumerable ballads. Some few poems, these being in the minority, are legends of saints and holy men. These seem to be, however, of the least poetical value. By far the greater part of Servian songs consists of short lyrics ; and with these we propose to deal principally.

The metre of these poems consists as a rule of trochaic blank verse, which appears to be the favourite form ; although some slight variations are to be occasionally met with. Only very sparingly, and in rare instances, is rhyme used, although alliteration frequently occurs ; as, indeed, in the ballad lore of any primitive nation. It is hardly necessary to call attention to the constant and effective alliteration in the old Scotch and English ballads, as also in the German *Volkslied*.

The epoch of the historical poems of Serbia can in a measure be fixed, most of them dating from the great battle of Kossowo, in 1389, that terrible and conclusive deathblow to Servian independence. But

it is almost impossible to decide upon the date of their lyrical poetry, the probability being that it is as old as the language itself, or the subject it treats of—love, in all its endless variations. These poems have an additional interest, in that they are not only sung, but are also invented by women. Hence it will not be surprising to find that the element of power is not represented strongly, if at all, in these slight but graceful productions. But their tender beauty, their spontaneous and perfectly natural expression of feeling, and now and again their touching pathos, amply compensate for the absence of any more manly vein. Those who love descriptions of battles, and heroes, and “doughty deeds,” must turn to the longer ballads and historical poems. There they may read how Marco or Lasar, with one stroke of the sabre, “converted twelve Turkish necks into twenty-four,” or how the Turkish skulls “yawned and grinned.” The short love lyrics pretend to be nothing more than “women’s” songs, and as such they ought to be criticised. The first thing which strikes one on perusing these utterances of a perfectly natural people is the naïve frankness with which the emotions and passions are avowed. Whether a girl bid her lover welcome, or whether she curse him for neglect or faithlessness, all is confessed with such ingenuousness as to astonish the reader, till he finds out that the simple, straightforward verses often have power to appeal to and touch the heart. Of such is the following poem, in its frank avowal of love. It is entitled

THE LOVING MAIDEN

As we rested tired in the tavern
 Yesternight, we had a glorious supper;
 And we saw a beauteous maiden standing.
 On her head she wore a wreath of tulips.
 Her I gave my steed that she should tend it,
 Then she whispered to the horse in this wise:
 “Tell me, charger, with thy mane bright flashing,
 Tell me if thy master be yet wedded?”
 And the horse responded to her, neighing:
 “No, by Heaven, not yet, oh beauteous maiden,
 Is my master wedded; but next autumn
 To his home doth he intend to lead thee.”
 Then the maiden spoke out free and gladly:
 “If I knew this were the truth, oh charger,
 I would melt my bracelets down to silver,
 That I might adorn therewith thy halter;
 With pure silver would I deck thy halter,
 And I’d gild it with my golden necklet.”

To this class belongs also the following pretty little poem, called

THE MAIDEN’S WISH.

Had I but, ah Laso,
 All the Emperor’s treasure!
 Well I know, ah Laso,

What I then would buy me.
 I would buy, ah Laso,
 By yon stream a garden ;
 Well I know, ah Laso,
 What should grow within it !
 I would grow, ah Laso,
 Hyacinths and tulips.

Had I but, ah Laso,
 All the Emperor's treasures !
 Well I know, ah Laso,
 What I then would buy me.
 I would buy, ah Laso,
 Straightway thee, my Laso,
 Thus to be, ah Laso,
 Gardener in my garden !

Another specimen of this class, somewhat similar in idea and construction, is made here to be uttered by a youth :

PEARLS.

Prayed to God a yet unmarried stripling,
 That he might be changed to pearls, wet-gleaming,
 Where the maidens come to fetch sea-water ;
 That they thus might gather him and string him
 On green threads of silk, so bright and slender,
 And around their snowy necks might wear him ;
 That he thus might hear what speaks each maiden,
 Ah, and if his own true love speak of him.

What he prayed for, God has granted to him.
 E'en as pearls he lies upon the sea-shore,
 Where the maidens come to fetch the water ;
 And they gather him into their dresses,
 And they string him on to threads green-silken,
 Wearing him upon their snowy bosoms,
 And he heareth what doth speak each maiden.
 Spake then every maid of her own lover,
 And, oh bliss ! of him his own dear maiden.

Here is another exquisite little love song, which, indeed, is its title :

Winter gone by,
 Sweetheart, my darling !
 Springtime is nigh,
 Birds are all singing.
 Sweetheart, my darling !

Roses are blooming,
 All things are loving,
 Sweetheart, my darling !
 To lose time unwilling,
 But thou, my golden
 Sweetheart, my darling !

Not to be kissing
Is to lose time, love !
Sweetheart, my darling !
Kiss me then quickly !

It may here be incidentally remarked that the adjective "golden" is made use of in Servian poetry as indicative of the highest praise. Often the word "gold" is even made to stand for the beloved object itself. Lines, such as "For he loved the mother's *gold*, the maiden," explain themselves, and of course are perfectly innocent of the slightest mercenary soupçon.

Such poems (often tender monologues with the beloved one, present or absent) are absolutely without number in the Servian language. Indeed, there is scarcely a phase of love unrepresented, from passionate confession, and despairing grief or hopeless resignation, to quick jealousy and sly humour. Of this latter quality especially there are abundant gleams throughout these poems, relieving and setting off the sombre character of the more passionate songs very effectively. More particularly does this humour vent itself on the subject of widows, as well as on the folly of old men marrying young girls. The old adage of "Beware of widows" seems to be fully appreciated in Servia, and endless are the sly hits which are devoted to this subject. We can only quote a few out of a great number :

WIDOW AND MAIDEN

Over Sarajewo flies a falcon,
Seeking shadow, that he there may cool him ;
Finds a fir-tree he in Sarajewo,
Flows a rill of water cool beneath it ;
By the rill grows Hyacinth, the widow,
And the fragrant Rose, the blushing maiden.
Pondered long the falcon, weighing all things ;
Should he kiss the Hyacinth, the widow,
Or the fragrant blushing Rose, the maiden ?
Pondering, he arrived at this conclusion :
"More worth gold, though worn and used by trades,
More than silver worth, though coined newly."
And he kisseth Hyacinth the widow.
Angrily outspoke then Rose the maiden :
"Sarajewo ! Ill luck now befall thee !
For in thee commenced the evil practice
That young men make love to wily widows,
And white-haired old men woo young maidens !"

The following is the lament of a youth married to a widow :

THE WIDOW.

Bloom, oh rose, no longer me regarding !
For, alas, poor stripling, I am married
To a widow, much in years my senior.
Where she stands and wheresoe'er she goeth,
She complains and weeps for her first husband :

“ Oh, first husband, thou first good and treasure !
 Oh, how happy was the time with thee spent ;
 Early went to bed I, late arising ;
 If thou wokedst me, 'twas done with kissing !
 ‘ Up, oh heart, the sun is in the heavens,
 And arisen is my old grey mother,
 Who has swept the house and fetched the water.’ ”

In Servia it is the duty of the young wife's mother-in-law, who lives in her son's house, to sweep it every day, and fetch the water from the nearest well. If the mother-in-law chooses to make herself disagreeable, it is done by neglecting to perform these two very necessary acts. Some of the songs illustrate the wretchedness of such a household, where no water is to be found in the morning, the old woman having spitefully poured it away in the night.

The last poem we shall quote on the subject of widows contains a piece of quaint advice in the compass of seven lines :

THE WIDOW.

“ Oh, my Misho, yestereve where wast thou ? ”
 “ Dearest, badly then my head was aching ! ”
 “ Have I not, my Misho, often told thee,
 Drink no water, love not thou a widow !
 Fever the result of drinking water,
 Catching is the heartache of a widow ;
 Rather drink thou wine and love a maiden. ”

The following, too, is a pretty little piece of advice, almost as applicable to Western as to Eastern maidens :

TO THE OFFENDED ONE.

“ Angry dear one, be not thus offended ;
 Look you, if I too should lose my temper,
 Not all Bosnia could reconcile us,
 Neither Bosnia nor Herzegowina. ”

Judging by their songs and by the aversion expressed on this subject, matches of unequal ages should seldom occur in Servia. There is a very healthy sentiment running through all the poems which bear reference to marriages of unequal ages. Here is one of them :

THE MONOLOGUE.

Washes her fair countenance the maiden,
 And she says, her tender cheeks bedewing,
 “ Knew I that an aged man should kiss thee,
 Oh, my face, I'd hie me to the greenwood ;
 There I'd gather herbs all harsh and bitter,
 I would seek them and a wash prepare me,
 And therewith would wash thee every morning,
 That my kiss were bitter to the old man.

But, an if I knew would pass a young man,
 I would go into my fragrant garden,
 And would gather bunches of red roses ;
 And with them a wash I would prepare me
 Wherewithal to wash thee every morning,
 That my kiss were fragrant to the young man,
 Fragrant to his soul, his heart refreshing.
 I'd go rather with him to the mountains
 Than I'd stay at home with aged grey hairs ;
 Rather on the rocks with him I'd pillow
 Than on silk, the old man my companion ! ”

And thus there are numerous poems in the same strain. The following little song, called “ ‘The Greater Evil,’ ” is a curious medley of love, anxiety, and jealousy, which last finally predominates :

“ Handsome youths ! The handsomest is wanting !
 If I could but hear or see aught of him,
 If he's ill, or if, alas ! he's faithless !
 I would rather hear he lay in sickness
 Than that he should love and woo another.
 Were he ill, he would return unto me,
 If he love another maiden—never ! ”

Cursing plays a great part in Servian poetry, and is expressed with the same characteristic frankness as love and the other emotions. There is a curious custom, which is continually met with in this poetry, of cursing a beloved person or object immediately after praising the same. The origin of this custom has of course its rise in superstition, as it is thought that the bad effects of the praise may be averted by the malediction. The Greeks and Russians have the same superstition, which may even be traced back to some German expressions in use at the present day. These latter are, however, much modified, confining themselves to “ Unberufen,” or “ Verhüt's Gott ;” while the Servians would seem to nullify the praise just expressed by terms such as, “ May evil strike it,” or “ May sorrow smite her.” A lover, speaking of his mistress, says : “ Lovely is she, oh, may woe befall her ! ” Far, however, from wishing her any evil, it is only his intense love, which seeks by this means to avert possible sorrow from her. Unless one is aware of this, in Servia very common, custom, expressions such as the above must have rather a startling effect to the uninitiated reader. In the two following poems, however, the curses are *bona fide*, and are invoked on the heads of the respective faithless ones. The maiden's curse is called

THE DOUBLE EXECRATION.

Cursed the maiden both her eyes so dusky :
 “ Dusky eyes, may ye be smit by blindness.
 Everything ye see, yet saw to-day not,
 When my lover by the house was passing ;

In his hands he bore a fragrant flower,
 On his shoulders an embroidered kerchief,
 Which another love had given unto him.
 Many branches were embroidered on it.
 As many branches as up in the kerchief,
 May he have so many secret heart-wounds ;
 As many twigs as are upon the branches,
 May he have as many bitter torments ! ”

THE YOUTH'S BLESSING.

Sings a falcon all night long,
 Close by the window of Milan :
 “ Up, and awaken, oh Milan,
 Wedded is being thy maiden ;
 Thee she invites to her wedding,
 But, an if thou wilt come not,
 Thou shalt send her thy blessing.”

“ Let her be married, what care I ?
 I will not go to the wedding,
 But I will send her this blessing :
 Of sons may her womb be unfruitful !
 So much bread as she eateth,
 So much grief may she suffer !
 So much water as she drinketh,
 So many tears may she shed ! ”

Often as the unhappiness of a loveless marriage is deplored in the songs of this people, it has never been more pathetically and touchingly expressed than in this exquisite little plaint, in which the very despair seems to be frozen :

THE FROZEN HEART.

On St. George's day fell snow from heaven,
 Birds to soar aloft were all unable,
 Barefoot waded through the snow the maiden,
 Bearing both her shoes, her brother followed.

“ Sister ! Are your feet not cold and freezing ? ”
 “ Not my feet are frozen, oh my brother,
 But my heart is numb and dead within me.
 Yet 'tis not the snow that thus has killed it.
 'Tis my mother who, alas ! has killed it,
 Who has given me to the Unloved One ! ”

This is another love complaint uttered by a youth :

“ Nightingale, small songster,
 Peace thou giv'st to each one.
 But to me, sad stripling,
 Threefold woe thou gavest.
 Is the first sad sorrow
 Which has pierced my bosom,
 That my mother did not

Wed me while still youthful.
 Is the second sorrow
 Which has pierced my bosom,
 That my coal-black filly
 Dances not beneath me.
 Is the third great sorrow
 In my bosom, woe's me,
 That my dearest maiden
 Angry thoughts doth cherish !—
 Dig a grave then, quickly,
 In the field so open,
 Broad as are two lances,
 Long as are four lances ;
 At my head be waving,
 Red with flowers, a rosebush ;
 At my feet be running
 Rills as clear as crystal,
 When a youth shall pass by,
 Let him gather roses ;
 When an old man passes,
 Let him quench his thirst there."

Birds are constantly mentioned throughout these poems and ballads. We have had the falcon and the nightingale, while ravens and doves occur as frequently. The lark does not seem to be at home in Servia ; at any rate, it is never met with in the songs of that country. But another bird plays a very important part in Servian poetry, and that is the cuckoo. In order to comprehend the reiterated allusions to this bird, it is necessary to understand what the cuckoo signifies to the Servian mind. According to legends, the cuckoo was a girl, who wept so profusely on the death of her brother that she was changed to this bird, uttering her monotonous complaint unceasingly. Hence no Servian woman who has lost a brother can hear the voice of the cuckoo without tears. Eventually, however, the voice of the cuckoo became an equivalent for other grief as well, so that the expression, "I, poor cuckoo," is only another popular form of saying, "Alas, poor me !"

The reference to this bird will be more readily understood in the following poem :

MOTHER, SISTER, AND WIFE

On the balcony stood young Johannes.
 Lo ! the balcony gave way beneath him,
 And he broke his right arm sore in falling.
 Found they soon a doctor for the young man,
 'Twas the Wila from the mountain-forest ;
 But a large reward she then demanded :
 Her white right hand asked she of his mother,
 Her silk tresses asked she of his sister,
 From his wife her strings of pearls demanded

Willingly his mother gives her right hand,
 And his sister too her silken tresses,
 But his wife will not give up her jewels :

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"No, I'll not give up my pearls so milky,
For I've brought them with me from my father!"
Wrath was then the Wila of the mountain,
In Johannes' wound she trickled poison.
Died the youth! Alas, for thee, poor mother!

Then began lamenting three grey cuckoos,
Three began their woeful lamentations.
One doth cry with doleful wail unceasing,
And the second early and at nightfall,
But the third cries when it just doth suit her.

Which is she, who wails and cries unceasing?
'Tis the wretched mother of Johannes.
Which one cries at dawn, and then at nightfall?
'Tis the sorrowing sister of Johannes.
Which is she who cries when just it suits her?
'Tis the young wife of the dead Johannes.

The "Wila of the Mountain," who occurs in this ballad is a spirit who also plays an important rôle in Servian poetry. She seems to be a relic of the old Slavonic paganism, and resembles in character the elementary spirits of our northern mythology. The Wila, like Undine, has no soul; but she is represented only as cruel and revengeful in cases like the above, where she has been offended. In every instance, however, is she obstinate and arbitrary. Popular superstition ascribes to her the power of "gathering clouds," and she likewise appears in the twofold character of Hygieia and of Prophetess. Her beauty and her swiftness are the attributes most commonly mentioned in Servian poetry, and a girl is often praised by the comparison, "Fair as is the Wila of the mountain;" while a particularly swift horse is eulogised as a "Wila-horse."

We can but touch upon the many and spirited ballads concerning "Marko," the pre-eminently great and popular hero of Servian romance. Marko, the son of the great king Wukashin, is the idol of Servian songs. They never weary of singing his wonderful exploits, his superhuman strength, his courage and bravery, and last, but not least, his celebrated horse Scharatz. This intelligent animal can drink wine—an accomplishment which his master appears to have taught him with great success, and to which he seems to have taken very kindly, as the songs insist that Scharatz always had half of the enormous quantity of red wine which Marko was accustomed to drink. One very curious point about Marko is that, although the son of a Servian king, he becomes, on the death of his father Wukashin (being ousted from his Servian possessions), a vassal of the Turks, and accepts lands from the Sultan. In spite of this, and although continually fighting against his own nation, he was secretly and at heart true to Servia, and on his death he became the hero of a thousand ballads. In his lifetime he was honoured and respected by the Turks beyond measure, and even the Sultan trembled before his rage, which, when kindled, seems to have resembled the madness of the Berserkers. In-

deed, it has an almost ludicrous effect to read how Marko always a generous champion, promptly revenges some cruelty or injustice of the Turks, his masters, by killing single-handed a dozen of them, and then striding, in a fearful rage, into the tent of the Sultan :

“ When the hero Mark had reached the divan,
In Yedren, he strides before the Sultan;
Wildly roll his eyes with savage glances,
Like the wolf, who hungry prowls the forest;
Looking up, you thought it had red-lightened.
Then the Sultan anxiously doth ask him,
‘ Say, my son, say, princely scion, Marko,
What has thus aroused thy wrath against me ?
What has happened sad to vex thy spirit ?’
Everything related then brave Marko,
Also what befel the Vizier Murat.
Laughed then heartily and loud the Sultan,
Speaking low to Marko then in this wise:
‘ May’st thou live long time for this, son Marko!
Know, indeed, that if thou hadst not acted
Just like this, I’d call thee son no longer.
Every little Turk can be a Vizier,
But as Mark, no other hero liveth !’

“ Then he reaches in his silken pocket,
Draws from thence of golden coins a thousand,
Gives them to the princely hero Marko.
‘ Take this gold, my son, from thy fond master,
Drink thou to my health, oh bravest Marko.’

“ Marko took the bag of gold in silence,
And in silence he doth leave the divan;
For the Sultan gave the gold by no means
That with golden wine he should refresh him,
But that he thence should depart full quickly,
For in anger terrible was Marko.”

The last poem we will quote is the famous song of “the Wife of Hassan Aga,” known to all readers of Goethe, who translated it and included it in his works, as the “*Klagesang der edelen Frauen Asan Agas.*”

It may be mentioned here, as a fact perhaps not generally known, that Goethe translated the “*Klagesang*” from the *French*, which was, in its turn again, a rendering from an *Italian* translation of the original Servian poem. Nevertheless, in spite of the obvious difficulties of seizing on the spirit of the original through the intervening veil of three languages, Goethe has caught the very essence of the poem, and this so perfectly as to preserve, not only tone and metre most accurately, but almost every word of the Servian. In comparing the two versions, that of Goethe and that of Talvj (whose faithful and poetical translations of Servian poetry into German are long since considered classical), one is struck by the fact that they coincide almost word for word. Such a feat, however, is only possible to the unerring intuition and fine perception of a great poet.

To return to the poem itself, and before giving the translation in

extenso, it may be interesting to refer to the strange Servian custom on which the old poem turns. Without a key, indeed, the behaviour of Hassan Aga's wife must remain quite incomprehensible to us, who have such totally different views of the duties of a wife. The story begins with the account of Hassan Aga's sickness, nigh to death, in his tent. His mother and sister hasten to visit him, "*but his wife is unable to do so for shame.*" Whereupon he becomes so angry that he forthwith sends her a writ of separation, and bids her leave his house before his return home. That the wife does not act like this from any want of love to her husband, but merely in strict accordance with Servian etiquette, is painfully apparent from the context of the poem. A Servian woman may not register a vow either "by her husband" or by "the heads of her children," while the oath most sacred to her is "the life of her brother." Modesty is supposed to forbid any allusion to the first two subjects; and it is this "shamefacedness" which, however much in unison with her country's customs, yet takes a decidedly morbid turn in this case, actually preventing the wife from visiting and attending her sick husband. That Hassan Aga resents this implicit obedience to national custom, deeming it to be "more honoured in the breach than in the observance," and construing it probably in the fretful impatience of a sick man into wilful neglect, is evident. We have evidence of the same strange reluctance of the wife addressing her husband from reasons of delicacy in another poem. It is in the grim ballad of "The Building of Scutari." Here the young wife is to be walled up alive in the tower, and she first pleads her cause with the architects, next with her brothers-in-law, and, quite at last, "her shame and fear of blame subduing," with her husband.

Thus, once the motive power understood, the poem stands forth unrivalled in powerful and tender pathos among the many beautiful and tender ballads of the Servians.

THE WIFE OF HASSAN AGA.

What gleams white on yonder mountain-forest?
Is it snow, or are they swans white pinioned?
Were it snow, it would have long since melted;
Were they swans, they would have long since vanished.
Neither is it snow, nor are they wild swans;
'Tis the tent of Aga Hassan Aga,
Where he lies sore sick of wounds nigh fatal;
Visit him his mother and his sister,
But for shame his wife is all unable.

From his wounds when he at length recovered,
He sends word unto his faithful helpmate:
"Neither wait for me in my white homestead,
Nor at home, nor tarry with my people."
When his loving wife had heard this message,
Stands she stricken dumb with fear and anguish.

Sudden hears she tramps of hoofs approaching.
Then doth fly the wife of Hassan Aga

To the tower, that she thence may cast her;
 Follow hastily her two dear daughters:
 "Oh, return to us, nor die, dear mother;
 It is not our father, Hassan Aga,
 'Tis the Beg Pintorowitch our uncle!"
 And the wife of Hassan Aga, turning,
 Throws herself into his arms loud wailing:

"Oh, my brother! Oh, the dread dishonour!
 He doth banish me from my five children!"
 Silent stands the Beg, nor speaks a word he,
 And he feels within his silken pocket,
 Drawing thence the writ of separation,
 That she can go back to her old mother,
 Free to leave, and free to wed another.

When the wretched wife had read the letter,
 Kissed she her two sons upon the forehead,
 On their rosy cheeks she kissed her daughters,
 But she cannot tear herself away yet
 From her youngest, sleeping in his cradle.
 Seized her by her right hand then her brother,
 Separates her hardly from the infant;
 Bids her mount upon the horse behind him,
 Rides away with her to his white homestead.

Short time only stays she with her kinsfolk,
 Short time only, scarce a week's duration;
 For she, of a noble race descended,
 Was by many suitors sought in marriage,
 Also by the Kadi of Imoski.
 Then she craves, imploring of her brother:
 "By thy life, oh brother, I beseech thee,
 Do not marry me unto another,
 That my heart, my poor heart break not, brother,
 When again I shall behold my children!" —
 But her brother heeds not her entreaty,
 And he promises her to the Kadi.

Then once more the woman prayed her brother
 That he should write words on thin white paper,
 Sending them with speed unto the Kadi:
 "From thy bride accept thou kindest greeting;
 In this letter she doth pray thee humbly,
 When the noble wedding guests thou askest,
 And dost ride with them unto her dwelling,
 Thou may'st bring a veil full long and flowing,
 That she therein may conceal her features,
 When she passes by the Aga's homestead,
 Thus avoiding sight of her poor orphans."

When the letter white had reached the Kadi,
 He assembled noble guests and honoured,
 And he rode with them to fetch his bride wife.
 Happily and safe they reach her dwelling,
 Happily they lead her back rejoicing.

But, as past the Aga's house she travelled,
 Her two daughters forth looked from the window;
 Stepped her two sons forth upon the threshold,
 And they called in grief upon their mother:
 "Pass not by us, oh, come back, dear mother,
 That our dinner we may share together."

Hearing this, the wife of Hassan Aga
 Thus addressed the bridesman of the party:
 "Stariswat! * Oh, thou in God my brother!
 Let the horses tarry here a little,
 While I make some presents to my orphans."

Tarried then the horses by the gateway,
 And she gave fine gifts unto her children;
 To her sons gold broidered socks of leather,
 To her daughters fine and uncut linen,
 To the youngest, lying in the cradle,
 She doth give a little silken garment.

When her husband saw this, Hassan Aga,
 Quickly he doth call unto his children:
 "Come to me, ye poor forsaken orphans,
 No compassion feels for you yon woman,
 For a heart of stone doth own your mother!"
 When the wife of Hassan Aga heard this,
 Headlong dashed she down, with pallid features;
 And her soul hath rent itself asunder
 At the woeful aspect of her children.

KATE FREILIGRATH-KROEKER, in *University Magazine*.

THE SURGEON AND THE MOGUL'S DAUGHTER.

It was the summer of the year 1651. Shah Jehan, grandson of the mighty Akbar, had been for four-and-twenty years on the throne of the Great Mogul. He was the most magnificent and luxurious of all the Moguls. Before the radiant and amazing splendours of his court all the pomp and glory of the greatest monarchs of the West paled into insignificance. He had been known to spend a million and a half sterling upon a birthday festival. His royal progresses through his dominions surpassed in grandeur and sumptuous display all that even the oriental imagination had conceived. Travellers told with awe of the acres of land covered with carpets of silk and gold; of the stately pavilions glittering with diamonds and pearls; of the gorgeous tents of crimson velvet embroidered with gold, supported by massive poles forty feet high, and stretching over long miles of level country; of the seven resplendent thrones studded with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, pearls; of the world-renowned Peacock Throne, Shah Jehan's own fanciful invention, so called from a peacock with its tail spread, the natural colours faithfully represented in sapphires, emeralds, rubies, and pearls, which formed the chief ornament and

* *Stariswat* is the Eldest, the leader of the bridal party. No man, being addressed by that most solemn of Servian adjurations, "Thou in God my brother!" can refuse a request thus tendered.

design of a mass of diamonds and other precious stones valued at six millions and a half sterling.

They told, too, of the elephants that looked like shining mountains of jewellery—elephants trained to kneel before the throne and do reverence to the Great Mogul with their trunks—whose keep cost five hundred rupees apiece per month; of the magnificent horses on whose bridles and saddles the gems stood thick as dewdrops on a lawn at sunrise; and of a thousand other lustrous and dazzling marvels, the mere mention of which made men stand agape with wonder and astonishment. Not Solomon in all his glory could compare in lavish splendour with Shah Jehan the Great Mogul.

And now, after nearly ten years of incessant war, there was peace in the Mogul Empire, and the Emperor had come to enjoy his well-earned repose, and revel in the luxury which he loved at his capital Delhi—that Delhi which he had restored to more than its ancient glory, whose marble halls and spacious courts and golden domes and stately mosques he could proudly boast were unequalled anywhere for grace and beauty and sublimity. For Shah Jehan had a passion for noble and beautiful buildings—the mausoleum which he erected to his wife at Agra, known as the Tāj Mahal, standing to this day as one of the noblest monuments in the world.

But passionately as Shah Jehan loved luxury and magnificence, gorgeous pageants, and splendid buildings, there was something he loved more passionately still, and that was his eldest daughter. In all his vast empire there was no lovelier, more charming, or more accomplished lady than the Padshāh Begum. Shah Jehan idolised this his favourite child. She was his constant companion. She enjoyed his confidence to an extent which men very rarely allow to women in the East. Her lively conversation, her skill in the use of musical instruments, her gift of melodious song, could always charm him into amiability. She was the light of his life, the only being that, since the death of his queen, he really loved. His sons he distrusted and suspected, and not without reason, for filial affection was a virtue which had always been conspicuous by its absence among the sons of the Moguls, and he was himself destined to die a prisoner in the hands of his own son Aurungzebe, who deposed him. It was on his daughter, therefore, that he lavished all the tenderness that was in his heart. The Padshāh Begum was now in her twenty-second year, and in the full flower of her beauty and womanhood. Who could have dreamed that so fair a lily could be blighted in a single night?

It was an evening in July; Shah Jehan lay dozing under the gentle fanning of the punkah, when he was roused by a piercing shriek, followed in quick succession by a series of shrieks, each more heart-rending and blood-curdling than the last. He raised himself to listen. It was apparently from the women's apartments that these appalling cries proceeded. Whilst he listened, the shrieks grew

fainter and fainter, and were succeeded by a wailing sound, as of many voices moaning. Suddenly the curtains were pushed aside, and a servant, pale, trembling, and breathless, entered and prostrated himself before the Emperor. He was impatiently asked what his tidings were. Groaning and beating his breast with his hands, he stammered out his news—news that made Shah Jehan leap to his feet—while his swarthy cheek grew livid with pallor, and he stood rooted to the ground with horror and amazement. For the news was that the Padshāh Begum had been burned to death! It was but for a moment that Shah Jehan stood there petrified and horror-stricken. In another instant he had darted off in the direction of the Princess's apartments to learn for himself whether the dreadful tidings were true or not. He was like a maniac as he burst into the chamber where his daughter lay upon a couch, surrounded by her women wailing and wringing their hands. Already two of the court physicians were there, and were stripping the charred remnants of her robes from the scorched and blistered limbs. She was not, indeed, actually dead, as the messenger had reported, but she had fainted from the terrible agony of her wounds, and lay there quite unconscious. The ghastly sight almost deprived the Great Mogul of his senses; distracted and overwhelmed with grief, he flung himself beside his beloved daughter, and passionately called upon her to speak to him. Then he turned to the physicians and implored them to restore his daughter to life, promising them the most extravagant rewards if they succeeded. But the physicians, however skilled they may have been at curing internal diseases, were bunglers at healing wounds. They shook their heads gravely, and seemed to think the case hopeless.

It was then that the Grand Vizier, Assud Khan, bethought him of the English traders at Surat. He remembered that the surgeons who came over in the East-Indiamen had wrought some wonderful cures, and had acquired a high reputation for surgical skill. He therefore suggested to his master that an Express should be sent immediately to Surat, with orders to travel day and night, and bring back with the utmost speed an English surgeon. It was a "far cry" from Delhi to Surat; but the Express had extraordinary powers to take what horses or supplies he needed from whomsoever he pleased on his journey; and by dint of travelling day and night as fast as horses could carry him, it was just possible that the English surgeon might be brought to Delhi before it was too late.

The *Hopewell* East-Indiaman had just arrived at Surat from England, when the imperial Express dashed into the settlement. The ship's chief surgeon, Gabriel Boughton, had gone ashore, and was at the residence of the Company's factor when the Mogul's messenger was announced. Without a moment's hesitation, Boughton offered to return at once with the Express. The factor privately warned him that should his skill fail, things might be made very unpleasant

for him at the Mogul's court. But the young surgeon had plenty of pluck and self-reliance; and besides, the thought of having such a patient as the favourite daughter of the Great Mogul excited his professional ambition. It would be sheer madness to throw away such a splendid chance of winning wealth and distinction simply because there was some risk attaching to it. And so, without further parley, Gabriel Boughton prepared to start for Delhi.

In less than two hours from the arrival of the messenger, the English surgeon was riding at headlong speed on the mission which was to make or mar his fortunes. Weary, anxious, and almost exhausted, Gabriel Boughton reached the Mogul's palace, and was rejoiced to learn that he was not too late. He was led at once to the apartments of the Padshàh Begum, and there he found Shah Jehan, who had never left his daughter's side. Haggard and worn and wan from constant watching, sleepless anxiety, and poignant grief, the Great Mogul looked almost as fit a subject for the doctor's skill as his unhappy daughter. The moment he saw the face of the English surgeon, he rushed to him, clutched him by the arm; and in imploring accents besought him to cure his daughter, declaring on his sacred oath that whatever reward the surgeon might ask should be granted him, were he but successful. To have the richest and most magnificent monarch in the world thus a suppliant at his feet, might well have shaken the strongest nerves. But Gabriel Boughton was calm and collected, and set about the delicate and critical task before him in that cool business-like manner which was even then a marked characteristic of English surgeons, and which served more than anything else to inspire the natives of India with confidence in their skill.

By his unwearying attention, his patient care, and skilful treatment, Gabriel Boughton succeeded in effecting a complete cure. Not only was the Padshàh Begum restored to health, but her beauty was little if at all impaired by the terrible injuries she had suffered. The gratitude and joy of Shah Jehan knew no bounds. The Grand Vizier, Assud Khan, to whom Gabriel Boughton owed his introduction to the imperial court, was commissioned to inform the fortunate surgeon that on a certain day the Great Mogul would grant him a special audience in state, that he might then claim his reward, and that whatever he might demand the Emperor pledged himself to grant. The Grand Vizier was obsequious in his manner, knowing how politic it was to secure the good graces of a rising favourite, and even ventured to hint at a future so brilliant and dazzling that Gabriel's brain went dizzy at the prospect. Left to his own meditations, the surgeon pondered deeply over his position. He was young, he was good-looking, he was ambitious. Here was a father whose heart was full of the most extravagant and reverential thankfulness towards him; here was a daughter equally grateful, and even more favourably disposed towards him than her father. What was to prevent him from asking her hand, and becoming the most powerful and influential personage

of the court of the Great Mogul? To Western ideas, such an aspiration might seem too audacious and romantic to be entertained for a moment; but in the East there were plenty of precedents for such a reward, granted for services of great value—why should he not make this bold bid for position and fortune?

The day appointed for the state-audience with the Great Mogul arrived. Seated on his splendid throne, the high heron plumes, clasped with diamonds, adding majesty to his face, his dress one blaze of brilliants, by his side, unveiled, the beautiful Padshah Begum, around him his magnificent retinue of nobles, scarcely less gorgeously clad than himself, Shah Jehan prepared to receive the man who had done him a service which, as he gazed lovingly at the sweet face beside him, it seemed that the whole of his imperial treasury was hardly rich enough to repay. The Englishman bowed low as he came into the presence of the Emperor. Then Shah Jehan beckoned him to come nearer, took him by the hand, and looking significantly at the Padshah Begum, bade him name his reward. There was breathless silence as the young Englishman opened his lips. And what was the price he claimed for his services? He asked for no private emolument; he sought no selfish advancement; he simply solicited that his countrymen, the traders of the East India Company, might have liberty to trade free of all duties in Bengal, and establish factories in that province! What the Padshah Begum thought of this unromantic request, or whether she had ever dreamed of any such romantic termination to the episode as the Grand Vizier had vaguely hinted at, history does not say. But Shah Jehan himself was profoundly impressed with the magnanimity and unselfishness of the English surgeon, and gave his solemn word that the most ample privileges and opportunities for trading should be granted to the English merchants.

Boughton had thought the matter out patiently and carefully, and had decided that the position of favourite and son-in-law of the Great Mogul, though dazzling, was precarious; that he should simply surround himself with unscrupulous enemies, who would sooner or later effect his murder or his disgrace, and that even those who were his friends at first would come to regard him as an upstart and an alien, usurping the riches and the power that should belong to one of themselves. It would be wiser to use his great influence over the Mogul to promote the interests of the Company, whose servant he was, and look to the Company for a reward, which, though less splendid and romantic, would be safer and more enduring. So he dismissed the fanciful dreams which for a moment had filled his brain, and chose the humbler and more prudent course.

But Shah Jehan would not hear of Gabriel Boughton's going empty-handed away. He invited him to take up his abode at the palace as chief court physician; and this invitation Gabriel thought it advisable to accept, because his presence at the imperial court would give him

excellent opportunities for pushing the interests of the Company, besides enabling him to lay the foundation of a private fortune. Several other successful cures following close upon that of the Padshâh Begum established Gabriel Boughton's reputation, and spread his fame far and wide. His popularity was extraordinary, mainly, perhaps, because, as he never meddled with political matters, foreign or domestic, no one was jealous of him. How long he remained at the court of Shah Jehan is uncertain ; but he at any rate did not leave until he had seen the Mogul's promises most amply fulfilled, and the Company reaping the fruits of these liberal concessions. The richest province of India was thrown open to the English traders, free of all duties and payments whatsoever ; and from the granting of that extraordinary privilege the East India Company dated its first great stride towards the wealth and power which eventually made it the arbiter of the destinies of India. Historians are often apt to overlook the small causes from which great events spring. And most of the historians of India have wholly ignored the claim of Gabriel Boughton to be considered one of the true founders of the British Empire in India. A less public-spirited or far-sighted man would have used his immense influence over Shah Jehan for his own selfish aggrandisement. It is to the undying honour of Gabriel Boughton that he did otherwise, and thereby raised the East India Company from a struggling body of coast-traders into the richest corporation of merchants in the world. It is this fact, we feel, that renders worthy of more detailed narrative than we have ever yet seen allotted to it in any single history, the romantic episode of the Surgeon and the Mogul's Daughter.

Chambers's Journal

A DIALOGUE ON HUMAN HAPPINESS.

IT was a morning of magical beauty towards the close of February. A breeze breathed inward from the sparkling ripples of the Mediterranean as buoyant and fresh as they were ; and Nice seemed to glance and float in the luminous haze that bathed it, like an unreal vision, in the depths of an enchanted mirror. Its gay and motley world, however, was as unenchanted as possible ; a long line of carriages, for Monte Carlo, was extending, for its benefit, the entire length of the railway station ; and many were the startling toilettes to be seen studding the platform, and many the complexions of what seemed a preternatural fairness. Amongst this strange crowd moved the popular Mrs. Fitzpatrick, still the confidante of men, although past fifty, and still caressed by every woman whose affection is a comfort, or whose acquaintance is a distinction. Her day's prospect was something far less vulgar than the gaming-tables—it was a breakfast with Lady Di at the Villa Godwin, close to whose lovely gardens is a small station, a mile or two on this side of Monaco. A few other guests from Nice were, she knew, going also ; and she was scanning the crowd, in hopes of detecting some of the favoured ones. Her sensitive taste was very quickly startled by a dress of purple velvet, embroidered with golden sunflowers ; and she was indulging gently in the reflection so common with all of us, "What people there are in the world !" when the lady of the sunflowers rapidly came up to her, and proved to be no less a personage than Mrs. Crane, the beauty. Last June, at a fancy fair in London, Mrs. Crane had sold cigars at ten guineas apiece, and Mrs. Fitzpatrick thought that, though not in her own set, "she was all very well at Nice." Mrs. Crane, too, who by no means despised the appearance of respectability, or the company, in public places, of unimpeachable people, would by no means let Mrs. Fitzpatrick pass ; and a greeting took place of the most comfortable cordiality. What, however, was the latter lady's surprise, on asking if her companion was going to Monaco, to learn that, like herself, she was bound for the Villa Godwin ! "So come with me, my dear," Mrs. Crane added. "We have monopolised a saloon-carriage ; and there are our party standing in front of it, with your cousin, Phil Marsham, taking charge of us."

"Ah, there the boy is !" said Mrs. Fitzpatrick, with a smile of meaning and a familiar nod to him. "And so, my dear, Phil is another of your friends, as well as poor Di !"

"Yes," said Mrs. Crane gaily. "Mr. Phil and I are sworn friends,

of a good three weeks' standing ; and we have hardly a thought that we don't share by this time. But as for Di, as you call her, I never set eyes on her till yesterday, at Monte Carlo, when Mr. Phil and Lady Otho introduced us ; and, as we can never let a day pass without a turn at the tables, we have been asked to take the Villa Godwin by the way. We go on in the afternoon ; dine at Monte Carlo, stay for the concert ; then row back in a boat by moonlight with Countess Marie, whose singing is the divinest thing I ever heard in my life, and of whom your cousin could tell you a great deal more than I can, and then we wind up our proceedings with the Nice Fancy Ball, which, unless my foresight fails me, will be of the *most* curious description. But now," Mrs. Crane went on, "be a good woman, and tell me all about Lady Di ; she has long been a name to me, but nothing more than a name, and I hate going to people's houses without knowing something about them—I mean about their relations ; for else one never knows where one is, and is sure to commit oneself in one way or another."

"It seems to me," said Mrs. Fitzpatrick, "that Phil Marsham knows too much about too many ladies. I can answer for it, at any rate, that he knows something about poor Di, so you had best ask him. I *must* go and speak for a moment to dear Lady Otho."

Mrs. Fitzpatrick was always close to the right people. She could not help it. It was not that her heart was bad, but that her instinctive tact was exquisite. And now, her hand in another moment—her gentle, trustful, caressing hand—was, almost before she knew it, upon Lady Otho's muff, and a low coo of confidences had begun instantly.

Once in the saloon carriage, Mrs. Crane had her way with Marsham. "Who is she?" and "What is she?" she was saying. "You must tell me all about her. And is she a great friend of yours? I can tell you this much, at any rate : she looks more like Venus than Diana."

"Her name is not Diana," said Marsham, "but Diotima."

"Dio—what?" said Mrs. Crane.

"Diotima," repeated Marsham slowly. "She is a strange person, with a strange name. You have of course heard of her father, old Lord Wastwater?"

"Heard of him ! I knew him, too, for my sins. I met him at Sandown the day before he died. He made eyes at me for half an hour incessantly ; he thanked heaven that though he was past seventy he was still susceptible to the charms of a pretty woman ; and he promised to send me next week a copy of verses made in my special honour."

"Ah !" said Marsham gently ; "his career was the saddest thing I ever knew in my life. He began in a very different way from the way he ended in. He was full of ambition and high aims once as a student and a poet. He translated Greek poetry, and he studied Greek philosophy ; and with his clear eager eyes, that I have often heard about, he impressed every one as a youth of the greatest promise.

But at thirty his change came. He put his dreams away from him, and exchanged them for what he called realities. He came out of his seclusion ; he gave up his Plato in favour of play ; and just as his first master had taught him to despise his riches, so his second helped him to get rid of half of them. Still his early tastes in a great measure clung to him ; and though he built the place we are now going to on purpose that he might be near the gaming tables, yet his library and his statues will show you that he was a student and a man of taste to the end. And there, for her mother died early, he taught this child of his. He taught her, or had her taught, Greek and Latin, and some smattering of theology, for the Godwins are staunch Papists ; and he completed her education by dragging her with him into half of the fast society in Europe. She is the strange child of a strange parent, and much of her fate and character seems written in the name he gave her."

"And who," said Mrs. Crane, "may Diotima have been, if you please?"

"She was a mysterious woman of whom we read in Plato—to me the most fascinating of all classical characters. Who she was is wrapt in mystery ; but I picture her to myself as a sort of George Sand of antiquity. It was she who taught Socrates of the nature of love, of which she is supposed to have been a professor in more ways than one. Besides that, she is supposed to have been a priestess ; and the gods loved her so well that, at her prayer, they would stay a pestilence. Fancy her, half saint and half sinner—the wise woman at once of prayer and pleasure, whom the wisest of the ancients found more wise than himself !"

"As far as I can understand," said Mrs. Crane, "you are not giving your friend a very brilliant character."

"As far as what *we* mean by character goes," said Marsham, "I believe her to be without reproach ; and that, considering the way she has been brought up, is wonderful. I would stake my life on her honour. But think of the way she has lived, and the strange influences out of which her thoughts and her tastes have been woven. Think of the set of men and women from whom, to a certain extent at least, her tone must have been taken—the extravagant debtors, the gilded paupers, the reckless love makers ! Her faith and her conscience, it is true, have kept her taintless ; but in her natural and unregenerate heart she is, I think, half pagan and half Bohemian ; and though she does not hate good, yet naturally she does not fear evil."

Mrs. Crane, who was herself a gilded pauper, was for this reason, and perhaps for certain others, not much pleased by these remarks. "Of course," she said, "I cannot tell who Lady Diotima may have been ; but she has certainly lost her looks, even if she ever had any."

"Ah !" said Marsham, "very likely you think so. But Lady Di is essentially a man's beauty. And even men don't think her a beauty at first. But she has the ambushed charm that does all the more ex-

cation because at first you do not perceive it ; and still, though her cheeks are faded, and her eyes have a few faint lines round them, it is 'terrible as an army with banners' lying in wait for you amongst autumnal brushwood."

"Men like you, Mr. Marsham," said Mrs. Crane, with a tone of pique in her voice, "are very transparent creatures. You are devoted to Lady Di, or at least you have been. Indeed, Mrs. Fitzpatrick told me as much, when I was talking to her just now on the platform."

"My cousin," said Marsham, laughing, "is a born match-maker : so you must not pay a moment's attention to what she says. No, my praise of Lady Di is quite disinterested. It is true I have known her *very* well. But then, is not that as much as to say that I am not in love with her?"

Marsham said this with such frankly genuine carelessness that Mrs. Crane's good temper at once returned to her. "Well, I admit," she said graciously, "that Lady Di does dress to perfection. She has the prettiest boots I ever saw (I must ask her where she gets them), and the prettiest hands too ; only she never takes her gloves off. And whether she can conquer or no, her dress could show any woman that she at least wishes to do so."

The party were now alighting at the station ; and as they were walking down a short reach of road to the villa gates, Mrs. Fitzpatrick again joined Mrs. Crane and Marsham.

"I think, Philip," she said, with a sort of reproof in her voice, "I heard you tell Mrs. Crane that Lady Di was in heart half a pagan. I must set your companion right there. Di is as good a Christian as any of us. Her great charm to me is that she is a Catholic without bigotry. She believes, I've no doubt, firmly in her own faith. In fact, there is much of it that is so beautiful that a mind like hers must cling to it if possible. But she knows that to be good and genuine is of more importance than creeds : she does not care two straws for the Pope ; and she likes a book all the better if it has not been written by a Papist. But," she added, making the others pause and look behind them a moment, "do you see, high up the hill, amongst the grey olives, just over the zigzag mule-track, and beyond the gleaming cottages, where a little chapel stands, amongst its black cypresses ? Well, there Lady Di climbs daily, and says her prayers in solitude, in a dim, musty twilight, amongst faint smells of incense : and then meditates on the rusty crosses in the graveyard, and looks out over the endless levels of the sea. How can you," she said to Marsham in a low tender tone, "speak as you did of the only woman who has ever really loved you?"

Marsham's only reply was a soft genial laugh, which showed his cousin at once that her words had no meaning for him. "Men are very stupid," she said to herself softly. "Poor Di ! and stupid—stupid Philip !"

Meanwhile, under the shadow of mimosas, palms, and cypresses,

a long winding carriage drive had brought them to the villa, and there Lady Di received them in a large marble hall. A man, who had been told that her face had a charm lurking in it, might have detected the charm at once, and her general aspect, even if he had not been told, might have warned him unconsciously to expect it. Her long plain dress of tight fitting grey velvet not only showed all the curves of her perfect figure, but her own knowledge of their perfection also; and there was a sense about her as she moved and spoke—not indeed of coquetry, she was too serene and too confident for that—but of the subtle *abandon*, perceived like a faint perfume, of a woman accustomed, if not to love, at any rate to have love made to her. Nor did at breakfast this impression wear off. Not a word did she utter about philosophy or Greek poetry; and her only allusion to religion was to say that her Italian *concierge* hoped to cure his rheumatism by applying a painted woodcut of St. Joseph to it. She talked much to Marsham, with animation, but, as Mrs Fitzpatrick observed, without a sign of tenderness. She spoke with gaiety and interest of the gossip of Nice and Monte Carlo; she touched on several doubtful histories with a mixture of familiarity and delicacy; and she won golden opinions of Mrs. Crane, first as to her wisdom, by saying that marriage was a mistake, and then as to her taste, by describing how she had once been to a fancy ball as Rosalind. The entertainment seemed altogether to be a complete success. Conversation was quick and sparkling all round the table; and long before a break-up was needful, regrets were to be heard that there need be any break up at all.

“He was a wise man, Lady Di,” exclaimed Lord Surbiton, a poet, a diplomat, and a dandy of the last generation, laying a jewelled hand on his heart, and repressing a hollow cough, “he was a wise man who said that the climax of civilisation was the getting together a certain number of knees under one piece of mahogany.”

“Or two pairs of lips,” said Marsham, “on a single ottoman.”

“Or fifty pairs of hands,” said Mrs. Crane, “round a single *trente-et quarante* table.”

“Any savage can love,” said Lord Surbiton, “and any savage can gamble; but it is only civilised man that can really talk. And, therefore, a charming and accomplished hostess, who alone can make conversation possible, is, properly speaking, the high priestess of civilisation.”

“Now, come, Lord Surbiton,” said Lady Di, “and let us consider that for a moment. We have all of us here to day been, no doubt, most charming. But has one of us uttered a serious thought, or said a single thing worth remembering? Our talk would seem very pointless, I’m afraid, if it were written down.”

“Precisely, my dear lady,” said Lord Surbiton, “and for this reason. In fine conversation the mere words are but a small part of it. The magic of these depends on that viewless world of asso-

ciation that is born and dies with each special day and company. They are like a spell, an incantation; they evoke, they do not describe; like other spells, they are effectual only in a charmed circle; and, like other spells, to outsiders, they are apt to sound mere gibberish. And this is the reason why fine dialogue in books can never be what is called *natural*; for art has to concentrate into one mode of expression what in real life is conveyed to us by a thousand. And, even then, how often the result is a failure! What poet's art," he went on, preparing a sigh that made his satin necktie creak, "what poet's art can supply the want of a woman's living eyes, or the personal memory of one's own relations with her?"

"Surely," said Lady Di, "if, as you say, any savage can make love, any savage can make eyes also. And you, Lord Surbiton, ought to be above such savagery."

"You mistake me," said Lord Surbiton, who had meanwhile been fixing his own hollow eyes upon Mrs. Crane. "I said that any savage could love; not that any savage could make love. The latter is a rare social accomplishment. The former is a universal private misfortune."

"Yes," said Lady Otho pensively, with a charming expression of sadness, "I suppose love on the whole does cause more sorrow than happiness. If girls never fell in love, they would never run away from their husbands, and then half the misery one hears of every year would be spared one."

"And yet, my dear," said Mrs. Fitzpatrick, "life would be a very shallow thing without its sorrows."

"All sorrow is experience," said Lord Surbiton, "and goes to make us into men and women of the world. Passion," he coughed out slowly amidst a general silence, "is a great educator; but its work only begins when it itself has left us. I have observed, and I think with truth, in one of my own romances, that a woman of the world should always have been, but should never be, in love. She should always have had a grief, but she should never have a grievance. She should always be the mistress of a sorrow, but never its servant. The happiness of society, as I have observed in another place, is based on the pains of private or domestic experience. But our hours," he added, "of such perfect happiness are, alas! as fleeting as they are exquisite; and as we are most of us on our way to Monte Carlo, your musical clock, Lady Di, warns us that we must soon be moving."

"I said just now," said Lady Di, "that we had none of us uttered anything worth remembering. You, Lord Surbiton, have at any rate freed us from that reproach."

"If I have," said Lord Surbiton, "I am sincerely sorry. The best conversation is never worth remembering. It is a delicate rose that will not survive for an instant the stalk it grows on. It is a fine champagne, that sparkles and rejoices us for the moment, but whose excellence we are never so sure of as when we find it has left no trace of itself next morning."

"And if true conversation," said Marsham, as the company were rising, "is like good champagne, true love is like bad. False and true taste equally well at the moment, and we only detect the true when we find that it has made our heads ache afterwards."

"Very well put," said Lord Surbiton, with a low chuckle, as Marsham was helping him into a huge overcoat, lined with splendid sables. "You are coming with us, Mr. Marsham, are you not?"

"Are you?" murmured Lady Di, who was standing close beside him. "I had hoped you would have stayed with me for an hour or two, for I want your help so very much in the library."

Marsham looked doubtful and disappointed, but Lady Di was invincible in such small social manœuvres, and in a few words with Lady Otho the whole thing had been settled.

"And what," said Mrs. Crane confidentially, "will Countess Marie think of you, Mr. Philip, when she promised to sing your boat-song to-night as we came home on the water?"

"Never fear about that," said Marsham. "You are to pick me up here at the landing stage at the bottom of the garden: and meanwhile give my friend my best remembrances, and tell her I've stayed behind here to discuss theology."

"I thought," Mrs. Crane whispered, "it was flirtation you stayed behind for, and not theology!"

"I never knew," he answered, "that the two had much in common. However, I suppose, on second thoughts, all false and useless things have a certain family likeness."

"Well, upon my word," said Mrs. Crane to Mrs. Fitzpatrick, as they were strolling slowly towards the station, "though I have seen many male flirts in my day, I never saw so busy a one as Mr. Philip, your cousin."

"I'm sorry to hear it, my dear," said Mrs. Fitzpatrick, with real feeling.

"See, Mr. Marsham," said Lady Di, as she brought him into the long quiet library. "I still keep my old tastes, and I still spend half my morning here. You know this room, don't you? It was here I first had the pleasure of meeting you. That was six years ago, and I remember to this day how I first saw you, as you came from your father's yacht, appear between those two tall cypresses. You were surprised, were you not, to find a student and a would be poetess in what, at first sight, as you afterwards confessed, you took for a young Parisian adventuress? However, I dress more quietly now. Is not that your opinion?" She had put on since breakfast a grey velvet hat that matched her dress, and that made her look five years younger: and she leant back against a bookcase, conscious of an attraction which she felt she exercised. "Ah!" she went on in a few moments, "those were happy days. We were brother and sister for a whole cloudless fortnight. You were the very thing that at that time I wanted—a companion of my own age and tastes. Do you see that

book in white vellum? That is the very *Æschylus* over which you smiled to find me poring. And now," she said, as she motioned him to a chair, "sit down by my writing table, and wait patiently whilst I read you something."

"Good heavens!" cried Marsham, as he watched her take from a drawer a locked manuscript-book, "how well I recollect that dull blue binding! You had some scraps of mine inside it once, I believe—bits of translation I did from the plays we read together."

She held up her delicate hand to enjoin silence. "Listen," she said tenderly, "this is how the sea nymphs sang to the bound *Prometheus* in his solitude, as they floated up to him, not from a yacht on the blue sea's surface, but from their coral caves far down under it:

'Sufferer, fear not, love hath sent us:
Yearning with compassion, we.
We have stilled our father's tongue, fain to prevent us,
We have left our clear homes in the deep blue sea,
We have travelled far
In our wingèd car,
For thee, for thee!

* For through our still, wave-dripping grottoes rang
A hideous, brazen clang,
Breaking our noon-day dreamings in our peaceful sea.
With unsandaled feet,
Breathless and fleet,
To our wingèd car we sprang,
For thee, for thee! *

"Do you remember that?" she said, with a quiet look at Marsham. "Listen again, then. You must surely be flattered at hearing your own verses. You sent me this from Genoa. It is out of the *Agamemnon*; and it is, strangely enough, the last passage we ever read together:

'Woe to the proud house! woe
To the proud house, and the mighty men thereof!
Desolate are the palaces: for lo.
From them the presence is gone forth of love.
And he is left astonished at his lot,
And silent—our lone lord:
Dishonoured, yet he speaks no swelling word,
Stricken, he revileth not.
Only it seems we have a ghost to king,
Our king is changed in such wise—yea, so grown
More sad than any living, fleshly thing;
For even like a ghost's to look upon
(So deeply, deeply, he
Sickeneth by reason of his desire extreme
For her beyond the sea),
His goings, to and fro, and gazings seem
Nor can his home of marble any more
Please him, nor all its wealth of wrought device

That found such favour in his eyes of yore ;
 Nor precious toil of cunning statuaries
 Seem any longer fair
 To those strange, changed, unhappy, hungry eyes,
 Because of that one great love-famine there.
 Also through all the dismal wastes of night
 In feverish sleep he sees
 Many dream-Helens--phantom semblances,
 Sad with a vain delight—
 Yea, verily, vain, vain!
 Lo, the man thinketh she hath come again
 In truth, and feels the healing of her face.
 When in a moment, lo, it hath taken flight.
 Far in the dark, down slumber's secret ways.' ”*

She read the verses beautifully, and as if her voice loved to linger on them. Marsham listened with a friendly tenderness, half sad, half genial ; but his companion was apparently looking for signs of some deeper feeling. A look of disappointment flitted across her face ; and, with a slight change of manner, she took him out into the garden. “ Let us come,” she said, “ to our old seat—our old seat under the citrons and the oranges—

‘ The oranges like gold, in leafy gloom.’ ”

Under the orange-trees they sat down together in silence. “ Do you find me much changed, Mr. Marsham ? ” she at last said abruptly.

In her face he did find her changed ; and that was all he was thinking of. But he could not say this to her ; and so he answered “ No.”

“ Perhaps,” she said, with a faint smile, “ that is because you have not cared to observe me closely. But I have observed you ; and you are changed, at any rate. No, not in your face, for as far as that goes you look fresher than ever, and far less thoughtful—or perhaps it would sound better if I said thought-worn. Tell me,” she added presently, “ do you ever write any poetry now ? ”

“ I have written,” he said, “ a few jingling rhymes for music ; but except that, nothing for five years. But wait, let me beg you wait for a single moment, whilst I watch the delicious orange-leaves, as they move and murmur over me, against the clear delicious sky. Let us have a moment's golden silence—as golden as those ‘ happy, hanging orange-orbs.’ ”

He leaned back with his face turned upwards, and watched with a dreamy intensity the sky, the fruit, and the foliage. “ Yes,” he exclaimed suddenly, again turning to his companion, who had been watching *him* as he had been watching the orange-trees ; “ you are right. I am changed. I have forfeited by this time all claims on the friendship I once had from you. You liked me once because I was

* *Æschylus, Agamemnon, 490-415*

young and impetuous, and because I would quote poetry by the hour to you. Now, I have no eagerness, no enthusiasm left in me; and without that there is no poetry possible."

"And yet," she said, "you looked happy enough this morning; and whenever I hear of you, I hear of you as enjoying yourself."

"Ah!" he answered, "but I did not tell you I was miserable. I should be a far more interesting person if I were, both to myself and others. But I have not even energy enough to be embittered or disappointed. Life, I find, is not the thing I thought it was; but I feel no anger at it, because it has deceived me. I merely smile at myself for having been the victim of the deceit. Where is my anger, where is my hate gone? Some of my old spirit would return if I could only recover these. Can you advise me, Lady Di, how to recover my anger?"

"Would it not be more to the purpose," she said hurriedly, "if you asked how to recover your love? If you had ever been really in love, you would not——"

"Have occasion, you would say, to lament that my disappointment was not bitter enough to me."

"Do not laugh," she said gently, "for I am speaking to you with all earnestness. If you had ever really loved, life would never seem a blank to you. —It might, indeed, be bitter; but even in the bitterness there would be something holy; and you would never, never sink to the shallow *ennui* that you now say oppresses you."

"It is not so," said Marsham, getting more animated; "for I know what love is, and that too has failed me. It has failed me like the rest of life, and for the same reason. It is but the fragment of a far greater loss. When you knew me I was full of romance. You little guessed," he added with some feeling, "how full." Lady Di flushed crimson, and her breath came quickly. "But you knew me," he went on, "not, as we both of us thought, in the sunrise of my maturer manhood; but in what really was the sunset of my youth, and of the faith that my youth had lived on."

Lady Di fixed her eyes on him with a look of soft compassion. "My poor friend," she said, "you are very young still, and all this dejection means merely that you have not found the right person. You have lost your faith in God, have you? It is a great misfortune, doubtless. But many true-hearted men and women have suffered the same; and have loved each other none the less, perhaps even the better for it. And your case, if you please, can of course be the same as theirs. If you will only learn of me, I may, I think, be able to help you. I have heard of the life you lead, of the idle selfishness and the frivolity of it; of your perpetual restless search after its shallowest pleasures. I have heard of the people you associate with —of the women like Mrs. Crane, and of the men like Lord Surbiton. I have watched to-day your manner amongst them; and the picture I had formed of you is, I see, a true one. Yourself, your affections,

and your interests are as light as a butterfly's wings, but as weak and as inconstant also. You are moving through the world without one earnest thought to guide, or without one earnest work to anchor you. Is it in that way, do you think, that faith is to be recovered? If you would ever believe in the supernatural, you must first give your affections some stake in the natural. Or," she continued, looking into his eyes inquiringly, "if your hour has not yet come, if you have not yet discovered the woman that will wake up all your sleeping manhood, you can at least do what is the other half of your duty—you can work for all those depending on you; you can help to promote their happiness."

"I am a rich man now," said Marsham, "and, as you say, I have many depending on me. But how do you think I behave towards them? To you I seem only an idler, and a pleasure-seeker. You know nothing of the dull and weary hours that I give to business; the dull and weary weeks that I spend at my own place in the country; the petty wretched details with which I occupy myself, that I may do what is called 'my duty' by all to whom I can be of any help."

"Is this indeed so?" she said. "And do you mean to say that you find no pleasure in the—in the thought that you are making others happy?"

"If I did not do what I could," he said, "I should be certainly miserable. But to do all I can, does but save me from that, and preserve me on the dull dead level of painlessness. I am not enthusiastic even about my own life. Why should I be enthusiastic about the lives of others?"

"You are right," she said, "you are right. If you can see nothing in this life worth winning for yourself, and nothing in this life that it would make you miserable to miss, your labours for others will be but the dull round of a treadmill. Our own inner lives and loves must be the light of our world for each of us; and if the light, my friend, that is in us be darkness, oh, how great is that darkness! But I do not yet despair of you. Some day or other, you will learn to love, and then the whole aspect of things will change for you. The old sense of life's worth and solemnity will come back again; you will again be eager, again an enthusiast, and again, perhaps, a poet."

"I have told you," said Marsham, "that I have known love already, but it had for me none of that magic power that you gave it credit for."

"Tell me," said Lady Di tremulously. "when was that? Was it before you knew me, or was it afterwards? You said you were more full of romance when I knew you first than perhaps I suspected."

"I was indeed," said Marsham, "for the very time I was here, I knew the very feeling that you say would save me, but which in reality has done so very little. I was in love—in love as deeply, as madly, as ever you could recommend me to be."

She looked at him with a bewildered expression. "But why," she

said, after a pause, "did you tell me nothing of this? Did I not deserve your confidence? Were you afraid to be quite open with me? Oh, my friend, do not be afraid of me."

"Surely," said Marsham, "I told you all I could. All the subjects that had any common interest for us, I discussed freely with you, as brother would with sister. But brothers are shy of telling sisters their love-affairs; and so I was shy with you."

For some moments she was mute. Suddenly the fashion of her countenance changed, as his meaning dawned on her. "And so" she began, "you were in love with some other woman—with the lady, I mean" (she corrected herself angrily) "who had the honour to lose your affections as soon as she had completed to you the full gift of her confidence! Indeed, Mr. Marsham, if your affections are of that kind, I do not wonder they have failed to reveal the earnestness and value of life to you. And so you flatter yourself you were in love, at that time—really in love, do you? My poor friend, you make me smile to see how you deceive yourself. I should have thought that a school-boy would have known life better. That poor phase of feeling you were then passing through, I had known and done with three years before. Time was when I left my heart behind me at every country-house I stayed at; but it was sure to come after me in a day or two, like a sponge-bag or a washing-bill; and foolish girl though I was, I never really thought that trifling to be love. Myself, I have never loved. But I know that I know what the passion is, because I am so sure I have never felt it; and so sure also that you have not. Why, at the very time you speak of, were not you loitering here with me, finding pleasure in my society, and hanging over every word I uttered?"

"And why should I not?" said Marsham. "You were a woman of taste and intellect. You had thought, and read, and discriminated, and I could discuss things freely with you that I could with no one else. What, according to your view of the matter, are the contents of a true lover's vows? When he says to a woman, 'I love you,' does that mean also, 'You understand all my thoughts'? or does it else mean, 'I will never harbour or utter a thought that you are incapable of understanding'? Why, it takes two or three people to understand even the meanest personality. And because one woman had my genial sympathy, can this show you that another had not my love?"

"Heavens!" she said impetuously, "do you know so little as to think that were a man in love really he could endure to be absent, without necessity, a day from the woman he was in love with? No; he is never happy when away from her. All amusements, unless she shares them, are vapid; and to give to another one of the inner thoughts of his heart would, he feels, be sacrilege. They are all sacred to her; they are all precious for her sake. They are flowers in the garden of his soul which he plucks lovingly, one by one, for her,

and for her only, and which he labours to keep sweet and taintless, that she may lay them in her own bosom."

"If that is love," said Marsham, "I have not only never known it, but I hope I never may know it. The woman I loved could not read Greek plays : you could. And will you say I was not in love, because I was not prepared to renounce for ever all sympathy in so refined and so harmless a taste as the Athenian drama?"

"This is not a matter," she exclaimed, "for reason and logic. The kingdom of love does not come with observation. Your heart, not your head, must reveal it to you. But if you have no heart, as you are doing your best to convince me, then God help you! Why, love in the inner world is what the sun is in the outer; and if your inner world is a sunless one, I could no more show you that life was a precious thing than I could show you that the sea was blue at midnight."

"Reason," said Marsham, "cannot kindle love; but reason assuredly can quench it."

"Nonsense!" she cried contemptuously.

"What man can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?"

"You cannot by reason," he said, "cure love as a caprice; but the love which is a caprice only is not the love you speak of. And love as an absorbing and life-long devotion, which takes into itself a man's whole ambitions and emotions—love like this reason assuredly can quench, for those at least who have no faith to sustain them. Such love, you say, is the sun of the inner world. You are mistaken. It is not the sun, it is the moon. The moon is human affection, but the sun is divine faith. You, who are a Catholic, forget all this; for you know nothing of the loss from which others are suffering. But to offer love to those who have lost religion is to tell the poor to eat jam tarts, when they cry to you that they have got no bread."

"I forget nothing," she said angrily. "I am a Catholic, it is true, and I trust I value my religion properly. But religion has nothing to do with the present question. You are beginning the matter at the wrong end. If you want to be a religious man, you must first be a man; and you are not a man if you do not know how to love. How will you love God, whom you have not seen, if you do not love your brother, whom you have seen?"

"That does but mean," he replied, "that if the tree is healthy it will bear fruit; not that we can have fruit without having a tree to bear it. You are confounding two things. Love is either a sacrament or a self-indulgence. If it be the former, the very essence of it is that it points to something beyond itself; and its power, in that case, must die if our belief in that something ceases. If it be the latter, it is a feeling only——"

"A feeling only!" she exclaimed; "yes, indeed, it is a feeling

only, but a feeling so rapturous and so sacred that it needs nothing beyond itself, except our thanks to the God who gave it—God the giver, who at such times willingly stands aside, that his children may enjoy together this precious and most perfect gift.”

“Surely,” said Marsham, “this is a strange view for you, a Catholic. You profess a faith which teaches you that the one thing really worth our living for is the love, not of woman, but of God, and though human love is indeed recognised and blest by it, yet for those who would be perfect it points out a more excellent way.”

“We cannot all be saints,” she said; “it was not meant we should be. But it is the same intense and fervent nature that is common both to the lover and the saint; nor was there ever a great saint who, had he but just fallen short of sanctity, would not have been a great lover instead.”

“I think St. Paul,” said Marsham, “would smile if you told him that; so, too, would St. Augustine; and they both of them, I believe, are high authorities with you.”

“They are,” she said; “but they lived in different times from ours, and we never can judge them by our own standards. Catholic though I am, I believe as firmly as any free-thinker that an increasing purpose runs through the ages, and that with the process of the suns the thoughts of men widen. Love as we know it—as it has pleased God we should know it—was not known in the days either of St. Paul or of St. Augustine. It has been a growing revelation made to the modern world; and to me, who believe in God, it seems a strange instance of His providence that just at these present days, when men are denying the supernatural, He should have made it up to them by disclosing to them how divine is the natural.”

“You might as well say,” he replied, “that He made up to them by the moon for the complete extinction of the sun.”

“Not the extinction,” she said, “but the withdrawal merely. Surely the moon shines for us, whether we believe the sun exists or no.”

“Yes,” he said, “but the inner universe is not like the outer. Over the outer we have no power, but over the inner universe we have. This last is for each one of us, in part, our own creation, and just as it was the Spirit of God that brooded over the chaos of matter, and fashioned out of it this fair order, so is it in each one of us the spirit of faith in God that broods over the chaos of the affections, and fashions out of them the feelings which you call so holy. When a man loves a woman as you think he ought to love her, does he love her body only, or her soul also? Does he not look on her as a being who, though she is bound to him, yet is bound also to something above himself? Does he not feel that the woman’s soul, as Goethe says, leads him upwards and onwards?”

“He does,” she interrupted; “and can you understand all this so well, and yet not see what a pearl of price is in this life offered you?”

“But what will happen,” he said, “suppose we believe there is no

Soul, that there is no Above, and that there is no Beyond? This it is that the modern world is believing. And the sensation in this case, that we are moving upwards, is of no more meaning or value than the feeling in a dream that we are falling miles downwards, when in reality we are all the while in uneasy rest upon our pillows. Again I tell you, you are confusing two things you are confusing love the sacrament with love the self indulgence. The latter will last its day without any religious faith, it is true, just as the bread and wine of the Eucharist have taste and being for believers and unbelievers equally; but it depends on your belief, and not on your natural senses, whether you think it worth while to make your heart clean to receive them."

"Say no more," she exclaimed impetuously, her voice at one moment almost breaking with some ambiguous feeling, "you are talking about what you know nothing of, and you are trying to hide your want of all natural affection under the pretence of a desire for an affection above the natural. You have never known love. You are too mean and shallow hearted to be capable of it."

"Just now," he replied, "I believe that I belied myself, or rather I did not care entirely to confess myself. Lady Di, I have known the feeling you speak of in all its glad and in all its sad intensity. For days I have gone almost fasting, and for nights almost sleepless, for the love of one woman. Her being seemed to have entered into mine—her thoughts into my thoughts. She was a viewless presence for me in the flowers, in the windy mountains, and in the moonlight as it lay floating on the midnight ripples. When the very veins in my temples throbbed, and I felt their pulses, it seemed to be her blood that was beating in them."

"And yet," exclaimed Lady Di bitterly, "all the time you felt this for another woman, you could loiter here with me—to all appearance quite absorbed in my company, and hanging almost like a lover on every word I uttered. It is lucky, Mr Marsham, that my affections were never set upon you. God save me from the insult of devotion such as yours, which is distracted from its professed object by even attractions so poor as mine, and which is equally false and contemptible in either case."

"Surely, Lady Di," said Marsham, looking into her eyes softly, "you should not be hard on me for the collapse of any affection, when it was caused in a great measure by your own charms, and by your own large sympathies. It was you who helped to shatter my poor ideal, by showing how much there was in womanhood that my ideal did not comprehend, and as I gradually grew to see this more clearly, I seemed like a man waking from a fevered dream. I seemed to be finding myself and my sane judgment again, which I had so long lost."

He stopped. She took her eyes from his; her head drooped, and she remained for a long while thoughtful. It is strange by what

simple magic the world of a woman's heart is not seldom governed—how a word will turn the whole sea of her thoughts from sweet to bitter, and from bitter again to sweet! When Lady Di spoke once more, her manner was wholly changed. She laid her hand upon Marsham's arm, and said sweetly and regretfully, "Forgive me; I have been very hard on you. Your hour is not yet come, my friend; and that is all. But it will come soon, I feel a strange assurance; and it may come too, perhaps, when you are least expecting it."

She rose, as she said this, with a slight shudder. "It is turning chilly," she said. "Suppose we go indoors. At sunset it is so much colder than at night."

Indoors, Marsham was half annoyed and half relieved to discover that an old maiden lady, in spectacles, once Lady Di's governess, and now her companion, had meanwhile made her appearance from the upper regions, and was to give dulness and propriety to what else would have been a *tête-à-tête* dinner. She at any rate prevented a renewal of the delicate and embarrassing discussions that had occupied the afternoon; and for this both of those who had taken part in them were not ungrateful. Lady Di's indignation and anger seemed quite laid at rest; and she conversed with a brightness and an eagerness which, when she appealed to Marsham, seemed to carry a subtle caress with it. After dinner the moon had risen. The night was mild and splendid. "I will come out with you," said Lady Di, "and we will watch for your friends from Monaco. Before long we may expect their boat at the landing-stage."

They stood together, leaning on a pale balustrade, with the glittering sea below, and the fronds of a tall palm feathering dark above them. Lady Di, as Marsham felt sure she would, returned almost instantly to the old topic.

"My brother," she said, "if I may still call you by the old name, my old interest in you has never waned; and it was because that interest was so genuine that I just now spoke so harshly. Do not be angry with me because I was shocked at the state you had sunk to. I was shocked only at it, because it was so unworthy of yourself—you who are by nature so faithful and so generous, and (though you yourself may not know it) so passionately and so nobly affectionate." Unperceived by his companion, Marsham smiled slightly. She went on in hurried, earnest accents. "Some day, it may be soon, the power of loving that seems so lost to you will return, I know it will; and then the life that you now despise will become transfigured to you. Scales will fall from your eyes, and you will see it in all its solemn value. You will but 'cross a step or two of dubious twilight;' then a new glory will break on you, 'which never was on sea or land;' and you will stand amazed and in reverent rapture at the changed landscape—at

Bear with me a moment longer. You say you have lost faith. My friend, I can sympathise with you there ; I, too, at times have well-nigh lost mine. But as my hope in another life grew fainter, my belief in this one grew only the more passionate. I am now speaking to you not as a Catholic. Forget that I am one. My religion has nothing to do with the truth that I am trying to teach you. I am speaking to you but as a woman simply, with a woman's natural affections, and a woman's natural insight. I am showing you how you can know what life *is* ; and how you only despise it now from rejecting the one thing in it that is of value."

"And can all love in this way?" said Marsham.

"All," said Lady Di. "God be thanked, even the meanest of his creatures."

"But do you think," said Marsham, "that they would so love even if they could? My sister, if I may give you the counterpart of the kind name you give me, I am one—and I say this in all seriousness—who would not so love even if he could. And it is you—your own charming self—who have taught me to feel this, and have neutralized your own gospel. The fascination that your company had for me those years ago was its calm and its coolness—the utter absence from it of that very feeling which you would have me again suffer from. Love to me was a hot atmosphere ; it made my life like a fevered dream ; it distorted everything out of its true proportions. It lured me to think a woman perfect who my judgment told me was not perfect. It was a physical, an intellectual, and an emotional tether to me."

"Mr. Marsham !" she exclaimed, in a voice almost inaudible. She pressed her hand to her forehead, and felt the few lines which she knew were written on it deepened by a sudden pain. She moved a pace or two away, and murmured to herself in a broken whisper,

'He loves not hollow cheek and faded eye !
Yet, oh, my friend, and would you have me die ?'

Marsham could hear nothing of this ; but he was utterly taken aback by the intensity of her feeling, though the exact nature of it never crossed his mind.

"I could never have dreamt," he said, "that you took life thus seriously. To me you always seemed the embodiment of a light delicate cynicism, half contemptuous and half regretful. You seemed to look at things with a mixture of irony and tenderness which to me was peculiarly piquant and attractive, but which I could never have believed compatible with such earnestness as you show now. How could I think that a woman who would countenance Mrs. Crane, who could lightly discuss a scandal either with or about Lord Surbiton, who could move amongst the most doubtful topics with the delicate ease that only comes of familiarity—how could I think that such a

woman was in reality the solemn believer in the most severe and intense form of all human affection?"

"Are you so poor an observer of human nature as that?" she answered. "I am not of the world, but I still am *in* it; and I know it too well to be surprised at its ways. But I estimate its men and women at their true worth; and for this reason, I can hardly restrain my tears at the thought that you are rapidly becoming one of them."

"And so you think that from them," said Marsham, "the true value of life is hidden?"

"Hidden!" she echoed, with her head averted. "They do not even dream of its existence! Lord Surbiton is a man of genius, and he once, doubtless, had the eye to see. But he consecrated what might have been his affections to his own dissolute self-indulgence, and what still is his genius, to his own contemptible vanity. Did you hear him mouthing out at breakfast that 'every savage can love;' as if, when a man did truly love, he were not at once, in the deepest sense, civilised, no matter how lowly his lot, or how seemingly poor his education."

"And yet," said Marsham, "there *are* savages, and there *are* men and women of the world also. And now, my friend, let me ask you one thing. When you tell me that man's life *is* solemn and *is* precious, what meaning do you attach to the words? Is there any more meaning in them than in saying, as a general statement, that men are worth a million of money? Some men are millionaires, it is true; but most men are not. In the same way some men may find in life the solemn value you speak of, but many men do not, as you yourself declare to me. What, then, of those who do not? I am speaking to you, remember, not as a Catholic, but as a woman with no religious faith at all. How will you make me believe in the spiritual riches of life in any more comforting and universal way than you can make me believe in its material riches? Lord Surbiton and Mrs. Crane are both of them human lives. If human lives can be so valueless, how can you say as a fact that human life is of value?"

"It *might* be——" she began.

"Yes," he answered; "every French private *might* be a field-marshal. Take any soldier as he marches into battle, and you can truly say that each one *may* be saved. But what, for a creedless woman, does *may* be or *might* be mean? A man cannot live his own life in two ways. He is what he is; and he is nothing but what he is. And if life is only holy and solemn because a man, as a fact, attains the fruition in it of perfect happiness, and happiness of a certain sort, what worthless dogs must the vast majority of our kind be! Lady Di, consider this too. Suppose that every human being had it in him or her to love as you say they should love, what will you say of the cases where the love is not returned?"

"I say," she replied, "that despite the intense, the lifelong anguish that rejection brings, it is better to have longed for that highest happiness, even though it may forever be denied one."

"If the value of life," said Marsham, "is gained by a fruitless longing for what makes it valuable, is not a beggar rich only because he longs for riches? Is not a starving street-boy filled only because he stares into a cook shop window?"

"Stop," she cried. "Mr. Marsham, I beseech you, stop! The world is full of mysteries. Why turn the probe round in the painful wound? Do not think of what others cannot do, but of what you can do. You are not excused from choosing the right, because it is not open to all, as it is to you, to choose it. You are not your own," she went on. "Should another ask your heart of you, you owe it to yourself and her to give it, not to keep the treasure of it laid up in a napkin. You know not the crime that you might commit by doing so. I have a friend who has loved a man long, but she has met with no return from him. My poor friend—I know her and her sorrows well; and I know that love unrequited, or withdrawn if half given, makes a woman spiteful and embittered. All the milk and honey of her nature turn to gall; and, besides hating the man she ought to love, she ends by despising herself, whom she ought to reverence. But you," she said, something of the old bitterness for a moment coming back to her, "you will make no sacrifice for another. Your love is given utterly to this idle aimless life—this life, not of love, but of love-making, not even of pleasure, but of pleasure-seeking. See—there is the boat coming for you. You must go now. Go—go. The night is getting chilly. You cannot stay longer, and I am too tired to again face the party. Alas, my friend! I can wish you nothing worse than that you may continue a life like this. But go. I shall see you soon again—shall I not? And think over meanwhile what I have said to you."

"I fear you will not see me again for some time," he said. "You say I give up nothing I delight in. I do delight, I confess it, in this idle life here; and yet to-morrow I am going to give this life up. My place is already taken by the mid-day train to-morrow, and the morning after I shall be in the fogs and frosts of England. Business, and business not of my own, but of others—of others whom I still try to help, but for whom I feel no affection—calls me away; and I choose to obey the call. Do not fear for my sake. I am not unhappy, though I am not happy, and I try to do my duties, though I make no solemn face whilst I am doing them. In England, in June, perhaps we may meet again; and if meanwhile happiness should come to me in the form of love, it will be so much the better for me, for we all welcome happiness; and I will ask you to congratulate me on the un hoped-for treasure. But if it does not, I shall remember with gratitude your interest in me all the same; and will only ask you not to waste your compassion on one who knows how to give a frolic welcome both to thunder and to sunshine, and whose worst crime it is, that he cools, with light amusements, brows that might otherwise be often aching."

He said good bye to her, but she hardly answered him. In another instant he was gone, and the voices of his friends soon mounted up to her as he was entering the boat. Lady Di remained motionless as a statue, leaning on the balustrade. "Going!" she moaned to herself. "Far off—gone—to-morrow!"

She was remaining lost in thought, when she was startled by a few chords struck suddenly on a guitar, the sound of which floated up to her, clear from the surface of the water. "There was some woman," she exclaimed—"I remember they said so now—that was going to sing one of his songs as they rowed home! and has he the heart to ask it of her? Can he see nothing? Can he understand nothing?"

She did not move. She stood there as if petrified, with her lips half parted.

Saxea ut effigies bacchantis constitit Evoc.

She was fearful and yet expectant of the woman's voice—the voice of the Countess Marie—of which she had often heard, but with which she had never dreamed of having such associations. Soon it came; and there came mixed with it a splash of oars, and a tinkling of the faint guitar-strings. The voice seemed to rise from the bosom of the moonlight, and so light and liquid, so aërial and so plaintive, were the sound and melody, that they might have come from some soulless mermaid or Siren; and seemed expressive half of exultant buoyancy, half of extreme sadness.

"Hollow and vast starred skies are o'er us,
Bare to their blue profoundest height,
Waves and moonlight melt before us,
Into the heart of the lonely night.

"Row, young oarsman, row, young oarsman;
See how the diamonds drip from the oar!
What of the shore and friends? Young oarsman,
Never row us again to shore.

"See how shadow and silver mingle
Here on the wonderful wide bare sea;
And shall we sigh for the blinking ingle—
Sigh for the old known chamber—we?

"Are we fain of the old smiles tender?
The happy passion, the pure repose?
True, we sigh: but would we surrender
Sighs like ours for smiles like those?

"Row, young oarsman, far out yonder,
Into the crypt by the night we float;
Fair faint moon-flames wash and wander,
Wash and wander, about our boat!

"Not a fetter is here to bind us,
Love and memory loose their spell:
Friends of the home we have left behind us,
Prisoners of content, farewell!

"Row, young oarsman, far out yonder,
Over the moonlight's breathing breast.
Rest not. Give us no pause to ponder;
All things we can endure, but rest!

"Row, young oarsman, row, young oarsman!
See how the diamonds drip from the oar!
What of the shore and friends? Young oarsman,
Never row us again to shore!"

Lady Diotima could not distinguish the words; but she stood listening for the last faint sounds till long after they had become inaudible. Then she turned and walked slowly back towards the villa. Tears fell slowly from her eyes. She started to find herself shaken with a convulsive sob. "Life indeed," she cried bitterly, "has a perfect happiness for all of us, if we only long for it, no matter whether or no we win it!" Then once more she turned towards the sea, and to the silver track on which she knew the boat was floating, and exclaimed, half aloud, in the still flower-scented night-air, as she looked:—

"And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part;
You, as your business and desire shall prompt you—
For every man hath business and desire,
Such as it is— and for my own poor part,
Look you, I will go pray."

W. H. MALLOCK, in *Nineteenth Century*.

THE ARTISTIC DUALISM OF THE RENAISSANCE.

I.

INTO the holy enclosure which had received the precious shiploads of earth from Calvary the Pisans of the thirteenth century carried the fragments of ancient sculpture brought from Rome and from Greece; and in the Gothic cloister enclosing the greensward and dark cypresses of the graveyard of Pisa, the art of the Middle Ages came for the first time face to face with the art of antiquity. There, among pagan sarcophagi turned into Christian tombs, with heraldic devices chiselled on to their arabesques and vizored helmets surmounting their garlands, the great unsigned artist of the fourteenth century—be he Sienese or Florentine, be he Orcagna, Lorenzetti, or Volterra—painted the typical masterpiece of mediæval art, the great fresco of the Triumph of Death. With wonderful realization of character and situation, he painted the prosperous of the world, the dapper youths and damsels seated with dogs and falcons beneath the orchard trees,

amusing themselves with Decameronian tales and sound of lute and psaltery, unconscious of the gigantic scythe wielded by the gigantic dishevelled Death, and which, in a second, will descend and mow them to the ground ; but the crowd of beggars, ragged, maimed, paralyzed, leprous, grovelling on their withered limbs, see and implore Death, and cry, stretching forth their arms, their stumps, and their crutches. Further on, three kings in long embroidered robes and gold-trimmed shovel caps—Lewis the Emperor, Ugucione of Pisa, and Castruccio of Lucca—with their retinue of ladies and squires, and hounds and hawks, are riding quietly through a wood. Suddenly their horses stop, draw back ; the Emperor's bay stretches out his long neck, sniffing the air ; the kings strain forward to see, one holding his nose for the stench of death which meets him ; and before them are three open coffins, in which lie, in three loathsome stages of corruption, from blue and bloated putrescence to well-nigh fleshless decay, three crowned corpses. This is the Triumph of Death, the grim and horrible jest of the Middle Ages : equality in decay ; kings, emperors, ladies, knights, beggars, and cripples, this is what we all come to be—stinking corpses ; Death, our lord, our only just and lasting sovereign, reigns impartially over all.

But opposite, all along the sides of the painted cloister, the amazons are wrestling with the youths on the stone of the sarcophagi ; the chariots are dashing forward, the Tritons are splashing in the marble waves ; the Bacchantes are striking their timbrels in their dance with the satyrs ; the birds are pecking at the grapes, the goats are nibbling at the vines, all is life, strong and splendid in its marble eternity. And the mutilated Venus smiles towards the broken Hermes ; the stalwart Hercules, resting against his club, looks on quietly, a smile beneath his beard ; and the gods murmur to each other, as they stand in the cloister filled with earth from Calvary, where hundreds of men lie rotting beneath the cypresses, "Death will not triumph for ever ; our day will come."

We have all seen them opposite to each other, these two arts, the art born of antiquity and the art born of the Middle Ages ; but whether this meeting was friendly or hostile, or merely indifferent, is a question of constant dispute. To some, mediæval art has appeared being led, Dante-like, by a magician Virgil through the mysteries of Nature up to a Christian Beatrice, who alone can guide it to the kingdom of heaven ; others have seen mediæval art, like some strong, chaste knight, turning away resolutely from the treacherous sorceress of antiquity, and pursuing solitarily the road to the true and the good ; for some the antique has been an impure goddess Venus, seducing and corrupting the Christian artist ; the antique has been for others a glorious Helen, an unattainable perfection, ever pursued by the mediæval craftsman, but seized by him only as a phantom. Magician or witch, voluptuous, destroying Venus or cold and ungrasped Helen, what was the antique to the art born of the Middle Ages and

developed during the Renaissance? Was the relation between them that of tuition, cool and abstract, or of fruitful lore, or of deluding and damning example?

The art which came to maturity in the late fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries was generated in the early mediæval revival. The seeds may, indeed, have come down from antiquity, but they remained for nearly a thousand years hidden in the withered, rotting remains of former vegetation, and it was not till that vegetation had completely decomposed and become part of the soil, it was not till putrefaction had turned into germination, that artistic organism timidly reappeared. The new art-germ developed with the new civilization which surrounded it. Manufacture and commerce reappeared; the artisans and merchants formed into communities; the communities grew into towns, the towns into cities, in the city arose the cathedral; the Lombard or Byzantine mouldings and traceries of the cathedral gave birth to figure-sculpture; its mosaics gave birth to painting; every forward movement of the civilization unfolded as it were a new form or detail of the art, until, when mediæval civilization was reaching its moment of consolidation, when the cathedrals of Lucca and Pisa stood completed, when Niccolo and Giovanni Pisani had sculptured their pulpits and sepulchres, painting, in the hands of Cimabue and Duccio, of Giotto and of Guido da Siena, freed itself from the tradition of the mosaicists as sculpture had freed itself from the practice of the stone-masons, and stood forth an independent and organic art.

Thus painting was born of a new civilization, and grew by its own vital force, a thing of the Middle Ages, original and spontaneous. But contemporaneous with the mediæval revival was the resuscitation of antiquity; in proportion as the new civilization developed, the old civilization was exhumed; real Latin began to be studied only when real Italian began to be written; Dante, Petrarca, and Boccaccio were at once the founders of modern literature and the exponents of the literature of antiquity; the strong young present was to profit by the experience of the past.

As it was with literature, so likewise was it with art. The most purely mediæval sculpture, the sculpture which has, as it were, just detached itself from the capitals and porches of the cathedral, is the direct pupil of the antique; and the three great Gothic sculptors, Niccolo, Giovanni, and Andrea of Pisa, learn from fragments of Greek and Roman sculpture how to model the figure of the Redeemer and how to chisel the robe of the Virgin. This spontaneous mediæval sculpture, aided by the antique, preceded by a full half-century the appearance of mediæval painting; and it was from the study of the works of the Pisan sculptors that Cimabue and Giotto learned to depart from the mummified monstrosities of the Miratic, Byzantine, and Roman style of Giunta and Berlinghieri. Thus, through the sculpture of the Pisans the painting of the school of Giotto received a

second-hand the teachings of antiquity. Sculpture had created painting, painting now belonged to the painters. In the hands of Giotto it developed within a few years into an art which seemed almost mature, an art dealing victoriously with its materials, triumphantly solving its problems, executing as if by miracle all that was demanded of it. But Giottesque art appeared perfect merely because it was limited; it did all that was required of it, because that which was required was little; it was not asked to reproduce the real nor to represent the beautiful, it was asked merely to suggest a character, a situation, a story.

The artistic development of a nation has its exact parallel in the artistic development of an individual. The child uses his pencil to tell a story, satisfied with balls and sticks as body, head, and legs, provided he and his friends can associate with them the ideas in their minds; the youth sets himself to copy what he sees, to reproduce forms and effects, without any aim beyond the mere pleasure of copying: the mature artist strives to obtain forms and effects of which he approves—he seeks for beauty. In the life of Italian painting generations of men who flourished at the beginning of the sixteenth century are the mature artists; the men of the fifteenth century are the inexperienced youths; the Giottesques are the children—children Titanic and seraph-like, but children nevertheless, and, like all children, learning more perhaps in their few years than can the youth of the man learn in a lifetime.

Like the child, the Giottesque painter wished to show a situation or express a story, and for this purpose the absolute realization of objects was unnecessary. Giottesque art is not incorrect art, it is generalized art; it is an art of mere outline. The Giottesques could draw with great accuracy the hand, the form of the fingers, the bend of the limb; they could give to perfection its whole gesture and movement; they could produce a correct and spirited outline, but within this correct outline marked off in dark paint there is but a vague, uniform mass of pale colour; the body of the hand is missing, and there remains only its ghost, visible indeed, but unsubstantial, without weight or warmth, eluding the grasp. The difference between this spectre hand of the Giottesques, and the sinewy, muscular hand which can shake and crush of Masaccio and Signorelli, or the soft hand with throbbing pulse and warm pressure of Perugino and Bellini—this difference is typical of the difference between the art of the fourteenth century and the art of the fifteenth century; the first suggests, the second realizes; the one gives impalpable outlines, the other gives tangible bodies; the Giottesque cares for the figure only, inasmuch as it displays an action, he reduces it to a semblance, a phantom, to the mere exponent of an idea; the man of the Renaissance cares for the figure, inasmuch as it is a living organism, he gives it substance and weight, he makes it stand out as an animate reality. But despite its early triumphs, the Giottesque style, by its inherent

nature, forbade any progress; it reached its limits at once, and the followers of Giotto look almost as if they were his predecessors, for the simple reason that, being unable to advance, they were forced to retrograde. The limited amount of artistic realization required to present to the mind of the spectator a situation or an allegory had been obtained by Giotto himself, and bequeathed by him to his followers, who, finding it more than sufficient for their purposes, and having no incentive to further acquisition in the love of form and reality for their own sake, worked on with their master's materials, composing and recomposing, but adding nothing of their own. Giotto had observed Nature with passionate interest, because, although its representation was only a means to an end, it was a means which required to be mastered, and as such became in itself a sort of secondary aim; but the followers of Giotto merely utilized his observations of Nature, and in so doing gradually conventionalized and debased these second-hand observations. Giotto's forms are wilfully incomplete, because they aim at mere suggestion, but they are not conventional; they are diagrams, not symbols, and thence it is that Giotto seems nearer to the Renaissance than do his latest followers, not excepting even Orcagna. Painting, which had made the most prodigious strides from Giunta to Cimabue, and from Cimabue to Giotto, had got enclosed within a vicious circle, in which it moved for nearly a century neither backwards nor forwards; painters were satisfied with suggestion; and as long as they were satisfied, no progress was possible.

From this Giottesque treadmill, painting was released by the intervention of another art. The painters were hopelessly mediocre; their art was snatched from them by the sculptors. Orcagna himself, perhaps the only Giottesque who gave painting an onward push, had modelled and cast one of the bronze gates of the Florence baptistery; the generation of artists who arose at the beginning of the fifteenth century, and who opened the period of the Renaissance, were sculptors or pupils of sculptors. When we see these vigorous lovers of Nature, these heroic searchers after truth, suddenly pushing aside the decrepit Giottesque allegory-mongers, we ask ourselves in astonishment whence they have arisen, and how those broken-down artists of effete art could have begotten such a generation of giants. Whence do they come? Certainly not from the studios of the Giottesques; no, they issue out of the work-shops of the stone-mason, of the goldsmith, of the worker in bronze, of the sculptor. Vasari has preserved the tradition that Masolino and Paolo Uccello were apprentices of Ghiberti; he has remarked that their greatest contemporary, Masaccio, "trod in the steps of Brunelleschi and of Donatello." Pollaiuolo and Verrocchio we know to have been equally excellent as painters and as workers in bronze; sculptors, at once more naturalistic and more constantly under the influence of the antique, had for the second time laboured for painting. Itself a subordinate art, without real vitality, without deep roots in the civilization, sculpture was destined to remain the unsuccessful

pupil of the antique, and the unsuccessful rival of painting; but sculpture had for its mission to prepare the road for painting and to prepare painting for antique influence, and the noblest work of Ghiberti and Donatello was Masaccio, as the most lasting glory to the Pisani had been Giotto.

With Masaccio began the study of Nature for its own sake, the desire of reproducing external objects without any regard to their significance as symbols or as parts of a story, the passionate wish to arrive at absolute realization. The merely suggestive outline art of the Giottesques had come to an end, the suggestion became a matter of indifference, the realization became a paramount interest; the story was forgotten in the telling, the religious thought was lost in the search for the artistic form. The Giottesques had used debased conventionalism to represent action with wonderful narrative and logical power; the artists of the early Renaissance became unskilful narrators and foolish allegorists almost in proportion as they became skilful draughtsmen and colourists; the Saints had become to Masaccio merely so many lay figures on to which to cast drapery; for Fra Filippo, the Madonna was a mere peasant model; for Filippino Lippi and for Ghirlandajo, a miracle meant merely an opportunity of congregating a number of admirable portrait figures in the dress of the day; the Baptism for Verrocchio had significance only as a study of muscular legs and arms; and the sacrifice of Noah had no importance for Uccello save as a grand opportunity for foreshortenings. In the hands of the Giottesques, interested in the subject and indifferent to the representation, painting had remained stationary for eighty years; for eighty years did it develop in the hands of the men of the fifteenth century, indifferent to the subject and passionately interested in the representation. The unity, the appearance of relative perfection of the art, had disappeared with the limits within which the Giottesques had been satisfied to move; instead of the intelligible and solemn conventionalism of the Giottesques, we see only disorder, half understood ideas and abortive attempts, confusion which reminds us of those enigmatic sheets on which Leonardo or Michel Angelo scrawled out their ideas, drawings within drawings, plans of buildings scratched over Madonna heads, single flowers upside down next to flayed arms, calculations, monsters, sonnets, a very chaos of thoughts and of shapes, in which the plan of the artist is inextricably lost, which mean everything and nothing, but out of whose unintelligible network of lines and curves have issued masterpieces, and which only the foolish or the would-be philosophical would exchange for some intelligible, hopelessly finished and finite illustration out of a Bible or a book of travels.

Anatomy, perspective, colour, drapery, effects of light, of water, of shadow, forms of trees and flowers, converging lines of architecture, all this at once absorbed and distracted the attention of the artists of the early Renaissance; and while they studied, copied, and calcu-

lated, another thought began to haunt them, another eager desire began to pursue them; by the side of Nature, the manifold, the baffling, the bewildering, there rose up before them another divinity, another sphinx, mysterious in its very simplicity and serenity—the antique

The exhumation of the antique had, as we have seen, been contemporaneous with the birth of painting; nay, the study of the remains of antique sculpture had, in contributing to form Niccolò Pisano, indirectly helped to form Giotto, the very painter of the "Triumph of Death" had inserted into his terrible fresco two-winged genii, upholding a scroll, copied without any alteration from some coarse Roman sarcophagus, in which they may have sustained the usual *Dis Manibus Sacrum*. There had been, on the part of both sculptors and painters, a constant study of the antique; but during the Giottesque period this study had been limited to technicalities, and had in no way affected the conception of art. The mediæval artists, surrounded by physical deformities, and seeing sanctity in sickness and dirt, little accustomed to observe the human figure, were incapable, both as men and as artists, of at all entering into the spirit of antique art. They could not perceive the superior beauty of the antique; they could recognize only its superior science and its superior handicraft, and these they studied to obtain.

Giovanni Pisano, sculpturing the unfleshed, carved carcasses of the devils who leer, writhe, crunch, and tear on the outside of Orvieto Cathedral, and the Giottesques painting those terrible green, macerated Christs, hanging livid and broken from the cross, which abound in Tuscany and Umbria, the artists who produced these loathsome and lugubrious works were indubitably students of the antique; but they had learned from it not a love for beautiful form and noble drapery, but merely the general shape of the limbs and the general fall of the garments; the anatomical science and technical processes of antiquity were being used to produce the most intensely un-antique, the most intensely mediæval works. Thus matters stood in the time of Giotto. His followers, who studied only arrangement, probably consulted the antique as little as they consulted Nature; but the contemporary sculptors were brought by the very constitution of their art into close contact both with Nature and with the antique; they studied both with determination, and handed over the results of their labours to the sculptor-taught painters of the fifteenth century.

Here, then, were the two great factors in the art of the Renaissance—the study of Nature and the study of the antique; both understood slowly, imperfectly; the one counteracting the effect of the other; the study of Nature now scaring away all antique influence; the study of the antique now distorting all imitation of Nature; rival forces confusing the artist and marring the work, until, when each could receive its due, the one corrected the other, and they combined, producing by this marriage of the living reality with the dead but im-

mortal beauty, the great art of Michel Angelo, of Raphael, and of Titian ; double like its origin, antique and modern, real and ideal.

The study of the antique is thus placed opposite to the study of Nature, the comprehension of the works of antiquity is the momentary antagonist of the comprehension of Nature. And this may seem strange, when we consider that antique art was itself due to perfect comprehension of Nature. But the contradiction is easily explained. The study of Nature, as it was carried on in the Renaissance, comprised the study of effects which had remained unnoticed by antiquity ; and the study of the statue, colourless, without light, shade, or perspective, interfered with, and was interfered with by, the study of colour, of light and shade, of perspective, and of all that a generation of painters would seek to learn from Nature. or was this all ; the influence of the civilization of the Renaissance, of a civilization directly issued from the Middle Ages, was entirely at variance with the influence of antique civilization through the medium of ancient art ; the Middle Ages and antiquity, Christianity and Paganism, were even more opposed to each other than could be the statue and the easel picture, the fresco and the bas-relief.

First, then, we have the hostility between painting and sculpture, between the *modus operandi* of the modern and the *modus operandi* of the ancient art. Antique art is in the first place purely linear art, colourless, tintless, without light and shade ; next, it is essentially the art of the isolated figure, without background, grouping, or perspective. As linear art it could directly affect only that branch of painting, which was itself linear, and as art of the isolated figure it was ever being contradicted by the constantly developing arts of perspective and landscape. The antique never directly influenced the Venetians, not from reasons of geography and culture, but from the fact that Venetian painting, founded from the earliest times upon a system of colour, could not be affected by antique sculpture, based upon a system of modelled, colourless forms ; the men who saw form only through the medium of colour could not learn much from purely linear form ; hence it is that even after a certain amount of antique imitation had passed into Venetian painting, through the medium of Mantegna, the Venetian painters display comparatively little antique influence. In Bellini, Carpaccio, Cima, and other early masters, the features, forms, and dress are mainly modern and Venetian ; and Giorgione, Titian, and even the eclectic Tintoret were more interested in the bright lights of a steel breastplate than in the shape of a limb, and preferred in their hearts a shot brocade of the sixteenth century to the finest drapery modelled by an ancient.

The antique influence was naturally strongest among the Tuscan schools ; because the Tuscan schools were essentially schools of drawing, and the draughtsmen only recognized in antique sculpture the highest perfection of that linear form which was his own domain. The antique not only appealed most to the linear schools, but even in them

it could strongly influence only the purely linear part ; it is strong in the drawings and weak in the paintings. As long as the artists had only the pencil or pen, they could reproduce much of the linear perfection of the antique ; they were, so to speak, alone with it ; but as soon as they brought in colour, perspective, and scenery, the linear perfection was lost in attempts at something new ; the antique was put to flight by the modern. Botticelli's crayon study for his Venus is almost antique, his tempera picture of Venus, with the pale blue scaly sea, the laurel grove, the flower-embroidered garments, the wisps of tawny hair, is comparatively mediæval ; Pinturricchio's sketch of fauns and satyrs contrasts strangely with his frescoes in the library of Silena ; Mantegna himself, supernaturally antique in his engravings, becomes almost trivial and modern in his oil-paintings. Do what they might, draw from the antique, calculate its proportions, the artists of the Renaissance found themselves baffled as soon as they attempted to apply the result of their linear studies to coloured pictures ; as soon as they tried to make the antique unite with the modern, one of the two elements was sure to succumb. In Botticelli, draughtsman and student though he was, the modern, the mediæval, that part of the art which had risen in the Middle Ages, invariably had the upper hand ; his Venus has, despite her forms, studied from the antique and her gesture imitated from some earlier discovered copy of the Medici's Venus, the woe-begone prudery of a Madonna or of an abbess ; she shivers physically and morally in her unaccustomed nakedness, and the goddess of Spring, who comes skipping up from beneath the laurel copse, does well to prepare her a mantle, for in the paled tempera colour, against the dismal background of rippled sea, this mediæval Venus, at once indecent and prudish, is no pleasing sight. In the Allegory of Spring in the Academy of Florence, we again have the antique ; goddesses and nymphs whose clinging garments the gentle Sandro Botticelli has assuredly studied from some old statue of Agrippina or Faustina ; but what strange livid tints are there beneath those draperies, what eccentric gestures are those of the nymphs, what a green, ghostlike light illumines the garden of Venus ! Are these goddesses and nymphs immortal women such as the ancients conceived, or are they not rather fantastic fairies or nixen, Titianias and Undines, incorporeal daughters of dew and gossamer and mist ?

In Sandro Botticelli the teachings of the statue are forgotten or distorted when the artist takes up his palette and brushes ; in his far greater contemporary, Andrea Mantegna, the ever-present antique chills and arrests the vitality of the modern. Mantegna, the pupil of the ancient marbles of Squarcione's workshop, even more than the pupil of Donatello, studies for his paintings not from Nature, but from sculpture ; his figures are seen in strange projection and foreshortening, like figures in a high relief seen from below ; despite his mastery of perspective, they seem drawn out of the background ; de-

spite the rich colours which he displays in his Veronese altar-piece, they look like painted marbles, with their hard clots of stone-like hair and beard, with their vacant glance and their wonderful draperies, clinging and weighty like the wet draperies of ancient sculpture. They are beautiful petrifications, or vivified statues; Mantegna's masterpiece, the sepia "Judith" in Florence, is like an exquisite, pathetically lovely Eurydice, who has stepped unconscious and lifeless out of a Praxitelian bas-relief. And there are stranger works than even the Judith; strange statuesque fancies, like the fight of Marine Monsters and the Bacchanal among Mantegna's engravings. The group of three wonderful creatures, at once men, fish, and gods, is as grand and even more fantastic than Leonardo's Battle of the Standard: a Triton, sturdy and muscular, with sea-weed beard and hair, wheels round his finned horse, preparing to strike his adversary with a bunch of fish which he brandishes above him; on him is rushing, careening on an osseous sea-horse, a strange, lank, sinewy being, fury stretching every tendon, his long clawed feet striking into the flanks of his steed, his sharp, reed crowned head turned fiercely, with clenched teeth, on his opponent, and stretching forth a truncheon, ready to run down his enemy as a ship runs down another; and further off a young Triton, with clotted hair and heavy eyes, seems ready to sink wounded below the rippling wavelets, with the massive head and marble agony of the dying Alexander; enigmatic figures, grand and grotesque, lean, haggard, vehement, and yet, in the midst of violence and monstrosity, unaccountably antique. The other print, called the Bacchanal, has no background; half a dozen male figures stand separate and naked as in a bas-relief. Some are leaning against a vine-wreathed tub; a satyr, with acanthus-leaves growing wondrously out of him, half man, half plant, is emptying a cup; a heavy Silenus is prone upon the ground; a faun, seated upon the vat, is supporting in his arms a beautiful sinking youth; another youth, grand, muscular, and grave as a statue, stands on the further side. Is this really a bacchanal? Yes, for there is the paunchy Silenus, there are the fauns, there the vat and wine-wreaths and drinking-horns. And yet it cannot be a bacchanal. Compare with it one of Rubens's orgies, where the overgrown, rubicund men and women and fauns tumble about in tumultuous, riotous intoxication: that is a bacchanal; they have been drinking, those magnificent brutes, there is wine firing their blood and weighing down their heads. But here all is different, in this so-called Bacchanal of Mantegna. This heavy Silenus is supine like a mass of marble; these fauns are shy and mute; these youths are grave and sombre; there is no wine in the cups, there are no lees in the vat, there is no life in these magnificent colossal forms; there is no blood in their grandly bent lips, no light in their wide opened eyes; it is not the drowsiness of intoxication which is weighing down the youth sustained by the faun; it is no grape juice which gives that strange, vague glance. No; they have drunk, but not of

any mortal drink ; the grapes are grown in Persephone's garden, the vat contains no fruits that have ripened beneath our sun. These strange, mute, solemn revellers have drunk of Lethe, and they are growing cold with the cold of death and of marble ; they are the ghosts of the dead ones of antiquity, revisiting the artist of the Renaissance, who paints them, thinking he is painting life, while that which he paints is in reality death.

This anomaly, this unsatisfactory character of the works of both Botticelli and Mantegna, is mainly technical ; the antique is frustrated in Botticelli, not so much by the Christian, the mediæval, the modern mode of feeling, as by the new methods and aims of the new art which disconcert the methods and aims of the old art ; and that which arrests Mantegna in his development as a painter is not the spirit of paganism deadening the spirit of Christianity, but the laws of sculpture hampering painting. But this technical contest between two arts, the one not yet fully developed, the other not yet fully understood, is as nothing compared with the contest between the two civilizations, the antique and the modern ; between the habits and tendencies of the contemporaries of the artists of the Renaissance and of the artists themselves, and the habits and tendencies of the antique artists and their contemporaries. We are apt to think of the Renaissance as of a period closely resembling antiquity, misled by the inevitable similarity between southern and democratic countries of whatever age ; misled still less pardonably by the Ciceronian pedantries and pseudo-antique obscurities of a few humanists, and by the pseudo-Corinthian arabesques and capitals of a few learned architects. But all this was mere archæological finery borrowed by a civilization in itself entirely unlike that of ancient Greece.

The Renaissance, let us remember, was merely the flowering time of that great mediæval movement which had germinated early in the twelfth century ; it was merely a more advanced stage of the civilization which had produced Dante and Giotto, of the civilization which was destined to produce Luther and Rabelais. The fifteenth century was merely the continuation of the fourteenth century, as the fourteenth had been of the thirteenth ; there had been growth and improvement ; development of the more modern, diminishing of the more mediæval elements ; but, despite growth and the changes due to growth, the Renaissance was part and parcel of the Middle Ages. The life, thought, aspirations, and habits were mediæval, opposed to the open-air life, the physical training, and the materialistic religion of antiquity. The surroundings of Masaccio and of Signorelli, nay, even of Raphael, were very different from those of Phidias or Praxiteles. Let us think what were the daily and hourly impressions given by the Renaissance to its artists. Large towns, in which thousands of human beings were crowded together, in narrow, gloomy streets, with but a strip of blue visible between the projecting roofs ; and in these cities an incessant commercial activity, with no relief

save festivals at the churches, brawls at the taverns, and carnival buffooneries. Men and women, pale and meagre for want of air, and light, and movement; undeveloped, untrained bodies, warped by constant work at the loom or at the desk, at best with the lumpish freedom of the soldier and the vulgar nimbleness of the 'prentice. And these men and women dressed in the dress of the Middle Ages, gorgeous perhaps in colour, but heavy, miserable, grotesque, nay, sometimes ludicrous in form; citizens in lumpish robes and long-tailed caps; ladies in stiff and foliaceous brocade hoops and stomachers; artisans in striped and close-adhering hose and egg-shaped padded jerkin; soldiers in lumbering armour-plates, ill-fitted over ill-fitting leather, a shapeless shell of iron, bulging out and angular, in which the body was buried as successfully as in the robes of the magistrates. Thus we see the men and women of the Renaissance in the works of all its painters; heavy in Ghirlandajo, vulgarly jaunty in Filippino, preposterously starched and prim in Mantegna, ludicrously undignified in Signorelli; and mediæval stiffness, awkwardness, and absurdity reach their acme perhaps in the little boys, companions of the Medici children, introduced into Benozzo Gozzoli's Building of Babel.

These are the prosperous townsfolk, among whom the Renaissance artist is but too glad to seek for models; but besides these there are lamentable sights, mediæval beyond words, at every street corner—dwarfs and cripples, maimed and diseased beggars of all degrees of loathsomeness, lepers and epileptics, and infinite numbers of monks, brown, grey, and black, in sack-shaped frocks and pointed hoods, with shaven crown and cropped beard, emaciated with penance or bloated with gluttony. And all this the painter sees daily, hourly; it is his standard of humanity, and as such finds its way into every picture. It is the living; but opposite it arises the dead. Let us turn aside from the crowd of the mediæval city, and look at what the workmen have just laid bare, or what the merchant has just brought from Rome or from Greece. Look at this: it is corroded by oxides, battered by ill-usage, stained with earth: it is not a group, not even a whole statue—it has neither head nor arms remaining; it is a mere broken fragment of antique sculpture—a naked body with a fold or two of drapery; it is not by Phidias nor by Praxiteles—it may not even be Greek; it may be some cheap copy, made for a garden or a bath, in the days of Hadrian. But to the artist of the fifteenth century it is the revelation of a whole world, a world in itself. We can scarcely realize all this; but let us look and reflect, and even we may feel as must have felt the man of the Renaissance in the presence of that mutilated, stained, battered torso. He sees in that broken stump a grandeur of outline, a magnificence of osseous structure, a breadth of muscle and sinew, a smooth, firm covering of flesh, such as he would vainly seek in any of his living models; he sees a delicate and infinite variety of indentures, of projections, of creases following the

bend of every limb ; he sees, where the surface still exists intact, an elasticity of skin, a buoyancy of hidden life such as all the colours of his palette are unable to imitate ; and in this piece of drapery, negligently gathered over the hips or robed upon the arm, he sees a magnificent alternation of large folds and small creases, of straight lines, and broken lines, and curves. He sees all this, but he sees more : the broken torso is, as we have said, not merely a world in itself, but the revelation of a world.

It is the revelation of antique civilization, of the palæstra and the stadium, of the sanctification of the body, of the apotheosis of man, of the religion of life and nature and joy ; revealed to the man of the Middle Ages, who has hitherto seen in the untrained, diseased, despised body but a deformed piece of baseness, which his priest tells him belongs to the worms and to Satan ; who has been taught that the monk living in solitude and celibacy, filthy, sick, worn out with fastings and bleeding with flagellation, is the nearest approach to divinity ; who has seen Divinity itself, pale, emaciated, joyless, hanging bleeding from the cross ; and who is for ever reminded that the kingdom of this Divinity is not of this world.

What passes in the mind of that artist ? What surprise, what dawning doubts, what sickening fears, what longings, and what remorse are not the fruit of this sight of antiquity ? Is he to yield or to resist ? Is he to forget the saints and Christ, and give himself over to Satan and to antiquity ? Only one man boldly said Yes. Mantegna abjured his faith, abjured the Middle Ages, abjured all that belonged to his time, and in so doing cast away from him the living art and became the lover, the worshipper of shadows. And only one man turned completely aside from the antique as from the demon, and that man was a saint, Fra Angelico da Fiesole. And with the antique, Fra Angelico rejected all the other artistic influences and aims of his time—the time, not of Giotto or of Orcagna, but of Masaccio, of Uccello, of Polaiuolo and Donatiti. For the mild, meek, angelic monk dreaded the life of his days ; dreaded to leave the cloister, where the sunshine was tempered and the noise reduced to a mere faint hum, and where the flower-beds were tidy and prim ; dreaded to soil or rumple his spotless white robe and his shining black cowl ; a spiritual sybarite, shrinking from the sight of the crowd seething in the streets, shrinking from the idea of stripping the rags off the beggar in order to see his tanned and gnarled limbs ; shuddering at the thought of seeking for muscles in the dead, cut-open body ; fearful of every whiff of life that might mingle with the incense atmosphere of his chapel, of every cry of human passion which might break through the well-ordered sweetness of his chants. No ; the Renaissance did not exist for him who lived in a world of diaphanous form, colour, and character ; unsubstantial and unruffled, dreaming feebly and sweetly of transparent-cheeked Madonnas with no limbs beneath their robes ; of smooth-faced saints with well-

combed beard and placid, vacant gaze, seated in well ordered masses, holy with the purity of inanity; of divine dolls with pallid flaxen locks, floating between heaven and earth, playing upon lute and viol and psaltery; raised to faint visions of angels and blessed, moving noiseless, feelingless, meaningless, across the flowerets of Paradise; of assemblies of saints seated, arrayed in pure pink, and blue, and lilac, in an atmosphere of liquid gold, in glory. And thus Fra Angelico worked on, content with the dearly purchased science of his masters, placid, beatific, effeminate, in an æsthetical paradise of his own, a paradise of sloth and sweetness, a paradise for weak souls, weak hearts, and weak eyes; patiently repeating the same fleshless angels, the same boneless saints, the same bloodless virgins; happy in smoothing the unmixed, unshaded tints of the sky, and earth, and dresses; laying on the gold of the fretted skies, and of the iridescent wings, embroidering robes, instruments of music, halos, flowers, with threads of gold. . . . Sweet, simple artist saint, reducing art to something akin to the delicate pearl and silk embroidery of pious nuns, to the exquisite sweetmeat cookery of pious monks; a something too delicately gorgeous, too deliciously insipid for human wear or human food; no, the Renaissance does not exist for thee, either in its study of the truly existing or in its study of antique beauty.

Mantegna, the learned, the archæological, the pagan, who renounces his times and his faith; and Angelico, the monk, the saint, who shuts and bolts his monastery doors and sprinkles holy water in the face of the antique, the two extremes, are both exceptions. The innumerable artists of the Renaissance remained in hesitation; tried to court both the antique and the modern, to unite the pagan and the Christian—some, like Ghirlandajo, in cold indifference to all but mere form, encrusting marble bacchanals into the walls of the Virgin's paternal house, bringing together, unthinkingly, antique-draped women carrying baskets and noble Strozzi and Ruccellai ladies with gloved hands folded over their gold brocaded skirts; others, with cheerful and child-like pleasure in both antique and modern, like Benozzo, crowding together half-naked youths and nymphs treading the grapes and scaling the trellise with Florentine magnificos in plaited skirts and starched collars, among the pines and porticos, the sprawling children, barking dogs, peacocks sunning themselves, and partridges picking up grain, of his Scripture histories; yet others using the antique as mere pageant shows, allegorical mummeries destined to amuse some Duke of Ferrara or Marquis of Mantua, together with hurdle races of Jews, hags, and riderless donkeys.

Little by little the antique amalgamates with the modern; the art born of the Middle Ages absorbs the art born of paganism; but how slowly, and with what fantastic and ludicrous results at first; as when the anatomical sculptor Pollaiuolo gives scenes of naked Roman prize-fighters as martyrdoms of St. Sebastian; or when the pious

Perugino (pious at least with his brush) dresses up his sleek, hectic, beardless archangels as Roman warriors, and makes them stand straddling beatifically on thin little dapper legs, wistfully gazing from beneath their wondrously ornamented helmets on the walls of the Cambio at Perugia; when he masquerades meditative fathers of the Church as Socrates and haggard anchorites as Numa Pompilius; most ludicrous of all, when he attires in scantiest of clinging antique drapery his mild and pensive Madonnas, and, with daintily pointed toes, places them to throne bashfully on allegorical chariots as Venus or Diana.

Long is the period of amalgamation, and little are the results throughout that long early Renaissance. Mantegna, Piero della Francesca, Melozzo, Ghirlandajo, Filippino, Botticelli, Verrocchio, have none of them shown us the perfect fusion of the two elements whose union is to give us Michel Angelo, Raphael, and all the great perfect artists of the early sixteenth century: the two elements are for ever ill-combined and hostile to each other; the modern vulgarizes the antique, the antique paralyzes the modern. And meanwhile the fifteenth century, the century of study, of conflict, and of confusion, is rapidly drawing to a close; eight or ten more years, and it will be gone. Is the new century to find the antique still dead and the modern still mediæval?

The antique and the modern had met for the first time, and as irreconcilable enemies, in the cloisters of Pisa; and the modern had triumphed in the great mediæval fresco of the Triumph of Death. By a strange coincidence, by a sublime jest of accident, the antique and the modern were destined to meet again, and this time indissolubly united, in a painting representing the Resurrection. Yes, Signorelli's fresco in Orvieto Cathedral is indeed a resurrection, the resurrection of human beauty after the long death slumber of the Middle Ages. And the artist would seem to have been dimly conscious of the great allegory he was painting. Here and there are strewn skulls: skeletons stand leering by, as if in remembrance of the ghastly past, and as a token of former death; but magnificent youths are breaking through the crust of the earth, emerging, taking shape and flesh; arising, strong and proud, ready to go forth at the bidding of the Titanic angels who announce from on high with trumpet sound and waving banners that the death of the world has come to an end, and that humanity has arisen once more in the youth and beauty of antiquity.

II.

Signorelli's frescoes at Orvieto, at once the latest works of the fifteenth century and the latest works of an old man nurtured in the traditions of Benozzo Gozzoli and of Piero della Francesca, mark the beginning of the maturity and perfection of Italian art. From them Michel Angelo learns what he could not be taught even by his master

Ghirlandajo, the grand and cold realist ; he learns, and what he has learned at Orvieto he teaches with doubled force in Rome ; and the ceiling of the Sixtine Chapel, the superb and heroic nudities, the majestic draperies, the reappearance in the modern art of painting of the spirit and hand of Phidias, give a new impulse and hasten on perfection. When the doors of the chapel are at length opened, Raphael forgets Perugino ; Fra Bartolomeo forgets Botticelli ; Sodoma forgets Leonardo ; the narrower hesitating styles of the fifteenth century are abandoned, as the great example is disseminated throughout Italy ; and even the tumult of angels in glory which the Lombard Correggio is to paint in far-off Parma, and the daringly simple Bacchus and Ariadne with which Tintoret will decorate the Ducal palace more than fifty years later, all that is great and bold, all that is a re-incarnation of the spirit of antiquity, all that marks the culmination of Renaissance art, seems due to the impulse of Michel Angelo, and, through him, to the example of Signorelli. From the celestial horseman and bounding avenging angels of Raphael's Heliodorus, to the St. Sebastian of Sodoma, with delicate limbs and exquisite head, rich with tendril-like locks against the brown Umbrian sunset ; from the Madonna of Andrea del Sarto, seated, with the head and drapery of a Niobe, on the sack of flour in the Annunziata cloister, to the voluptuous goddess, with purple mantle half concealing her body of golden white, who leans against the sculptured fountain in Titian's "Sacred and Profane Love," with the greenish blue sky and hazy light of evening behind her ; from the most extreme examples of the most extreme schools of Lombardy and Venetia, to the most intense examples of the remotest schools of Tuscany and Umbria, throughout the art of the early sixteenth century, of those thirty years which were the years of perfection, we see, more or less marked, but always distinct, the union of the living art born of the Middle Ages with the dead art left by antiquity, a union producing life and perfection, the great art of the Renaissance.

This much is clear and easy of definition ; but what is neither clearly understood nor clearly defined is the nature of this union, the manner in which the antique and the modern did thus amalgamate. It is easy to speak of a vague union of spirit, of the antique idea having permeated the modern ; but all this explains but little ; art not a metaphysical figment, and all its phases and revolutions are concrete, and, so to speak, physically explicable and definable. The union of the antique with the modern meant simply the absorption by the art of the Renaissance of elements of civilization necessary for its perfection, but not existing in the mediæval civilization of the fifteenth century ; of elements of civilization which gave what the civilization of the fifteenth century—which could give colour, perspective, grouping, and landscape—could never have afforded : the nude, drapery, and gesture.

The naked human body, which the Greeks had trained, studied,

and idolized, did not exist in the fifteenth century ; in its stead there was only the undressed body, ill-developed, untrained, pinched, and distorted by the garments only just cast off, cramped and bent by sedentary occupations, livid with the plague-spots of the Middle Ages, scarred by the whip-marks of asceticism. This stripped body, unseen and unfit to be seen, unaccustomed to the air and to the eyes of others shivered and cowered for cold and for shame. The Giottesques ignored its very existence, conceiving humanity as a bodiless creature, with face and hands to express emotion, and just enough malformed legs and feet to be either standing or moving ; further, beneath the garments there was nothing. The realists of the fifteenth century tore off the clothes and drew the ugly thing beneath, and brought the corpses from the lazar-houses, and stole them from the gallows, in order to see how bone fitted into bone, and muscle was stretched over muscle. They learned to perfection the anatomy of the human frame, but they could not learn its beauty ; they became even reconciled to the ugliness they were accustomed to see, and, with their minds full of antique examples, Verrocchio, Donatello, Pollaiuolo, and Ghirlandajo, the greatest anatomists of the fifteenth century, imitated their coarse and ill-made living models when they imagined that they were imitating antique marbles.

So much for the nude. Drapery, as the ancients understood it in the delicate plaits of Greek chiton and tunic, in the grand folds of Roman toga, the fifteenth century could not show ; it knew only the stiff, scanty raiment of the active classes, the shapeless masses of lined cloth of the merchants and magistrates, the prudish and ostentatious starched dress of the women, and the coarse, lumpish garb of the monks.

The artist of the fifteenth century knew drapery only as an exotic, an exotic with whose representation the habit of seeing mediæval costume was for ever interfering ; on the stripped, unseemly, indecent body he places, with the stiffness of artificiality, drapery such as he has never seen upon any living creature ; the result is awkwardness and rigidity. And what attitude, what gesture, can he expect from this stripped and artificially draped model ? None, for the model scarce knows how to stand in so unaccustomed a condition of body. The artist must seek for attitude and gesture among his townsfolk, and among them he can find only trivial, awkward, often vulgar movement. They have never been taught how to stand or to move with grace and dignity ; the artist must study attitude and gesture in the market-place or the bull baiting ground, where Ghirlandajo found his jauntily strutting idlers, and Verrocchio his brutally staggering prize-fighters. Between the constrained attitudinizing of Byzantine and Giottesque tradition, and the imitation of the movements of clodhoppers and ragamuffins, the realist of the fifteenth century would wander hopelessly were it no for the antique. Genius and science are of no avail : the position of Christ in baptism in the paintings of Ver-

rocchio and Ghirlandajo is mean and servile; the movements of the "Thunderstricken" in Signorelli's lunettes is an inconceivable mixture of the brutish, melodramatic, and the comic; the magnificently drawn youth at the door of the prison in Filippino's "Liberation of St. Peter" is gradually going to sleep and collapsing in a fashion which is truly ignoble.

And the same applies to sculptured figures or to figures standing isolated like statues; no Greek would have ventured upon the swaggering position, with legs apart and elbows out, of Donatello's "St. George," or Perugino's "St. Michael;" and a young Athenian who should have assumed the attitude of Verrocchio's "David," with tripping legs and hand clapped on his hip, would have been sent away from school as a saucy little ragamuffin.

Coarse, nude, stiff drapery, vulgar attitude, was all that the fifteenth century could offer to its artists; but antiquity could offer more and very different things—the naked body developed by the most artistic training, drapery the most natural and refined, and attitude and gesture regulated by an education the most careful and artistic; and all these things antiquity gave to the artists of the Renaissance. They did not copy antique statues as living naked men and women, but they corrected the faults of their living models by the example of the statues; they did not copy antique stone draperies in coloured pictures, but they arranged the robes on their models with the antique folds well in their memory; they did not give the gestures of statues to living figures, but they made the living figures move in accordance with these principles of harmony which they had found exemplified in the statues.

They did not imitate the antique, they studied it; they obtained through the fragments of antique sculpture a glimpse into the life of antiquity, and that glimpse served to correct the vulgarism and distortion of the mediæval life of the fifteenth century. In the perfection of Italian painting, the union of antique and modern being consummated, it is perhaps difficult to disentangle what really is antique from what is modern; but in the earlier times, when the two elements were still separate, we can see them opposite each other and compare them in the works of the greatest artists. Wherever, in the paintings of the early Renaissance, there is realism, marked by costume of the times, there is ugliness of form and vulgarity of movement; where there is idealism, marked by imitation of the antique, the nude, and drapery, there is beauty and dignity. We need only compare Filippino's "Scene before the Proconsul" with his "Raising of the King's Son" in the Brancacci Chapel; the grand attitude and draperies of Ghirlandajo's "Zachariah" with the vulgar dress and movements of the Florentine citizens surrounding him; Benozzo Gozzoli's noble naked figure of Noah with his ungainly, hideously-dressed figure of Cosimo de' Medici; Mantegna's exquisite Judith with his preposterous Marquis of Mantua; in short, all the purely

realistic with all the purely idealistic art of the fifteenth century. We may give one last instance. In Signorelli's Orvieto frescoes there is a figure of a young man, with aquiline features, long crisp hair, and strongly developed throat, which reappears unmistakably in all the frescoes, and in some of them twice and thrice in various positions. His naked figure is magnificent, his attitudes splendid, his thrown-back head superb, whether he be slowly and painfully emerging from the earth, staggered and gasping with his newly-infused life, or sinking oppressed on the ground, broken and crushed by the sound of the trumpet of judgment; or whether he be moving forward with ineffable longing towards the angel about to award him the crown of the blessed; in all these positions he is heroically beautiful.

We meet him again, unmistakable, but how different, in the realistic group of the "Thunderstricken"—the long, lank youth, with spindle-shanks and egg-shaped body, bounding forward, with most grotesque strides, over the uncouth heap of dead bodies, ungainly masses with soles and nostrils uppermost, lying in beast-like confusion. This youth, with something of a harlequin in his jumps and in his ridiculous thin legs and preposterous round body, is evidently the model for the naked demi-gods of the "Resurrection" and the "Paradise"; he is the handsome boy as the fifteenth century gave him to Signorelli; opposite, he is the living youth of the fifteenth century idealized by the study of ancient sculpture; just as the "Thunderstricken" may be some scene of street massacre such as Signorelli may have noticed at Cortona or Perugia, while the agonies of the "Hell" are the grouped and superb agonies taught by the antique; just as the two archangels of the "Hell," in their armour of Baglioni's heavy cavalry, may represent the modern element, and the same archangels, naked, with magnificent flying draperies, blowing the trumpets of the Resurrection, may show the antique element in Renaissance art. The antique influence was not, indeed, equally strong throughout Italy; it was strongest in the Tuscan school which, seeking for perfection of linear form, found that perfection in the antique; it was weakest in the Lombard and Venetian schools, which sought for what the antique could not give, light and shade and colour; the antique was most efficacious where it was most indispensable, and it was more necessary to a Tuscan, strong only with his charcoal or pencil, than to Leonardo da Vinci, who could make an imperfect figure, smiling mysteriously from out of the gloom, more fascinating than the finest drawn Florentine Madonna, and could surround an insignificant childish head with the wondrous sheen and ripple of hair as with an aureole of poetry; it was also less necessary to Giorgione and Titian, who could hide coarse limbs beneath their draperies of precious ruby, and transfigure, by the liquid gold of their palettes, a peasant woman into a goddess.

But even the Lombards, even the Venetians, required the antique

influence. They could not, perhaps, have obtained it direct like the Tuscans ; the colourists and masters of light and shade might never have understood the blank lines and faint shadows of the marble ; they received the antique influence, strong but modified by the medium through which it had passed, from Mantegna ; and the relentless self-sacrifice to antiquity, the self-paralyzation of the great artist, was not without its use ; from Venetian Padua, Mantegna influenced the Bellini and Giorgione ; from Lombard Mantua, he influenced Leonardo, and Mantegna's influence was that of the antique.

What would have been the art of the Renaissance without the antique ? The speculation is vain, for the antique had influenced it, had been goading it on ever since the earliest times ; it had been present at its birth, it had affected Giotto through Niccolò Pisano, and Masaccio through Ghiberti ; the antique influence cannot be conceived as absent in the history of Italian painting. So far, as a study of the impossible, the speculation respecting the fate of Renaissance art, had it not been influenced by the antique, would be childishly useless. But lest we forget that this antique influence did exist, lest, grown ungrateful and blind, we refuse it its immense share in producing Michel Angelo, Raphael, and Titian, we may do well to turn to an art born and bred like Italian art in the Middle Ages ; like it, full of strength and power of self-development, but which, unlike Italian art, was not influenced by the antique. This art is the great German art of the early sixteenth century ; the art of Martin Schongauer, of Aldegrever, of Graf, of Wohlgemuth, of Pencz, of Zatzinger, of Kranach, and of the great Albrecht Dürer, whom they resemble as Pinturicchio and Lo Spagna resemble Perugino, as Palma and Paris Bordone resemble Titian. This is an art born in a civilization less perfect indeed than that of Italy, narrower, as Nürnberg is narrower than Florence, but resembling it in habits, dress, religion, above all the main characteristics of being mediæval ; and its masters, as great as their Italian contemporaries in all the technicalities of the art, and in absolute honesty of endeavour, may show what the Italian art of the sixteenth century might have been without the antique. Let us therefore open a portfolio of those wonderful minute yet grand engravings of the old Germans. They are for the most part Scriptural scenes or allegories, quite analogous to those of the Italians, but purely realistic, conscious of no world beyond that of an Imperial City of the year 1500. Here we have the whole turn-out, male and female, of a German free town, in the shape of scenes from the lives of the Virgin and saints ; here are short, fat burghers, with enormous blotchy, bloated faces and little eyes set in fat, their huge stomachs protruding from under their jackets ; here are blear-eyed ladies, tall, thin, wrinkled though not old, with figures like hungry harpies, stalking about in high headgears and stiff gowns, or sitting by the side of lean and stunted pages, singing (with dolorous voice) to lutes ; or promenading under trees with long-

shanked, high-shouldered gentlemen, with vacant sickly face and long scraggy hairs and beard, their bony elbows sticking out of their slashed doublets. These courtly figures culminate in Dürer's magnificent plate of the wild man of the woods kissing the hideous, leering Jezebel in her brocade and jewels. These aristocratic women are terrible; prudish, malicious, licentious, never modest, because they are always ugly. Even the poor Madonnas, seated in front of village hovels or windmills, smile the smile of starved, sickly sempstresses. It is a stunted, poverty-stricken, plague-sick society, this mediæval society of burghers and burghers' wives; the air seems bad and heavy, and the light wanting physically and morally, in these old free towns; there is intellectual sickness as well as bodily in those musty gabled houses; the mediæval spirit blights what revival of healthiness may exist in these commonwealths. And feudalism is outside the gates. There are the brutal, leering men-at-arms, in slashed, puffed doublets and heavy armour, face and dress as unhuman as possible, standing grimacing at the blood spurting from John the Baptist's decapitated trunk, as in Kranach's horrible print, while gaping spectators fill the castle yard; there are the castles high on rocks amidst woods, with miserable villages below, where the Prodigal Son wallows among the swine and the tattered boors tumble about in drunkenness, or rest wearied on their spades. There are the Middle Ages in full force. But had these Germans of the days of Luther really no thought beyond their own times and their own country? Had they really no knowledge of the antique? Not so; they had heard from their learned men, from Willibald Pirckheimer and Ulrich von Hutten, that the world had once been peopled with naked gods and goddesses; nay, the very year perhaps that Raphael handed to the engraver, Marc Antonio, his magnificent drawing of the Judgment of Paris, Lukas Kranach bethought him to represent the story of the good Knight Paris giving the apple to the Lady Venus. So Kranach took up his steady pencil and sharp chisel, and in strong, clear, minute lines of black and white, showed us the scene. There, on Mount Ida, with a castellated rock in the distance, the charger of Paris browses beneath some stunted larches; the Trojan knight's helmet, with its monstrous beak and plume, lies on the ground; and near it reclines Paris himself, lazy, in complete armour, with frizzled fashionable beard. To him, all wrinkled and grinning with brutal lust, comes another bearded knight, with wings to his vizored helmet, Sir Mercury, leading the three goddesses, short, fat cheeked German wenches, housemaids stripped of their clothes, stupid, brazen, indifferent. And Paris is evidently prepared with his choice, he awards the apple to the fattest, for among a half-starved, plague-stricken people like this, the chosen of gods and men must needs be the fattest.

No, such pagan scenes are mere burlesques, coarse mummeries, such as may have amused Nürnberg and Augsburg during Shrovetide,

when drunken louts figured as Bacchus and sang drinking songs by Hans Sachs. There is no reality in all this ; there is no belief in pagan gods. If we would see the haunting divinity of the German Renaissance, we shall find him prying and prowling in nearly every scene of real life ; him, the ever present, the king of the Middle Ages, whose triumph we have seen on the cloister wall at Pisa, the lord "Death." His fleshless face peers from behind a bush at Zatzinger's stunted, fever-stricken lady and imbecile gentleman ; he sits grinning on a tree in Orso Graf's allegory, while the cynical knights, with haggard, sensual faces, crack dirty jokes with the fat, brutish woman squatted below ; he puts his hand into the basket of Dürer's tattered pedlar ; he leers hideously at the stirrup of Dürer's armed and stalwart knight. No gods of youth and Nature ; no Hercules, no Hermes, no Venus, have invaded his German territories, as they invaded even his own palace, the burial-ground at Pisa ; the antique has not perverted Dürer and his fellows, as it perverted Massaccio, and Signorelli, and Mantegna, from the mediæval worship of Death.

The Italians had seen the antique and had let themselves be seduced by it, despite their civilization and their religion. Let us only rejoice thereat. There are indeed some, and among them the great English critic, who is irrefutable when he is a poet and irrational when he becomes a philosopher ;—there are some who tell us that in its union with antique art, the art of the followers of Giotto embraced death, and rotted away ever after ; there are others, more moderate but less logical, who would teach us that in uniting with the antique, the mediæval art of the fifteenth century purified and sanctified the beautiful but evil child of Paganism, that the goddess of Scopas and the athlete of Polyclète were raised to a higher sphere when Raphael changed the one into a Madonna, and Michel Angelo metamorphosed the other into a prophet. But both schools of criticism are wrong. Every civilization has its inherent evil ; antiquity had its inherent evils, as the Middle Ages had theirs ; antiquity may have bequeathed to the Renaissance the bad with the good, as the Middle Ages had bequeathed to the Renaissance the good with the bad. But the art of antiquity was not the evil, it was the good of antiquity ; it was born of its strength and its purity only and it was the incarnation of its noblest qualities. It could not be purified because it was spotless ; it could not be sanctified because it was holy. It could gain nothing from the art of the Middle Ages, alternately strong in brutal reality and languid in mystic inanity ; the men of the Renaissance could, if they influenced it at all, influence the antique only for evil ; they belonged to an inferior artistic civilization, and if we conscientiously seek for the spiritual improvements brought by them into antique types, we shall see that they consist in spoiling their perfect proportions, in making necks longer and muscles more prominent, in rendering more or less flaccid, or meagre, or coarse, the grand and delicate forms of antique art. And when we have

examined into this purified art of the Renaissance, when we have compared coolly and equitably, we may perhaps confess that, while the Renaissance added immense wealth of beauty in colour, perspective and grouping, it took away something of the perfection of simple lines and modest light and shade of the antique; we may admit to ourselves that the grandest saint by Raphael is meagre and stunted, and the noblest Virgin by Titian is overblown and sensual by the side of the demi-gods and amazons of antique sculpture.

The antique perfected the art of the Renaissance, it did not corrupt it. The art of the Renaissance fell indeed into shameful degradation soon after the period of its triumphant union with the antique; and Raphael's grand gods and goddesses, his exquisite Eros and radiant Psyche of the Farnesina, are indeed succeeded but too soon by the Olympus of Giulio Romano, an Olympus of harlots and acrobats, who smirk and mouth and wriggle and sprawl ignobly on the walls and ceilings of the dismantled palace, which crumbles away among the stunted willows, the stagnant pools and rank grass of the marshes of Mantua. But this is no more the fault of antiquity than it is the fault of the Middle Ages; it is the fault of that great principle of life and of change which makes all things organic, be they physical or intellectual, germinate, grow, attain maturity, and then fade, wither, and rot. The dead art of antiquity could never have brought the art of the Renaissance to an untimely end; the art of the Renaissance decayed because it was mature, and died because it had lived.

VERNON LEE, in *Contemporary Review*.

THE SUPREME GOD IN THE INDO-EUROPEAN MYTHOLOGY.

COMPARATIVE MYTHOLOGY.*

TOWARDS the end of the last century the men of letters of Europe were astonished to hear that in Asia, on the banks of the Ganges, a more ancient and richer language had been found than that of Homer. It offered in its words and forms striking analogies with the languages of Rome and Athens. Interest once roused, systematic comparisons were made, and comparative grammar was founded. The sphere of comparisons widened, and the group of Aryan languages was established.

* Cf. Max Müller: "Lectures on the Science of Language," and "Lectures on the Science of Religion;" Michel Bréal, "Mélanges de Mythologie et de Linguistique."

It was thus ascertained that the languages of the Romans, of the Greeks, of the Gauls, of the Germans, of the Lithuanians, and of the Slavs in Europe, of the Hindoos and Persians in Asia, are made out of the same materials and cast in the same mould; that they are only varieties of one primitive type. The precise laws which regulated the formation of each of these varieties were discovered, so that it is both possible to proceed from one of these languages to the other, and to trace all of them to the original type whence they come, to the lost type which they reproduce. This lost type, the source of all the idioms of nearly the whole of Europe and of a third of Asia, science has reconstructed: with an almost absolute certainty, it has described the grammar, drawn up the lexicon of that language, of which no direct echo remains, not the fragment of an inscription on a broken stone, of that language of which the life and the death are pre-historic, and which was spoken at a period when there were as yet neither Romans, nor Hindoos, nor Greeks, nor Persians, nor Germans, nor Celts, and when the ancestors of all those nations were still wandering as one tribe, one knows not where, one knows not when.

Closely following comparative grammar, almost at the same time rose up comparative mythology, and with the ancient words awoke the gods that they had sung, the beliefs that they had fostered. It was recognized that if the Indo-Europeans spoke essentially the same language, they also worshipped essentially the same gods and believed in the same things. As comparative grammar, on hearing the sister-tongues, caught up the echo of the mother, whose voice they repeat, so comparative mythology, in its turn, on looking at the sister religions, has tried to see through them the original image which they reflect. As the one restored the words and forms of the language which lived on the lips of the Aryans at the moment of the breaking up of the Aryan unity, the other endeavoured to restore the gods and beliefs which lived in their souls at the moment when, with the unity of the race, the identity of language and belief passed away. This restoration of the pre-historic gods and of the pre-historic beliefs is the final object of comparative mythology, just as the reconstruction of words and forms is the final object of comparative grammar. The object was analogous, and so was the method. It is the comparative method which, by comparing kindred divinities and kindred beliefs, finds the original divinity and the original belief which gave birth to them, and which are reproduced in them. To sketch the picture of the original mythology, it is sufficient to separate from the various derivative mythologies the essential characteristics common to them. Every characteristic common to the secondary religions will be legitimately referred to the primitive one, whenever it is essential—that is to say neither borrowed from one of the kindred religions nor due to an identical, but quite independent development. If, for instance, the various Indo-European mythologies agree in naming the gods *Dava*, “the shining ones,” it follows

that in the primitive mythology, in the religion of the period of unity, they were known already as beings of light and called thus. It is a great deal easier to admit that the seven derived religions have faithfully repeated what has been handed down to them from their common source, than to imagine that once separated they have created the same conception, each one on its side, and have clothed it with the same expression : the former hypothesis is a simple and natural induction : the second is in reality made up of seven hypotheses, and implies seven chances agreeing together, seven miracles.

Our object in the following pages is to give a sketch of one of the chapters of the Aryan mythology. We try to show that the religion of the Indo-European unity recognized a Supreme God, and we try to find the most ancient form and the earliest origin of that conception among the Aryans, and to follow out the transformations it has undergone in the course of ages.

THE SUPREME GOD : ZEUS, JUPITER, VARUNA, AHURA MAZDA.

The Aryan Gods are not organized as a Republic : they have a king. There is over the gods a Supreme God.

Four of the Aryan mythologies have preserved a clear and precise notion of this conception : they are those of Greece, of Italy, of ancient India, and of ancient Persia. This Supreme God is called Zeus in Greece, Jupiter in Italy, Varuna in ancient India, Ahura Mazda in ancient Persia. Let us then listen to Zeus, to Jupiter, to Varuna, and to Ahura Mazda each in his turn.

*Zeus and Jupiter.**—About three centuries before our era a Greek poet thus addressed Zeus :

“Oh! Thou most glorious of immortals, whose names are many. for ever Almighty, Zeus, Thou who rulest nature, directing all things according to a law, hail! To Thee all this universe moving round the earth yields obedience, following whither Thou leadest, and submits itself to Thy rule. . . . So great in Thy nature, King Supreme above all things, no work is achieved without Thee, neither on the earth, nor in the celestial regions of ether, nor on the sea, but those which the wicked accomplish in their folly.”

This is the Zeus of the philosophers, of the Stoics, of Cleanthes ; but he was already the Zeus of the ancient poets. Powerful, omniscient, and just is the god of Æschylus, as that of Cleanthes : he is the king of kings, the blessed of the blessed, the sovereign power among all powers, the only one who is free among the gods, who is the master of the mightiest, who is subervient to no one's rule ; above whom no one sits, no one to whom from below he looks with awe ; every word of his is absolute ; he is the God of deep thoughts, whose heart has dark and hidden ways, impenetrable to the eye, and no scheme formed within his mind has ever miscarried. Finally, he is the Father of Justice,

* Maury, “Histoire des Religions de la Grèce;” Preller, “Griechische Mythologie.”

Dike, "the terrible virgin who breathes out on crime anger and death," it is he who from hell raises vengeance with its slow chastisement against the bold, wayward mortal. Terpander proclaims in Zeus the essence of all things, the god who rules over everything. Archilochus sings Zeus father, as the God who rules the heavens, who watches the guilty and unjust actions of men, who administers chastisement to monsters, the God who created heaven and earth. The old man of Ascrea knows that Zeus is the father of gods and of men, that his eye sees and comprehends all things and reaches all that he wishes. In short, as far back as the Greek Pantheon appears in the light of history, even from Homer, Zeus towers above the nation of gods which surrounds him. He himself proclaims, and the other gods proclaim after him, that, unrivalled in power and strength, he is the greatest of all; the gods, at his behest, silently bow down before him; he would hurl into the gloomy depths of Tartarus whomsoever should dare to disobey him: he would hurl him down into the uttermost depths of the subterranean abyss: alone against them all, he would master them. Should they let fall from the sky a golden chain on which all the gods and goddesses might be suspended, they still would be powerless, however hard they might strain to drag him from the heavens to the earth: and if it pleased him, he could draw them up even with the earth, even with the sea, and he would then fix the chain on the ridge of Olympus, and suspend on it the whole universe; so much is he above mankind, above the gods. Not only is he the most powerful, but also he is the wisest—the *μητιέτης*; he is all wisdom and he is likewise all justice. It is from him that the judges of the sons of the Achæans have received their laws; very good, very great, he holds learned conversations with Themis (the law) who sits at his side; prayers are his daughters, whom he avenges for all the insults of the wicked.

Thus, power, wisdom, justice, belonged from all time to Zeus, to the Zeus of Homer as well as to the Zeus of Cleanthes; to the Zeus of the poets as to him of the philosophers, in the remotest period of paganism as at the approach of the religion of Christ. A providential god rules the Pantheon of the Hellenes.

What Zeus is in Greece, Jupiter is in Italy: the God who is above all the gods. The identity of the two deities is so striking that the ancients themselves, forestalling comparative mythology, recognized it from the very first. He is the God, great and good amongst them all: *Jupiter, optimus, maximus*.

Varuna.—The most ancient of the religions of India, which the Vedas have made known to us, has also a Zeus, whose name is Varuna.*

"Truly admirable for grandeur are the works of Him who has separated the two

* See Muir, "Sanskrit Texts," v. 53; Max Müller, "Lectures on the Origin and Growth of Religion," p. 234.

worlds and fixed their vast extent: of Him who has set in motion the high and sublime firmament, who has spread out the heavens above and the earth beneath.

"These heavens and this earth which reach so far, flowing with milk so beautiful in form, it is by the law of Varuna that they remain fixed, facing each other, immortal beings with fertile seed.

"This Asura,* who is acquainted with all things, has propped up these heavens, he has fixed the boundaries of the earth. He is enthroned above all the worlds, universal king; all the laws of the world are the laws of Varuna.

"In the bottomless abyss the king Varuna has lifted up the summit of the celestial tree.† It is the king Varuna who has traced out to the sun the broad path he is to follow: to footless creatures he has given feet so that they may run.

"Those stars, which illumine the night, where were they during the day? Infallible are the laws of Varuna: the moon kindles itself and walks through the night.

"Varuna has traced out paths for the sun: he has thrown forwards the fluctuating torrent of rivers. He has dug out the wide and rapid beds where the waves of the days, let loose, unroll themselves in their order.

"He has put strength into the horse, milk into the cow, intellect into the heart, Agni‡ into the waters, the sun in the sky, soma§ into the stone.

"The wind is thy breath, O Varuna! which roars in the atmosphere, like the ox in the meadow. Between this earth and the sublime heaven above, all things, O Varuna, are of thy creation."

There is an order in nature, there is a law, a habit, a rule, a *Rita*. This law, this *Rita*, it is Varuna who has established it. He is the god of the *Rita*, the god of Order, the guardian of the *Rita*; he is the god of efficient and stable laws; in him rest as in a rock the fixed immovable laws.

Organizer of the world, he is its master. He is the first of the Asuras, "of the lords;" he is *the Asura*, "the Lord;" he is the sovereign of the whole world, the king of all beings, the universal king, the independent king; no one amongst the gods dares to infringe his laws; "it is thou, Varuna, who art the king of all."

As he has omnipotence, he has omniscience too, he is "the Lord who knows all things," the *Asura vicra-vedas*. He is the sage who has supreme wisdom, in whom all sciences have their centre; when the poet wishes to praise the learning of a god, he compares it to that of Varunna. "He knows the place of the birds which fly in the air, he knows the ships which are sailing on the ocean, he knows the twelve months and what they will bring forth, he knows every creature that is born. He knows the path of the sublime wind in the heights, he knows who sits at the sacrifice. The God of stable laws, Varuna, has taken his place in his palace to be the universal king, the god with the wondrous intellect. Hence, following in his mind all these marvels, he looks around him at what has happened, and what will happen."

As he is the universal witness, he is also the universal judge, the

* "This Lord."
in the sky.

† The cloud often compared to a tree branching out

‡ The fire (Ignis) which is born in the waters of heaven in the form of lightning.

§ A sacred plant whose sap is offered to the gods. It is pressed between two stones to extract the sacred liquor.

infallible judge whom nothing escapes : none can deceive him, and from above he sees the evil done below and strikes it ; he has seven-fold bands to clasp thrice round the liar by the upper, by the middle, and by the lower part of the body. The man, smitten by misfortune, implores his pity, and feels that he has sinned, and that the hand which strikes is also the hand that punishes :

"I ask Thee, O Varuna, because I wish to know my fault :

"I come to Thee, to question Thee who knowest all things. All the sages, with one voice, said to me, Varuna is angry with thee.

"What great crime have I committed, O Varuna, that thou shouldst want to kill thy friend, thy bard. Tell me, O Lord, O infallible one, and I will then lay my homage at thy feet.

"Free me from the bonds of my crime, do not sever the thread of the prayer that I am weaving, do not deliver me over to the deaths that, at thy dictate, O Asura, strike him who has committed a crime ; send me not into the gloomy regions far from the light.

"Let me pay the penalty of my faults ; but let me not suffer, O King, for the crime of others : there are so many days that have not dawned yet ! Let them dawn for us also, O Varuna !"

Such is the supreme God of the Vedic religion, an organizing God, almighty, omniscient, and moral. The following is a Vedic hymn which sums up with singular force the essential attributes of the God

"He who from on high rules this world sees everything as if it were before him. That which two men, seated side by side, are plotting, is heard by king Varuna, himself the third.

"This earth belongs to the king Varuna, and this sky, these two sublime worlds, with their remote limits ; the two seas * are the belly of Varuna, and he rests also even in this small pool of water.

"He who should leap over the sky and beyond it, would not escape the king Varuna ; he has his spies, the spies of the heavens, who go through the world ; he has his thousand which look on the earth.

"The king Varuna sees everything, all that which is between the two worlds and beyond them ; he reckons the winking of the eye of all creatures :

"The world is in his hand like the dice in the hand of the gamester.

"Let thy sevenfold hands, O Varuna, let thy bands of wrath which are thrice linked together, let them enfold the man with a lying tongue, let them leave free the man with a truthful tongue !"

Ahura Mazda.†—Ancient Persia opposes to Zeus, to Jupiter, to Varuna, her Ormazd or Ahura Mazda.‡ "It is through me," he said to his prophet, Zoroaster, "that the firmament, with its distant boundaries, hewn from the sparkling ruby, subsists without pillars to rest upon ; it is through me that the earth, through me that the sun, the moon, and the stars take their radiant course through the atmosphere ; it was I who formed the seeds in such a manner that, when sown in the earth, they should grow, spring up, and appear on the surface ; it was I who traced their veins in every species of plants,

* The sea of the earth and the sea of the skies.

† See J. Darmesteter, "Ormazd et Ahriman," §§ 13-59.

‡ Ormazd is the modern name, contracted from the ancient Ahura Mazda.

who in all beings put the fire of life which does not consume them ; it is I who in the maternal womb produce the new-born child, who form the limbs, the skin, the nails, the blood, the feet, the ears ; it was I who gave the water feet to run ; it was I who made the clouds, which carry the water to the world," etc. This development, taken from a recent book of the Ghebers, the Bundahish, is to be found entire, in the very first words of their oldest and holiest book, the Avesta : " I proclaim and worship Ahura Mazda, the *Creator*." As far as history can be traced, he was already what he is now. Near the ruins of the ancient Ecbatana, the traveller may read, on the red granite of the mountain of Alvand, these words, which were engraved by the hand of Darius, the king of kings, nearly five centuries before the birth of Christ :—

" A powerful God is Aurâmazda!
'Twas he who made this earth here below!
'Twas he who made the heaven above!
'Twas he who made man !"

This God, who made the world, rules it. He is the sovereign of the universe, the *Ahura*,* " the Lord." " He is a powerful god," exclaims Xerxes ; " he is the greatest of all the gods." It is to his favour that Darius, inscribing upon the rock of Behistun the narrative of his nineteen victories, ascribes both his elevation and his triumphs. It is to his supreme care that he confides Persia ; " This country of Persia, which Aurâmazda has given me, this beautiful country, beautiful in horses, beautiful in men, by the grace of Aurâmazda, and through me, king Darayavus, has nothing to fear from any enemy. May Aurâmazda and the gods of the nation bring me their help ! May Aurâmazda protect this country from hostile armies, from barrenness and evil ! May this country never be invaded by the stranger, nor by hostile armies, nor by barrenness, nor by evil ! This is the favour which I implore from Aurâmazda and the gods of the nation !"

This world which he has organized is a work of intelligence ; by his wisdom it began, and by his wisdom it will end. He is the mind which knows all things, and it is to him that the sage appeals in order to penetrate the mysteries of the world.

" Reveal to me the truth, O Ahura ? What was the beginning of the good creation ?

" Who is the father, who, at the beginning of time, begat Order ?

" Who has traced for the sun and the stars the paths that they must follow ?

" Who makes the moon increase and decrease ?

" O Ahura ! I would learn those mysteries and many more !

" Who has fixed the earth and the immovable stars to establish them firmly, so that they might not fall ? Who has fixed the waters and the trees ?

" Who has directed the rapid course of the wind and of the clouds ? What skillful art thou has made the light and the darkness ?

* Which is the same word as the Sanscrit Asura.

"What skilful workman has made sleep and wakefulness? Through whom have we dawn, noon, and night? From whom do they learn the law which is traced out for them? Who endeared the son to his father so that he should train him? Those are the things that I wish to ask Thee, O Mazda, O beneficent Spirit, O Creator of all things!"

In his omniscience are embraced all human actions. He watches over all things, and is far-seeing, and never sleeping. He is the infallible one; "it is impossible to deceive him, the Ahura, who knows all things." He sees man, and judges and chastises him, if he has not followed his law, for from him comes the law of man, as well as the law of the world; from him comes the science supreme among all other sciences, that of duty, the knowledge of those things we ought to think, say, and do, and of those things we ought neither to think, nor say, nor do. To the man who has prayed well, thought, spoken, and acted well, he opens his resplendent paradise; he opens hell to him who has not prayed and who has thought, spoken and done evil.

THE SUPREME GOD, THE GOD OF HEAVEN.

Thus the Aryans of Greece, of Italy, of India, and of Persia agree in giving the highest place in their Pantheon to a supreme God who rules the world and who has founded order, a God sovereign, omniscient, and moral. Has this identical conception been formed in each of these cases by four independent creations, or is it a common inheritance from the Indo European religion, and did the Aryan ancestors of the Greeks, of the Latins, of the Hindoos, and of the Persians already know a supreme God, an organizing, a sovereign, an omniscient, a moral God?

Although the latter hypothesis is more simple and more probable than the former, it cannot, however, be taken at once as certain; because an abstract and logical conception of this kind may very well have developed itself at the same time among several nations, in an identical and independent manner. To whomsoever looks upon it at any time and in any place, the world can reveal the existence of a Supreme maker: Socrates is not the disciple of the psalmist; yet the heavens reveal to him, as to the Hebrew poet, the glory of the Lord. But if it be found that the abstract conception is closely connected with a naturalistic and material conception, and that the latter is identical in the four religions, as it is known, on the other hand, that these four religions have a common past, the hypothesis that this abstract conception is a heritage of this past, and not a creation of the present, may rise to a certainty.

Now, these Gods who organize the world, rule it and watch over it; this Zeus, this Jupiter, this Varuna, this Ahura Mazda, are not the personifications of a simple abstract conception; they emerge from a former naturalism, from which they are not yet quite detached; they commenced by being gods of the heavens.

Zeus and Jupiter have never ceased to be gods of the heavens, and to be conscious of it. When the world was shared among the gods, "Zeus received the boundless sky in the ether and the clouds for his share." It is as the God of heaven that sometimes he shines luminous, calm, and pure, enthroned in the ethereal splendour, and that sometimes he becomes gloomy and gathers clouds (*νεφεληγερέτης*), causing the rain to fall from heaven (*ὄμβριος ὑέτιος*), hurling upon the earth the eddy of fierce winds, drawing forth the hurricane from the summit of the ether, brandishing the lightning and the thunderbolt (*κεραυνός, ἀστραπαῖος*). This is why the thunderbolt is his weapon, his attribute, "the thunderbolt with its never-tiring foot," which he hurls in the heights; why he rolls on a resounding chariot, brandishing in his hand the fiery trident, or dashing it on the wings of the eagle, or on Pegasus, the aerial steed of the lightning. This is why he is the husband of Dêmêter, "the mother Earth," whom he impregnates with his torrents of rain; this is why he sent forth, from his brow according to some, from his belly according to others, from the clouds according to the Cretan legend, Athênê, the resplendent goddess with the penetrating glance, who came forth, shaking golden weapons, with a cry which made heaven and earth resound, as she is the incarnation of the stormy light which breaks forth from the brow of heaven, from the belly of heaven, from the bosom of the cloud, filling space with its splendour and with the crash of its stormy birth. Lastly, the very name of Zeus (genitive *Dios*, formerly *Divos*) is, in conformity with the laws of Greek phonetics, the literal representative of the Sanscrit *Dyaus*, heaven (genitive *Divas*), and the union of *Ζεὺς πατήρ* with *Δημήτηρ* is the exact counterpart of the Vedic union of *Dyaus pitar* with *Prithivî mâtar*, of the Heaven-Father with Earth-Mother. The word *Ζεύς* is an ancient synonym of *Ὀυρανός*, which became obsolete as a common noun; still, in a certain number of expressions, it retains something of its former meaning. Thus it is, when the Earth prays Zeus to let rain fall upon her; when the Athenian in praying exclaims: "O dear Zeus, rain thou on the field of the Athenians and on the plains"—"Zeus has rained the whole night," says Homer: *ὕε Ζεὺς πάννυχος*. In all these expressions Zeus may be literally translated as a common noun, *sky*.

Jupiter, identical with Zeus in his functions, is identical with him in his material attributes.

The word Jûpiter, or better Jup-piter, is for Jus-piter, composed of *pater* and of *Jus*, the Latin contraction of the Sanscrit *Dyaus*, of the Greek *Ζεὺς*: Juppiter is then the exact equivalent of *Ζεύς πατήρ*, and the word has even preserved more strongly than Zeus the sense of its early meaning; *sub Jove* signifies "under the heavens;" the hunter awaits the marsian boar, heedless of the cold or snow, *sub Jove frigido*, "under the cold Jupiter, under the cold sky." *Dyaus* is also in Latin, as it is in Sanscrit, the name of the brilliant sky: "Behold," exclaims old Ennius, "above thy head this luminous space which all invoke under the name of Jupiter:"

"Aspice hoc sublime candens quem invocant omnes Jovem."

Varuna, like his European brethren, has been, and is yet, a material god, and a material god of the same kind, a god of heaven. This is why the sun is his eye, why the sun, "the beautiful bird which flies in the firmament," is "his golden-winged messenger ;" * why the celestial rivers flow in the hollow of his mouth, as in the hollow of a reed ; why everywhere visible, by turns full of light and of darkness, by turns he infolds himself in the night, and irradiates the dawns, and by turns clothes himself in the white garments and in the black ones. Like Zeus, and from the same cause, he gathers together the clouds, he turns the sack that contains the rains, and lets it loose upside down on the two worlds ; he inundates the heaven and the earth, he clothes the mountains with a watery garb, and his blood red eyes unceasingly furrow the watery dwelling with their twinkling flashes. As Zeus is the father of Athênê, he is the father of Atharvan, "the Fire God," of Bhrigu, "the Thunderer"—that is to say, of Agni, of the lightning. Agni himself is brought forth "from his belly in the waters," like a male Athênê. Finally, like Zeus, like Jupiter, he bears in his very name the expression of what he is ; and the Sanscrit Varuna is the exact phonetic representative of Οὐρανός, sky.

In fine, the sovereign god of Persia, notwithstanding the character of profound abstraction which he has acquired and which is reflected in his name, Ahura Mazda, "the omniscient Lord," can himself be recognized as a god of the heavens. The ancient formulæ of the litanies still show that he is luminous and corporeal ; they invoke the creator Ahura Mazda, resplendent, very great, very beautiful, corporeally beautiful, white, luminous, seen from afar ; they invoke the entire body of Ahura Mazda, the body of Ahura which is the greatest of bodies ; they say that the sun is his eye, and that the sky is the garment embroidered with stars with which he arrays himself ; lastly, the most abstract of the Aryan gods has preserved a trait which shows him more closely tied than the others to the material world from which they have freed themselves ; he is called "the most solid of the gods," because "he has for clothing the very solid stone of the sky." Like Varuna, like Zeus, the lightning is in his hands, "the molten brass which he causes to flow down on the two worlds ;" like them he is the father of the god of lightning, Atar. Lastly, the most ancient historical evidence confirms the inductions of mythology, as at the very time when the Achæmenian kings proclaim the sovereignty of Auramazda, Herodotus wrote : "The Persians offer up sacrifices to Zeus, † going up on the highest summit of the mountains, as they call *Zeus the entire orb of the sky.*"

Thus the supreme gods of the four great religions of Greece, of Italy, of India, and of Persia, are at the same time, or have begun by

* The sun is also the bird of Zeus (Æschylus, the Suppliants).

† That is to say, "to their Supreme God."

being gods of the skies. By the side of these four, Svarogu, the god of the ancient pagan Slavs, should no doubt equally be placed. Like Zeus, like Jupiter, like Varuna, like Ahura Mazda, he is the master of the universe, the gods are his children, and it is from him that they have received their functions; like them he is the god of the heavens, he is the thunderer, and like them he is the father of the Fire, Svarojitchi, "the son of heaven."*

HIS ORIGIN.†

How did the god of the heavens become the organizing God, the supreme God, the moral God? How was the abstract conception grafted on the naturalistic conception? What is the connection between his material attribute and his abstract function? The Vedas give the solution of this problem.

As far as the eye can reach, it can never reach beyond the sky; whatever is, is under the immense vault; all that which is born and dies, is born and dies within its bounds. Now, whatever takes place in it takes place according to an immutable law. The dawn has never failed to appear at her appointed place in the morning, never forgotten where she is to appear again, nor the moment at which she is to reanimate the world. Darkness and light know their appointed hour, and always at the desired moment "the black One has given way to the white." Linked together by the same chain in the endless path open before them, they follow their way onwards, the two immortals, directed by a God, absorbing each other's tints. The two fertile sisters do not clash with one another; they never stop, dissimilar in form, but alike in spirit. Thus run the days with their suns, the nights with their stars, season following season. The sky has always in regular course ushered in by turn the day and the night. The moon has always lit up at the fixed hour. The stars have always known where they should go during the day. The rivers have always flowed into the one ocean without making it full.

This universal order is either the motion of the heavens, or it is the action of the God of heaven, according as we think of the body or the soul, and view in the heavens the thing or the God. Thus, in the Rig-Veda, to say "everything is *in* Varuna"—that is, "in the heavens"—and to say "everything is *through* Varuna"—that is, "through the heaven God"—are one and the same thing; and in these formulæ of the Veda, so clear in their uncertainty, theism is ever found side by side with unconscious pantheism, of which it is only an expression. "The three heavens and the three earths rest in Varuna," says a poet, and immediately afterwards, giving personality to his God: "It is the skilful king Varuna who makes this golden disc shine in heaven." The wind which whistles in the atmosphere

* G. Klek. "Einleitung in die Slavische Literatur-Geschichte."

† "Ormazd et Ahriman," §§ 62, sq.

is his breath, and all that exists from one world to the other was created by him. "From the king Varuna come this earth below, and yonder heaven, too, these two worlds with remote limits; the two seas are the belly of Varuna, and he rests also even in the small pool of water."

This pantheistic theism, which makes no clear distinction between the God of heaven and the universe over which he rules, or which is comprised in him, penetrates Jupiter as well as Varuna. The Latin poets offer the equivalent of the vacillating formulæ of Vedism. "The mortals," says Lucretius, explaining the origin of the idea of God, "the mortals saw the regular motions of the heavens and the various seasons of the year succeed each other in a fixed order, without being able to discover the causes. They had, therefore, no other alternative than to attribute all to the gods, who made everything go according to their will, and it was in the sky that they placed the seat and domain of the gods, because it is there that may be seen revolve the night and the noon, the day and the gloomy planets of the night; the nocturnal lights wandering in the sky, and the flying flames, the clouds, the sun, the rain, the snow, the winds, the thunderbolts, the hail, the sudden convulsions, and the great threatening rumbling."*

This view of the heavens as the universal centre of the movements of Nature might just as well have led to pantheism as to theism. The line of the poet: "Jupiter est quodcunque vides, quocunque moveris"—"Jupiter is everything that thou seest, everywhere that thou movest"—does not refer only to the Jupiter of the metaphysicians of the Porch; it also expresses one of the aspects of the Jupiter of primitive mythology. It was not by a deviation from his earlier nature that Zeus was confounded with Pan; he was Pan by birth; and if the epopee and the drama show us only a personal Zeus, it is because by their very nature they could and should see him only under this aspect, and had nothing to obtain from the impersonal Zeus, although in this form he was as old as in the other. And the Orphic theologian is not quite unfaithful to the earlier tradition of religion, when he sings of the universal Zeus:

"Zeus was the first, Zeus is the last, Zeus the thunderer;
Zeus is the head, Zeus is the middle; it is by Zeus that all things are made;
Zeus is the male, Zeus is the immortal female;
Zeus is the base of both the earth and the starry sky;

* Praeterea, coeli rationes ordine certo
Et varia annorum cornebant tempora vorti;
Nec poterant quibus id fieret cognoscere causis.
Ergo perfugium sibi habebant omnia Diveis
Tradere, et olorum nutu facere omnia flecti.
In coeloque Deum sedes et templa locarunt,
Per coelum volvi quia nox et luna videtur,
Luna, dies, et nox et noctis signa severa,
Noctivagaeque faces coeli, flammaeque volantes,
Nubila, sol, imbres, nix, ventei, fulmina, grando,
Et rapidei fermitus, et murmura magna minarum.—v. 1137.

Zeus is the breath of the winds, Zeus is the jet of the unconquerable flame;
 Zeus is the root of the sea, Zeus is the sun and the moon.
 The whole of this universe is stretched out within the great body of Zeus."

In the same manner, although Persia has in general preserved the personality of her Supreme god, yet she suffers him, especially in the sects, to become confounded with the Infinity of matter through which he first revealed himself to the mind of his worshippers. After having invoked the heavens as the body of Ahura Mazda, the most beautiful of bodies, she placed above Ahura himself, and before him, the luminous space, where he manifests himself—what the theologians called "the Infinite light"—and then, by a new and higher abstraction, declared *Space** to have been at the beginning of the world. Between this wholly metaphysical principle and the naturalistic principle of the primitive religion, there is only the distance of two abstractions: Space is only the bare form of the luminous Infinite, and the luminous Infinite, again, is an abstraction from the Infinite and luminous sky, which was identical with Ahura.

Thus, accordingly as the heavens were considered as the seat or as the cause of things, the god of the heavens became the matter of the world or the demiurge of the world. From the period of Aryan unity, he was without doubt the one and the other in turn; but it is probable that the theistic conception was more clearly defined than the other, as it is so in the derived mythologies; it has, besides, deeper roots in the human heart and human nature, which in every movement and in every phenomenon sees a Living Cause, a Personality.

This god of the heavens, having organized the world, is all wisdom; he is the skilled artisan who has regulated the motion of the worlds. His wisdom is infinite, for of all those mysteries which man tries in vain to fathom he has the key, he is the author. But it is not only as the Creator of the world that he is omniscient: he knows all things, because, being all light, he sees all things. In the naturalistic psychology of the Aryans, to see and to know, light and knowledge, eye and thought, are synonomous terms. With the Hindoos, Varuna is omniscient because he is the Infinite light; because the sun is his eye; because from the height of his palace, with its pillars of red brass, his white looks command the world; because under the golden mantle that covers him, his thousands, his myriads of spies, active and untiring agents, sunbeams during the day, stars during the night, search out for him all that which exists from one world to the other, with eyes that never sleep, never blink. And in the same way, if Zeus is the all-seeing, the πανόπτης, it is because his eye is the sun, this universal witness, the infallible spy of both gods and men (θεῶν σκοπὸν ἡδὲ καὶ ἀνδρῶν). The light knows the truth, it is all truth;

* In other systems, having regard to the eternity of the God and no longer to his immensity, boundless Time became the first principle (Zarvan Arkarana).

truth is the great virtue which the god of heaven claims ; and lying is the great crime which he punishes. In Homer, the Greek taking an oath raises his eyes towards the expanse of heaven, and calls Zeus and the sun to witness ; in Persia, the god of heaven resembles in body the light, and in soul the truth ; Aryan morality came down from heaven in a ray of light.

HIS DESTINY.

Thus, the Indo-European religion knew a supreme God, and this God was the God of the heavens. He has organized the world and rules it, because, as he is the heaven, all is in him, and all passes within him, according to his law ; he is omniscient and moral, because, being luminous, he sees all things and all hearts.

This God was named by the various names of the sky—*Dyaus*, *Varana*, *Svar* ; which, according to the requirements of the thought, described either the object or the person, the heavens or the God. Later on, each language made a choice, and fixed the proper name of the God on one of these words ; by which its ancient value as a common noun was lost or rendered doubtful : thus, in Greek, *Dyaus* became the name of the heaven-god (Zeus) and *Varana* (*Οὐρανός*) was the name of the heavens as a thing ; in Sanscrit, *Dyaus* or *Scar* was the material heavens ; the heaven-god was *Varana* (later changed into *Varuna*) ; the Slavs fixed on the word *Svar* by means of a derivative, *Svarogu*, the idea of the celestial god ; the Romans made the same choice as the Greeks with their *Jup-piter*, and set aside the other names of the heavens ; lastly, Persia described the god by one of his abstract epithets, the Lord, *Ahura*, and obliterated the external traces of his former naturalistic character.

This god, who reigned at the time of the breaking up of the religion of Aryan unity, was carried away, with the various religions which sprang up from it, to the various regions where chance brought the Aryan migrations. Of the five religions over which he ruled, three remained faithful to him to the last, and only forsook him at the moment when they themselves perished ;—they are those of the Greeks, of the Romans, and of the Slavs, with whom Zeus, Juppiter, and *Svarogu* preserved the titles and attributes of the Supreme god of the Aryans, as long as the national religion lasted. They succumbed to Christ ; “ Heaven-father ” gave way to the “ Father who is in Heaven.”

India, on the contrary, very soon forgot that god for whose origin and formation, however, she accounts much better than any other Aryan religion does ; and it was not a foreign god who dethroned him—a god from without—but a native god, a god of his own family, *Indra*, the hero of the tempest.

In fact, the supreme god of the Aryans was not a god of unity ; the *Asura*, the Lord, was not the Lord in the same sense as *Adonai*.

There were by the side of him, within himself, a number of gods, acting of their own accord, and often of independent origin. The wind, the rain, the thunder; the fire under its three forms—the sun in the heavens, the lightning in the cloud, the terrestrial fire on the altar; the prayer under its two forms—the human prayer which ascends from the altar to heaven, and the heavenly prayer which resounds in the din of the storm, on the lips of a divine priest, and descends from the heights with the torrents of libations poured from the cup of heaven, all the forces of nature, both concrete and abstract, appealing at once to the eye and to the imagination of man, were instantly deified. If the god of the heavens, greater in time and space, always present and everywhere present, easily rose to the supreme rank, carried there by his double Infinity, yet others, with a less continuous, but more dramatic action, revealing themselves by sudden, unexpected events, maintained their ancient independence, and religious development might lead to their usurping the power of the king of the heavens. Already during the middle of the Vedic period, Indra, the noisy god of the storm, ascends the summit of the Pantheon, and eclipses his majestic rival by the din of his resounding splendour.

He is the favourite hero of the Vedic Rishis; they do not tire of telling how he strikes with his bolt the serpent of the cloud, which enfolds the light and the waters; how he shatters the cavern of Cambara, how he delivers the captive Auroras and cows, who will shed torrents of light and milk on the earth. It is he who makes the sun come out again; it is he who makes the world, annihilated during the night, reappear; it is he who recreates it, he who creates it. In a whole series of hymns he ascends to the side of Varuna, and shares the empire with him; at last he mounts above him, and becomes the Universal King:—

“He, who, as soon as he was born, a god of thought, has surpassed the gods by the power of his intellect, he whose trembling made the two worlds quake by the power of his strength—O man, it is Indra!”

“He, who has firmly established the tottering earth and arrested the quivering mountains; he, who has fixed the extent of the wide-stretching atmosphere, and who has propped up the sky,—O man, it is Indra!”

“He, who, after slaying the serpent, unpenned the seven rivers; who brought forth the cows from their hiding-place in the cavern; he, who, by the clashing of the two stones, has engendered Agni,—O man, it is Indra!”

“He who made all these great things; he, who struck down the demon race, driving it to concealment; he, who, like a fortunate gamester who wins at play, carries off the wealth of the impious,—O man, it is Indra.”

“He, who gives life to both rich and poor, and to the priest his singer who implores him; the god with beautiful lips; the protecting god who brings the stones together to press out the soma,—O man, it is Indra!”

“He, who has in his hands the herds of horses and cows, the cities and the chariots of war; he, who has created the Sun and the dawn; he, who rules the waters,—O man, it is Indra!”

“He, who is invoked by the two contending armies, by the enemies facing each other, either triumphant or beaten; he, whom, when they meet in the struggle on the same chariot, during the onslaught, they invoke against each other,—O man, it is Indra!”

"He, who discovered Cambara in the mountains where he had been hidden forty years : he, who killed the serpent in his full strength, who struck him dead on the body of Dânu,*—O man, it is Indra !

"Heaven and earth bow down before him ; when he shakes, the mountains tremble ; the drinker of soma look at him ; bearing the bolt in his arm, the bolt in his hand,—O man, it is Indra !"

But the usurper does not enjoy his triumph long ; in the heat of his victory he is already stung to the heart, mortally wounded by a new and mystic power which is growing at his side, the power of prayer, of sacrifice, of worship, of *Brahma*, whose reign begins to dawn towards the end of the Vedic period, and which is still in existence

What Indra did in India during an historical period, Perkun and Odin did in a prehistorical period, the one among the Lithunians, the other among the Germans. Perkun and Odin are the Indras of these two nations, and have each dethroned the god of the heavens. Perkun was the god of the thunder with the Lithunian pagans, and one can recognize in him a twin brother of the Hindoo *Parjanya*, one of the forms of the god of the storm in Vedic mythology. This king of the Lithunian Pantheon is a king of recent date ; what proves it is that the Slavs, so closely related to the Lithunians in their beliefs, as well as in their language, and who also knew the god Perkun, have still as their Supreme god the Supreme god of the ancient-Aryan religion, the god of the heavens, Svarogu.

The same revolution took place in Germany, but in a more remote period. The god of the heavens has vanished ; he is replaced by the god of the stormy atmosphere, Odin, or Wuotan, the *Vâta* of India, the warrior god who is heard in the din of the tempest, leading his dishevelled bands of warriors, or letting loose on a celestial quarry the howling packs of the wild chase.

Thus did the Greeks, the Romans, and the Slavs allow their god to be vanquished by a foreign god ; the Germans, the Lithuanians, and the Hindoos themselves forsook him for an inferior creation. Only in one single nation he finds worshippers faithful to the last. They are not numerous, but they have not allowed their belief to be encroached upon either by time or by man. We mean the few thousands of Ghebers or Parsis, who, during the great political and religious shipwreck of Persia, fleeing before the victorious sword of the Prophet, kept from Islam the treasure of their old belief, and who to this day, in the year 1879 of the Christian era, in the fire temples in Bombay, offer up sacrifices to the very same god who was sung by the unknown ancestors of the Aryan race at a time which eludes the grasp of history.

JAMES DARMESTER, in *Contemporary Review*.

* His mother.

BAPTISM.

It is here proposed, in sequence to two Essays contributed to this Review some time since, on the *Eucharist* and on *Absolution*, to add another on Baptism. The subject is one which is full of antiquarian interest, and it also suggests many instructive reflections on Christian theology and practice. It is intended to consider what was its original form in early times, and what is the inner meaning which has more or less survived all the changes through which it has passed, as well as the lessons suggested by those changes.

What, then, was Baptism in the Apostolic age? * It coincided with the greatest religious change which the world had yet witnessed. Multitudes of men and women were seized with one common impulse, and abandoned by the irresistible conviction of a day, an hour, a moment, their former habits, friends, associates, to be enrolled in a new society under the banner of a new faith. That new society was intended to be a society of "brothers;" bound by ties closer than any earthly brotherhood—filled with life and energy such as fall to the lot of none but the most ardent enthusiasts, yet tempered by a moderation, a wisdom, and a holiness such as enthusiasts have rarely possessed. It was moreover a society, swayed by the presence of men whose words even now cause the heart to burn, and by the recent recollections of One, whom "not seeing they loved with love unspeakable." Into this society they passed by an act as natural as it was expressive. The plunge into the bath of purification, long known among the Jewish nation as the symbol of a change of life, was still retained as the pledge of entrance into this new and universal communion—retained under the sanction of Him, into whose name they were by that solemn rite "baptised." In that early age the scene of the transaction was either some deep wayside spring or well, as for the Ethiopian, or some rushing river, as the Jordan, or some vast reservoir, as at Jericho or Jerusalem, whither, as in the Baths of Caracalla at Rome, the whole population resorted for swimming or washing. The water in those Eastern regions, so doubly significant of all that was pure and refreshing, closed over the heads of the converts, and they rose into the light of heaven, new and altered beings. It was natural that on such an act were lavished all the figures which

* The substance of some of the paragraphs here, and in page 693, is taken from an Essay on the Gorham Controversy, published in *Essays on Church and State, &c.*

language could furnish to express the mighty change: "Regeneration," "Illumination," "Burial," "Resurrection," "A new creation," "Forgiveness of sins," "Salvation." Well might the Apostle say, "Baptism doth not even now save us," even had he left his statement in its unrestricted strength to express what in that age no one could misunderstand. But no less well was he led to add, as if with a prescience of coming evils, "Not the putting away the filth of the flesh, but—the answer of a good conscience towards God."*

Such was the Apostolic Baptism. We are able in detail to track its history through the next three centuries. The rite was, indeed, still in great measure what in its origin it had been almost universally, the great change from darkness to light, from evil to good; the "second birth" of men from the corrupt society of the dying Roman Empire into the purifying and elevating influence of the living Christian Church.† Nay, in some respects the deep moral responsibility of the act must have been impressed upon the converts by the severe, sometimes the life-long, preparation for the final pledge, even more than by the sudden and almost instantaneous transition which characterized the Baptism of the Apostolic age. But gradually the consciousness of this "answer of the good conscience towards God" was lost in the stress laid with greater and greater emphasis on the "putting away the filth of the flesh." Let us conceive ourselves present at those extraordinary scenes, to which no existing ritual of any European Church offers any likeness.

There was, as a general rule, but one baptistery ‡ in each city, and such baptisteries were apart from the churches. There was but one time of the year when the rite was administered—namely, between Easter and Pentecost. There was but one personage who could administer it—the presiding officer of the community, the Bishop. There was but one hour for the ceremony; it was midnight. The torches flared through the dark hall as the troops of converts flocked in. The baptistery § consisted of an inner and an outer chamber. In the outer chamber stood the candidates for baptism, stripped to their shirts; and, turning to the west as the region of sunset, they stretched forth their hands through the dimly lit church, as in a defiant attitude towards the Evil Spirit of Darkness, and, speaking to him by name, said: "I renounce thee, Satan, and all thy works, and

* 1 Pet. iii. 21.

† As a general rule, in the writings of the later Fathers, there is no doubt that the word which we translate, "Regeneration," is used exclusively for Baptism. But it is equally certain that in the earlier Fathers it is used for *Repentance*, or, as we should now say, *Conversion*. See Clem. Rom. i. 9 Justin. *Dial. in Tryph.* p. 231, B. D. Clemens Alex. (apud Eus. *II. E.* iii. 23), *Strom.* lib. ii. 8, 425, A.

‡ At Rome there was more than one.

§ In the most beautiful baptistery in the world, at Pisa, baptisms even in the Middle Ages only took place on the two days of the Nativity and the Decollation of John the Baptist, and the nobles stood in the galleries to witness the ceremony. See Dr. Smith's *Dictionary of Christian Antiquities*, i. pp. 160, 161.

all thy pomp, and all thy service " Then they turned, like a regiment, facing right round to the east, and repeated, in a form more or less long, the belief in the Father, the Son, and the Spirit, which has grown up into the Apostles' Creed in the West, and the Nicene Creed in the East. They then advanced into the inner chamber. Before them yawned the deep pool or reservoir, and standing by the deacon, or deaconess, as the case might be, to arrange that all should be done with decency, the whole troop undressed completely as if for a bath, and stood up,* naked, before the Bishop, who put to each the questions, to which the answer was returned in a loud and distinct voice, as of those who knew what they had undertaken.

Both before and after the immersion their bare limbs were rubbed with oil from head to foot ;† they were then clothed in white gowns, and received, as token of the kindly feeling of their new brotherhood, the kiss of peace, and a taste of honey and milk ; and they expressed their new faith by using for the first time the Lord's Prayer.

These are the outer forms of which, in the Western Churches, almost every particular is altered even in the most material points. Immersion has become the exception and not the rule. Adult baptism, as well as immersion, exists only amongst the Baptists. The dramatic action of the scene is lost. The anointing, like the bath, is reduced to a few drops of oil in the Roman Church, and in the Protestant churches has entirely disappeared. What once could only be administered by Bishops is now administered by every clergyman, and throughout the Roman Church by laymen and even by women. What is proposed then to be asked is, first, what is the residue of the meaning of Baptism which has survived, and what we may learn from it, and from the changes through which it has passed.

I. As the Lord's Supper was founded on the Paschal Feast, and on the parting social meal, so Baptism was founded on the Jewish—we may say the Oriental—custom, which, both in ancient and modern times, regards ablution, cleansing of the hands, the face, and the person, at once as a means of health and as a sign of purity. Here as elsewhere the Founder of Christianity chose rather to sanctify and elevate what already existed than to create and invent a new form for Himself. Baptism is the oldest ceremonial ordinance that Christianity possesses ; it is the only one which is inherited from Judaism. It is thus interesting as the only ordinance of the Christian Church which equally belonged to the merciful Jesus and the austere John. Out of all the manifold religious practices of the ancient law—sacrifices, offerings, temple, tabernacle, scapegoat, sacred vestments, sacred trumpets—He chose this one alone ; the most homely, the most universal, the most innocent of all. He might have chosen the peculiar

* Bingham, xi. ii. § 1, 2.

† Ibid. xi. 9, § 3, 45 ; xii. 1, 4. Possibly after immersion the undressing and the anointing were partial.

Nazarite custom of the long tresses and the rigid abstinence by which Samson and Samuel and John had been dedicated to the service of the Lord. He did nothing of the sort. He might have continued the strange, painful, barbarous rite of circumcision. He, or at least His Apostles, rejected it altogether. He might have chosen some elaborate ceremonial like the initiation into the old Egyptian and Grecian mysteries. He chose instead what every one could understand. He took what, at least in Eastern and Southern countries, was the most delightful, the most ordinary, the most salutary, of social observances.

1. By choosing water and the use of the bath, He indicated one chief characteristic of the Christian religion. Whatever else the Christian was to be, Baptism*—the use of water—showed that he was to be clean and pure, in body, soul, and spirit; clean even in body. Cleanliness is a duty which some of the monastic communities of Christendom have despised, and some have even treated as a crime. But such was not the mind of Him who chose the washing with water for the prime ordinance of His followers. “Wash and be clean” was the prophet’s admonition of old to the Syrian whom he sent to bathe in the river Jordan. It was the text of the only sermon by which a well-known geologist of this country was known to his generation. “Cleanliness next to godliness” was the maxim of the great religious prophet of England in the last century, John Wesley. Every time that we see the drops of water poured over the face in Baptism, they are signs to us of the cleanly habits which our Master prized when He founded the rite of Baptism, and when, by His own Baptism in the sweet soft stream of the rapid Jordan, He blessed the element of water for use as the best and choicest of God’s natural gifts to man in his thirsty, weary, wayworn passage through the dust and heat of the world. But the cleanness of the body was in this ordinance meant to indicate yet more strongly the perfect cleanness, the unsullied purity of the soul; or, as the English Baptismal Service quaintly expresses it, the mystical washing away of sin—that is, the washing, cleansing process that effaces the dark spots of selfishness and passion in the human character, in which, by nature and by habit, they have been so deeply ingrained. “Associate the idea of sin with the idea of dirt” was a homely maxim of Keble. It indicates also that as the Christian heart must be bathed in an atmosphere of purity, so the Christian mind must be bathed in an atmosphere of truth, of love of truth, of perfect truthfulness, of transparent veracity and sincerity. What filthy, indecent talk or action is to the heart and affections, that

* This is the meaning of the frequent reference to “water” in St. John’s writings. As in John vi. 54, the phrases “eating” and “drinking,” “flesh and blood,” refer to the spiritual nourishment of which the Eucharist, never mentioned in the Fourth Gospel, was the outward expression, so in John iii. 5, the word “water” refers to the moral purity symbolized by Baptism, which in like manner (as a universal institution) is never mentioned in the Gospel.

a lie however white, a fraud however pious, is to the mind and conscience. Sir Isaac Newton is said by his friends to have had the whitest soul that they ever knew. That is the likeness of a truly Christian soul as indicated by the old baptismal washing: the whiteness of purity the clearness, and transparency of truth.*

There was one form of this idea which continued far down into the Middle Ages, long after it had been dissociated from Baptism, but which may be given as an illustration of the same idea represented by the same form. The order of knighthood in England, of which the banners hang in King Henry the Seventh's Chapel, in Westminster Abbey, and which is distinguished from all the other orders as the "most honourable," is called the Order of the Bath. Why is this? It is because in the early days of chivalry the knights, those who were enlisted in defence of right against wrong, truth against falsehood, honour against dishonour, on the evening before they were admitted to the Order, were laid in a bath † and thoroughly washed, in order to show how bright and pure ought to be the lives of those who engage in noble enterprises. Sir Galahad, amongst King Arthur's Knights of the Round Table, is the type at once of a true ancient Knight of the Bath and of a true Apostolic Christian.

My good blade carves the helms of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure;
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure.

2. This leads us to the second characteristic of the act of Baptism. "Baptism" was not only a bath but a plunge—an entire submersion in the deep water, a leap as into the rolling sea or the rushing river, where for the moment the waves close over the bather's head, and he emerges again as from a momentary grave; or it was the shock of a shower-bath—the rush of water passed over the whole person from capacious vessels, so as to wrap the recipient as within the veil of a splashing cataract. ‡ This was part of the ceremony on which the Apostle laid so much stress. It seemed to them like the burial of the old former self and the rising up again of the new self. So St. Paul compared it to the Israelites passing through the roaring waves of the Red Sea, and St. Peter to the passing through the deep waters of the flood. "We are buried," said St. Paul, "with Christ by baptism at his death; that, like as Christ was raised, thus we also should walk in the newness of life." § Baptism, as the entrance into

* It is this insistence on cleanness of mind as indicated by cleanness of body which forms one of the most obvious links between the Baptist and the Essenes.—See *Lectures on the Jewish Church*, iii. 460.

† To "dub" a knight is said to be taken from "the dip," "doob" in the bath. Evelyn saw the Knights in their baths (*Diary*, April 19, 1631).

‡ See Dr. Smith's *History of Christian Antiquities*, vol. i. p. 169.

§ Rom. vi. 4, 1 Cor. x. 2, 1 Pet. iii. 20, 21.

the Christian society, was a complete change from the old superstitions or restrictions of Judaism to the freedom and confidence of the Gospel. It was a complete change from the idolatries and profligacies of the old heathen world to the light and purity of Christianity. It was a change effected only by the same effort and struggle as that with which a strong swimmer or an adventurous diver throws himself into the stream and struggles with the waves, and comes up with increased energy out of the depths of the dark abyss.

This, too, is a lesson taught by Baptism which still lives, although the essence of the material form is gone. There is now no disappearance as in a watery grave. There is now no conscious and deliberate choice made by the eager convert at the cost of cruel partings from friends, perhaps of a painful death. It is but the few drops sprinkled, a ceremony undertaken long before or long after the adoption of Christianity has occurred. But the thing signified by the ancient form still keeps before us that which Christians were intended to be. This is why it was connected both in name and in substance with Conversion. In the early Church the careful distinction which later times have made between Baptism, Regeneration, Conversion, and Repentance did not exist. They all meant the same thing. In the Apostolic age they were, as we have seen, absolutely combined with Baptism. There was then no waiting till Easter or Pentecost for the great reservoir when the catechumens met the Bishop—the river, the wayside well were taken the moment the convert was disposed to turn, as we say, the new leaf in his life. And even afterwards, in the second century, Regeneration (*παλιγγενεσία*), which gradually was taken to be the equivalent of Baptism, was, in the first instance, the equivalent of Repentance and Conversion. A long and tedious controversy about thirty years ago took place on the supposed distinction between these words. Such a controversy would have been unintelligible to Justin Martyr or Clement of Alexandria. But the common idea which they represent is still as necessary, and has played as great a part in the latter history of the Church as it did at the beginning.* Conversion is the turning round from a wrong to a right direction; Repentance (*μετάνοια*) is a change of thoughts and feelings which is always going on in any one who reforms himself at all; Regeneration is the growth of a second character, always recurring, though at times with a more sudden shock. With us these changes are brought about in a thousand different forms; education, affliction, illness, change of position in life, a happy marriage, a new field of usefulness—every one of these gives us some notion of

* It has been often remarked that examples of such total renewal of character are very rare outside of the influence of Christianity. But (not to speak of Mohammedan and Indian instances) a striking instance, corresponding almost entirely to the conversions in Christendom, has been pointed out to me—that of Polemo, under the teaching of Xenocrates. See Horace, *Satires*, II. iii. 254, with the annotations from Valerius Maximus and Diogenes Laertius.

the early Baptism in its better and more permanent side, and in every one of these that better side of the early Baptism may be reproduced. We lie down to sleep, and we wake up and find ourselves new creatures, with new hopes, new affections, new interests, new aspirations. Every such case which we have known, every such experience in ourselves, helps us better to understand what Baptism once was; and the recollection of that original Baptism helps us better to apply to ourselves the language of the Bible concerning it—to that which now most nearly resembles it. We must, if we would act in the spirit of the Apostolic Baptism, be not once only, but “continually,” “mortifying,” that is, killing, drowning, burning out our evil and corrupt affections; and not once only, but “daily,” proceeding, advancing—daily renewed, and daily born again in all virtue and godliness of living.*

3. And this brings us to the third characteristic of the early Baptism. “Baptism,” says the English Baptismal Service, “doth represent unto us our Christian profession, which is to follow Christ and to be made like unto Him.” This is the element added to the Baptism of John. In the first two characteristics of Baptism which we have mentioned, water as signifying cleanliness of body and mind, and immersion as indicating the plunge into a new life, the Baptism of John and the Baptism of Christ are identical. John’s Baptism, no less than Christian Baptism, was the Baptism of purity, of regeneration, “of remission of sins.”† But Christ added yet this further: that the new atmosphere into which they rose was to be the atmos-

* The Gorham litigation of 1850, which turned on the necessity of “an unconditional regeneration in Baptism,” has now drifted into the limbo of extinct controversies. The epigram of Sir George Rose and the judgment of Bishop Thirlwall had indeed sealed its doom at the time. I quote a sentence from each:—

“Bishop and vicar,
Why do you bicker
Each with the other,
When both are right,
Or each is quite
As wrong as the other?”

The Gorham Judgment Versified.

“In no part of the controversy was it stated in what sense the word “Regeneration” was understood by either party. In no other instance has there been so great a disproportion between the intrinsic moment of the fact and the excitement which it has occasioned.”—Thirlwall, *Remains*, i. 153, 158.

But it was not till some years afterwards that the wit of the lawyer and judgment of the Bishop were confirmed by an acknowledged oracle of High Church theology. Dr. Mozley, the most respected theologian of that party, elevated to the post of Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford, by Mr. Gladstone, had in his earlier moments reviewed the whole question, and decided that the decision of the Privy Council, so vehemently attacked at the time by his school as subversive of the Christian faith, was entirely right, and that its opponents had wasted their fears and their fury in behalf of a phantom. See his two works on *The Augustinian Doctrine of Predestination*, 1855, and on *Baptismal Regeneration*, 1856.

† Luke iii. 3.

phere of the Spirit of Christ. This was expressed to the Christians of the first centuries in two ways : First, when they came up from the waters, naked and shivering, from the cold plunge into the bath or river, they were wrapped round in a white robe, and that suggested the thought that the recipients of Baptism put on—that is, were clothed, wrapped, enveloped in—the fine linen, white and clean, which is the goodness and righteousness of Christ, and of His saints, not by any fictitious transfer, but in deed and in truth ; His character, His grace, His mercy, His truthfulness were to be the clothing, the uniform, the badge, the armour of those who by this act enrolled themselves in His service. And, secondly, this was what made Baptism especially a “Sacrament.” It is common now to speak of the Eucharist as “*the* Sacrament.” But in the early ages it was rather Baptism which was *the* special Sacrament (*sacramentum*), the oath, the pledge in which, as the soldiers enlisting in the Roman army swore a great oath of allegiance to the Roman Emperor, so converts swore and bound themselves by a great oath and pledge to follow their Divine Master wherever He led them. And this was further imposed upon them by the name in which they were baptised. It was, if not always, yet whenever we hear of its use in the Acts of the Apostles, in *the name of the “Lord Jesus.”** Doubtless the more comprehensive form in which Baptism is now everywhere administered in the threefold name† of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, soon superseded the simpler form of that in the name of the Lord Jesus only. But the earlier use points out clearly how, along with the all-embracing love of the Universal Father, and the all-penetrating presence of the Eternal Spirit, the historical, personal, gracious, endearing form of the Founder of our Faith was the first and leading thought that was planted in the mind of the first Christians as they rose out of the font of their first immersion to enter on their new and difficult course.

It has thus far been my object to show what is the essential meaning of the early Baptism which has endured through all its changes. And it is in full accordance with the early records of Christianity to dwell on these essentials as distinct from its forms. It is not by the water, much or little, but by the Spirit (as it is expressed in the Fourth Gospel),‡ that the second birth of man is wrought in the heart. It is not by the putting away the natural filth of the outward flesh,§ but (as it is expressed in the First Epistle of St. Peter) by the inward answer of a good conscience towards God, that Baptism can

* Acts ii 38, viii. 16, x. 48. The form of the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, though found in early times, was not universal. Cyprian and Pope Nicholas I. acknowledge the validity of Baptism, “In the name of the Lord Jesus.” See Dr. Smith’s *Dictionary of Christian Antiquities*, vol. i., p. 162.

† On this I may perhaps enlarge in another essay.

‡ John iii. 5-8.

§ See Professor Plumptre’s Notes on 1 Peter iii. 21.

ever save any one. It was not by the act of baptising, but by proclaiming the glad tidings of the kingdom of God, that the world was converted. Jesus,* we are told, never baptised, and Paul thanked God that, with a few insignificant exceptions, he baptised none of the Corinthians.

II. But there is the further instruction to be derived from a nearer view of the changes through which the forms passed.

1. First there are the extraordinary variations which have revolutionised the whole mass of dogmatic belief that has congregated round the ceremony. There was the belief in early ages that it was like a magical charm, which acted on the persons who received it, without any consent or intention either of administrator or recipient, as in the case of children or actors performing the rite with no serious intention. There was also the belief that it wiped away all sins, however long they had been accumulating, and however late it was administered. This is illustrated by the delay of the baptism of the first Christian Emperor Constantine, who had presided at the Council of Nicæa, preached in churches, directed the whole religion of the empire, and yet was all the while unbaptised till the moment of his death, when, in the last hours of his mortal illness, the ceremony was performed by Eusebius of Nicomedia. There was also the belief, now entirely extinct, but in the third and fourth centuries almost as firmly fixed as the corresponding belief in regard to the Eucharist, that the water was changed into the blood of Christ.†

There was the yet more dreadful superstition that no one could be saved unless he had passed through Baptism. It was not the effect of divine grace upon the soul, but of the actual water upon the body, on which those ancient Baptists built their hopes of immortality. Let but the person of a human being be wrapt in the purifying element, and he was redeemed from the uncleanness of his birth. The boy Athanasius throwing water in jest over his playmate on the sea-shore, in the name of the Holy Trinity, performed, as it was believed, a valid baptism; the Apostles in the spray of the storm on the sea of Galilee, the penitent thief in the water that rushed from the wound of the crucified (such were the wild excesses to which some ventured, without censure, to carry the doctrine), received the baptism which had else been withheld from them. And this "washing of water"

* John iv. 2, 1 Cor i. 14-6.

† It may be interesting to compare with this universal opinion of the Catholic Church from the fifth to the fifteenth century, the crude opinion of the Lutheran statement of justification by faith, so severely, and yet perhaps not too severely, censured by Lord Blandford, in his instructive essay in a recent number of this Review. Yet, if we have to choose between the two opinions, there can be no question that the Catholic doctrine, which made salvation depend on an external rite, was far more contrary to reason and to experience, and with even less foundation in the Bible, than that which made salvation to depend on an internal sentiment which at least had the advantage of powerfully moving the human heart, and which could appeal to express ours accidentally perhaps and superficially, but still verbally, resembling its own forms in the Epistles to the Galatians and Romans.

was now deemed absolutely necessary for salvation. No human being could pass into the presence of God hereafter unless he had passed through the waters of baptism here. "This," says Vossius, "is the judgment of all antiquity, that they perish everlastingly who will not be baptised when they may." From this belief followed gradually, but surely, the dreadful conclusion that the natural end not only of all heathens, but of all the patriarchs and saints of the Old Testament, was in the realms of perdition. And, last of all, the Pelagian controversy drew out the mournful doctrine that infants dying before baptism were excluded from the face of Him whose presence, we are told solemnly, "their angels do always behold"—the doctrine, when expressed (as it was expressed) in its darkest form, that they are consigned to everlasting fire. At the close of the fifth century this belief had become universal, chiefly through the means of Augustine. It was the turning-point of his contest with Pelagius. It was the dogma from which nothing could induce him to part. It was this which he meant by insisting on "the remission of original sin in infant baptism." In his earlier years he had doubted whether, possibly, he might not leave it an open question; but in his full age, "God forbid," said he, "that I should leave the matter so." The extremest case of a child dying beyond the reach of baptism is put to him, and he decides against it. In the Fifth Council of Carthage the milder view is mentioned of those who, reposing on the gracious promise, "In my Father's house are many mansions," trusted that among those many mansions there might still be found, even for those infants who, by want of baptism, were shut out from the Divine presence, some place of shelter. That milder view, doubtless under Augustine's influence, was anathematised. Happily, this dark doctrine was never sanctioned by the formal Creeds of the Church. On this, as on every other point connected with the doctrine of Baptism, they preserved a silence, whether by design, indifference, or accident we know not. But among the individual Fathers from the time of Augustine it seems impossible to dispute the judgment of the great English authority on Baptism: "How hard soever this opinion may seem, it is the constant opinion of the ancients." *

"I am sorry," says Bishop Hall, and we share his sorrow, "that so harsh an opinion should be graced with the name of a father so reverend, so divine—whose sentence yet let no man plead by halves." All who profess to go by the opinion of the ancients and the teaching of Augustine must be prepared to believe that immersion is essential to the efficacy of baptism, that unbaptised infants must be lost forever, that baptised infants must receive the Eucharist, or be lost in like manner. For this, too, strange as it may seem, was yet a necessary consequence of the same materialising system. "He who held

* Wall's *History of Infant Baptism*, vol. i., p. 200. In this work, and in Bingham's *Antiquities*, will be found most of the authorities for the statements in the text.

it impossible" (we again use the words of Bishop Hall) 'for a child to be saved unless the baptismal water were poured on his face, held it also as impossible for the same infant unless the sacramental bread were received in his mouth. And, lest any should plead different interpretations, the same St. Augustine avers this later opinion also, touching the necessary communicating of children, to have been once the common judgment of the Church of Rome.'* Such were the doctrines of the Fathers on Infant Baptism;—doctrines so deeply affecting our whole conceptions of God and of man, that, in comparison, the gravest questions now in dispute shrink into utter insignificance;—doctrines so wholly different from those professed by any English, we may almost add any European, clergyman of the present day, that had the Pope himself appeared before the Bishop of Hippo, he would have been rejected at once as an unbaptised heretic.

It is a more pleasing task to trace the struggle of Christian goodness and wisdom, by which the Church was gradually delivered from this iron yoke. Even in the Patristic age itself (in its earlier stage) the subjugation had not been complete. Tertullian and Chrysostom must have accepted with hesitation, if they accepted at all, the universal condemnation of unbaptised children. Salvian, who acknowledged so freely the virtues of the Vandal heretics, must surely have scrupled to repudiate the virtues of the unbaptised heathens. No general or provincial council, except the Fifth of Carthage, ventured to affirm any doctrine on the subject. The exception in behalf of martyrs left an opening, at least in principle, which would by logical consequence no less admit other exceptions, of which the Fathers never dreamed. The saints of the Old Testament were rescued from their long prison-house by the hypothesis of a liberation effected for them through the Descent into Hell. But these were contradictions and exceptions to the prevailing doctrine; and the gloomy period which immediately followed the death of Augustine, fraught as it was with every imaginable horror of a falling empire, was not likely to soften the harsh creed which he had bequeathed to it; and the chains which the "*durus pater infantum*" had thrown round the souls of children were riveted by Gregory the Great. At last, however, with the new birth of the European nations the humanity of Christendom revived. One by one the chief strongholds of the ancient belief yielded to the purer and loftier instincts (to use no higher name) which guided the Christian Church in its onward progress, dawning more and more unto the perfect day. First disappeared the necessity of immersion. Then, to the Master of the Sentences we owe the decisive change of doctrine which delivered the souls of infants from the everlasting fire to which they had been handed over by Augustine and Fulgentius, and placed them, with the heroes of the heathen world, in that mild Limbo or Elysium which every one knows in the pages

of Dante. Next fell the practice of administering to them the Eucharistic elements. Last of all, in the fourteenth century, the great though silent protest against the magical theory of Baptism itself was effected in the postponement of the rite of Confirmation, which, down to that time, had been regarded as an essential part of Baptism, and, as such, was administered simultaneously with it. An ineffectual stand was made in behalf of the receding doctrine of Augustine, by Gregory of Rimini, known amongst his "seraphic" and "angelic" colleagues by the unenviable title of "Tormentor Infantum;" and some of the severer Reformers, both in England and Germany, for a few years clung to the sterner view. But the victory was really won; and the Council of Trent, no less than the Confession of Augsburg and the Thirty-nine Articles, has virtually abandoned the position by which Popes and Fathers once maintained the absolute, unconditional, mystical efficacy of sacramental elements on the body and soul of the unconscious infant. The Eastern Church, indeed, with its usual tenacity of ancient forms, still immerses, still communicates, and still confirms its infant members. But in the Western Church the Christian religion has taken its free and natural course; and in the boldness which substituted a few drops of water for the ancient bath, which pronounced a charitable judgment on the innocent babes who died without the sacraments, which restored to the Eucharist its original intention, and gave to Confirmation a meaning of its own, by deferring both these solemn rites to years of discretion, we have at once the best proof of the total and necessary divergence of modern from ancient doctrine, and the best guarantee that surely, though slowly, the true wisdom of Christianity will be justified of all her children.

"The constant opinion of the ancients" in favour of the unconditional efficacy and necessity of Baptism has been happily exchanged for a constant opinion of the moderns, which has a most, if not entirely, spread through the whole of Christendom. No doubt traces of the old opinion may occasionally be found. It is said that a Roman peasant, on being remonstrated with for spinning a cockchafer, replied, with a complete assurance of conviction, "There is no harm in doing it. Non è cosa battezzata."—"It is not baptised stuff." "They are not baptised things," is the reply which many a scholastic divine would have made to the complaint that Socrates and Marcus Aurelius were excluded from Paradise. The French peasants, we are told, regard their children before baptism simply as animals.* Even in the English Church we sometimes hear a horror expressed by some excellent clergyman at using any religious words over the graves of unbaptised persons. The rubric which, in the disastrous epoch of 1662, was for the first time introduced into the Prayer book, forbidding the performance of its burial service over the unbaptised, which

* *Round my House*, by P. G. Hamerton, pp. 254, 263

till then had been permitted, still, through the influence of Convocation, maintains its place. But these are like the ghosts of former beliefs—lingering in dens and caves of the Church, visiting here and there their ancient haunts, but almost everywhere receding, if slowly yet inevitably, from the light of day.

Such changes on such a momentous subject are amongst the most encouraging lessons of ecclesiastical history. They show how variable and contradictory, and therefore how capable of improvement, has been the theology of the Catholic as well as of the Protestant Churches, and how great, therefore, are the hopes for the future of both.

2. We now pass to the changes in the form itself. For the first thirteen centuries the almost universal practice of Baptism was that of which we read in the New Testament, and which is the very meaning of the word “baptise” *—that those who were baptised were plunged, submerged, immersed into the water. That practice is still, as we have seen, continued in Eastern Churches. In the Western Church it still lingers amongst Roman Catholics in the solitary instance of the cathedral of Milan, amongst Protestants in the austere sect of the Baptists. It lasted long into the Middle Ages. Even the Icelanders, who at first shrank from the waters of their freezing lakes, were reconciled when they found that they could use the warm water of the Geysers. And the cold climate of Russia has not been found an obstacle to its continuance throughout that vast empire. Even in the Church of England it is still observed in theory. Elizabeth and Edward the Sixth were both immersed. The rubric in the Public Baptism for Infants enjoins that, unless for special cases, they are to be dipped, not sprinkled. But in practice it gave way since the beginning of the seventeenth century. With the few exceptions just mentioned, the whole of the Western Churches have now substituted for the ancient bath the ceremony of sprinkling a few drops of water on the face. The reason of the change is obvious. The practice of immersion, apostolic and primitive as it was, was peculiarly suitable to the Southern and Eastern countries for which it was designed, and peculiarly unsuitable to the tastes, the convenience, and the feelings of the countries of the North and West. Not by any decree of Council or Parliament, but by the general sentiment of Christian liberty, this great change was affected. Not beginning till the thirteenth century, it has gradually driven the ancient Catholic usage out of the whole of Europe. There is no one who would now wish to go back to the old practice. It had no doubt the sanction of the Apostles and of their Master. It had the sanction of the venerable Churches of the early ages, and of the sacred countries of the East. Baptism by sprinkling was rejected by the whole ancient Church (except in the rare case of deathbeds or extreme necessity) as no baptism at all.

* It is also the meaning of the word *taufen* (“dip”).

Almost the first exception was the heretic Novatian. It still has the sanction of the powerful religious community which numbers amongst its members such noble characters as John Bunyan, Robert Hall, and Havelock. In a version of the Bible which the Baptist Church has compiled for its own use in America, where it excels in numbers all but the Methodists, it is thought necessary, and on philological grounds it is quite correct, to translate John the Baptist by John the Immerser. It has even been defended on sanitary grounds. Sir John Floyer dated the prevalence of consumption to the discontinuance of baptism by immersion.* But, speaking generally, the Christian civilised world has decided against it. It is a striking example of the triumph of common sense and convenience over the bondage of form and custom. Perhaps no greater change has ever taken place in the outward form of Christian ceremony with such general agreement. It is a greater change even than that which the Roman Catholic Church has made in administering the sacrament of the Lord's Supper in the bread without the wine. For that was a change which did not affect the thing that was signified; whereas the change from immersion to sprinkling has set aside the larger part of the Apostolic language regarding Baptism, and has altered the very meaning of the word. But whereas the withholding of the cup produced the long and sanguinary war of Bohemia, and has been one of the standing grievances of the Protestants against the Roman Catholic Church, the withdrawal of the ancient rite of immersion, decided by the usage of the whole ancient Church to be essential to the sacrament of Baptism, has been, with the exception of the insurrection of the Anabaptists of Münster, adopted almost without a struggle. It shows the wisdom of not imposing the customs of other regions and other climates on those to whom they are not congenial. It shows how the spirit which lives and moves in human society can override even the most sacred ordinances. It remains an instructive example of the facility and silence with which, in matters of form, even the greatest changes can be affected without any serious loss to Christian truth, and with great advantage to Christian solemnity and edification. The substitution of sprinkling for immersion must to many at the time, as to the Baptists now, have seemed the greatest and most dangerous innovation. Now, by most Catholics and by most Protestants, it is regarded almost as a second nature.

3. Another change is not so complete, but is perhaps more important. In the Apostolic age, and in the three centuries which followed, it is evident that, as a general rule, those who came to baptism came in full age, of their own deliberate choice. We find a few cases of the baptism of children; in the third century we find one case of the baptism of infants. Even amongst Christian households the instances of Chrysostom, Gregory Nazianzen, Basil, Ephrem of Edessa,

* *Archæological Journal*, No. 112, p. 77.

Augustine, Ambrose, are decisive proofs that it was not only not obligatory but not usual. They had Christian parents, and yet they were not baptised till they reached maturity. The liturgical service of Baptism was framed entirely for full-grown converts, and is on y by considerable adaptation applied to the case of infants. Gradually, however, the practice spread, and after the fifth century the whole Christian world, East and West, Catholic and Protestant, Episcopal and Presbyterian (with the single exception of the sect of the Baptists before mentioned), have baptised children in their infancy. Whereas, in the early ages, adult baptism was the rule, and infant baptism the exception, in later times infant baptism * is the rule, and adult baptism the exception. What is the justification of this almost universal departure from the primitive usage? There may have been many reasons, some bad, some good. One, no doubt, was the superstitious feeling already mentioned which regarded Baptism as a charm, indispensable to salvation, and which insisted on imparting it to every human being who could be touched with water, however unconscious. Hence the eagerness with which Roman Catholic missionaries, like St. Francis Xavier, have made it the chief glory of their mission to have baptised heathen population wholesale, in utter disregard of the primitive or Protestant practice of previous preparation. † Hence the capture of children for baptism without the consent of their parents, as in the celebrated case of the Jewish boy Mortara. Hence the curious decision of the Sorbonne quoted in *Tristram Shandy*. Hence in the early centuries, and still in the Eastern Churches, co-extensive with Infant Baptism, the practice of Infant Communion, both justified on the same grounds, and both based on the mechanical application of Biblical texts to cases which by their very nature were not contemplated in the Apostolic age.

But there is a better side to the growth of this practice which, even if it did not mingle in its origin, is at least the cause of its continuance. It lay deep in early Christian feeling that the fact of belonging to a Christian household consecrated every member of it. Whether baptised or not, the Apostle ‡ urged that, because the parents were holy, therefore the children were holy. They were not to be treated as outcasts, they were not to be treated as heathens, they were to be recognised as part of the chosen people. This passage, whilst it is conclusive against the practice of Infant Baptism in the Apostolic age, is a recognition of the legitimate reason and permanent principle on which it is founded. It is the acknowledgment of the Christian saintliness and union of family life. The goodness,

* In the Church of England there was no office for adult baptism in the Prayer-book before 1662, and that which was then added is evidently intended for the baptism of heathen tribes collectively.

† See a powerful description of this mode of baptism in Lord Elgin's *Life and Letters*, ed. by Theodore Walrond, p. 338.

‡ 1 Cor. vii. 14.

the holiness, the purity of a Christian fireside, of a Christian marriage, of a good deathbed, extends to all those who come within its reach. As we are all drawn nearer to each other by the natural bonds of affection, so we are drawn still nearer when these bonds of affection are cemented by Christianity. Every gathering, therefore, for the christening of a little child is truly a family-gathering. It teaches us how closely we are members one of another. It teaches parents how deeply responsible they are for the growth of that little creature throughout its future education. It teaches brothers and sisters how by them is formed the atmosphere, good or bad, in which the soul of their little new-born brother or sister is trained to good or to evil. It teaches us the value of the purity of those domestic relations in which from childhood to old age all our best thoughts are fostered and encouraged. It also surmounts and avoids the difficulty which encompasses Adult Baptism in any country or society already impregnated with Christian influences. If the New Testament has no example of Infant Baptism, neither has it any example of adult Christian Baptism ; that is, of the baptism of those who had been already born and bred Christians. The artificial formality of a Baptismal Service for those who in our time have grown up as Christians is precluded by the administration of the rite at the commencement of the natural life.

But there is a further reason to be found in the character of children. This is contained in the Gospel which is read in the Baptismal Service of infants throughout the Western Church.* In the early ages there probably were those who doubted whether children could be regarded worthy to be dedicated to God or to Christ. The answer is very simple. If our Divine Master did not think them unfit to be taken in His arms and receive His own gracious blessing when He was actually here in bodily presence, we need not fear to ask His blessing upon them now.

Infant baptism is thus a recognition of the good which there is in every human soul. It declares that in every child of Adam, whilst there is much evil, there is more good ; whilst there is much which needs to be purified and elevated, there is much also which in itself shows a capacity for purity and virtue. In those little children of Galilee, all unbaptised as they were, not yet even within the reach of a Christian family, Jesus Christ saw the likeness of the Kingdom of Heaven ; merely because they were little children, merely because they were innocent human beings, He saw in them the objects, not of divine malediction, but of divine benediction. Lord Palmerston was once severely attacked for having said, "Children are born good." But he, in fact, said only what Chrysostom had said before him, and

* In the English Church it is Mark x. 13-16; in the Roman Church it is Matt. xix. 13-15. But in the Eastern Church the passages are still those that apply to adult baptism, Rom. vi. 3-12, Matt. xxviii. 16-20.

Chrysostom said only what in the Gospels had been already said of the natural state of the unbaptised Galilean children, "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." The substitution of infant baptism for adult baptism, like the change from immersion to sprinkling, is thus a triumph of Christian charity. It exemplifies at the first beginning of life that divine grace which hopes all things, believes all things, endures all things. In each such little child our Saviour saw, and we may see, the promise of a glorious future. In those little hands folded in unconscious repose, in those bright eyes first awakening to the outer world, in that soft forehead unfurrowed by the slightest ruffle of care, He saw, and we may see, the undeveloped rudimental instruments of the labour, and intelligence, and energy of a whole life. And not only so—not only in hope, but in actual reality, does the blessing on little children, whether as expressed in the Gospel-story, or as implied in Infant Baptism, acknowledge the excellency and the value of the childlike soul. Not once only in his life, but again and again, He held them up to His disciples, as the best corrective of the sins and passions of mankind. He exhorted all men to follow their innocency, their unconsciousness, their guilelessness, their truthfulness, their purity. He saw in them the regenerating sanctifying element of every family, of every household, of every nation. He saw, and we may see, in their natural, unaffected, simple, unconstrained acts and words the best antidote to the artificial, fantastic, exclusive spirit which beset the Pharisees of His own time, and must beset the Pharisees, whether of the religious or of the irreligious world, in all times. Infant Baptism thus is the standing testimony to the truth, the value, the eternal significance of what is called "natural religion," of what Butler calls the constitution of human nature. It is also in a more special sense still the glorification of children. It is the outward expression of their proper place in the Christian Church, and in the instincts of the civilised world. It teaches us how much we all have to learn from children, how much to enjoy, how much to imitate. It is the response to all that poetry of children which in our days has been specially consecrated by Wordsworth and by Keble.*

When we think of what a child is—how helpless, how trusting, how hopeful—the most hardened of men must be softened by its presence, and feel the reverence due to its tender conscience as to its tender limbs. When we remember that before their innocent faces the demons of ambition, and impurity, and worldliness, and uncharitableness are put to flight; that for their innocent souls there is

* It is instructive to observe that whilst the sentiments of the two poets on the natural attractiveness of children are identical, Keble often endeavours to force it into a connection with Baptism which to Wordsworth is almost unknown. It is said that Wordsworth, once reading with admiration a well-known poem in the *Christian Year*, stumbled at the opening lines, "Where is it mothers learn their love?" (to which the answer is "the Font"). "No, no," said the old poet; "it is from their own maternal hearts."

a place in a better world, though they are now and will for months and years be ignorant of those theological problems which rend their elder sasunder, it may possibly teach us that it is not "before all things necessary" to know the differences which divide the Churches of the East or West, or the Churches of the North or South. When we think of the sweet repose of a child as it lies in the arms of its nurse, or its pastor at the font, it may recall to us the true attitude of humble trust and confidence which most befits the human soul, whether of saint or philosopher. "Like as a weaned child on its mother's breast, my soul is even as a weaned child." When we meditate on the imperfect knowledge of a child, it is the best picture to us of our imperfect knowledge in this mortal state. "I am but as a little child," said Sir Isaac Newton, "picking up pebbles on the shore of the vast ocean of truth." "When I was a child—when I was an infant," said St. Paul, "I spake as an 'infant,' I thought as an 'infant'; but when I became a man, the thoughts and the spirit of an 'infant' were done away." It is the pledge to us of a perpetual progress. The baptism of an infant, as the birth of an infant, would be nothing were it not that it includes within it the hope and the assurance of all that is to follow after. In those feeble cries, in those unconscious movements, there is the first stirring of the giant within;—the first dawn of that reasonable soul which will never die; the first budding of

The seminal form which in the deeps
Of that little chaos sleeps.

The investment of this first beginning of a religious and solemn character teaches us that, as we must grow from infancy to manhood, so also we must grow from the infancy, the limited perceptions, the narrow faith, the stunted hope, the imperfect knowledge, the straitened affections of the infancy of this mortal state to the full-grown manhood of our immortal life. It suggests that we have to pass from the momentary baptism of unconscious infants through the transforming baptism of Fire and the Spirit—that is, of Experience and of Character—which is wrought out through the many vicissitudes of life and the great change of death.

4. There are many other changes consequent on the substitution of Infant for Adult Baptism. The whole institution of sponsors is of a later date. In the early centuries the answers were made for the child as a general rule by the parents. The creation of a new series of spiritual affinities was the result of transferring to a child the dramatic form which had been originally used for grown-up converts. This modern system of sponsors doubtless has its social and moral advantages; but it was with the view of meeting the obvious difficulties which so complex an arrangement awakens in the minds at least of the uneducated, that the late Royal Commissioners on the Rubrics on one occasion recommended that the

whole of that part of the Baptismal Service should be made optional. This, with many other sensible proposals, was rejected by the Lower House of the Southern Convocation.

The connection of the Christian name with Baptism is also a result of the change. Properly speaking, the name is not given in Baptism, but having been already given, the person baptised is then publicly recognised as the bearer of the name which stamps his personality. In the case of the adult baptism of the early ages this was obvious. Flavius Constantinus had always been Flavius Constantinus, and Aurelius Augustinus always Aurelius Augustinus. It was only when the time of the name giving and of the baptism, as in the case of infants, so nearly coincided, that the two came to be confounded.

Confirmation, which once formed a part of Baptism, has been separated from it and turned into a new ordinance, which in the Roman Catholic Church has been made into another sacrament. Along with this disruption between Confirmation and Baptism has taken place another change—the absolute prohibition throughout the Western Church of Infant Communion, which in the early Church was, as it still is in the East, the inseparable accompaniment of Infant Baptism. In early ages, as in the Eastern Church, Confirmation was the title given to the unction which accompanied Baptism; in the later Roman Church,* and in most Protestant Churches, it is the title given to the open adoption of the Christian faith and life in mature years.

Another curious series of changes has taken place in regard to the persons who administered Baptism. In the early centuries it was only the Bishop, and this is probably the origin of the retention by the Episcopal order of that part of the old Baptism which, as we have just said, was what we now call Confirmation. Thus, as the Episcopate became more separate from the Presbyterate, as the belief in the paramount necessity of Baptism became stronger, as the populations of Christendom increased, the right was extended to Presbyters, then to Deacons, and at last to laymen, and, in defiance of all early usage, to women. And thus it has happened, by one of those curious introductions of sentiment which are so instructive in ecclesiastical history, that whilst in Protestant Churches which lay least stress on the outward rite, the administration is virtually confined to the clergy in the Roman Catholic Church, which lays most stress on the rite, the administration is extended to the laity and to the female sex. It is a formidable breach in the usual theories concerning the indispensable necessity of the clerical order for the administration of the sacramental rites, and it is difficult to see what is the difference in princi-

* In the Roman Catholic Church, as well as in the Church of Scotland, including the Episcopal Church in Charles the Second's time (see the documents of the Synod of Dunblane), the preparation for confirmation is virtually superseded by the preparation for the first communion, which in the Roman Church precedes confirmation and in the Scottish Church has taken its place.

ple in the Roman Church which has rendered the practice with regard to one sacrament so exceedingly lax, with regard to the other so exceedingly rigid.

Such are some of the general reflections suggested by the revolutions through which the oldest ordinance of the Church has come down to our day. They may possibly make that ordinance more intelligible both to those who adopt and to those who have not adopted it. They may also serve to show in one instance the transformations both of letter and spirit which have taken place in many other examples.

ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, *in Nineteenth Century*.

HISTORY AND POLITICS.

III.

IN my last paper I rather indicated, than fully explained, in what way I think it possible to save the study of English history from that plague of party spirit which now afflicts it to such a degree as almost to annihilate its practical influence. This question is seldom discussed, and yet the immense importance of it must be felt by every practical teacher of history. Especially must it be felt by one who, like myself, connects in the closest manner history and politics. Others may find ways of evading the difficulty, as we often see it evaded. For how many there are who pass their lives in the study of history without ever drawing or wishing to draw from it any political lessons! They regard it simply as a mine of delightful and curious information about famous events and persons, and the study of it as one of the most intellectual of pastimes, feeding the imagination and enlarging the mental range. They can therefore easily avoid the thorny parts of the study. They are not obliged to arrive at a definite conclusion about every controversy or take a side in every party conflict, but can enjoy the excitement of the struggle, and take a quiet pleasure in detecting the weaknesses and admiring the good qualities of both parties, as Walter Scott showed us the way to do in his historical novels. This is quite possible so long as history is regarded merely as a branch of *belles lettres*, or, in education, merely as a means of nourishing the imagination and providing a stock of useful information. But it ceases to be possible when we transfer history from the ornamental to the practical studies, from the literary to the scientific side of education. And it is especially impossible when the particular science with which we try to connect it is not anthropology, under which head few of the questions debated among parties

would fall to be discussed, but a political science or science of governments, to which almost all those questions necessarily belong.

It is only by throwing a direct light upon the questions which interest us most—and these are necessarily also the questions which divide us most—that history can become powerfully influential in education. It cannot be influential in the highest degree except as the key to politics, and it cannot be such a key if it declines to deal with the questions in which, as politicians, we take the greatest interest. Above all things it must not fear to draw the true moral from the past of our own country, and therefore it cannot decline to judge between the contending parties. It cannot regard Cavalier and Roundhead, Whig and Tory, Pittite and Foxite, with equal tolerance, but is bound to answer the question by which party in each case the true interest of England was best understood. By doing this with full impartial investigation it will make the past history of England a guide for its future policy, and therefore a source of solid instruction for the politician. If it declines to do this, it will leave English history in the condition in which it found it, that is, a confused legend, infinitely curious and amusing, but of no practical use, because capable of the most opposite interpretations.

Here then arises the difficulty. In order actually to learn our politics from English history must we not come to the study without political opinions? And it will not do merely to pretend to do this, as has so often been done both in religion and politics, when writers professing to seek instruction in history have really only sought there for confirmation of their prejudices. And yet how can the student of politics, any more than the student of religion, be expected to show the quiet, impartial candour of the student of other subjects, or to be completely indifferent what results emerge from his investigations, provided only the investigation is accurately conducted. If he is at all advanced in life he is likely to have committed himself publicly to some political creed; if he is young his family are committed, and his teachers are unwilling to disturb the belief in which he has been educated. Thus as soon as we treat history seriously, and connect it with science rather than with *belles-lettres*, we are met with the same difficulty that encounters us in theology. If it is serious at all, then it is too serious. If anything can be proved by it, then dangerous and inconvenient things can be proved by it. And meanwhile, in order to study it in this spirit you must be content to give up all political earnestness, to suspend all activity in public life until you have obtained your results. Are we prepared to make ourselves political quietists, to renounce that eager personal interest in the details of public questions which has hitherto distinguished this nation and been envied by other nations, from some fatal notion that our common-sense judgments are not scientific enough to be trustworthy? Are we ready to sacrifice our healthy political energy and zeal in the pursuit of scientific exactness?

To this question I might give one very simple and direct answer, which has indeed already been given by others. We really ought to be somewhat more quietistic than we are; to have less faith in the blind zeal which on all occasions has a violent opinion ready, and thinks it cannot go far wrong under the guidance of honest intentions and unselfish views. Honest intentions will not supply the place of accurate knowledge. It is wholly a mistake to suppose that the vague, hasty impressions of honest men on large questions are pretty sure to be right in the main, and will only err in unimportant details. The errors and confusion into which well-intentioned men fall by applying to great public affairs their loose private notions of wisdom and justice, are not small, but enormous. If, indeed, there were no choice between forming such inadequate judgments and forming no judgments at all, we might tolerate the greatest errors rather than damp their zeal. But as we start from the possibility of instituting a system of political education, that is, from the possibility of enabling ordinary men to form a sound judgment in politics we must assert the necessity of the same quietism in politics that men practice in every other subject that they take up seriously. Men must take time and thought; they must prepare and qualify themselves before entering upon political action. Zeal without knowledge is as dangerous here as in other departments. It may be morally better to be zealous in politics even on the wrong side than to be indifferent about them, and yet the effect of such zeal may easily be worse than the effect of indifference. Blind turbulent zeal may be a good commencement, because it may put off its blind turbulence with better instruction, but it is not a good symptom when it lasts long or becomes chronic. And our party-heats, of which so many are proud, as if they proved political energy, last too long. They show too little disposition to give place to a calmer form of energy. They are too much like those religious fervours of the seventeenth century, under the reign of which each contending zealot prided himself chiefly on his own unteachableness, so that on one occasion, as I remember, Oliver Cromwell himself, in reasoning with Scotch Presbyterianism, was provoked to the emphatic exclamation, "I beseech you in the bowels of Christ *think it possible you may be mistaken!*"

But apart from this general consideration, another answer may be given to the question how impartiality in history may be made consistent with political earnestness, an answer which was indicated slightly in the last paper. I shall try to show that those party differences of which we make so much, as though they were radical and fundamental, as though they resembled the eternal hostility of good and evil, and like that extended through all past time, are not really so serious, and that when they are looked at through a calmer medium than the atmosphere of controversy they dwindle and appear narrowly limited in time, as well as diminished in importance. I do not affect to slight their value in practical politics, nor to propose a

better system for carrying on parliamentary government. I only submit that they need not be allowed to hamper our studies, that we are not to confound political factions with philosophical schools, or to suppose that because they struggle with such ardour and carry on their strife so long, therefore they represent very great or profound principles. What we observe in religious parties may easily be true also of political ones, viz., that there is no correspondence at all between the heat of the controversy and the importance of the question discussed. And when once we admit this possibility it will strike us that, considering the strong temptation either side in politics must feel to dignify its cause by inscribing the grandest possible principles on its banner, it would not be wonderful if an altogether delusive theory of parties had sprung up, giving dignity to quarrels really insignificant, and an imaginary unity to the desultory, disconnected parliamentary controversies of successive generations. It is certainly a current opinion among us that our party war, which has been handed down through so many generations, is always substantially the same, though the particular questions discussed may differ, and even the names of the parties may alter. We think that Conservatives and Liberals might just as well be called Tories and Whigs, being certainly at issue on the same questions, and it scarcely occurs to us to imagine that even while the names continued the same the questions at issue might change repeatedly, and the Tories or Whigs of one time have really no resemblance to those of another. It is because we think thus that we find ourselves hampered both in studying and teaching our history. And yet, if we will consider it, this current opinion is only a theory, nay, a theory not by any means easy to verify. If it should be actually an illusion, if the appearances which support it should have been artificially contrived to gratify the vanity of the parties themselves, to feed their enthusiasm and so hold them together, then, though after making the discovery we should feel for a time that English history had become more confused, more difficult to understand than before, yet we should also feel that it had been thrown open for study, that the conscience-clause might immediately be repealed, and that a general political education was made possible.

I referred to the extravagant doctrine taught by Lord Stanhope, that between Queen Anne and William IV. the Whigs and Tories had actually exchanged their opinions, and I remarked that the facts he adduces are none the less interesting in themselves because they will not support such an incredible conclusion. I select one of them, which seems to me particularly well calculated to throw doubt on the current doctrine of the continuity of parties. The Tories of the present century have been in the main, whether for good or for evil, the war party of the country. Whether it has been from regard for the country's honour, as they would say, or from aggressiveness, as their opponents would say, this has been the character of the party

since the beginning of the Revolutionary War. Now nothing can be more certain than that they had precisely the opposite character, and were pre eminently the p rty of peace, during the period between the English Revolution and the American War. The favourite charge against them in those days was that they made ignominious treaties of peace, just as in these days they are charged with making unnecessary wars. Compare the two great periods of war with France, which are so remarkably parallel with each other—that between 1688 and 1713, and that between 1793 and 1815. William III. and Marlborough correspond closely in the one period to William Pitt and Wellington in the other. The one is the steadfast statesman of the time of adverse fortune, the pilot that weathered the storm; the other is the victorious general of the season of final triumph. Now in both periods there was a pertinacious party which opposed these leaders, which preached peace and struggled hard to draw the country out of her foreign complications. As in the later period this peace-party was the Whigs, in the earlier it was the Tories.

In the later period the efforts of this peace-party were unsuccessful. The war was fought out to the end, and Wellington's course of victory was not interrupted. It was otherwise in the time when the Tories were the peacemakers. They were far more successful. They succeeded in arresting the triumphant career of Marlborough. They broke up the Grand Alliance, they rescued France, and they made the Treaty of Utrecht. I am not now concerned with the merits of that treaty. It used to be spoken of as one of the great blots upon our history, though Macaulay, perhaps feeling how closely parallel had been the conduct of the Whigs in the later war to that of the party that made the Treaty of Utrecht, declares that on the main question involved in it the Tories were in the right and the Whigs in the wrong. Whether right or wrong, wise or unwise, the treaty is a signal proof that the Tories of that time were principally distinguished from the Whigs by their devotion to peace and their aversion to a grand and enterprising foreign policy.

Nor was this the mere effect of a passing grudge or of malice against the great general who had left them for the Whigs. For it happened that half a century later they had another opportunity of showing their fidelity to the principle of avoiding military complications on the Continent—that principle which, as the sturdy old Tory Johnson tells us, "has been held by all those who at any time have understood the true interest of England." They had then been excluded from political power for two whole reigns, and during the time of their exclusion the Whig Walpole had gained, as I think, undeserved credit for having first drawn England into the paths of peace, when in fact he had only adopted the principles of the Treaty of Utrecht. At the moment when George III. came to the throne, the days of Marlborough seemed to have returned. The elder Pitt was in his glory, and France was again sinking under the blows of

her old rival. The minister had not forgotten the sudden reverse which overtook Marlborough in the moment of his triumph. He was heard to say that he at least would never be responsible for another Treaty of Utrecht. And he kept his word, for he retired in time. But he could not save the country from another Treaty of Utrecht. We broke loose from our alliance with Frederick of Prussia not less abruptly than, half a century before, we had abandoned the Dutch and the Emperor. And how was this? It was because this was the moment of the return of the Tories to public life, and they lost no time in asserting their favourite principle. They tried to introduce into the young king's first speech the phrase, "a bloody and expensive war."

Here surely is an example of the shifting nature of party principles which almost justifies Lord Stanhope in exclaiming, the Whigs have become Tories and the Tories Whigs. Is it possible then that in those days the Tories were like our modern industrialists who are terrified at the waste of wealth which war involves, or that they were a humanitarian party shocked at its horrors? No! on further inquiry we find indeed that they were just as far from modern Liberalism as from the opinions of those who at this day are called by their name, but on the other hand we are struck with the strangeness of their view and with its want of all relation to the politics of the present day. The old Tories had a horror of foreign wars, because foreign wars demand a large standing army. And why did they object to a large standing army? Not so much because it costs money, not so much because it withdraws the population from industry, as because it was supposed to be dangerous to liberty. The king surrounded by his paid troops seemed to them like one of the military tyrants of antiquity. They feared that sooner or later he would use his military force against the constitution.

Now, of course, it is quite possible that a party may alter and even reverse its mere policy to suit the circumstances of a new time, and yet continue faithful to its old principles. But in this old-world doctrine of non intervention what is there that reminds us even of the principles which, according to the current notion, constitute Toryism? For we expect to find the Tory on the side of authority against liberty, and less jealous at any rate than the Whigs of despotism. And yet in that age it was the Tory party that most anxiously guarded the country against those long wars which are favourable to the growth of an imperial authority.

Let me now give another example of the difference between those old parties and the parties which during the present century have borne their names. Who does not know that the Whigs are the champions of progress, of wise and temperate, but on that account, as they say, all the surer progress? Thus Macaulay, when he replies with his usual triumphant vigour to that very doctrine of Lord Stanhope's which we have been considering, takes for granted that this is

and always has been the character of the party. The Whigs, he says, are no doubt not what they were in Queen Anne's time, true, because they have advanced so much. And the Tories are now what the Whigs were then, because they too cannot help advancing in spite of themselves, and they have taken a century to overtake the Whigs. We see that this writer knows how to make not merely history but even the philosophy of history as wonderful as romance! But it seems that it has never occurred to him to doubt that the Whigs always were the party of progress. And now look back and turn over what remains on record of the Whiggism of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, from the Exclusion Bill down to the French Revolution, and see how much you can find in it about progress. It would be rash to say that you find nothing; the idea of human society as a thing in the course of development, was in those days one which might be taken up here and there by a speculative head, and there was nothing to prevent a Whig from adopting it. But what you will certainly find is that in the main such an idea was then wholly foreign to the essential creeds of both parties alike. The men of those days still lived in the old way of thinking. They looked back with reverence to the past; they were disposed to think themselves inferior to their ancestors, and their great endeavour in politics, as in other departments, was not to degenerate, not to let the stream carry them back. They did not, therefore, aspire to create new institutions, but were content to preserve ancient ones, and to save them from falling a prey to the usurpations of a tyrant. The efforts of the old Whigs were of this kind. Those liberties which they fought for so manfully were *ancient* liberties. They appealed to statutes so old that a modern lover of progress would almost feel that morally they must have lost their validity by lapse of time. Thus, in the middle of the seventeenth century, they resisted Charles I. because he encroached on rights which had been guaranteed to Parliament three centuries before, although it was not questioned that a usage in many respects different had grown up under the Tudors. We all think that they were right, and yet a modern believer in progress would hardly have rested the claims of Parliament on the same ground. He would have said much less about ancient precedent, and insisted much more upon the actual mischievousness of the king's encroachments; he would have taken pains to show that the higher prerogative of the Tudors was no longer necessary or endurable, and that the ancient rights of Parliament were not merely ancient, but deserved on their own account to be revived. For a believer in progress is disposed to think that what is quite ancient may probably be obsolete, and when he sees it superseded gradually by a different practice, will be inclined to think that the new practice deserves the preference as being likely to be better adapted to the new time. What party would now present a Petition of Right to restore a state of things which had existed under Elizabeth or James I. and had been allowed to fall into abeyance since?

Yet such was the profound conservatism of the champions of liberty who resisted Charles I., and whom we often see described as the leaders of the party of progress !

And yet, as I said, in those intensely Conservative times there were individuals who had anticipated the modern idea of progress. There were some who looked forward rather than backward, some who have left words which remind us of the famous Saint Simonian *dictum*—that that golden age which the vain imagination of men has placed at an immeasurable distance in the past is really before us. Let us think of some of these exceptional men.

The first who will occur to our thoughts is Lord Bacon. His mind was indeed possessed with the idea of progress, so that he has been aptly compared to a Moses, who looks from the mountain-top upon a Promised Land awaiting his people, which he is never himself to tread. It is no doubt from science that Bacon expects most, and yet in his political writings the same eager imagination is to be traced. They exhibit precisely the temper so characteristic of modern continental reformers, that reckless precipitance which makes too light of difficulties, and, in order to introduce great improvements, treats the rights of individuals somewhat unceremoniously. Another of these exceptional men was probably Strafford. What ! you will say, the great enemy of liberty ! Yes, but an enemy of liberty may easily be a friend of reform, only too easily, for authority is a much readier instrument of reform than liberty. Look at the great despots of the eighteenth century ; look at Frederick the Great and the Emperor Joseph. Neither had any regard for liberty, and Joseph destroyed it wherever it lingered in his dominions. Yet both were indefatigable reformers, both were possessed with the idea of progress. And it rather appears that Strafford ought to be classed with these, that the love of innovation which ruined him was a sincere, however injudicious, desire for improvement and reform. This at least is the judgment of the latest, the best, and hitherto almost the only impartial historian of the period, Mr. Gardiner. Mr. Gardiner heartily disapproves of Strafford's policy ; he regards him as a mischievous statesman ; but at the same time he insists that we must put him into the right class of mischievous statesmen, that is, among those who, like Joseph II., have trampled on liberty in their too precipitate zeal for reform. Here are his words :—" At the bottom," writes Mr. Gardiner, " his life's work was contention, not so much for the royal authority as for the supremacy of intellect. . . . He stood for the king to bring order out of disorder, discipline out of anarchy. . . . Wisdom, simply because it was wise, was to bind folly and slothfulness to its car, and to compel them to bear it swiftly onward on its triumphant path. He could not stoop to the slow and irregular *progress* which is all that can be expected when a nation guides its own course."

The third great Progressist of those times, whose name will occur

to us, is Milton. He, too, looks onward. He sees glorious things which are yet to be, and indulges in prophecy. He is confident that the future will excel the past, and that those who cannot get on without a precedent, and murmur that "it was never yet seen in such a fashion," will some day learn that Providence is inventive and does not choose always to repeat itself.

Now of these three great Progressists none, to be sure, was ever in his lifetime called either Whig or Tory, for those names were first heard in English politics a year or two after the youngest of the three, Milton, had left the scene. But all of them were engaged in party-conflicts which it is usual to regard as substantially the same as the conflict of Whigs and Tories. For in the fashionable view, the Roundheads and the followers of Eliot were virtually Whigs, the Cavaliers and followers of Strafford virtually Tories. This view regards without distinction the statesmen who represent the Court as the Tories, and those who in Parliament oppose the Court as the Whigs of their time. Observe, then, that two out of our three progressists, Bacon and Strafford, would appear to have been not Whigs, but High Tories. Even the third, Milton, could not in the loosest classification be set down as a Whig. But even if he could, as no doubt the Whigs stood nearer to him than the Tories, still it would result that the doctrine of progress was in those days in no way peculiar to either of the two parties, that it was exceptional on both sides, but not at all more exceptional on one side than the other.

And as the Whigs of those times were not Progressists in theory, neither were they so in practice. This has been often admitted by those historians who have believed themselves to belong to their party. Certainly the two reigns of uninterrupted Whig government, those of George I. and George II., do not stand out in our history as a period of vigorous legislative reform. It was a prosperous period, because all great questions had been settled at the beginning of it, but politically it was a languid, inert period. When Walpole was humbly asked by the Dissenters when they might look forward to the removal of their disabilities, he replied, "Never!" and when the same minister appeared as a financial reformer, his scheme of an excise was opposed not less vehemently by the Whigs than the Tories. And for this the Whigs are not to be censured any more than the Tories, as if they had forgotten their principles in the security of office. They had forgotten no principles; so long as the Hanover settlement was safe their consciences were at ease. To suppose that their name pledged them to a policy of continuous moderate reform is to associate with the name Whig notions which only became connected with it a century later.

Now this is a fundamental point. If the modern Whigs are Reformers, and the ancient Whigs were not, we may surely say that the two parties are fundamentally different, and any resemblances that can be shown between them must be of minor importance. Such resem-

blances no doubt can be pointed out; they are inevitable from the way in which our parties are propagated from generation to generation. For there is no solution of continuity, but a gradual process of modification conducted with regard to conventional decorum. They continue to be led by the same families, and they do their best to make the same watchwords serve them. But in spite of all such efforts these outward resemblances do not amount to much. Superficially, it is evident that parties are very unlike what they were. Our ancestors did not discuss Reform Bills; we do not quarrel over the dispensing power or the standing army. A substantial identity is all that can be—nay, all that usually is—claimed for them. The assumption commonly made is that there are such things as a Tory spirit and a Whig spirit, and that these are opposed to each other in the same way in every age. Now this is precisely what we find not to be the case. For that difference of spirit which we observe in the parties of the present day, namely, that the one looks forward and the other backward, that the one has faith in the future while the other seems afraid of it—this difference is not to be traced in the ancient parties, which seem both alike to cling to the past, and not to be familiar with the idea of progress.

As to the actual question which was agitated between those old parties, it was evidently wholly different from that which is in issue between the parties of the present time—so different, that it is only by an unconscious mystification that any analogy can be established between them. I should myself go further, and say that the issue has been entirely changed several times in the course of our party-history. I should distinguish between the controversy of our own time and that of the reign of George III. before the French Revolution; again between the controversy of George III.'s time and that of the original Whigs and Tories from the Exclusion Bill to the accession of the House of Hanover; and again I should consider the controversy between Charles's parliaments and the party of Strafford and Laud to be radically different from that between the original Whigs and Tories. But to attempt to establish all this here would lead me too far. I will content myself with setting in opposition the present controversy, dating from the Reform Bill, and that of the original Whigs and Tories of the Revolution, which of all past party-controversies we know best because we have read of it in Macaulay.

Our generation then has lived in the midst of a controversy which has turned entirely on the question of reform. A great war occupying us for twenty years, at the very time when a great industrial revolution was going on at home, had created a cry for reform which may be compared with that which preceded in France the Revolution of 1789. The burden of debt and taxation and the throes of social transformation calling out on the one side for legislative change; on the other side the example of the French Revolution making all such change seem dangerous in the extreme—here was a violent opposi-

tion of feeling which led to a long party-controversy. "Is it safe to change ancient institutions?" this has been the question. "Perfectly safe!" some have answered; "we need not think twice about it!" "Safe if you do it cautiously and gradually," say others. "Not safe, but yet in some cases inevitable," says a third party. "Wholly unsafe, and not to be thought of," says a fourth. Such is the debate we are all familiar with.

Now those who have lived all their lives in the midst of this controversy, may no doubt easily fancy that it is a standing controversy wherever there have been political parties, and that our ancestors discussed it as pertinaciously and as perpetually as we do. That this was so seems proved by the fact that we talked of Whigs and Tories then and that we talk of Whigs and Tories now. And if you come to the study of the Stuart period with this preconception strong on your mind, you may continue for a long time under the dominion of it. You find the ancient Tories at times speaking of the divine right of kings, and this reminds you of that sort of divine right of existing institutions which Conservatives seem sometimes to assert. On the other hand, the old Whigs discuss royal power in a rationalistic tone which resembles that of the modern Reformer when he argues for the removal of an old institution on the ground that it has ceased to be useful. But as you grow familiar with that old debate, and with the way of thinking of those who conducted it, you begin to think it a solecism in history, a confusion of two different phases of political consciousness, to identify it with the modern debate between Conservatives and Reformers. There was no question then of revising the institutions of the country, of putting each on its trial before the tribunal of reason. Both parties alike would have rejected such a thought with something like horror, for to both parties ancient institutions were almost equally sacred. Divine right might theoretically be maintained by Tory theorists and denied by their Whig opponents. But as in its strict form many Tories rejected it, so in a wider sense many—perhaps most—Whigs practically accepted it. The Tory Bolingbroke ridicules it, and when at this day we denounce it, we commonly use the words of the Tory Pope, and speak of "the right divine of kings to govern wrong," of "the enormous faith of many made for one." On the other hand one may remark in Edmund Burke, that even in the days when he was the great light and philosopher of Whiggism, he accepts the doctrine of divine right as it has been held by modern Conservatives. One may say that he believes in the divine right of the constitution, though not of the king. He denies the right of human reason to discuss fundamental political institutions. He thinks them divine in the same sense that the family is divine. And therefore without consciously abandoning old Whiggism he founded modern Conservatism. "I know," he said, "that there is an order which is made for me, and I am made for it. I might as well desire another wife and other children."

I fancy, too, that when we read our modern notions into that old controversy we efface other highly characteristic notions which really influenced the men of that time. That theory of divine right which seems to us so superstitious, expressed, I take it, for many Tories a perfectly practical and rational conviction. I confess I do not find the Tories of William and Anne's time to have been the friends or tools of arbitrary power that Macaulay describes them. He seems to me to suppress the positive side of their creed, which nevertheless was highly important. It was, I take it, in one word, opposition to military imperialism. I have already dwelt upon the constant zeal with which they opposed a spirited foreign policy as being likely to lead to a large standing army. Now this is precisely of a piece with all the rest of their action, and it is not difficult to penetrate to the fundamental thought which actuates them. The Whigs are rightly considered as the successors of the party that opposed Charles I. Now, in like manner, the Tories oppose the system of Cromwell. Both parties alike are the opponents of arbitrary power, but to the Tories it presents itself under the image of the Lord Protector. They are afraid of a military Emperor—for Cromwell was an Emperor. While the other party fears to see another Charles I., supported by his bishops and his judges, they are haunted by the dread of a new Oliver, propped firmly upon a standing army and religious toleration. It is to meet this danger that the whole Tory creed is framed. They see the new Oliver rising first in William III., then in Marlborough. They see him fomenting wars on the Continent in order to maintain his army, and leaning on the Dissenters at home in order to revive the old Cromwellian connexion. Their policy, therefore, is one of peace and intolerance—in one word, anti-Cromwellianism. This is why the Tories applauded Addison's *Cato* as much as the Whigs, and this is the point of the Tory Bolingbroke's celebrated *boni mot*, when in the name of the Tory party he presented the actor with fifty guineas for having so well defended the cause of liberty against a perpetual dictator. This, too, is the practical meaning of the theory of divine right. It means that you must cling to legitimism at all costs, because English experience has shown that there is no alternative but the rule of force, that is, the military dictator.

My space is exhausted before I have been able to do more than barely state my case. But I shall be content if I have made it conceivable how the serious study of history may modify those party preconceptions in which most of us have been bred—if I have only made out a *primâ facie* case for the opinion, which I cannot pretend here to establish, that the politics of this age are divided by a much greater gulf than is imagined from those of the old *régime* of Europe. Our modern politics took their rise in the French Revolution. It is easy, no doubt, to trace analogies between modern political controversies and the controversies of that old *régime*. But when we infer from such analogies that the change has only been apparent, and

that the party-war is substantially the same that it always was, then, I say, we are radically mistaken. No, the resemblances are superficial, the differences are substantial. And still more is this remark applicable to older and remoter party controversies. It is an unhistorical confusion, a false and shallow theory of history, concealing the true course of development, which imagines mankind as eternally debating the same question. And if this is so, you will see the consequence which follows from it. You will see that this truth throws open history to schools and universities, takes the interdict off it, and restores to it the place in education and culture to which it has a right. From the higher schools of education—where assuredly the hindrance is already little felt, for there the serious student soon sees these redoubtable party-disputes fade away and almost lose their meaning—a new tolerance, the result of wider views, may spread slowly downwards into popular education, until at last it may become possible for English people to draw some useful instruction from the history of their country.

J. R. SEELEY, in *Macmillan's Magazine*.

IN NORWAY.

THE weather changed to a cloudless sunshine which hatched all the mosquitoes, as we entered Norway in the second week in July, and the heat was so intense that, in the long railway journey from Stockholm, we were very thankful for the little tank of iced water with which each railway carriage is provided. We were disappointed in Kristiania, which is a very dull place. The town was built by Christian IV. of Denmark, and has a good central church of his time, but it is utterly unpicturesque. In the picture gallery are several noble works of Tidemann, the special painter of expression and pathos. As a companion for life is the memory of a picture which represents the administration of the last sacrament to an old peasant, whose wife's grief is turned to resignation, which ceases even to have a wish for his retention, as she beholds the heaven-born comfort with which he is looking into an unknown future. Another of the finest works of the artist represents the reception of the sacrament by a convict, young and deeply repentant, before his execution.

There is no striking scenery in the environs of Kristiania, but they are wonderfully pretty. From the avenues upon the ramparts you look down over the broad expanse of the fyord, with low blue mountain distances. Little steamers dart backwards and forwards, and

convey visitors in a few minutes across the bay to Oscars Halle, a tower and small country villa of the king, on a wooded knoll.

We went by the railway which winds high amongst the hills to Kongsberg, a mining village in a lofty situation. Here, in a garden of white roses, there is a most comfortable small hotel kept by a Dane, which is a capital starting-point for all expeditions in Telemarken. We engaged a carriage at Kongsberg for the excursion to Tinoset, whence we arranged to go on to the Ryukan Foss, said to be the highest waterfall in Europe. We do not advise future travellers without unlimited time to follow us in the latter part of the expedition by the lake, but the carriage excursion is quite enchanting. What an exquisite drive it is through the forest—the deep ever-varying woods of noble pines and firs springing from luxuriant thickets of junipers, bilberries, and cranberries! The loveliest mountain flowers grow in these woods—huge larkspurs of rank luxuriant foliage and flowers of faint dead blue; pinks and blue lungworts and orchids; stagmoss wreathing itself round the grey rocks, and delicate, lovely soldanella drooping in the still recesses.

Our mid-day halt was at Bolkesjö, where the forest opens to green lawns, hill-set, with a charming view down the smooth declivities to a many-bayed lake, with mountain distances. Here, amid a group of old brown farm-buildings, covered with rude paintings and sculpture, is a farm-house, inhabited by the same family through many generations. It is one of the “stations” where it is part of the duty of the farmer or “bonder” who is owner of the soil to find horses for the use of travellers. These horses are supplied at a very trifling charge, and are brought back by a boy who sits behind the carriage or carriage, upon the portmanteau; but as the horses, when not called for, are turned loose or used by the bonder in his own farm or field work, travellers generally have to wait a long time while they are caught or sent for. They order their horses “*strax*”—directly—one of the first words an Englishman learns to use on entering Norway, yet they scarcely ever appear before half an hour, so that Norwegians repeat with amusement the story of an Englishman who, when he wished to spend an hour at a station, ordered his horses “after two strax’s.” These halts are not always congenial to English impatience, yet they give opportunities of becoming acquainted with Norwegian life and people which can be obtained in no other way, and recollection will oftener go back to the quiet time spent in waiting for horses amid the grey rocks above some foaming streamlet, in the green oases surrounded by forest, or in clean-boarded rooms strewn with fresh fir foliage, than to the more established sights of Norway. Most delicious indeed were the two hours which we passed at Bolkesjö, in the high pastures where the peasants were mowing the tall grass ablaze with flowers, and the mountains were throwing long purple shadows over the forest, and the wind blowing freshly from the gleaming lake—and then, most delicious was the well-earned

meal of eggs and bacon, strawberries and cream, and other homely dainties in the farm-house, where the beams and furniture were all painted and carved with mottoes and texts, and the primitive box beds had crimson satin quilts. Portraits sent by well-pleased royal visitors hung on the walls, side by side with common-coloured Scripture prints, like those which are found in English cottages. The cellar is under a bed, beneath which it was funny to see the old farm-eress disappear as she went down to fetch up for us her home-brewed ale.

But what roads, or rather what want of roads, lead to Tinoset!—there were banks of glassy rock, up which our horses scrambled like cats; there were awful moments when everything seemed to come to an end, and when they gathered up their legs, and seemed to fling themselves down headlong with the carriage on the top of them, and yet we reached the bottom of the abyss buried in dust, to rise gasping and gulping and wondering we were alive, to begin the same pantomime over again.

Late in the evening, long after the sunlight had faded, and when the forests seemed to have gone to sleep and all sounds were silent, we reached Tinoset. The inn is a wooden *châlet* on the banks of a lake, with a single great pine-tree close to the door. It was terribly crowded, and the little wooden cells were the smallest apology for bedrooms, where all through the night we heard the winds howling amongst the mountains, and the waves lashing the shore under the windows. In the morning the lake was covered with huge blue waves crested with foam, and we were almost sorry when the steamer came and we felt obliged to embark, because, as it was not the regular day for its passage, we had summoned it at some expense from the other end of the lake. We were thoroughly wet with the spray before we reached the little inn at Strand, with a pier where we disembarked, and occupied the rest of the afternoon in drawing the purple hills and the road winding towards them through the old birch-trees. An excursion to the Ryukan Foss occupied the next day; a dull drive through the plain, and then an exciting skirting of horrible precipices, followed by a clamber up a mountain pathlet to a *châlet*, where we were thankful for our well-earned dinner of trout and ale before proceeding to the Foss, the 560 feet high fall of a mountain torrent into a black rift in the hills—a boiling, roaring abyss of water, with drifts of spray which are visible for miles before it can be seen itself.

In returning from Tinoset we took the way by Hitterdal, the date-forgotten old wooden church so familiar from picture-books. It had been our principal object in coming to Norway, yet the long drive had made us so ravenous in search of food, that we could only endure to stay there half an hour. The church, however, is most intensely picturesque, rising with an infinity of quaintest domes and spires, all built of timber, out of a rude cloister painted red, the whole hav-

ing the appearance of a very tall Chinese pagoda, yet only measuring altogether 84 feet by 57. The belfry, Norwegian-wise, stands alone on the other side of the churchyard, which is overgrown with pink willow-herb. When we reached the inn, as famished as wolves in winter, we were told by our landlady that she could not give us any dinner. "Nei, nei," nothing would induce her—she had too much work on her hands already—perhaps, however, the woman at the house with the flag would give us some. So, hungry and faint, we walked forth again to a house which had a flag flying in front of it, where all was silent and deserted, except for a dog, who received us furiously. Having pacified him, and finding the front door locked, we made good our entrance at the back, examined the kitchen, peeped into all the cupboards, lifted up the lids of all the saucepans, and not till we had searched every corner for food ineffectually, were met by the pretty, pleasant-looking young lady of the house, who informed us in excellent English, and with no small surprise at our conduct, that we had been committing a raid upon her private residence. Afterwards we discovered a lonely farm-house, where there had once been a flag, and where they gave us a very good dinner, ending in a great bowl of cloudberry, in which we were joined by two pleasant young ladies and their father, an old gentleman smoking an enormously long pipe, who turned out to be the Bishop of Christiansand. The house of the landmann of Hitterdal contains a relic connected with a picturesque story quaintly illustrative of ancient Scandinavian life. It is an axe, with a handle projecting beyond the blade, and curved, so that it can be used as a walking-stick. Formerly it belonged to an ancient descendant of the Kongen, or chieftains of the district, who insisted upon carrying it to church with him, in accordance with an old privilege. The priest forbade the bearing of the warlike weapon into church, which so much affected the old man that he died. His son, who thought it necessary to avenge his father's death, went to the priest with the axe in his hands, and demanded the most precious thing he possessed, when the priest brought his Bible and gave it to him, open upon a passage exhorting to forgiveness of injuries.

On July 25 we left Kristiania for Throndtjem—the whole journey of three hundred and sixty miles being very comfortable, and only costing thirty francs. The route has no great beauty, but endless pleasant variety—rail to Eidsvold, with bilberries and strawberries in pretty birch-bark baskets for sale at all the railway stations; a vibrating steamer for several hours on the long, dull Miosen lake; railway again, with some of the carriages open at the sides; then an obligatory night at Koppang, a large station, where accommodation is provided for every one, but where, if there are many passengers, several people, strangers to each other, are expected to share the same room. On the second day the scenery improves, the railway sometimes running along and sometimes over the river

Glommen, on a wooden causeway, till the gorge of mountains opens beyond Stören, into a rich country with turfy mounds, constantly reminding us of the graves of the hero-gods of Upsala. Towards sunset, beyond the deep cleft in which the river Nid runs between lines of old painted wooden warehouses, rises the burial-place of St Olaf, the shrine of Scandinavian Christianity, the stumpy-towered cathedral of Throndtjem. The most northern railway station and the most northern cathedral in Europe !

Surely the cradle of Scandinavian Christianity is one of the most beautiful places in the world. No one had ever told us about it, and we went there only because it is the old Throndtjem of sages and ballads, and expecting a wonderful and beautiful cathedral. But the whole place is a dream of loveliness, so exquisite in the soft silvery morning light on the fyord and delicate mountain ranges, the rich nearer hills covered with bilberries and breaking into steep cliffs—that one remains in a state of transport, which is at a climax while all is engraven upon an opal sunset sky, when an amethystine glow spreads over the mountains, and when ships and buildings meet their double in the still, transparent water. Each wide street of curious low wooden houses displays a new vista of sea, of rocky promontories, of woods dipping into the water ; and at the end of the principal street is the grey massive cathedral where St. Olaf is buried, and where northern art and poetry have exhausted their loveliest and most pathetic fancies around the grave of the national hero.

The “Cathedral Garden,” for so the grave-yard is called, is most touching. Acres upon acres of graves are all kept—not by officials, but by the families they belong to—like gardens. The tombs are embowered in roses and honeysuckle, and each little green mound has its own vase for cut flowers daily replenished, and a seat for the survivors, which is daily occupied, so that the link between the dead and the living is never broken.

Christianity was first established in Norway at the end of the tenth century by King Olaf Trygvesson, son of Trygve and of the lady Astrida, whose romantic adventures, when sold as a slave after her husband's death, are the subject of a thousand stories. When Olaf succeeded to the throne of Norway after the death of Hako, son of Sigurd, in 996, he proclaimed Christianity throughout his dominions, heard matins daily himself, and sent out missionaries through his dominions. But the duty of the so-called missionaries had little to do with teaching, they were only required to baptize. All who refused baptism were tortured and put to death. When, at one time, the estates of the province of Throndtjem tried to force Olaf back to the old religion, he outwardly assented, but made the condition that the offended pagan deities should in that case be appeased by human sacrifice—the sacrifice of the twelve nobles who were most urgent in compelling him ; and upon this the ardour of the chieftains for paganism was cooled, and they allowed Olaf unhindered to demolish the great

statue of Thor, covered with gold and jewels, in the centre of the province of Throndtjem, where he founded the city then called Nidaros, upon the river Nid.

No end of stories are narrated of the cruelties of Olaf Trygveson. When Egwind, a northern chieftain, refused to abandon his idols, he first attempted to bribe him, but when gentler means failed a chafing dish of hot coals was placed upon his belly till he died. Raude the magician had a more horrible fate : an adder was forced down a horn into his stomach, and left to eat its way out again !

The first Christian king of Norway was an habitual drunkard, and, by twofold adultery, he, the husband of Godruna, married Thyra of Denmark, the wife of Duke Borislaf of Pomerania. This led to a war with Denmark and Sweden, whose united fleets surrounded him near Stralsund. As his royal vessel, the *Long Serpent*, was boarded by the enemy, he plunged into the sea and was no more seen, though some chroniclers say that he swam to the shore in safety and died afterwards at Rome, whither he went on pilgrimage.

Olaf Trygveson had a godson Olaf, son of Harald Grenske and Asta, who had the nominal title of king given to all sea captains of royal descent. From his twelfth year, Olaf Haraldsen was a pirate, and he headed the band of Danes who destroyed Canterbury and murdered St. Elphege—a strange feature in the life of one who has been himself regarded as a saint since his death. By one of the strange freaks of fortune common in those times, this Olaf Haraldsen gained a great victory over the chieftain Sweyn, who then ruled at Nidaros, and, chiefly through the influence of Sigurd Syr, a great northern landowner, who had become the second husband of his mother, he became seated in 1016 upon the throne of Norway. His first care was for the restoration of Christianity, which had fallen into decadence in the sixteen years which had elapsed since the defeat of Olaf Trygveson. The second Olaf imitated the violence and cruelty of his predecessor. Whenever the new religion was rejected, he beheaded or hung the delinquents. In his most merciful moments he mutilated and blinded them : “ he did not spare one who refused to serve God.” After fourteen years of unparalleled cruelties in the name of religion, he fell in battle with Canute the Great at Sticklestadt. He had abducted and married Astrida, daughter of the King of Sweden, but by her he had no children. By his concubine Alfhilda he left an only-son, who lived to become Magnus the Good, King of Norway. However terrible the cruelties of Olaf Haraldsen were in his lifetime, they were soon dazzled out of sight amid the halo of miracles with which his memory was encircled by the Roman Catholic Church. It was only recollected that when, according to the legend, he raced for the kingdom with his half-brother Harald, in his good ship the *Ox*,

“ Saint Olaf, who on God relied,
Three days the first his house desried ;”

after which—

“Harald so fierce with anger burned
He to a lothely dragon turned ;”

but because—

“A pious zeal Saint Olaf bore,
He long the crown of Norway wore.”

His admirers narrated that when he was one day absently cutting chips from a stick with his knife on a Sunday, a servant passed him with the reproof, “Sir, it is Monday to-morrow,” when he placed the sinful chips in his hand, and, setting them on fire, bore the pain till they were all consumed. It was remembered that as he walked to the church which Olaf Trygveson had founded at Nidaros, he “wore a glory in his yellow hair.” And gradually he became the most popular saint of Scandinavia. His shirt was an object of pilgrimage in the Church of St. Victor at Paris, and many churches were dedicated to him in England, and especially in London, where Tooley Street still records his familiar appellation of St. Tooley.

Around the shrine of Olaf in Throndtjem, in which his “incorrupt body” was seen more than five hundred years after his death, has arisen the most beautiful of northern cathedrals, originating in a small chapel built over his grave within ten years after his death. The exquisite colour of its green-grey stone adds greatly to the general effect of the interior, and to the exquisite sculpture of its interlacing arches. From the ambulatory behind the choir opens a tiny chamber containing the Well of St. Olaf, of rugged yellow stone, with the holes remaining in the pavement through which the dripping water ran away when the buckets were set down. Amongst the many famous bishops of Throndtjem, perhaps the most celebrated has been Anders Arrebo, “the father of Danish poetry” (1587–1637), who wrote the “Hexameron,” an extraordinarily long poem on the Creation, which nobody reads now. The cathedral is given up to Lutheran worship, but its ancient relics are kindly tended and cared for. Its beautiful Chapter House is lent for English service on Sundays.

In the wide street which leads from the sea to the cathedral, is the “Coronation House,” the wooden palace in which the kings and queens of Sweden and Norway stay when they come hither to be crowned. Hither the present beloved queen, Sophie of Nassau, came in 1873, driving herself in her own carriage from the Romsdal, in graceful compliance with the popular mode of Norwegian travel. It is because even the finest buildings in Norway are generally built of wood, that there are so few of any real antiquity. Near the shore of the fyord, the custom house occupies the site of the Orething, where the elections of twenty kings have taken place. It is sacred ground to a King of Norway, who passes it bareheaded. The familiar affection with which the Norwegians regard their sovereigns can scarcely be comprehended in any other country. To their people they are “the father and mother of the land.” The broken Norse is remembered at

Throndtjem in which King Carl Johann begged people "to make room for their old father" when they pressed too closely upon him.

In returning from Throndtjem we left the railway at Stören, where we engaged a double carriole, and a carriage for four with a pleasant boy called Johann as its driver, for the return journey. It was difficult to obtain definite information about anything, English handbooks being almost useless from their incorrectness, and we set off with a sort of sense of exploring an unknown country. At every "station" we changed horses, which were sent back by the boy, who perched upon the luggage behind, and we marked our distances by calling our horses after the Kings of England. Thus, setting off from Stören with William the Conqueror, we drove into the Romsdal with Edward VI. After a drive with Lady Jane Grey, we set off again with Mary. But the Kings of England failed us long before our driving days were over, and we used up all the Kings of Rome also. As we were coming down a steep hill into Lillehammer with Tarquinius Superbus, something gave way and he quietly walked out of the harness, leaving us to run briskly down-hill and subside into the hedge. We captured Tarquinius, but how to put him in again was a mystery, as we had never harnessed a horse before. However, by trying every strap in turn, we got him in somehow, and escaped the fate of Red Riding Hood amid the lonely hills.

For a great distance after leaving Stören, there is little especially striking in the scenery, except one gorge of old weird pine-trees in a rift of purple mountains. After you emerge upon the high Dovre-Fyeld, the huge ranges of Sneehatten rise snowy, gleaming, and glorious, above the wide yellow-grey expanse, hoary with reindeer-moss, though, as the Dovre-Fyeld is itself three thousand feet high, and Sneehatten only seven thousand three hundred, it does not look so high as it really is. Next to Throndtjem itself, the old ballads and songs of Norway-gather most thickly around the Dovre-Fyeld. It is here that the witches are supposed to hold their secret meetings at their Blokulla, or black hill. Across these yellow hills of the Jerkin-fyeld, the prose Edda describes Thor striding to his conflict with the dragon Jormangandur "by Sneehatten's peak of snow," where "the tall pines cracked like a field of stubble under his feet;" and here, according to the ancient fragment called the ballad of "The Twelve Wizards," as given in Prior's "Ancient Danish Ballads,"

"At Dovrefeld, over on Norway's reef,
Were heroes who never knew pain or grief.

There dwelt there many a warrior keen,
The twelve bold brothers of Ingeborg queen.

The first with his hand the storm could hush;
The second could stop the torrent's rush.

The third could dive in the sea as a fish;
The fourth never wanted meat on dish.

The fifth he would strike the golden lyre,
And young and old to the dancing fire.

The sixth on the horn would blow a blast,
Who heard it would shudder and stand aghast.

The seventh go under the earth could he ;
The eighth he could dance on the rolling sea.

The ninth tamed all that in greenwood crept ;
The tenth not a nap had ever slept.

The eleventh the grisly lindworm bound,
And will what he would, the means he found.

The twelfth he could all things understand,
Though done in a nook of the farthest land.

Their equals were never seen there in the North,
Nor anywhere else on the face of the earth.

In spite of great fatigue from the distances to be accomplished, each day's journey in carriage or carriage has its peculiar charms, the going on and on into an unknown land, meeting no one, sleeping in odd, primitive, but always clean rooms, setting off again at half-past five or six, and halting at comfortable stations, with their ever-moderate prices and their cheery farm-servants, who kissed our hands all round on receiving the very smallest gratuity—a coin meaning twopence halfpenny being a source of ecstatic bliss.

The "bonders," who keep the stations, generally themselves represent the gentry of the country, the real gentry filling the position of the English aristocracy. The bonders are generally very well off, having small tithes, good houses, boundless fuel, a great variety of food, and continual change of labour on their own small properties. Their wives, who never walk, have a sledge for winter, and a carriage and horse to take them to church in summer. In the many months of snow, when out-of-door occupations fail, they occupy the time with household pursuits—carpentering, tailoring, or brewing. When a bonder dies, his wife succeeds to his property until her second marriage, then it is divided amongst his children.

The "stations" or farm-houses are almost entirely built of wood, but those of a superior class have a single room of stone, used only in bridals or births, a custom handed down from old times, when a place of special safety was required at those seasons.

Nine-tenths of the country are covered with pine-forests, but the trees are always cut down before they grow old. We did not see a single really old tree in Norway. The pines are of two kinds only—the *Furu*, our pine, *Pinus silvestris* ; and the *Gran*, our fir, *Pinus abies*.

Wolves seldom appear except in winter, when those who travel in sledges are often pursued by them. Then hunger makes them so bold, that they will often snatch a dog from between the knees of a driver.

From the station of Dombaas (where there is a telegraph station and a shop of old silver), we turned aside down the Romsdal, which soon became beautiful, as the road wound above a chrysoprase river, broken by many rocky islets and swirling into many waterfalls, but always equally radiant, equally transparent, till its colour is washed out by the melting snow in a ghastly narrow valley, which we called the Valley of Death.

The little inn at Aak, in Rosmdal, with a large garden stretching along the hillside, disappointed us at first, as the clouds hid the mountain tops, but morning revealed how perfectly glorious they are—purple pinnacles of rock or pathless fields of snow embossed upon a sky which is delicately blue above, but melts into the clearest opal. Grander, we thought, than any single peak in Switzerland is the tremendous peak of the Ramsdalthorn, and the walks in all directions are most exquisite—into deep glades filled with columbines and the giant larkspurs, which are such a feature of Norway: into tremendous mountain gorges: or to Waeblungsnaes, along the banks of the lovely fyord, with its marvellously quaint forms of mountain distance. Aak is a place where a month may be spent most delightfully, as well as most comfortably and economically.

We had heard a great deal before we went to Norway about the difficulty of getting proper food, but our own experience is that we were never fed more luxuriously. Perhaps very late in the season the provisions at the country “stations” may be somewhat used up, but when we were there in July, only those who could not live without a great deal of meat could have any cause for complaint, and once a week we generally had reindeer for a treat. When we arrived in the evenings we always found an excellent meal prepared—the most delicious coffee, tea, and cream; baskets of bread, rusks, cakes and biscuits of various descriptions; fresh salmon and trout; cloudberries, bilberries, raspberries, mountain strawberries and cream; and for all this about a franc and a half is the payment required.

My companions lingered at Kristiania whilst I paid a visit, which is one of the most delightful recollections of my tour, to a native family near Moss, at the mouth of the fyord; then we came back to Denmark, travelling in the same train with the beloved Prince Imperial, who was in the height of health and happiness, and received at every station with the enthusiastic “Hochs!” which in Scandinavia supply the place of the English hurrah.

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE, *in Good Words.*

DOWN AMONG THE DUTCHMEN.

FEW peoples have ever exhibited in their national character such direct results from their local habitation as the Dutch. Settled on sandy islets in the North Sea, exposed to great dangers with the rise of every tide and the raging of every tempest, they developed, already in the earliest times, habits of industry foreign to the more favoured inhabitants of sunnier climates. Their very existence depended, and does still depend, upon artificial bulwarks erected against the encroachments of the sea. They had to contend with the elements, and to protect themselves, during many centuries against their more powerful neighbours. Thus industry and valour became the natural instinct of the Dutch, and from the practice of these qualities flowed wealth and honour to such an extent as to make that nation at one time the arbiter of peace or war in Europe. We can safely refer those who wish to know more about this to the bulky though seductive history of that competent historian, Mr. Motley.

During the past two centuries the progress made by the Dutch has been very remarkable, and this, as a rule, has not been recognised by the English. It was the fashion to laugh at the old-world habits that lingered, until recently, amongst them. Much of this feeling was caused, no doubt, by former maritime rivalry, a feeling which was fostered by poets and statesmen. Even that quaint and homely Puritan, Andrew Marvell, did not disdain to dip his pen into gall and to speak of Holland as a country that "scarce deserves the name of land, as but th' off-scouring of the British sand." Can this be the reason that at the present time only a comparatively small number of Englishmen visit Holland, or, at least, remain there no longer than a few days to recruit their strength and to fill their pocket-flasks before entering Germany?

However, I resolved to visit the country of my ancestors, if ever I had any; and started in the middle of August from Queenborough to Flushing. In former times, when you wished to go to Holland, you had first to drive to St. Katharine's Wharf, try to satisfy a cabman, who never would be satisfied, by giving him double his fare, then fee a porter to carry your luggage on board, make your way amongst a crowd of very queer, heavy-looking, beetle browed, dark-bearded men, arrayed in the most careless manner possible, and finally have a last tussel with the steward for a berth. But now all this is changed, and the present age may well boast of having made knowledge and travelling easy. If you wish to go to Holland you have only to drive to any station of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, take your ticket, and in less than two hours you will find yourself at Queenborough, and will be quietly put on board one of the largest steamers which cross the Northern Ocean, and that without any fuss or confusion. Your passage may be more or less stormy,

your feelings more or less disturbed ; but it is wise in travelling to make the best of everything. At last we catch a glimpse of the Dutch coast, so the captain says, but no coast is to be seen. Sea and land seem to be all one, and the low sedgy banks hardly pop out of the water, whilst the sea walls of Flushing are barely visible, and appear to be on a level with the red tiled roofs of the houses, broken here and there by a church steeple. I saw several of the natives on landing, the women with prodigiously long golden pendants which hang from a pin fixed in a cap above the eyebrows, and descend on the neck, whilst on the forehead is an ornament of diamonds, called a needle, the men with their dress and figures something like modern stage Dutchmen in England, very primitive and very quaint. The railway rests on embankments raised round many islands to keep out the sea, and those on the south west coast of Walcheren are the most massive in Holland. I just caught a glimpse of the statue of the great Admiral de Ruyter, who was born here, it seemed to me to render pretty fairly the idea of a very broad built Dutchman, who was trusted by his tailor with any amount of nether garments.

I caught from the train a quick view of the Town Hall of Middelburg, built by Charles the Bold, whirled down Breda, where Charles II. resided when in exile, and which appears not to have grown more lively since then ; had to wait more than an hour at the station of Boxtel, where the lunch, though wretched, was charged for exorbitantly ; and arrived at last at the great railway junction of the Netherlands, Utrecht, where I had again to remain for more than an hour before my train started for Arnhem, the capital of Gelderland, and the place of my destination. I took a rapid walk through Utrecht, and was chiefly struck by the great number of churches, which brought to my mind Marvell's lines.

“How could the Dutch but be converted, when
Th' Apostles were so many fishermen?”

The continuous number of glasses of Schiedam and bitters quaffed in the refreshment room of the station by the patiently waiting and thirsty Netherlanders reminded me that Dutchmen are rather fond of taking a drain ; that they had drained the inland lake of Haarlem, which covered an area of 60,000 acres, and were even going to drain the rolling Zuiderzee. The reason travellers have to wait so long at some Dutch stations is because the railways in Netherland belong to different companies, which are all antagonistic to one another, and endeavour to produce as much discomfort to the travellers as possible. In my Dutch *Bradshaw* or *Officieele Reisgids*, as they call it, I found also the hours of departure and arrival of all the trains most accurately given, but the prices of the different journeys and classes most carefully omitted.

I prefer to describe the higher lying parts of Holland, because they are seldom visited by strangers, are very picturesque, and, above all,

because I have a friend who lives in the neighbourhood of Arnhem, at whose house I had promised to stay. His residence is very much like an English country seat in a wooded county. It is surrounded by many magnificent specimens of splendid beech trees with their luxurious dark brown foliage, by linden trees, the bright green leaves of which contrast with the darker shades of the others, and by oaks of which no finer and stouter examples are to be found even in old England. The view over the Rhine from the drawing room windows of my friend's residence is simply grand. A foreground of pollard willows sets off to great advantage the broad, calm, and limpid river, with its ripples and currents, flowing between pasture-lands, stretching as far as the eye can see, and intersected only by clumps of trees and the long arms of a few windmills, moving about frantically like the limbs of a country actor rehearsing a very tragic part. Ships of every form and size glide along, vessels homeward-bound from foreign seas, steamers laden with holiday makers going to Germany, and gaily painted barges for inland traffic. Anglers are here, throwing their lines with a patience worthy of all admiration, and staring anxiously at the bobbing floats, which even at this distance appear like so many life buoys. The whole view is inexpressibly peaceful. The low lying meadows bathed with sunlight; a few thatched roofs in which dyke menders and herdsmen live with their families; cattle grazing in the fields, trees of fantastic size and shape—these are the characteristics of a landscape in which everything seems to be still and motionless. Only occasionally life is imparted to the view as a stork rises out of the meadow and flies to some distant farm-chimney or village fane where it has its nest.

There happened to be this year an exhibition of national industry in Arnhem, and thousands of visitors from all parts of the country hastened thither. I drove there often with my friend, along a road lined on both sides with very well built country seats and villas, surrounded by lofty trees and fine parks and decorated in front with large numbers of those flowers for which the Dutch have been celebrated during several centuries. And here let me say, once for all, that for natural beauty and wooded scenery, interspersed with small streams, the environs of the capital of Gelderland are unsurpassed, and are not at all what one imagines a view in Holland to be, but rather remind one of some of the finest landscapes in Germany, or of some of the best views in Kent or on the Wye.

The exhibition in Arnhem resembles nearly all similar exhibitions, though this one is on a much smaller scale than those formerly held in the large capitals of Europe. In the gardens are the usual kiosks, gaudily decorated, where one can buy everything, from very bad and damp cigars to very stale and uninviting looking buns. In the different rooms of the exhibition are the steam engines hard at work, with their deafening noises; the usual pyramids of steel-pens, of match-boxes, of cakes, and of bobbins are also to be found there,

though I observed one pyramid of bog-turf, the ordinary fuel of the country, which I never saw before in any other show of nations. The Dutch distillers have also a most tantalising display of their various national liquors; and red and white curaçoa, double-distilled anisette, gold and silver waters, in which small leaves of metal float, and every kind of fluid which tempts thirsty souls, is shown here in bottles of all forms and sizes, and piled up in tremendous quantities. What most struck me was the variety of head-gear of the peasant women I saw in this exhibition. Some wore a kind of cap, much resembling flattened pancakes, surrounded by a frill of lace; others had large gold and silver plates on both sides of the head; not a few showed curiously twisted ornaments sticking out from under their lace caps like metal antennæ or diminutive corkscrews. Well-to-do farmers' wives, from North Brabant, wore high-peaked embroidered caps, with large flaps falling on the shoulders, whilst market women from the neighbourhood of Rotterdam wandered about with a silver or golden band on their heads, called an "overyser," which is not seldom a family inheritance, descending from mother to daughter through several generations, and worth many pounds sterling.

There was another curiosity in the Arnhem Exhibition. His Royal Highness Ario Mangkoe Negoro, Prince of Solo, one of the semi-independent inland states of Java, had sent over his own orchestra, or *gamelang*, composed of fifteen performers and two dancing girls, or *ronkings*, to play some Javanese music and to execute some Javanese gyrations during the exhibition. The musicians wore white waistcoats, blue jackets with little brass buttons, and a silk petticoat in the place of trousers; their long hair was bound up in a knot with a bandana, and on the top of it was a small wideawake. The instruments were a kind of violoncello, called *rebab*, always played by the leader; a *bonang*, or wooden frame with strings, on which were placed fourteen hollow metal basins, with their concave sides downwards, and which were played with drumsticks; a similar metal basin, but much larger, called a *kenong*: two goodly-sized *gongs*; a very complicated instrument, made of hollow bamboos and hanging metal plates, named a *gendes*; a sort of harmonium, the *gambang kajoe*, made of straw, linen, and small pieces of wood, played on with little hammers; a similar instrument, the *gambang kansa*, but with small pieces of metal; a kind of harp lying down flat, called a *tjalempoeng*, and several other sorts of queer-looking metal instruments, as well as a drum played with the palms of the hands, a bamboo flute, and a diminutive kind of flageolet. The musicians sat cross-legged, and remained so during the whole of the performance.

The music begins; it sounds not unmelodious, but rather sad. All at once the measure becomes quicker and more shrill, the drum and the gongs are beaten louder, and the two Javanese dancing girls, Warsi and Réki, appear. They are both good-looking, of a *café au lait* colour, and with strange almond-shaped eyes, which dart at you glances

like those of a startled fawn. The eldest girl is eighteen, whilst the youngest is but fifteen years old. Their dress consists of a variegated bright silken petticoat called *sarong*, and of a small many-coloured bodice. Their feet and arms are bare, the shoulders and neck are hardly covered by a long thin shall, or *slendang*, with which they perform different figures whilst dancing, and which they hold then in their hands. On the head they wear a kind of brass ornament, something like a diadem in front, and like the hemlet of a Roman warrior from behind and at the sides, which is, moreover, ornamented by small tufts of silk of different colours. They begin their dance, or *tandak*, singing all the time in a melancholy tone of voice, and with a monotony which may be soothing, but which lacks variety. They wriggle and turn and twist their bodies in different attitudes, generally moving also their hands, arms, and legs, and turning their heads, sometimes behind their *slendang* and sometimes another way. The music continues all the while, whilst their unceasing crooning changes but seldom to a crescendo. My friend, who lived a long time in Java, assures me that the words of their songs are very free and easy, and that it is fortunate for the Dutch ladies that they do not understand them. The whole *gamelang* seemed to me out of place in Holland, but I can very well imagine the charm it may possess when it is heard in Java in the evening, and a fresh breeze cools the air, whilst the musicians play their soothing tunes under a verandah, and here and there lamps glimmer in the inner rooms and throw their faint light. Then the movements of these dancing girls assume, perhaps, fantastic shapes, and make the beholder think of the weird stories he has heard in his youth of Eastern enchantresses and incantations.

Arnhem is the habitual residence of old Indian officials, who come to spend there their well-earned pensions, or the money gained by vigorously shaking the old Dutch banyan tree. There dwell also many members of the ancient nobility, the representatives of those sturdy statesmen who resisted all compulsion and oppression, so that the town is crowded with a large number of houses which seem to be painted every month, to be washed every day, or to be put in a band-box each Sunday, and dusted and cleaned every Monday. The environs of the town are charming; the boulevards or *singels* are planted with lofty trees, and are bathed by the Rhine, which laves here and there small islets covered with weeping willows. To sit in front of the pleasure garden of *Musis Sacrum*, and to cast a glance on the view before you whilst eating a tender beefsteak and enjoying a good bottle of wine, is a thing to be treasured up in the storehouse of one's memory and to be remembered for ever. And, by the bye, let me say here that the beefsteaks in Holland are superlatively good and juicy, and are, beyond comparison, much better than the American Porter House steak or the greasy Parisian Châteaubriand. They must have improved wonderfully since that well-known journalist G. A. Sala accused them about twenty-five years ago "of being intolerably tough."

I was also persuaded to go and see one of the largest establishments of pisciculture in the world, situated about half an hour's drive from Arnhem, in the village of Velp. We drove along a road lined with beeches, lindens, and oak-trees, from behind which peeped out many delightful villas, any one of which might have satisfied the ambition of a literary man for a summer residence. We passed the ancient castle of Bilioen, with large turrets at each corner, and lying in the midst of an enormous moat full of water. It is said to have been built some seven or eight centuries ago by an ancient Duke of Gueldres, and is even now only to be approached by an odd-looking bridge. When we arrived at the fish-growing establishment the manager showed us most courteously the forty large stone troughs, filled with running water, and sloping down gradually, all standing in an enormous room, and all filled with small salmon, varying in size from one to five inches. Outside this room are several large ponds crowded with bigger salmon and trout, which dance about and jump ever so many feet out of the water, as if to show by their piscatory and saltatory movements that they are glad to see visitors from foreign countries. It was a most interesting sight to behold the silvery scales of these fishes glitter in the rays of the sun. We were told that more than fifty thousand small salmon, of one year old, are annually sent to try their fortunes in the Rhine and the Yssel, and to gain their own livelihood afterwards in the North Sea. This establishment seems to be well-known, for whilst I was there I saw and conversed with several French and German naturalists, who were all loud in their praises, but looked rather disgusted when I foolishly told them that my only knowledge of salmon and trout was derived through the stomach.

I can safely recommend the town of Arnhem and its neighbourhood to those Englishmen who wish to visit an interesting and picturesque country within a convenient distance of Great Britain. The hotels are, in general, good, clean, and comfortable, though far from cheap, and the scenery is charming and soothing in its Dutch quietness. Let, however, those who follow my advice remember that the sturdy Dutchmen are no respecters of titles and dignities; that they are less pliable in the backbone than the well-drilled Germans, and do not address every enriched pawnbroker as "your Excellency," or each well-to-do gorgeously apparelled furniture dealer making his tour on the continent as "Viscount Bedpost."

HENRI VAN LAUN, *in Time.*

OUR NAMELESS BENEFACTORS.

EVERY one who has passed by water along the Thames from London Bridge seawards, must have seen, though he may not have noticed, a very unattractive bank, about nine or ten feet in height and thirty in width, which edges the river on either side, and extends some distance below Gravesend.

It is as uninteresting an object as can well be conceived, covered with black, foetid mud, and unclean refuse at low water, and presenting at high water nothing but a low, undulating line, stretching as far as the eye can reach. It has no architecture, as we understand the word; it bears no houses, no trees, and, in the distance, merges imperceptibly into the river and the marsh.

Yet this bank, insignificant and almost repulsive as it looks, is not least of the wonders of our land, and in some respects the Pyramids themselves pale before it. Put all the Pyramids together, and they could scarcely supply material for this vast embankment. Moreover, the Pyramids were constructed as memorials of the past, the river banks as treasuries of the future.

Nor are they without their mystery, and a deeper mystery than that which enshrouds the Pyramids. We do know who built the Pyramids, and the approximate date of their erection. But we do not know who built the river banks, when they were begun, or when they were finished. All our knowledge is negative. We know, from certain antiquated relics, that the bank could not have existed at the place when they were thrown ashore, but we cannot say whether or not the bank was in progress, or whether there may have been breaches made intentionally in it.

Firstly, we ask ourselves the question, "Who built it?" It has been said to have been the work of the Romans, but dates are clearly against that statement, as in that case Erith would have had no existence, and it must have been subsequent to the times of the Romans.

Some think that the architects, if not the actual workers, were the monks of the various monasteries and abbeys which were once planted thickly along the river.

For my own part, I think that either the Romans or the monks are the only people who could have planned and executed so gigantic a work, and believe that the latter ought to have the credit of it. As to the object of the bank, there is no doubt about it.

In the times of savage Britain the Thames hardly deserved the name of a river. It was a mere tidal swamp, bounded on either side by ranges of hills to which the waves reached at high water, and shrinking at low water into a tortuous muddy ditch, with no particular banks, and having on either side an expanse of pestilential mud.

This vast area of land was not only useless, but absolutely harmful. No one could build a dwelling on it, and those who were obliged to

live near it must have been miserable, ague-stricken shadows of humanity, if we may judge of the past by the present.

At some unknown epoch there arose some mighty genius who conceived the wonderful idea of shutting the water between massive banks, converting the Thames into an artificial river, and giving to agriculture the land which had for so many ages disseminated disease instead of producing grain. The man who conceived such a conquest must have been the Napoleon of the scriptural war, in which man is bound by his very manhood, not only to replenish the earth, but to subdue it.

He could not expect to see his work completed in his lifetime, for many generations must have passed before the last sods could have been laid. Moreover, it does not look like Roman work, neither were Roman remains discovered when the terrible breach in the bank was made in 1864 by the great explosion, which will presently be described.

But it does look like the work of the monks, who were just the people most capable of realising its value to their countrymen of future generations. Had it been of Roman origin, so grand a work could not have been omitted from their histories. Nor is it likely that no monument should have been raised to the inventor, or at least to the emperor in whose reign the work was either begun or completed. But history and archæology are alike silent, and we have scarcely any grounds even for conjecture.

Be this as it may, we do know that the Thames is studded on either side with the remains of monasteries and abbeys sufficient to produce the amount of hand labour required for such a gigantic task. Of nearly all of them enough is visible to give a clue as to their extent when in their perfection. Such, for example, was Lessness Abbey, so called from its position on the Lesser Ness, and which has given the name of Abbey Wood to the adjacent hamlet. So was the old abbey at Dartford. Both can be seen from the present line of railway, and even the brief glance which is to be gained from a carriage window shows that the walls were so well built that they are still used for the growth of wall-fruit.

Whether or not the river walls were raised by the hands of the monks themselves, it seems evident that the monks superintended them, and that they are entitled to the credit of their structure. It must also be remembered that although the monks were the principal inhabitants of the abbeys and monasteries, each of these institutions was strengthened by large numbers of the laity, some ranking as lay brethren, and being to the monks what the Levites of old were to the priests. Others were men of no education, but capable of work, who gave their services to the abbey or monastery whose protection they enjoyed. no slight privilege in those times, when there was but little real law, and might was practically the only right.

There is, therefore, nothing to stand in the way of the theory that

we owe the embankment, directly or indirectly, to the monks. That they were men of education and forethought, and that they worked not for themselves but for others, not for the present but for the future, is now acknowledged. And that they, supplying the brains, could find a sufficiency of hand labour, has already been shown.

The monks are dead, their monasteries have, for the most part, perished; but they have left behind them many works which they wrought for future generations, and among the most important of them we may claim the river wall, the very conception of which showed a boldness and grasp of thought that, considering the limited means at command, are not to be surpassed by the greatest engineering designs of the present day.

It was no ordinary mind that could view a vast swamp and conceive the idea of converting the pestilential morass into arable land, and at the same time rendering the then dangerous river safe for water traffic.

No matter who invented or built the wall. There it stands, and so rich is the soil which it has rescued from the water, that even at the present day scarcely any artificial manure is needed, and in most places none at all.

It has been said that he who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before is a greater man than he who wins a battle. What shall we say, then, of those men who turned a waste into fertile ground, and supplied grain for man and grass for beast in almost inexhaustible abundance?

There is one large field which for years has been sown alternately with potatoes, wheat, and lucerne, and the last-mentioned crop is so rich that the ground can scarcely be cleared, the lucerne absolutely beating the mowers in its abundant luxuriance, and producing something like three crops in one season. Perhaps this is owing to the countless thousands of dead fish, cats, and dogs, which have been deposited on the land for so many centuries, and which have been absorbed into the mother earth from whom we all came, and to whom, sooner or later, we all return.

How we return to our ancient mother signifies nothing. If we be buried, the earth (but not the worms) accepts the mortal bodies. If we be burned, the gases are taken up by vegetation, and so returned to the earth. If we be sunken in the sea, the mortal clothing from which we have escaped is incorporated within the bodies of innumerable marine creatures, and, sooner or later, in one form or another, returns to mother earth.

Even during life, earth claims us and earth receives us.

Every creature that draws the breath of life exhales with each breath a portion of itself. We receive air, we exhale a poisonous gas, which to inhale is instant death. What becomes of it? That which is death to animals is life to vegetables, and the plant inhales what the animal exhales. There are thousands of tiny mouths on

every leaf, petal, and grass-blade, all open to receive the carbonic acid gas which is thrown off by animals, and we may safely say that when we are in the open air not half an hour elapses before our breath has been absorbed by plants, and so restored to earth. The familiar saying that "all flesh is grass" is not a mere metaphysical or poetical expression, but is a statement of a physical fact. Of course it has its symbolism, but it is no less a simple and actual truth.

While inspecting these ancient relics of our predecessors' energy, one or two points almost force themselves upon us.

One is, that the materials of the outer walls were laid by hands less skilful than those which raised the stately buildings within. There are but few distinctive characteristics about the former, while the latter abound in marks showing that they were the work of Freemasons, who in those days were operative, and not, as at the present time, merely speculative masons. Each of them, when admitted into full fellowship with his craft, had his own distinctive "mark," which he placed on every stone which he worked, and by which it could be identified.

There are several ancient churches where successive coats of plaster and whitewash have been carefully removed, and the stones which they had concealed suffered to appear as they were laid. On almost every stone may be seen the mason's mark; and it is worthy of notice that they are never curved nor rounded, but are angular, so as to be easily formed by the edge of the chisel.

A relic of this custom is to be found in the cross used as a mark on documents by illiterate persons who cannot sign their names.

Another point is, that the stones are, as a rule, left rough, without any attempt at producing the smooth surface which is gained by the use of the "drag." Not many years ago it was the fashion to build churches that looked exactly as if they had been cut out of paste-board. They were built of sound stone, but the modern architect seems to have done his best to make them look as if made of stucco, and to conceal any evidence of the junction of the stones.

Now the old architects took every pains to produce exactly the contrary effect. They had a horror of smooth and flat surfaces, and would often leave gaps of an inch or so in width, in order to destroy the uniformity. Inside the church the surfaces of the stones were tolerably smooth, but on the exterior were left as rough as possible, thus producing a richness of effect which could never be obtained by a smooth wall.

Then their utter disregard of conventionalities would frighten most modern architects. They were not in the least particular about right-angles, as I once found when building a fowl-house in a corner of an old convent garden. Do what I would, nothing would make my walls come right, and instead of four right angles, the building had two angles obtuse and two acute. The fact was, that I had taken for granted that the original walls formed a right-angle, and had cal-

culated accordingly. One church in Kent—namely, Adisham—is very remarkable in this respect, a plan of the edifice showing that there is scarcely a right-angle in the whole building. Neither from the exterior or the interior does the building give the least idea of this irregularity, but the compass and measuring tape prove it to be a fact.

The same church affords an excellent example of the boldness with which the old architects could dispense with conventionalities. That a church should be built east and west was a necessity, and that the principal altar should be at the east. Conventionality demanded that the altar should be raised on the highest floor of the building, but the only site that ran east and west was on the side of a hill sloping rather sharply from west to east. Not discouraged by this obstacle, the architect met it by inverting the customary mode of construction, building the church on a succession of floors, that at the east being the lowest, so that when any one enters the western door he looks down upon the top of the altar: and this reversal of usual construction gives the altar quite as much prominence as if it had been as much above the western entrance as it is below it.

Any one with the least appreciation of art must have realised this theory of irregularity, even by means of a common brick wall. Let the wall be new, with straight and sharp angles, perfectly level, freshly “pointed,” in order to conceal the bad quality of the material, forming part of a speculating builder’s “villa residence,” and nothing more mean and commonplace can be imagined.

Take the same wall some fifty or sixty years afterwards, when the surface has been weather-stained, spotted with lichens, and splashed with mud; when the angles have been chipped and lost their regularity, when the pigeons have pecked away the mortar between the bricks and even made havoc with the softer portions of the bricks themselves, when insects have taken possession of nail-holes, and spiders have woven their webs over the crevices. It then becomes picturesque, owing to the broken lights and shadows that flit over its irregular surface, and a painter will be glad of an opportunity of transferring it to his canvas.

We may be sure that the old architects understood the picturesque as well as the old painters, and intentionally broke up the surface as much as possible, for the sake of light and shade. They could have made the walls as smooth as cardboard if they desired to do so, but they instinctively knew that smoothness ought not to be a characteristic of building stone, and so never made use of that execrable instrument, the “drag.” They impressed their own individuality upon each stone which they worked, and, so to speak, signed them with their own mark.

The value to the present generation of the sound work of these ancient architects is almost beyond calculation.

It has often been said, and with justness, that we take little heed of

our best blessings, and do not awake to a sense of their value until they are unexpectedly taken away. Such was the case with the river banks.

Thousands of people lived on the reclaimed lands, while crops and stock of uncalculated value occupied the ground which had been a marsh. Year after year the embankment was almost forgotten, except in consequence of a rate for keeping it in repair. It seemed to be as stable as the hills beyond, and few persons troubled themselves about its existence.

Suddenly they were shaken out of their torpor by the shock of a fearful explosion, swiftly followed by the news that at least fifty yards of the river bank had been blown away, and that if the coming tide should make its way through the breach, life would be endangered, cattle and crops be destroyed, and the land injured for many years, besides the certainty of an enormous outlay incurred for re-draining the whole country from Lambeth to Gravesend, and making good the breach in the wall.

As I lived at the time within less than a mile from the spot, and was one of the first on the ground, I will tell the story in my own words.

On October 1st, 1864, a little before 7 A. M., I happened, for a wonder, to be in bed, generally being at the desk at five. Suddenly the house seemed to be struck by lightning, accompanied by what appeared to be a crashing peal of thunder. A second and a third took place, the last smashing every window and door, and shaking all the ceilings to the floors of the different rooms. The dining-room door was broken into splinters, the piano was driven through the folding-doors from one room into the other, the whole of the glass and china was broken, and, as there was not a window or door left in the house, we were at the mercy of thieves. Added to which was a piercing north-east wind blowing and tearing through the house in such a manner that we should have been more comfortable in a tent.

On going to the window there was seen a column of smoke many hundreds of feet in height, and resembling a vast pine-tree, spreading out at the top, and carrying with it beams and stones, bricks, and fragments of human bodies, as if they had been corks flung up by a Geyser. Many fragments were carried as far as Woolwich.

The fact was that a powder barge and two magazines, which were built just inside the embankment, had successively exploded, the last magazine containing about forty-five tons of gunpowder. How the accident occurred I have no doubt. The proverbial recklessness of coal miners is well known, but it is surpassed by men employed on board of the gunpowder vessels. In both cases the men will have their pipes, and are so inured to danger that they forget its existence.

I have often, when yachting in the Thames and Medway, seen laden powder-barges with a fire on board, the crew smoking, and allowing their vessels to pass to leeward of steamers when coaling, so that they are covered with sparks

Now, it is rather a peculiarity among powder casks that they are liable to the attack of a tiny insect, popularly called the "worm," but being in reality the larval or grub state of a beetle not longer than this letter "l." It feeds upon the wood, but the hole which it makes is not larger than that which would be made by a "short-white" pin.

The men do not see these holes, but carry about the casks, allowing a small stream of mealed powder to dribble through the apertures. In this state the powder is of a grey colour, and almost invisible on the deck or platform, so that when a seaman wishes to smoke, and throws down his lighted match, or knocks the ashes out of his pipe, or when he allows sparks from a passing steamer to fall on the deck, there is a train ready laid, and the natural results follow. Evidence is out of the question, as no one involved is left alive, and we have to fall back on past experience.

The stokers of steamers are just as careless. They only think of their own special business, and look after their furnaces, putting in coal when needed. But, although they know that until they are clear of the river they will pass magazines and loaded powder-barges, they seldom look out to see if they are too close for safety. Every one knows that whenever coals are put into the furnaces, a shower of sparks flies out of the funnel, and, especially at night, may be seen floating in the air for a considerable distance before they are burned out. Any one of these sparks would be sufficient to ignite gunpowder, and the reader may therefore imagine how reckless must be the conduct of men who may, in a moment, not only destroy themselves, but hundreds of others.

There was a very excellent rule, which was strictly enforced on shore, namely, that no lighted pipes, nor cigars, nor loaded guns were allowed within a definite distance of the magazines, and, supposing a man to be shooting in the marshes and smoking, he had to put out his pipe and draw the charge of his gun before he was allowed to proceed. Yet it was found practically impossible to check the danger from passing steamers. There was a third magazine not very far from the others, and the man in charge of it said, at the inquiry which was made, that sparks had repeatedly fallen on his magazine, and that they always "brought his heart into his mouth."

This magazine, by the way, had a wonderfully narrow escape from the fate that befell its companions. It was so near the others that a large iron bar was driven through the roof, a number of the slates blown off, and yet it did not explode. This fact strengthens me in my belief that the explosion was caused by a train of spilt powder extending from the barge along the jetty, to the magazine.

In this case the damage done was frightful. I had no idea that any other house except my own had suffered, but, on going out, found that Lessness Heath and Erith had suffered as from a bombardment, being simply wrecked, and that the calamity had extended

to Dartford, Greenhithe, and Bexley, while many houses in Essex had been severely damaged. The population were nearly all in the roads, just as they had escaped from their beds, and many with bare and bleeding feet, the blood streaming from wounds caused by the broken glass on which they had been forced to tread. Even the very walls which divided rooms were shaken down, so that nothing remained except canvas and paper ; and when I mention that the shock was felt at Cambridge, the reader may imagine what it was to those who lived within a mile.

Considering the magnitude of the disaster, there were very few lives lost, and, as if to show the capriciousness of such an explosion, a little child was found alive and unhurt in a corner of a bedroom on the first floor of a house which had stood within a few yards of the great magazine, and of which no relics were left except some shattered walls, a water-butt, a cat, and the child in question.

The immediate danger to human life was inconsiderable, but disaster impended which threatened the lives of thousands. The two magazines had entirely vanished, leaving nothing but two huge craters. Of the houses attached to the magazines, nothing was left except the ruins of the one already mentioned, and part of the ground flooring of another. Even the very bricks had disappeared, though fragments of them were afterwards found at wonderful distances.

But the secondary damage was horrible to contemplate. At least fifty yards of the river bank had been wholly blown away, and, not only that, but the shape of the wall was altered. There was an exceptionally high tide known to be coming, and a fierce wind not only aiding the tide, but driving the water against the gap in the embankment.

What was to be done? The tide was coming in fast, and there were neither men nor materials for the reparation of the breach. Did the salt water once make its way over or through the embankment, it would have been ruin to hundreds of farmers, not to mention the almost impossible task of draining such a vast submerged tract of land in time to avert the miasma, which would be the inevitable result of encroachment by brackish water.

The least gap, were it but a few inches in width, will suffice to cause an inundation, as may often be seen on a small scale when the Thames overflows its banks. Water *will* find its own level, and the narrow gap is soon converted into a channel for an inundation.

Those who were even the least experienced foresaw what the result of the explosion was likely to be, and many of the residents in the neighbourhood made up their minds to seek other houses.

Fortunately about four hundred men were at the time engaged upon the great main drainage works at Crossness, situated about a mile from the gap, and were sent off at once to try to repair the bank. They laboured as if every man were a Hercules, but the river was too much for them, and gained on them inch by inch. Sud-

denly, I saw a succession of trains drawing up opposite the path which led to the scene of the disaster, and, for a time, stopping the regular traffic. Never was I more strongly impressed with the value of discipline.

First came a field officer, mounted, at full trot. Then came a strong body of soldiers at the "double," fixing their bayonets as they ran. As they reached the spot they cleared it, forming a line of sentries so that no one could interfere. Then followed more officers and ambulances, and soldiers without number. The latter arranged themselves in the most methodical manner, each man, as he passed a sentry, taking off his coat, folding it, and piling it under guard.

Then the real business began. Some of the soldiers were told off to fill sand-bags, others to cut slabs of the stiff, black, tenacious clay, others to hand them along the lines, others to lay them, and others to ram them down.

The fact was, that the commanding officer at Woolwich had seen the disaster, and had sent every available man in the garrison, in order to avoid a national calamity. There was not a man too much, nor a minute to spare, as it was a fight of man *versus* tide. Man won at last, but only by a little.

Hour after hour the soldiers worked without cessation, relays continually coming and going, neither officers nor men sparing themselves, but, with all their trouble, only just succeeding in keeping ahead of the tide and strengthening any weak spot through which the enormous weight of water might have forced its way. It was therefore necessary to keep watch for several tides, until at last the new bank was pronounced to be safe. I saw the first sod laid by the navvies, and the last sand-bag laid by the soldiers, and never shall forget the volleys of cheering with which they greeted the end of their task.

As far as the soldiers were concerned, it was at first anything but a pleasant business, there being not a man among them who had not spoiled his uniform, the cost of replacing which would, in ordinary cases, fall upon himself. As, however, the work done was exceptional in character, and of such inestimable value, new uniforms were issued gratuitously, and each man received an addition to his pay.

Owing to the power of the explosion, the entire bank on either side of the gap was forced out of its position, so that the new bank, which is, in fact, a sand-bag battery, is quite different in shape to its predecessor. When I last visited the spot, the only vestiges of the two magazines were a few charred and blackened piles, the remnants of the former jetty, and a large pond, in which were swimming a few dabchicks. The birds seemed to be quite aware that guns might not be used, and swam about composedly, entirely regardless of passengers.

The state of the trains was almost indescribable. Vast crowds of

travellers thronged to the spot, but comparatively few who started for Belvedere or Erith reached their destination. Thousands were left crowded together on the platforms. The trains were completely invaded, each carriage containing as many persons as could pack themselves into it, and many even trying to seat themselves on the buffers. Some of the London passengers saw that if they once got out they would never get in again, and so went on to Maidstone and returned without ever leaving their seats.

Those who did succeed in reaching the spot were direfully disappointed. There was nothing to be seen but a piece of plank-flooring making the site of one dwelling house, and a few fragments of walls showing where the other had been. As for the magazines, not a vestige of them was to be seen, except a great crater where they had stood. About the adjacent ploughed fields a few pieces of brick and splinters of wood might be found, but the chief relics were papers, mostly fragments of account books, which were seen floating in the air at great heights, and were gradually deposited at distances of many miles from the scene of the explosion.

The amount of skilled labour and the mass of material which were required in order to fill up only fifty yards of an existing embankment, caused the spectator to appreciate the magnitude of the enterprise which called the bank into being, and imprisoned the river on both sides for so many miles. Even with all the advantages of modern science, aided by military discipline, it was a very hard task to erect this small portion of wall upon a dry and firm foundation. How much harder must it have been to form this wall through a clay marsh, submerged at every tide, and with nothing but manual labour to depend upon; and how deep a debt of gratitude do we not owe to our Nameless Benefactors who planned and built it!

J G WOOD. *in Good Words*

HORACE, ODES, I, 15

WHEN the false shepherd in Ida built pinnace
Helen, his hostess, was dragging o'er seas,
Nereus stilled, swift but recusant the breeze,
To chant a fierce menace

“ Home as thou ledest her, fatal the omen !
Her whom the warriors of Greece shall reseek.
Sworn to break in on thy nuptials, and break
The realm of the foe-men

“Sweat on the horses, the men, ah, the clangour !
Thou dost the race of the Dardans o’erwhelm ;
Pallas makes ready her ægis and helm,
Her car and her anger.

“Vainly thou boastest that Venus upholds thee,
Combing thy love-locks, and tuning a lute,
Womanlike, warless ; still, still the pursuit,
Though bride-bed enfolds thee !

“Spears and the darts which the Gnoossians fling ! yet
Din of the battle, and Ajax the swift,
Follow ; and soon in the war-dust will drift
Thine amorous ringlet.

“Follows the son of Laertes, and see now !
Foe to thy race, follows Nestor the old,
Teucer of Salamis, Sthenelus the bold
In the fight ; should there be now

“Need that the steeds should be driven so featly,
Well can he guide ; follows Merion hard,
With Tydeus’ great son, who in battle’s award
Is the better : how fleetly

“Thou, as the stag that sees wolf in the valleys,
Careless of pasture, with labouring breath,
Fliest, a craven, the pursuant death ;
But feebly this tallies,

“This, with thy vow to thy leman : the ire
Swift from the fleet of Achilles will come ;
Troy and her matrons, enwrapped in her doom,
Shall sink in the fire.”

The Gentleman’s Magazine.

A DOUBLE MEMORIAL OF NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

NEWSTEAD Abbey has long been one of the great historical mansions of England. Its origin takes us back to the twelfth century, to the days of Henry II., and to the efforts made by him, through the building of religious houses and such-like acts, to expiate the murder of Thomas à Becket. When the monasteries were broken up in the reign of Henry VIII., Newstead was given to the Byrons of Rochdale, and it remained in their possession for the greater part of three centuries. The history of the Byrons is well known, but we must briefly rehearse it. The family receiving a peerage in 1643, kept up no little style at Newstead during the time of the first five barons. The fifth baron received the unenviable title of "the wicked Lord." At a meeting of the Nottinghamshire Club, at the "Star and Garter" in Pall Mall, he had quarrelled with his neighbour, Mr. Chaworth, of Annesley Hall, and swords having been drawn on the spot, Mr. Chaworth was slain. Lord Byron was sent to the Tower, and tried by the House of Lords for wilful murder; but eventually a verdict was given for manslaughter, which, in the case of a peer, was equivalent to acquittal. After this he retired to the Abbey; was gloomy and irritable; did a number of strange things, which the popular imagination exaggerated into horrors; set up in his grounds statues of satyrs, which were called his gods, or his devils, as the case might be, and earned the sobriquet which stuck to his name. A brother of this lord, Admiral Byron, attracted public interest through his shipwreck and sufferings. The father of the poet, son of the Admiral, having carried off to the Continent the wife of a nobleman, married her on her being divorced by her husband, and of their short union came an only child, Augusta. Being deep in debt, and anxious to clear it off, he married, as his second wife, Miss Catherine Gordon, heiress of Gight, in Aberdeenshire. The property of this lady he squandered, and so ill were they assorted that she soon left him, retiring to a poor lodging in Aberdeen, where, on an income of less than £150, she brought up her only child, the famous poet. "Geordie" Byron, as he was familiarly called, went to the school of "Bodsy Bowers," in a dingy lane called Long Acre, and then attended the Grammar or High School of Aberdeen, mingling freely with the boys of the town, the father of the present writer having been one of his class-fellows. On the death of his grand-uncle, in 1798, he succeeded, in his eleventh year, to the title and to the Newstead property. Some twenty years after, he sold the property to his friend, Colonel Wildman, who is

said to have expended £200,000 on the restoration and repair of the Abbey. In 1861, on the death of Colonel Wildman, the property was acquired by the present owner, Mr. W. F. Webb, who has been not less liberal in completing the work which his predecessor began; so that Newstead Abbey is now one of the handsomest, as it always has been one of the most interesting, mansions in England.

In his youth, Mr. Webb was one of the greatest hunters of his day, and in South Africa had met Dr. Livingstone, from whom he received much kindness, and for whom, like all who were at any time in contact with him, he had a great affection. On occasion of Livingstone's second visit to England, Newstead Abbey was his headquarters, and here he wrote his second book, "The Zambesi and its Tributaries." He resided at Newstead from September, 1864, to April, 1865, endearing himself to all, high and low, in and around the house, and leaving behind him a memory fragrant with his beautiful qualities—his childlike simplicity and openness, his joyous and radiant temper, his trust in God and love to man, and his unquenchable desire to spread the blessings of freedom and salvation to the uttermost ends of the earth.

Newstead Abbey is thus especially associated with two great names—Byron and Livingstone.* Inside and outside there are memorials of both. Inside there is the Byron room and the Livingstone room. Outside there is Lord Byron's oak and Dr. Livingstone's *Wellingtonia*. The rooms, as far as possible, are precisely as they were left by their respective occupants. In the Byron room are the pictures which adorned his room at Cambridge; also a picture of Jackson the pugilist, his lordship's "corporeal pastor and master," and of Joe Murray, his butler. The furniture is mostly as he left it—all simple and without pretence. The Livingstone room is situated in the Sussex Tower; it contains the bed on which he slept, the table at which he wrote, with the inkstand and other writing materials which he used. There is a cedar cabinet in the room, with carved figures, representing the scenes of the Prodigal Son. The window commands a view of the *Gigantea Wellingtonia* which he planted in 1864, and which, despite the somewhat rough embrace of the west wind, promises to be ere long a noble tree. In the same neighbourhood is an oak planted by Lord Byron when he first came to Newstead in 1798. In the corridors of the house there are also Byron relics and Livingstone relics. There is the table on which Byron wrote part of *Childe Harold*; sundry swords and sticks; the last cap he wore in Greece, brought home by Fletcher, his trusty valet; a copy of his earliest poems, and sundry autographs and MSS.† The Livingstone relics also include the last

* Many other celebrities, indeed, have resided in it, for there are Charles II.'s room, Edward III.'s room, the Duke of Sussex's room, and Henry VII.'s lodging, these apartments being named from their distinguished quondam occupants. But it is with celebrities of a more recent day—Byron and Livingstone—that we are now concerned.

† The monk's skull, used as a wine cup in Byron's days, has been put out of sight by the present proprietor, who has no wish to perpetuate so offensive a tradition.

cap which he wore, with its faded gold band, brought home, as is so well known, by his faithful attendants, Chuma and Susi ; swords and knives too, used by him in Africa ; a spear, thrown at him in his last journey, that very nearly put an end to his life ; a photograph of a facsimile of the hut where he died ; a piece of the bark in which his body was wrapt, and of the cord with which the box containing it was fastened. The external memorials of both the great men are thus remarkably similar, and, so far as such memorials go, both have got fair play at Newstead.

And yet, when we think of the two men, it is a great contrast that is brought to our mind. Few lives could have been more unlike each other than the lives of these two men. At first, no doubt, both had to bear the same struggle with poverty and hard lines, and to Byron's mother the struggle was undoubtedly more trying than to the parents of Livingstone. To be reduced from wealth to poverty by the selfishness and injustice of an adventurer, who, instead of bringing to her the affection and protection of a husband, came with the greed and rapacity of a wolf, was undoubtedly a grievous trial, only too likely to excite one to impatience and bitterness. It would have needed a very gracious influence to counteract the tendency of such treatment to sour the heart and fret the temper, and to that Mrs. Byron seems to have been a stranger. The impatient and fretting example of the mother, with whatever of other hereditary influence may have come from her, and without any of that great corrective which Divine grace supplies, made her son liable to fits of the same unhappy temper. In the case of Livingstone's parents we find the gracious influence in full operation, that enabled them to bear their burdens patiently, and to look habitually on the bright side of things. Their example of self-control was not lost on Livingstone, and when the Divine power came to work directly in his heart, it only made his temper more patient and his outlook more bright. Never had man more need of patience, and never had patience more of her perfect work. It ought to be remembered too that Livingstone's youth was spent at a time when political impatience filled the air. He grew up breathing the atmosphere of the Chartist agitation, and no doubt sympathizing with it in some things. But whatever views of public policy this may have led him to form, it had no effect on him personally in making him impatient or diminishing his self-control. The world does not yet know more than a fraction of the trials of Livingstone's patience. What a contrast he was to Byron in the spirit of calm enduring, as well as in the ability, under all kinds of discouragement, to look on the bright side of things ! One might moralise a little here on the responsibility of mothers. Old Mrs. Livingstone and Mrs. Byron had each put into their hands one of nature's finest gems : the calm Christian temper of the one preserved hers for a life of almost unqualified nobility : the uncontrolled temper of the other made hers little better than a splendid wreck.

In the whole aspect of their lives, too, Livingstone and Byron are a contrast. The steady influence of a simple Christian faith, an unselfish love, and a pure devotion to the interests of others made Livingstone's life a wonderful sermon—the grandest sermon, probably, that has been preached in modern times. In the main, Byron's life was the opposite. And yet we would do justice to the poet. He did not want noble impulses and generous feelings. His friends spoke warmly of his affectionateness. And his consecration of himself to the cause of Greece was the crowning act that in some degree redeemed the selfishness of his life. But in the main his life was a selfish one, and he knew it well. His spurts of misanthropy were only too real, at least at the time, though they did not express all that was in his heart. His epitaph on his dog Boatswain shows how soon he acquired and how ingeniously he nursed the contemptuous temper which found so many an outlet during his life :

“ O man ! thou feeble tenant of an hour,
 Debased by slavery, or corrupt by power,
 Who knows thee well must quit thee with disgust,
 Degraded mass of animated dust !
 Thy love is lust, thy friendship all a cheat,
 Thy smiles hypocrisy, thy words deceit !
 By nature vile, ennobl'd but by name,
 Each kindred brute might bid thee blush for shame,
 Ye ! who perchance behold this simple urn,
 Pass on—it honours none you wish to mourn :
 To mark a friend's remains these stones arise ;
 I never knew but one—and here he lies.”

How different and how truly Christian the spirit of Livingstone, cherishing so true a regard for even Caffres, Bushmen, and Hottentots, as creatures made in God's image and capable of recovering it, appreciating their friendship so cordially, and returning it with such ample interest ! Ever breathing out such large loving thoughts for Africa and all its tribes, and looking with such longing heart for the time when its woes should cease, and the great lesson of Christ's love should make its people live together in unity and kindness !

Byron used to say that his heart had turned old ere he had ceased to be a boy. Moore, in his biography, comments on his premature scepticism, making the remark—to this age so strange—that scepticism is not natural to the young ; that a trustful faith and a bright hope for the future are congenial to the youthful heart. Byron early abandoned his Christian faith, and began to scoff at creeds and sects, plunged into sensuality, and lost all the hope and joyousness of youth. With Livingstone it was quite otherwise. He was young almost to the last. He never lost the simplicity, the hopefulness, the transparency of a child. His children recall the ferny glades in these Newstead woods, where he would play at hide and seek, enjoying the fun as much as they. And this childlike spirit was the soul of his religion. God was his father, and he was God's child. His prayers

were the simple, loving utterances of a trustful heart ; and the silver lining in his clouds, and the bright visions of the future which he never ceased to cherish, were the fruits of his intuitive conviction that GOD REIGNED, and that, in His good time and way, all things would work together for good.

In the deaths of the two men there was a certain similarity. Both died among strangers, and these the people whom they sought to benefit. Byron lacked not the means of comfort, yet his biographer tells us that there was such confusion and discord in his chamber that it was most painful to think of it. We certainly do not profess to follow the poet behind the veil. He passed into the presence of One who is the Sole Judge, and who alone is able to judge. But we look with a far brighter feeling into that poor hut at Ilala where Livingstone's spirit was gathered to its home. In the attitude of prayer his soul breathes away, and we hear a voice saying, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord ; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

W. G. BLAICKIE, in *Sunday Magazine*.

PARLIAMENTARY GOVERNMENT IN AMERICA.

It must be accounted one of the notable facts in the history of the Anglo-Saxon race, and likewise in the annals of representative institutions, that the Government of the United States, formed originally for the needs and exigencies of three millions of people, inhabiting a narrow strip of seaboard, has remained without any material change for nearly a century, and is found to work as well for a nation now fifteen times as numerous, occupying a territory fifty times greater. Indeed, it may truthfully be said to work with less friction and more general satisfaction now than then. Its infancy was imbroiled with controversies, respecting the interpretation of the Constitution, so fierce that the Union was more than once in real danger before it had come of age. Some of the States had to be dragged into the Federal compact, and others were threatening to go out long before the institution of slavery became a rock of offence between North and South.

The task of statesmanship during the first quarter of a century was not so much to make it work well as to make it work at all. At the present time nobody looks upon a separation of the States as possible, and none desire it except a few straggling adherents of the Lost Cause, whose voice is as ineffectual and unheeded in the general movement as that of the irate Tory at the creation of the world who demanded that chaos be preserved.

How far this contentedness with existing institutions is to be ascribed to material prosperity, how far to the excellence of the institutions themselves, and how far to the inherited Conservatism of the race, it would be futile to inquire. The country has advanced in wealth with great rapidity, notwithstanding temporary checks, during the whole period of the national existence; and few people desire to change their condition when they are well off. Apart from this, the Americans are at heart, and perhaps without knowing it themselves, among the most conservative peoples in the world. Although nobody is readier than the Yankee to devise and adopt new modes of doing things, and while the earth does not contain a more ubiquitous traveller or daring speculator, nobody offers a more angry resistance to anything in the nature of organic change. The wicked persecution of the Abolitionists during a quarter of a century was part and parcel of the national tendency to cling to whatever is, for not one in twenty of the Northern people who participated in it, and voted with the slaveholders, had any pecuniary interest in slavery direct or indirect. The uprising in behalf of the Union was a conservative rather than an anti-slavery uprising. President Lincoln uttered the voice of the majority of the nation when he said that if he could save the Union by freeing all the slaves, he would do that, and if he could save it by freeing none, he would do that, and if he could save it by freeing some and not freeing others, he would do that. Catholic emancipation was carried in England half a century ago. It was not carried in the State of New Hampshire until a few years since, if indeed it has been fully effected even yet. The laws of Rhode Island regulating the Right of Suffrage were, until a recent period, as fantastic as those of England before the Reform Bill, and the States of Vermont and Connecticut are full of rotten boroughs to this day—each town electing one member of the legislature without regard to population.

It may be said that national vanity is accountable for this fixedness of attachment to national institutions. It is immaterial what name it is called by. The conservatism of one country is most commonly vanity in the eyes of another. The English fondness for titles and a State Church is a preposterous vanity to Americans, and the rock-ribbed Conservatism of China is vanity to all the world else. It makes no difference what name is given to the set of ideas which cause a people to cling tenaciously to their own fashions. It remains a fact that the Americans are an extremely conservative people, while not desiring to be considered so.

To the great majority of Americans it is a matter of no consequence whence they derived their institutions—in what ancient quarry their forefathers digged. The popular Fourth of July conception is that they were invented, made out of whole cloth, struck out at a heat; that they sprang into existence Minerva-like without gestation or heredity. It needs no professor of evolution to tell us that this kind

of birth for a government as for an individual is impossible. Historically the American form of government is the British government of the last century with hereditary succession left out. I am speaking now of the *form* of government, and not of the machinery by which it is kept going; of the legislative, executive, and judicial processes, not of the distribution of the suffrage or the sources of power. The form of King, Lords, and Commons was adopted not only for the Federal Government, but for each of the thirteen original States, and has been copied in regular succession by twenty-five additional States—King, Lords, and Commons without hereditary succession, and of limited tenure.

Since the adoption of this form of government, far greater changes of substance have taken place in England than in America. The powers vested in the President, Senate, and House of Representatives, and in each of them, are no whit less now than they were under George Washington. Those of the Crown and the Lords are vastly less than they were under George III. So attenuated have these become that it is a matter of dispute whether they have any direct powers left that can be successfully asserted against the Commons. Indirect powers they have, undoubtedly, of considerable magnitude and import, the greatest being the influence exercised by the Lords upon the elections of the Commons. This, however, is the influence of landownership rather than of lordship. The House of Lords a short time since rejected the Irish Volunteer Bill after its passage by the Commons. Possibly they may reject it a second time, for it will surely come up again. But after its third passage by the Commons the Lords will pass it also, not because they will like it any better than before, but because they must. And so it would be with any other bill about which the Commons should show any decided purpose and determination. The Senate of the United States would reject any bill from the House which the majority of its members did not like—would reject it thirty times as easily as once. On the other hand, the House, finding its measure rejected once, would not pass it a second time until changes in the *personnel* of the Senate should give indications of a change in its temper.

The difference between the executive modes of the two countries is still more marked. Any measure which passes the Commons is supposed to have received the royal sanction in advance at the hands of her Majesty's Ministers, or failing that at the hands of her Majesty's Opposition, who straightway become Ministers. Hence the subsequent approval of the bill is a matter of form and a matter of course. But the President of the United States would veto a bill without hesitation as many times and under as many different forms and guises as Congress should pass it—as President Hayes did during the recent session of Congress; and in so doing he would be sustained by public opinion as exercising a lawful discretion. The country might think the discretion erroneously exercised, but the right to exercise it

would never be questioned. As a matter of fact nine-tenths of all the executive vetoes in the annals of Congress have been salutary and conducive to the public weal; and probably the same proportion will hold good as to the vetoes of the State governors. The veto power is a conservative force which has nothing corresponding to it under existing English practice. The unqualified power of restraint which the Upper House exercises over the Lower in the United States is also one of the lost arts of government in the United Kingdom, and I suppose very few desire, and none expect, to see it restored.

The question whether the United States might usefully engraft upon their system of government the principal improvement wrought in the English system since the separation of the two countries, has been a good deal discussed in pamphlets and on the rostrum of late years. Reduced to its simplest terms, the question is whether it would be wise for the United States to have one government like the House of Commons, upon which public opinion can impinge and concentrate readily and effectively, or three governments, to wit, President, Senate, and House of Representatives, upon which public opinion is dispersed and unable to act effectively except at certain periods fixed in the almanac, and even then not simultaneously upon all three—a question not so easily answered as this statement of it would seem to imply. To accomplish such a change it would be necessary to give the members of the Cabinet seats on the floor of Congress, to confide to them the initiative of the principal measures of legislation, to hold them collectively responsible for everything, and to send them adrift whenever for any reason they should fail of the support of a majority of the popular branch of the legislature. Mechanical difficulties in the way of such an arrangement, which are very considerable if not insurmountable, will be noticed hereafter. An initial step has been proposed in the form of a bill in Congress by Senator Pendleton, of Ohio, which presents no difficulties at all except the difficulty of getting a majority to agree to it. The bill provides that seats shall be assigned to the Cabinet in both branches of Congress; that they shall be free to occupy them at all times, and required to be present at certain times, to answer questions propounded to them, in the same way as her Majesty's Ministers are catechized by members of the House of Commons. The right to participate in general debate is not recorded by the bill, and the right to vote is denied by the Constitution.

Looking at the general run of questions and answers in Parliament where members are at liberty to ask the Rt. Hon. Secretary of This what he thinks about the deterioration of the quality of Irish butter, and the Under-Secretary of That whether the survivors of Rorke's Drift have been allowed an extra flannel shirt and trowsers as a reward for their gallant conduct—two questions which, with others of like gravity, were propounded in the writer's hearing at the sitting of the 16th June last—it would seem hardly worth the effort of passing

Mr. Pendleton's bill in order to get so little as he offers to give. I have attended many spelling schools that were livelier and more entertaining. The right to join in general debate saves the Ministerial bench from becoming a mere class in conundrums. Indeed, it would seem impossible to draw a line between answers to questions and general debate thereon. In the greater number of cases where information is sought by the legislature concerning the acts of the executive, what is especially wanted is the reason for the act. When the head of a department is asked for his reasons for a particular line of action, he must be allowed to choose his own words and decide for himself how much time is needed for his explanations. It is impossible to open the mouths of the Cabinet in Congress, and close them at the same time. The Cabinet would probably decline to occupy the seats offered to them on such conditions, and the power to compel their attendance is at least doubtful.

Mr. Pendleton expressly disclaims the intention to introduce or even to pave the way for the English style of parliamentary government. The advantage he ascribes to his measure is that it would greatly facilitate and expedite the business of Congress to have the heads of the executive departments within reach when information is wanted; and here it must be allowed that the argument on his side is strong. Under existing methods the procuring of information from a department for the use of the House is most cumbersome and dilatory. Some member of the House, on Resolution Day (which comes once a week), offers a resolution calling for it. The House may adopt the resolution or reject it, or refer it to a standing committee. In the latter case the committee can report it back when the committee is called in its order, which will happen about three times in the course of a session, the mover having meanwhile lost all responsibility for his resolution, and the committee having assumed it. Most commonly, however, the House adopts or rejects the resolution without referring it. It is then engrossed by a clerk, signed, and certified, and conveyed by a messenger to the Secretary of the proper department, who refers it to a bureau where manuscript is accumulated upon it more or less. Then the answer is sent back to the Secretary, who takes time to consider whether the information ought to be given at all. Before it actually reaches the House all interest in it has perhaps evaporated, or if it be still alive, the time when it would have been most useful has gone by. It frequently happens, however, that some part of the desired information is wanting, or is furnished in such shape that it is unintelligible to the member who called for it, so that a supplementary resolution of inquiry must be sent through the same devious channel. By this time, probably, nobody cares whether the question is ever answered at all.

Evasion of the point of an interrogatory is not uncommon when the answer is communicated in writing. If the Secretary is reluctant to give the information, or if he wishes to puzzle a political adver-

sary, or wear out his patience, or do anything except deal frankly and openly with him, it is very easy to employ words which seem to answer but do not. Such trickery is impossible when the parties are brought face to face in an open court of two or three hundred practised dialecticians. A good illustration is found in the colloquy which took place in the House of Commons on the 14th August, when the Secretary for the Colonies was asked whether it was true that a price had been put on King Cetewayo's head. Of course the gravamen of such an inquiry was whether her Majesty's Government sanctioned assassination as a means of getting rid of an enemy in war. The Rt. Hon. Secretary replied that he did not know whether a price had been put on Cetewayo's head or not. He was evidently apprehensive that the thing had been done, and he hesitated to condemn the practice, lest he should cast censure upon the Commander of the Forces in South Africa. The Opposition saw the opening, and rushed at it. After a brief skirmish, the Chancellor of the Exchequer was fain to admit that assassination was an unjustifiable mode of warfare, and to pronounce against it in unqualified terms. Under our system it would have been impossible either to get a satisfactory answer from an unwilling secretary or to punish him for withholding it.

Committees of Congress have a more expeditious way of obtaining information. They invite the Secretary to attend their sittings, and although he may come or not as he pleases, he generally does come, and, through the medium of questions and answers and verbal colloquy, he soon puts the members in possession of all the facts they desire to know, and of his own reasons and opinions also. But what transpires in a committee-room is supposed to be secret. None but members of the committee are enlightened in this way. Congress itself is as much in the dark as the public in reference to the proceedings of committees. In fact, Congress depends upon the newspaper reporters for the details of such proceedings, which are wormed out of members with every variety of inexactitude. Now, publicity and responsibility—responsibility for the question and responsibility for the answer—are as desirable as expedition in the obtaining of information and precision in its character when obtained; and all these desiderata may be secured by Mr. Pendleton's bill. But it is hardly conceivable that the reform proposed should be merely a change of vehicles by which information is conveyed from the departments to Congress, like substituting the telephone in place of pen and ink. The tendency to a change of substance—a change in the relations which the legislative and executive branches of government hold towards each other—would grow stronger with each day's wrestling in the arena of congressional debate. Indeed, it is only in this view that the measure calls for any philosophical attention. Personal contact is a step toward fusion of the two bodies brought together. There will still be a wide difference between English and American methods of administration, but less difference than before. If the

American Cabinet is ever to become what the English Cabinet is—an executive committee of the popular branch of the legislature—the first step in that direction will be something like Mr. Pendleton's bill. It is proposed now to glance at the principal advantages and disadvantages of such a change.

The principal advantage would be the establishment of harmony between the legislature and the executive, so that they might always be pulling in harness together, instead of contrariwise as now often happens. Under existing arrangements a Republican President can usually be relied upon to be at cross-purposes with a Democratic Congress all the time, and with a Republican Congress half the time. President Johnson's administration was a continued scene of conflict between the executive and legislative branches, growing out of differences respecting the reconstruction of the Southern States ; and the fact that both President and Congress belonged to the same political party served rather to intensify than to mitigate the bitterness between them. President Grant commenced his civic career with a prodigious quarrel of the same sort, growing out of the attempted annexation of San Domingo, leading to the ostracism of such men as Sumner, Schurz, and Trumbull, the evil consequences of which have not yet disappeared. The relations between Congress and President Hayes were those of mutual suspicion and aversion until a very recent period, when active hostilities broke out, and veto messages followed each other like the discharges of a Gatling gun. In the cases of President Johnson and President Grant the civil service was used unsparingly to tempt the weak and break down the strong among their opponents in Congress. The public offices furnished ammunition for the fray, and demoralisation was spread far and wide. The course pursued was very much in harmony with the precedents of George III., and the personal quarrels of that monarch with the most eminent men of his day. It is much to President Hayes's credit that he has abstained from such exhibitions of spite, but we have no guarantee that his next successor may not arm himself with the carnal weapons of eighty thousand offices when he comes in collision, as he probably will, with the politicians at the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue. Civil service reform is the crying problem of the day, and the difficulties that beset it would be diminished by any step which should ensure to the executive a majority in the legislature, or to the legislature the control of the executive, whichever form of expression be preferred.

The independence of the two, or rather of the three, branches of government is so inbred and ingrained among American conceptions, that the idea of the President controlling Congress or Congress controlling the President is repulsive at first sight. But seeing that both are elected by the people at regular and short intervals, the evils arising from such a condition, whether more or less, cannot be dangers to liberty, and they may be wholly imaginary. The objection

oftenest raised to the plan of bringing the Cabinet officers into Congress is that the power of the executive would be unduly augmented ; that this power is already swollen beyond reasonable bounds by means of the patronage ; that members of Congress are already sufficiently under executive influence as sharers of the patronage ; and that under the proposed *régime* the powers of Congress would be submerged under those of the President. This objection is not only fallacious in itself, but it involves a complete misconception of the objects sought to be attained. These objects are avowedly to blend the two functions of government together, which is not the same thing as overthrowing and destroying one of them. But experience shows that parliamentary government tends to the absorption of executive power by the legislature, rather than of legislative power by the executive. The course of English history is conclusive upon this point, and that of French history has furnished some notable illustrations of it since the establishment of the Republic. If we suppose the seven members of the American Cabinet to be placed upon the floor of Congress with all the rights and privileges extended to delegates from the territories (who are likewise extra-constitutional members), their influence and standing would depend upon their ability, experience, and force of character. At first the President might choose a Cabinet of his own cronies, as General Grant did, without reference to their training, their eminence in public life, or their acceptableness to anybody but himself. A selection thus made may answer its purposes without any great harm in mere routine work, already organised in bureaus and divisions and circumlocution, and especially in a country which needs more than anything else to be let alone. But when brought into the rough and tumble of parliamentary life the House will soon find out which of them are fit for their places, and which are not. The jackdaw with peacock's feathers in his tail was soon plucked by the nobler fowls in the farmyard, and so it would be with any pretender of statecraft who should be thrust into competition with three or four hundred of the shrewdest and most active, if not the most highly trained, intellects of the country, and required *ex officio* to be a leader among them. His position would soon become too miserable to be borne. The law of natural selection would come in play, and after more or less floundering and groping, which must be looked for in any political transition, the President would learn to choose for his Cabinet men who were acceptable to the House and capable of leading it. Thus the Cabinet would be virtually the choice of the House, although nominally that of the President. The President would still be their chief, and eventually his will must prevail over theirs, within constitutional limits, but the success of his administration would depend upon his having a Cabinet capable of leading the House, and *ex necessitate rei* in harmony with it.

The next advantage claimed for the plan is that it would bring the whole framework of government more within the range and

influence of public opinion. Whether this would be a real advantage under our system of universal suffrage is a debatable question, which will be considered further on ; but that it would have the effect mentioned cannot be doubted. At present the administration can be brought to account only once in four years. Its measures are often taken with indifference to public opinion, oftener still in ignorance, and sometimes in defiance of it. The people seldom or never rule effectively with reference to a particular measure, but only with reference to a sum total and average of all the measures for which an administration or party can be held responsible. Instances might be enumerated where the people have voted against measures after they were passed, and when opposition to them had ceased to be effective. The mischief had been actually done, and the after-indignation of the public served perhaps to punish, but not to prevent or cure. The repeal of the Missouri Compromise and the so-called "Back Pay Grab" were cases of this kind. Neither the annexation of Texas nor the purchase of Alaska could have been accomplished by popular vote, or under any system where the judgment of the people could have been brought to bear upon them in good time. Chastisement is often a good thing, but prevention of the offence is better. Most commonly the offence itself is forgotten before the election comes around, having been superseded by some new excitement. Moreover the periods for settling accounts with the three branches of government are not the same, the nearest approach to a general verdict being the quadrennial election for President, at which time one of the biennial elections for Members of the House of Representatives occurs. The Senators are elected at no particular time, but one-third of the whole number must go out every two years.

Public opinion is thus greatly scattered and frustrated in its action upon particular measures, being much less prompt and effective than its action in England, where it strikes the whole government at once through the House of Commons. Geographical distance and preoccupation with State affairs are accountable, in some degree, for the slower and less energetic movements of public opinion upon Washington City ; but still more is this sluggishness chargeable to the division of responsibility at Washington, and to the fact that nobody's term of office can be shortened by any amount of public clamour, unless for some impeachable offence. Now if it be desirable to make the government more amenable to public opinion than it is, and to give the people a chance to act upon particular measures while they are pending, instead of passing judgment upon them in a lump after they have been adopted or rejected at Washington, some one body of the three must be selected to receive the impact of popular force ; and it would naturally be the one which most often returns to the people to give an account of itself, and to solicit the suffrages of the community—to wit, the House of Representatives. And to enable the impact to reach the executive as well as the legislature—as frequently

and as powerfully—a responsible Cabinet, having seats in the House, initiating the principal measures of legislation, answering publicly for all executive acts, and standing or falling, according to their ability to get their measures and policy approved by the House, would seem to be well adapted to that end.

These are the principal but not the only advantages of the proposed change. Another may be mentioned before passing to the consideration of objections. Since all legislation relates to one or other of the executive departments, imposing duties or restrictions upon them, it would be manifestly advantageous to have the benefit of their experience, and to hear what they have to say, not through incomplete and tedious statements in writing, or private conferences in committee-rooms, but through the medium of free public debate. Not long since the House of Representatives passed a bill transferring the entire administration of Indian affairs from the Interior Department to that of War, without consulting the Secretary of either!

Turning to the other side, we remark, first, that Responsible or Parliamentary or Cabinet Government is the product of that natural evolution by which monarchical or personal government turns itself into free government. Wherever it exists there has been a force from behind pushing it on. It is a growth, and not a device. It was never invented by anybody; and probably the world's verdict upon it *a priori* would have been that it would not work at all. Nevertheless it is over-running Europe irresistibly. Its highest development is found in England, but it exists with scarcely less vigour in the Low Countries, Italy, and Scandinavia. Its various shadings are found everywhere, from Gibraltar to Constantinople. Wherever we hear of a ministerial crisis, we hear the tocsin of Responsible Government. We never hear it in Russia, Prussia, Switzerland, or the United States, because those countries are governed upon different principles. The Republic of France is aiming at ministerial responsibility with an elective president of limited tenure, and bids fair to achieve that novelty. M. Waddington gave offence to his party some months ago by saying that a parliamentary republic was a great experiment. The remark was both true and timely. The friends of freedom throughout the world ardently wish success and permanence to the latest born republics; but in its attempted blending of English and American forms it is a new thing under the sun, and has not yet passed beyond the region of experiment. In the dominion of Canada parliamentary government exists under a written constitution, and with the smallest thread of connection with the Crown. If this connection were severed entirely, there is no reason to suppose that Canada would need to establish a dynasty, or do anything different from what she does now. In America, there being no monarchy, no hereditary governing power, whose hands must be tied, there is no force from behind pushing toward parliamentary forms of administration. The movement is wholly in the domain of theory. It appeals to the rea-

son, not to the necessities of men ; and it may fairly be urged as an objection against such doctoring that the country does not particularly feel the need of medical treatment.

Again, in America the greatest possible extension has been given to the Democratic principle. The suffrage has been granted to all adult males, including, for instance, a vast body of blacks who were only recently toiling under the lash of slavery, and who will continue to toil under the lash of ignorance till they sink into their graves, and their children succeed to a brighter inheritance. The suffrage is granted every day to a still more mischievous class from the Old World, who have brought the doctrines of Lassalle and Karl Marx into an atmosphere where they cannot be so summarily dealt with as at home. As the population of cities increases, a pernicious sort of demagogism gains ground. The idea that the majority have a right to govern tends to expand into the idea that what the majority want to do is *ipso facto* right. The dangers arising from this condition are, I think, considerably overstated in Macaulay's letter to the Editor of the Works of Jefferson, and also in a recent widely read article in the *Atlantic Monthly Magazine*. But it is a serious question, and entirely apposite to this discussion, whether, under such conditions, it is wise to throw away any of those checks and balances which now and then disable the majority, prevent them from carrying hasty decisions into effect, and compel them to reconsider their purposes and the grounds thereof. For the introduction of Responsible Government in its entirety would put more power into the hands of the majority than they now have, and a good deal more. It would make the House of Representatives as irresistible as the House of Commons. In all civilised countries and governments there is a ceaseless struggle going on between the forces of what is, which may be called conservative forces, and those of what ought to be, which may be called progressive, and those of what ought not to be, which may be either revolutionary or reactionary. To the first of these political elements in the United States have been given the executive veto, which may be overcome if the majority in Congress is sufficiently great, and the Senate's veto, which may be overcome in time, if the majority is sufficiently persistent. To the second and third has been given every other weapon in the arsenal of politics. It is necessary for the advocates of the change we are considering to show that it would be conducive to the public weal to deprive the minority of the safeguards and barriers mentioned above ; for the nearer we come to the realisation of Responsible Government, the more completely do we put in the hands of the majority the means of executing their decrees without hindrance or delay.

A third and weighty objection is found in the practical or mechanical difficulty of engrafting this system upon one so totally different as that which the Constitution of the United States provides. In the first place, the President is now-a-days always elected by a party.

The two elections of Washington and the second election of Monroe are the only exceptions to this rule found in our history. The party which elects the President expects, and will always insist, that the Cabinet shall be composed of its own members, representing and enforcing its policy regardless of the political complexion of Congress. At the present time we have a Republican President with a Democratic Congress. In the latter part of Pierce's administration there was a Democratic President and Senate with a Republican or Opposition House. The indispensable condition of parliamentary government is that the Cabinet shall be agreeable to the majority of the legislature ; and there is no way to bring about this condition of things in America. This difficulty does not exist in the French Republic, the President being elected by the legislature—elected for fixed period indeed, but having the grace to resign when he finds himself absolutely unable to yield his convictions to those of the Chamber. Such a government must exist very much upon good understanding. President MacMahon gave it a heavy wrench, and might have wrecked it entirely if he had had the purpose in his heart to do so. An amendment of the Constitution of the United States to bring about this *sine quâ non* of parliamentary government is not to be looked for. The nearest possible approach to it at present would be a change of practice, whereby the President should keep himself, or be kept, always in harmony with the majority of his own party in Congress ; and it remains to be proved that even this would be salutary upon the largest view.

In a word, the Constitution of the United States is made up of checks and balances. Harmony of the different branches of government was not contemplated by its framers. It does not presume upon good understanding. While providing that the majority shall prevail in the long run, it provides also for the freest play of passions and interests within defined limits. It is based upon the philosophy of Hobbes and the religion of Calvin. It assumes that the natural state of mankind is a state of war, and that the carnal mind is at enmity with God. It takes into consideration also a vast diversity of interests growing out of an extended territory and widely separated population. It has to deal with the fact that nearly everybody is a statesman and a political economist, or capable of becoming such at the shortest notice. There is no country where so little respect is paid to acquirements, preparation, training, in the arts of legislation and government. Lawyers are generally preferred for such offices, it is true ; but this is not because they are learned in the law, but because their vocation has given them readiness of speech. Moreover, the doctrine of rotation in office is too widely prevalent, and it not unfrequently happens that an excellent Senator or Representative is turned out merely because he has held office for the customary period, and another elected because he has never held office at all. The claims of locality are so highly regarded, that not a single instance

can be found of a Representative elected by any other district than that of his domicile ; and there is a tacit agreement among politicians to divide all the offices, including the Cabinet, as nearly as possible among geographical divisions. If Mr. Sherman and Mr. Schurz, for instance—the ablest members of Mr. Hayes's administration—happened both to reside in the same State, it would be practically impossible for both to be Cabinet officers at the same time, although the President might legally choose his entire Cabinet from one State or one town. The claims of fitness for public employment are thus subordinated to a variety of other considerations, from which it must not be inferred that Congressmen are generally of an inferior grade of intellectual endowment ; but only that they might be of a higher range and type if the rules and practice of the constituencies were different.

The Constitution takes this heterogeneous governing force, and authorises it to do its best or its worst. It undertakes to minimise the evils which the rule of the majority can bring forth, while still maintaining the rule of the majority. This it accomplishes by a written instrument and an irremovable court of last resort. The late Mr. Mill, in his speculations on Theism, imagined, among other possibilities, that the Deity might not have been able to create a world without sin in it, on account of the obduracy of the material in his hands. Considering all the toughness of material that the Constitution of the United States has to deal with, and its success in dealing with it thus far, it is, perhaps, the part of wisdom for us to let well enough alone.

HORACE WHITE, in *Fortnightly Review*.

MODEL MEN AND WOMEN.

PAINTERS, like foxhunters, have to endure “blank days.” Art is subject to skyey influences, and is very dependent upon its instrument. The morning is foggy, and the artist can but smoke, arguing, perhaps, with Hahnemann, that “like is cured by like ;” or the model does not arrive, and then it may be the artist can but swear. In either case the work in hand does not proceed ; the day is a blank.

Does the public bear in mind that pictorial, not less than histrionic, art has its “behind the scenes,” its “secrets of the prison-house ?” Thackeray referred to one of his most famous figures as invented—and he assumed that other authors invented their personages in like manner—“out of scraps, heeltaps, and odds and ends of character.” Pictures, not less than personages, are concocted after this quaint fashion, of these refuse and fragmentary materials. The uninformed public, viewing the works of art in the galleries of Burlington House

and elsewhere, may fondly imagine that painters paint "out of their own heads," as the children say. But the artist, with a certain pride in his own conscientiousness, will proclaim that he has gone "direct to nature" even for his most minute details. These accessories, arms and armour, fruit and flowers, herbage and foliage, draperies, carvings, furniture, bric-à-brac, all are copied exactly from real objects. His aim has been an aspect of natural truth, and this is to be obtained much rather by the employment of actualities than by dependence upon fancy or memory. His figures are portraits—that is to say, living models have come to his aid and enabled him to represent this or that personage. And the Dick Tintos his brethren, and those connoisseurs who may be said to know too much, glancing at the canvases, will observe promptly, "O, yes, you had Mussell, of course, for your Hercules, and Miss Godiver for your Omphale." In truth, when a clear comprehension of this matter has been arrived at, Mussell and Miss Godiver will be found portrayed upon many canvases, in various situations; for they own quite an extensive repertory of impersonations, and play in their time many parts, from Adam and Eve downwards.

Art depends upon nature, and going to nature means simply sending for Mussell or Godiver, as the case may be. Thus a trade or craft is constituted. The professional model is the creature of the studios, the result of the necessities and the rules of art. A degrading occupation, this posing to the painter, some may hold; and the Propriety that is always so eager in scenting and seeking the Improper will be swift to condemn the model, especially the model of the gentler sex, protesting her state to be hopeless indeed, shameless, sinful, past all praying for. There is something, however, to be said on the other side. If youth and grace and beauty are to be transferred to canvases, to witch the world with their pictured charms, they must first manifest themselves to the painter. It is very true that it is not only to the moon that Miss Godiver, being rather prodigal than chary in that respect, unmasks her beauty; that she unhesitatingly divests herself of the garment of shame, and leaves it, with her other articles of apparel, at the studio-door or on the studio-floor. She is not shocked; need anybody be shocked? She has led something of an unclothed life; she has been a model almost from her infancy. Her parents were models before her; are, indeed, models still. Lightly and alertly, in a state of nature, she steps on the artist's platform. She is not educated; she might perhaps not unfairly be described as ignorant, although knowing how to read and write in a cramped unskilful way. But she is rich in physical endowments, and she has brought these to market. Let it be said that she has bartered her decency for coin. Well, decency is an artificial quality, varying according to climate and nationality, custom and training. Our standard of pudicity finds no acceptance at Yokohama, the Fiji Islands, and many other places. Naked, our Godiver is not ashamed, and

that, perhaps, may be thought to betoken an objectionable condition of mind as well as of body. But do not suppose that because of her nudity, and apart from gifts of contour and colour, she is worthless and bad. She cannot pretend to be a model of all the virtues, but of some of these she may be a fair representative. Why not a good daughter, a firm friend, and in time, perhaps, a devoted wife and an exemplary mother? Her professional occupation does not hinder her from appearing in any of these characters or discharging other of the duties of life; and it is surely something to do well what is required of her as a model—to be punctual, attentive, intelligent; to be able to endure fatigue; to maintain the desired pose without wavering or yielding. Some acquirements should be possessed even by the nude model. It is not simply a matter of undressing and being shapely, although these are clearly of importance. And then must be counted docility and strict regard for the artist's injunctions: "A little more to the right, please. Your head up, your chin well out. Your right arm extended—a little more; thank you. Yes, that's very nice—the very thing. Now see how long you can keep like that;" and so on. Nor is the mere act of sitting or standing to be pictured so easy a task. The pose desired by the painter may often tax the strength, strain the muscular system. To retain a fixed attitude for a given period has its trials at all times. Do we not all breathe more freely, conscious of a sense of relief, when the photographer caps his camera, says, "That'll do, thank you," and hurries away with his negative to his dark chamber? Yet he has detained us but for a few minutes. The professional model, being allowed certain intervals of rest, may be required to pose for many hours. "Croyez-vous," cried a French model, reproached for indolence and indifference—"croyez-vous que ce soit divertissant de tomber mortellement blessé pendant trois heures de suite?"

Nudity is one thing, symmetry is another; and there is difficulty oftentimes in finding these in combination. For lack of an adequate model the artist's work occasionally comes to a complete standstill. Here is part of a letter written by Etty, the greatest of flesh-painters, to a friend, an Associate of the Royal Academy, similarly employed: "You left word you wanted a fine model. It is difficult. Mrs. S., whom I sent you, has some very good points—a short figure and a fine head. Miss R., at a cap-shop in — street (private door), is of good colour and proportion, but rather thin." In other letters to his friend, Etty informs him, "for your and their advantage," of "new models which are good:" now a "male, youthful," now a female, "brunette;" now "an Oriental, a civil man who sits well;" now a female model "for arms," or one possessed of "a nice-bust, throat, and figure," with the additional merit, scarcely less important to the artist, of punctuality.

No doubt this enumeration of charms, these references to physical qualities, carry with them a certain air of the slave-market. But it

may be said of Etty that he lived upon human flesh. Art was to him no impalpable divinity veiled in clouds, but a substantial breathing being, firm of form, rosy of hue, developed, muscular, "sensible to feeling as to sight," and wholly undraped. "No one told him what to paint," laments Mr. Ruskin, "and so he condemned himself to the incessant production of 'dances of nymphs in red-and-yellow shawls'—the nymphs, it may be added, sometimes leaving their shawls at home. Etty had his ambitions, however—certain aspirations towards a nobler range of subjects, with a provision always that they should be characterised by some absence of attire. He was much misunderstood; he was held accountable for sins of which he was wholly innocent. His love of carnations, his devotion to the beauties of human form, was purely artistic. With his canvas spread before him, the model duly posed, his palette richly spotted and blazoned, and a sheaf of brushes in his hand, he was really a great painter, unequalled in regard to special qualities of his art; but away from his easel he was assuredly a homely person enough—silent, thickset, clumsy of manner, plain-featured, pock-marked, with the aspect and mien of a journeyman carpenter. His real existence was passed among paints and models. His joy was to take his seat among the students in the life-school of the Academy. He would drag himself there through the dreary foggy winter nights, bowed down as he was with rheumatism, asthma, and disease of the heart, coughing violently as he went, pausing frequently to gasp for breath, or speechless, staggering like a drunken man. He would not yield to the most pressing entreaties of his friends. "I shall be miserable if I don't go; I would rather be at the Academy than stay at home;" thus the Academy to him signifying the Living Model. When he was visited the school had always good models; the figures were always skilfully posed. Sometimes three or four models were employed—grouped as Graces or as Gladiators. "Sometimes," as Maclise has described the school under Etty's direction, "a dark man or tawny female was introduced for a picturesque contrast with a fair form of the same sex. Sometimes a manikin in armour contrasted with the flesh; sometimes a child with a woman; or picturesque accessory of velvet or satin drapery of rich texture and hue, or deep-coloured curtain or couch. A group of Graces posed by Etty was assisted by such accessories as "pedestals, vases, flowers, fruits, rich draperies, incense-burning, &c. Constable had incurred the scorn of Haydon by placing a figure as Eve with a surrounding of plants in pots, orange and lemon trees, and overhung by a large branch from which an apple was suspended. "When are we going to have another landscape?" Etty inquired. "When are we going to have another phantasmagoria?" Constable retorted. "Turner once," Maclise narrates, "arranged a female form in the attitude of the Venus de' Medici, standing by a cast of the same brought in for the purpose." Haydon denounced, before the first Parliamentary Committee on the Royal Academy, the presumption of

the landscape-painters; they had no right, he held, to interfere in the life-school. What did they know of high art? The students were tempted to laugh at the absurdities of their instruction. One month an historical painter taught them to draw correctly, not to mind colour or effect, but only the outline; the next month came a landscape-painter and told them to think of colour and effect only, not to attend to outline. "I appeal to the committee," cried the indignant Haydon, "if that is a reasonable mode of instruction."

In Parisian studios it was usual, at one time, to allow the model his breakfast, in addition to the stipulated price for his services. But this arrangement was found to be attended with inconveniences. The model overtaxed or trifled with his digestion, and was apt to fall asleep as he posed, or to subside into attitudes hopelessly unpicturesque. As a French writer has explained: "Il absorbait du vin et des vivres à discrétion, ou plutôt sans discrétion, et c'est pourquoi l'on a fini par lui supprimer totalement le repas du matin comme abusif et frustratoire." Henri Rochefort, in *Les Français de la Décadence*, referring to the question of the political rights of women, mentions the claim of certain female models to be employed at the Ecole des Beaux Arts. The students had been confined to copying the male figure. The ladies explained to the professors that M. Ingres could never have accomplished his "Angélique" at the Luxembourg "s'il n'avait eu devant les yeux que des Auvergnats." And M. Rochefort proceeds to relate how ruin befell a most respectable "pensionnat de demoiselles" from the fact that it adjoined the atelier of Paul Delaroche. It is true that a hand painted upon the wall pointed to the door of the pensionnat. But certain mischievous students of M. Delaroche one night tampered with the index finger, and made it point in the direction of the atelier. On the morrow, towards mid-day, a lady of middle age appeared upon the scene. She addressed herself to two young men seated before their easels. "Messieurs, n'est-ce pas ici le pension de Mademoiselle Graffinard?" "Si fait, madame. Donnez-vous la peine de vous asseoir; notre cousine Graffinard sera ici dans trois minutes." "Je viens prendre des informations sur la maison, avant de confier ma fille, qui a quinze ans, aux soins de votre cousine." "Votre demoiselle sera ici comme chez elle; la nourriture est excellente et les études sont très-fortes. Elle apprendra une foule de choses qu'on ne lui enseignera pas ailleurs." But suddenly the lady perceives herself in the presence of a female model, undraped, calmly and unconsciously attitudinising. "Que vois-je?" cries the visitor. The student explains: "Ne faites pas attention; c'est une pensionnaire qu'on a punie parce qu'elle n'a pas pu réciter sa leçon d'histoire sainte." The story of Mademoiselle Graffinard's method of correcting her pupils quickly spread. The scandal destroyed the "pensionnat de demoiselles."

It has been said that the model, especially in France, follows usually two callings. The female model consents to sit to artists, and

receives payment for her services ; she declines to describe herself as a model, however, or to be so described by others. “ Elle est lingère, brodeuse, demoiselle de boutique, jamais modéle.” And the male model is apt to supplement his studio-labours by other occupations. An artist was one day somewhat puzzled by the inquiry, “ Pardon, monsieur ; est-ce au colporteur ou au modéle que vous vous adressez ? ” “ Au colporteur,” the artist replied, rather at random. Thereupon his interlocutor produced an assortment of articles which he carried about for sale—perfumery, cigars, tobacco, soap, combs, brushes, straps, razors, &c. Sometimes the model has been known to keep a small shop, generally directed by a female relative, however, where sweetstuffs are sold, greengrocery and coals, or toys and stationery. Sometimes, away from the studio, he is a hairdresser, a dancer, or a supernumerary at a minor theatre, or he is appointed to receive the gallery-checks at such establishment. He is not above cleaning windows or boots, acting as light porter or messenger occasionally, it being understood that his employers are followers of the fine arts. And of course the army supplies a strong contingent of models. Haydon’s favourite model and most faithful servant was Sammons, “ a living Ilissus, a good soldier,” who had served throughout the Peninsular war, and was very angry that he had not been at Waterloo. “ He was an old satyr, very like Socrates in face, faithful to me, his colonel, and his king,” Haydon writes. “ He would have brought a million safe and sound from Portsmouth to the king’s mint ; but he popped his hand into King Joseph’s coach at Vittoria, and brought away a silver pepper-box.” Another model was Holt the pugilist, who said simply to the painter : “ I have heard of you, sir, these twenty years ; but not knowing anything of art, I thought you were an old master.” Haydon notes, in reference to the boxer : “ How true is the antique ! Holt is the only instance I ever saw of the hair springing up from the forehead like wire, as the hair of Alexander does on his bust.” When the picture of “ Cassandra and Agamemnon ” was in progress, there was an execution in Haydon’s studio—a broker’s man was in possession of it and its contents. Haydon writes : “ I made the man sit for Cassandra’s hand, and put on a Persian bracelet. When the broker came for his money, he burst out laughing. There was the fellow, an old soldier, pointing in the attitude of Cassandra, upright and steady as if on guard.” In the background of the picture, by the by, doing duty as the palace of Agamemnon, appeared the façade of the General Post Office, St. Martin’s-le-Grand, then a new building. A fine model, a negro, a native of Boston, “ a perfect antique figure alive,” Haydon nearly killed in a vain endeavour to take a complete cast of his trunk. The plaster-of-paris was pressed round him so closely and equally that his lungs could not play, and he gasped for breath. Terrified at the man’s looks, Haydon broke the mould by a “ supernatural effort,” and extricated his model, who lay for some time on the ground “ senseless, and streaming with per-

spiration." Another famous negro model was Joseph, the splendid black from St. Domingo, whom Géricault discovered among Madame Saqui's acrobats, and introduced into the terrible picture of "Le Naufrage de la Méduse." This portrayal of Joseph's muscular shoulders and grand proportions obtained for him constant employment in the studios for a long period. The acrobat may not always be depended upon as a model, however. A certain artist upon one occasion found himself, like Fuseli in that, if in nothing else, "put out" by nature. The model, having been duly "set," was presently found slipping, as it were, unconsciously out of his proper attitude; not only that, but in addition presenting certain abnormal appearances; muscles seemed displaced, bones were discernible in unaccountable positions. It was explained by and by that the model was a skilled performer of theatrical sprites; he was, when the season required such entertainments, a pantomime contortionist, or "no-bone" man. He had sought to improve his resources by figuring in studios when not engaged upon the stage; but his accomplishments as an acrobat interfered with his prospects as a model. He did not know when he was "in drawing," or when his limbs were out of joint.

Models have their failings, it must be owned, and these are not only of a physical sort, disqualifications in the way of infirmity of line, meagreness or flaccidity of form, or poverty or unattractiveness of colour; but moral errors or weaknesses, such as unpunctuality, inattention, apathy, disregard of appointments, and an inclination to waste time. The practised model is fertile in devices to save himself fatigue. He will pretend that the chosen pose is too trying to be long endured. He must rest and stretch himself, or rub his limbs, or sit for a while in a different attitude, with a blanket gathered about him to protect him from cold. Then there is the old man who sits clothed for various characters, comic or serious, whose every movement is aimed at shortening the period of posing. He enters with an elaborate politeness; he removes his hat very slowly; he is a long time finding a convenient corner in which to deposit his walking-stick or his umbrella; his removal of his gloves (for a model of this class always wears gloves), his blowing of his nose, are protracted processes. Then he is curious as to the artist's work, anxious to inspect it, discusses it diffusely, is reminded by it of very prolix stories, which he is at pains fully to narrate. Finally, his adjusting himself in the position required of him is a matter of exceeding difficulty: something hurts him; the seat is uncomfortable; he feels constrained; he is convinced he is not quite "set," as he was on a former occasion. These operations are so many *ficelles*. Of course there may be excess of punctuality and readiness, as in the case of the French model who determined to be no more reproached for being behind time, undressed in the open staircase before knocking at the door of the artist's apartments. It was the model's turn to be kept waiting. Some one mounted the staircase. "Ne faites pas attention, madame; c'est

Ajax foudroyé." "Quelle horreur!" "Eh bien! Qu'est-ce que vous voulez? Quand je vous dis que ceci vous représente Ajax foudroyé." "C'est affreux! Est-ce que vous prenez notre escalier pour l'école de natation?" The difficulty was solved at this point by the opening of the artist's door.

Pictures appear and disappear, come and go; in their turn the models live and die, one generation succeeding and resembling another. Some patriarch now reigns in the studios, doubtless in lieu of the white-bearded functionary from Newgate Market, who obtained such favour twenty years ago or more, by his mute personation of Lear, Abraham, Moses, and the prophets. Some substitute has been found presumably for the gipsy-fellow, a brawny Hercules of most noble form and colour, who furnished such innumerable life-studies, erewhile employing his leisure moments in the "cropping" of dogs—for in those times terriers, in obedience to dog-fancying fashions, were cruelly abbreviated as to ears and tail. And another poses, it may be, it must be, on the throne once occupied by that dragoon of exquisite proportions, a military Antinous, who in the interests of pictorial art deserted from his regiment, thereby involving himself in trouble from which only an army of painters could extricate him. Released from martial service, he long flourished as a model, however, carrying often under the muscular arm which once had borne a sabre a neat plaster cast of his own shapely leg. He was prepared to part with this chat-tel for the garnishing of studios upon very moderate terms. These and other favourites of the easel have long since vanished, probably, leaving others to pose and sit and impersonate in their places. All are not, it is to be noted, figure-models, but sit draped, for head or hair or hands, as the case may be. Nor are models eligible simply because of their youth and beauty. Art finds occupation even for the aged and the uncomely; occasionally the painters are quite eager in their quest of sitters, bald, decrepit, and wrinkled. Chelsea pensioners, with a reduced allowance of limbs, are sometimes greatly in request; or there is quite a run upon workhouse beldames, in check gowns and calico night-caps. For art has its fashions, its vagaries, even its crazes.

The studios echo and reëcho with stories of the models. It is reasonable that there should exist kindly relations between the artists and these accessories and materials, the humble friends and poorer kinsfolk of the fine arts. Certainly they have their humours and quaintnesses not less than their uses as the representatives of nature or of character; and then, like the players, they are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time. They pass from studio to studio infected as it were with art, steeped in art news and tattle. It is from Miss Godiver, for instance, that it becomes known among the painters what the superb and mysterious Scumble is at work upon. He has required her, she says with a disgusted air, to float in a large tank with her palms just visible above the surface. I

is concluded forthwith that Scumble is producing an Ophelia or an Undine. It is from Mussell likewise that little B and his friends learn what great A is doing. Mussell has been lying rigid and extended for long hours together. Of course A is once more discovering the dead body of Harold. And gradually these models pick up even a certain knowledge of art and its methods ; at least Miss Godiver can form an opinion as to whether justice has or has not been done to her symmetry or her contours by the painter ; and Mussell is able to protest, when the shadow of his nose has been unduly dwelt upon, that he never was a snuff-taker, that he holds such a practice in aversion, and that he should not have been so represented. And the models are often curiously interested in the success of the pictures in which they appear. Sometimes at Burlington House may be perceived certain visitors, shabby or oddly-dressed men and women, who are clearly not artists, nor to be counted among the patrons of artists or of art-galleries ; these are, in fact, the models who have not hesitated to pay their shillings at the doors that they might know how their counterfeit presentments have been dealt with by the hanging committee—in what situation upon the walls they are to be viewed by the general public.

Nature is very dear to artists ; and the living model is fondly prized, of course, platonically or æsthetically. Perhaps only an artist can thoroughly know and appreciate the charm of drawing from the nude. Haydon, returning to his studio after an absence of some weeks, well expresses a painter's feelings on this subject when he writes : " My heart yearned with delight at seeing the naked figure again—its beautiful varieties, its unaffected grace." To Haydon, however, every artistic accessory had its preciousness. Doomed for a time to renounce high art and attempt portrait-painting, he was full of pity even for his lay figure and the degradations forced upon it. He enters in his journal : " Ah, my poor lay figure ! He who bore the drapery of Christ and the grave-clothes of Lazarus, the cloak of the centurion, and the gown of Newton, was to-day disgraced by a black coat and waistcoat ! I apostrophised him, and he seemed to sympathise, and bowed his head as if ashamed to look me in the face. Poor fellow ! such are thy changes, O fortune. Such, as Napoleon said, is human grandeur : ' Il n'y a qu'un pas du sublime au ridicule.' " The painter was obliged, however, not very long afterwards, to pawn his beloved lay figure for a few pounds only.

DUTTON COOK, *in Time*.

THE AGE OF DANTE IN THE FLORENTINE CHRONICLES.

1. *Dante : an Essay.* By R. W. CHURCH, M.A., D.C.L. London, 1878.
2. *Florentiner Studien.* Von PAUL BOICHORST SCHAEFFER. Leipzig, 1874.
3. *Die Chronik des Dino Compagni.* Von CARL HEGEL. Leipzig, 1875.
4. *Cronache Antiche Toscane.* Venezia, 1841.

THE reputation of the Dean of St. Paul's for scholarly attainments made it almost a foregone conclusion that his Essay on Dante would be a model of elegant criticism. Were the writer any other than Dr. Church, it would be matter of surprise to find mediæval Christianity treated in a spirit of reverential tenderness by a dignitary of the Church of England ; yet without this temper of sympathetic tolerance no one is fit to deal with the great singer of the unseen world. It is indeed somewhat strange to observe what a tribute of half-envious admiration the uncompromising intensity of Dante's convictions extorts from an age like our own, which for itself accepts feelings as a substitute for faith, vague surmise instead of honest thought, and, alike with courage to deny or vigour to investigate the reasonable grounds of belief, is content to face all the problems of life and futurity with the helpless inanity of a "perhaps."

As the contribution of Dean Church to Dantesque literature is principally devoted to a delicate analysis of Dante in his works, he has wisely abstained from noticing the discussion raised of late years as to the authenticity of one of the ancient records he quotes, which the different scope of this article makes it necessary for us briefly to advert to. Modern criticism, so ruthless in sapping the foundations of history, has chosen Dino Compagni's Florentine Chronicle as the object of one of its most uncompromising assaults. This interesting relic, professedly narrating events in which the writer took a leading part, was until recently held as a standard authority ; and Muratori, who first published it in 1726, considered it worthy to rank with Cæsar's Commentaries as a personal record of a stirring time. The first to impugn its authenticity was Signor Fanfani, a distinguished Italian critic, and the controversy opened by him has since been continued in the German press. It is argued, on the one side, from the late appearance of the Chronicle, the absence of early manuscript copies, and its occasional use of comparatively modern phrases, that it was produced in the fifteenth instead of the fourteenth century ; while, on the other hand, it may be replied that few ancient documents are guaranteed by absolute extrinsic proof, and that the evidence of language as to their date is most fallacious, as it would presume their immunity from alteration at the hands of later transcribers.

The oldest Greek texts are known to have been thus modernized by the copyists of Alexandria, and it is the task of contemporary scholarship to restore the original phraseology in accordance with that of inscriptions of the earlier date.

The discrepancies between Dino's Chronicle and that of Giovanni Villani, on which much stress is laid by the German critics, may be turned into an argument of its authenticity by the consideration that a deliberate forger would have been more likely to adhere closely to the text from which he must have compiled; while the most striking of these divergencies, the omission of all mention of the Fisan war of 1293, in which the actual Dino took a prominent part, rather suggests the idea that the narrative has been mutilated than that it is altogether apocryphal. It would seem to us that the supposition which best reconciles all these difficulties is that the manuscript, handed down in a fragmentary state, was pieced together by a later compiler with interpolations of his own, in the same way that the Chronicle of Sigonius is believed to have received large additions after his death.

But as it is not our present purpose to go into the merits of the controversy between Dino's champions and assailants, we have merely hazarded these preliminary observations to show that, if we still accept his record with others of the same date as a faithful picture of the times it relates to, we are not without some grounds to justify us in so doing. After all, our faith in any ancient document is generally founded on internal evidence; and the lively touches of nature in which Dino Compagni's narrative abounds, as they give it its chief value, are also the best warrant of its authenticity. Such is his complaint of the rival orator, Baldino Falconieri, "who occupied the tribune half the afternoon, though we had then the shortest days of the year;" and this outburst of natural petulance puts us at once in sympathy with the lively chronicler, who was no doubt burning to speak himself, while the waning light was wasted in listening to his long-winded adversary. The very brevity of the passage affords in itself presumption of its genuineness, for a forger who had hit on such a clever touch could never refrain from dwelling on it, lest it should escape observation.

Dino again supplies us with an invaluable bit of life-painting when he tells how the feuds of Florence were embittered by the tale-bearing of the jugglers, and how one of them, "Scampolino" in particular, was accused of exaggerating out of deliberate malice, and of adding a fresh sting to Corso Donati's sarcasms on his dull rival Vieri Cerchi. Here we get a glimpse into the inner life of those frowning Florentine palaces, and see how the fierce nobles, in their moments of *ennui*, hailed with delight the mischievous gossip and ridiculous antics of vagrant mountebanks.

Thus, from the very simplicity of these early chronicles we gather some idea of the social and moral influences operating in the age which they describe, though our picture of it would be but incom-

plete were we reduced to seek it in their pages alone. They represent it, indeed, under but one aspect, and that its darkest, leaving us in a state of bewilderment, caused by the contrast, not, as in the Renaissance epoch, between moral and intellectual—but between intellectual and social advancement.

From the picture of savage violence and lawless excesses transmitted to us by the chronicles, we turn in amazement to the sublime verse of Dante and the marble miracle of Giotto. In a short breathing-place between barbarous civil feuds we find the Florentines founding in one year, 1293, the two great churches of Santa Maria del Fiore and Santa Croce. After reading with admiration Giovanni Villani's enumeration of the glories of Florence—of her four great schools of grammar and logic—of her thirty hospitals with a thousand beds—of her innumerable churches and monasteries—we receive a sort of shock on passing to the next sentence, in which he boasts, in the same strain of exultation, of the number of public officers who have the power of applying the torture to criminals. When Dino Compagni tells us how Guido Cavalcanti, *un giovane gentile*, deliberately attempts to assassinate Corso Donati in the street, only failing to do so through the swerving of his horse, we ask ourselves, Can this be the student and philosopher, the friend of Dante, and writer of exquisite verses breathing a spirit of contemplative tenderness? And Dante himself makes Forese Donati, in the "Purgatorio," utter a sentence of ferocious exultation over the death of his brother, this same Corso; while in the midst of the poet's sublime theological speculations the blessed shade of his ancestor is represented as shrinking from him in abhorrence, because his murder was still unavenged by his kinsfolk on earth.

This blending of factious turbulence and intellectual culture, not only in the same society but in the same individuals, would be inexplicable, had we no other record of the times than that which registers their civil disorders. The Middle Ages would be an enigma incapable of solution, did we not know that beside and within society without cohesion or stability—with force for its law and violence as its principle—there existed another body, disciplined, orderly, and stable, whose essence was obedience, whose strength was meekness, whose ideal, humility, whose watchword, peace. The cathedral square often, indeed, ran red with blood, but within the Mother and Child smiled in divine serenity from the altar. The great fortress palaces shook to the din of tumult and assault, but the campanile filled the upper air with its call to praise and prayer. The sword ruled supreme in the narrow streets, but high above the roof-tops the Cross was set in heaven. Thus, while all civil authority was dead, and the reign of violence unchecked by any material obstacle, it never gained a complete moral victory. However it might seem to colour men's minds, there was, in the teaching of Christian morality, a perpetual protest against it, a perpetual vindication of a higher law; and

the ark of civilization which had survived the universal deluge of ignorance and anarchy during the earlier centuries, still contained the principle of vitality that was to reanimate the world. Otherwise, the mediæval barbarism of Italy would have been hopeless as the barbarism of Central Africa, and the feuds of Florence and Bologna of as little interest to humanity as the wars of Unyoro or Uganda. But the germ of progress, though dormant, was not dead, and the subsiding of the dark waters left a living force of development behind. Thus it was that the outburst of civil fury in which Italy awoke delirious from the stupor of centuries was but the manifestation of returning civil life, and that the convulsions of the Middle Ages were the birth-throes of the Renaissance.

Without keeping in mind that there was always this nucleus of order in the midst of chaos, of knowledge in the depth of ignorance, of civilization in the heart of barbarism, we should be utterly bewildered by the mediæval records—by finding how, during the carnival of savage passion and ferocity described in the Florentine chronicles, art was receiving its most powerful impulse, and how amid the feuds of the Cerchi and Donati, Dante was possible. For not even Dante's genius could have produced the "Divine Comedy," unless surrounded by an atmosphere of general culture. If from the first it drew the gigantic vigour and intensity of its conceptions, it owed to the second the exquisite polish of form which fits it to satisfy the taste and defy the criticism of all time. Dante, rude and unlettered, writing for a rude and unlettered public, would still have been a great poet, but for his own age alone; and his verse, even if it survived like some rugged northern saga, as a curious relic of antiquity, could never, as now, form an integral part of the literature of Europe.

Modern thought, "the heir of all the ages," is scarcely sufficiently mindful of all it owes to the trustee of that inheritance during its own long minority: and prefers to forget that the faith it has cast off was the nurse of infant civilization of Europe. For the sole surviving memory of society, after its long lapse of civil consciousness, was the Church which had baptized Constantine and anointed Charlemagne; and which, enthroning itself on the majestic ruins of paganism, made Rome still the centre of the civilized world, and the Latin language and literature the common inheritance of Christendom. It linked ancient and modern culture, for there was no gulf of time between classical and monastic erudition. Boethius, the heir of the Manlii, the last great disciple of the school of Rome and Athens, was still a young man when the boy Benedict fled from the world to the mountain solitude of the Apennines; and the martyrdom of the former at the hands of the Arian Goth, which may be considered the extinction of classical philosophy, preceded by but four years the foundation by the latter of the famous Abbey of Monte Cassino, the headquarters of mediæval learning.

The so-called Dark Ages had their own special form of culture—

their own special goal of intellectual effort—and “the ten silent centuries” have their utterance in the works of the early Fathers. Had they been altogether mute, the mediæval world could not have burst into song in its great canticle: had their darkness not been redeemed by “the little spark hidden in the ashes,” they could not have heralded the intellectual noon of the Renaissance. The object of their study was God, as that of the following epoch was man, and of later times, the visible universe. If excessive concentration on supernatural ideas produced occasionally the exaggeration of mysticism, it at least kept man’s higher nature prominently in view; while forgetfulness of it led the pure humanism of the Renaissance into unblushing cynicism, and is now dragging the daring votaries of science into the hopeless *cul de sac* of modern materialism.

The task of the earlier centuries was the amplification of the broad truths of Christianity into a system, which should meet the complicated requirements of advancing knowledge. As various forms of heresy arose to threaten the infancy of the new belief, the Church was compelled to gird herself with armour of proof, and gather about her champions capable of defending her cause in the arena of controversy. It was not, however, merely by reason of its usefulness as a defensive weapon, but also by the novelty and freshness of the ideas it called into play, that theology exercised so powerful an attraction on the greatest intellects of the first centuries. Christianity, regarded from a purely intellectual point of view, was the greatest stimulus to thought the human mind had ever received, and came to it when the vital force of classical culture was utterly spent. Apart from all enthusiasm for its dogmas, it was the most novel and interesting moral phenomenon the world then offered to the study of its inhabitants. It absorbed the thoughts even of men whose actions it failed to influence. It introduced among mankind a new intellectual ferment, and supplied the great mental excitement, even more than the great guiding principle of life. It furnished the learned with inexhaustible food for thought and discussion, and the ignorant with an endless variety of subjects for their rude attempts at spectacle or drama. It gave a fresh impulse to the human intelligence in its various grades of capacity, and developed new forms of culture adapted to all classes of minds.

For it was not by her theological teaching alone that the early Church exercised her civilizing influence, as the masses of mankind were then, as now, inaccessible to pure reason. Feeling her way, as it were, in the blind darkness of minds unreached as yet by any intellectual stirrings—blank of all ideas unconnected with visible objects—she appealed to the sole faculty by which man can realize spiritual truth, and set herself to awaken the dormant imagination, as her channel of communication with the unresponsive soul. To minds unaccustomed to dealing with abstract ideas, she addressed herself in symbols, and associated dramatic representations of her

great mysteries with the celebration of their anniversaries. In rude pictorial form, again, she depicted the scenes of the Gospel narrative, and the striking actions of the saints or martyrs, and taught by the language of visible signs those whom no other eloquence could reach. Music and dancing, too, had their part in thus educating the soul through the senses, and even the Mystery Plays, with what seems to modern feeling their profane familiarity with sacred subjects, had their uses, among people for whom written language had no existence, and spoken but a very limited range. Poetry, however, is the spontaneous voice of man's spiritual nature, as is abundantly proved by its invariable choice, among primitive people, of supernatural subjects; and its use by the Church as a form of imaginative culture produced those mediæval hymns, of which some—those, for example, by Jacopone da Todi—are inimitable in their exquisite pathos.

Now, Dante's majestic allegory—almost the greatest intellectual fruit of Christianity—reflects perfectly the twofold teaching of the Church in its subtleties of theological disquisition, on the one hand, and in its realistic treatment of spiritual beliefs, recalling the simplicity of popular representations, on the other. So far it is the product of the culture of the past, while it also contains the intensest personification of the spirit of its own age, and the presage of what that spirit was yet to bring forth. For into its shadowy twilight, peopled by spectres and abstractions, the human passion which was to dominate the art of the future is projected with a foreglow of anticipation; and in the introduction of the mere woman, transfigured, indeed, in celestial radiance, but still warm with living interest, the subtle change of key is already struck, which preludes the triumphant pæan of humanity. If the austere teaching of the past is personified in the shade of Virgil, and the living force of contemporary feeling in the fierce Florentine himself, the dawning Renaissance—the apotheosis of humanity—is prefigured in the mystic smile of Beatrice. For the past, indeed, was Dante's teacher, but the future was his inspiration, and all the eloquence gathered up from the dumb centuries behind him was tuned to prophetic harmony with the manifold voices of the coming time.

The rapid accomplishment of the change thus foreshadowed is shown by a glance from Beatrice, the spiritualized essence of immortal love, to Laura, the ideal woman of mere earthly passion. For while Dante and Petrarch were all but contemporaries, a great revolution in thought is compassed by the brief interval between them, and the purely natural treatment of emotion is, in the latter poet, already fully recognized as the guiding impulse of art. In another clime, indeed, and a later age, this principle was to find its chief exponent in him who was the voice of the Renaissance as Dante of the Middle Ages, the prophet of an epoch which had definitively abandoned the supernatural in art. Shakspeare, whose Italian culture was not the least wonderful part of his many-sided nature, was the first of the

world's great singers who dealt with humanity in its visible aspect alone, without any reference to another life or a higher order of being. But the Renaissance, while thus making human nature its sole theme, never lost sight of the immaterial side of that nature, which it was left to a later age to ignore or deny. The perfect balance in which it held mind and matter was its strength, till the preponderance of the grosser element in the scale destroyed its delicate equilibrium; and the genius of Michael Angelo, the leading spirit of his age, precipitated its decline, by his final preference of muscle to mind, and abandonment of all other expression for that of mere animal force*

This cursory glance at the spirit of the following age is necessary to understand fully Dante's position, as he stood on its threshold, alive to its awakening impulses, but still fully dominated by the ecclesiastical culture of the past. While, however, he thus embodied the intellectual teaching of the Church, his moral feeling was identical with that of the lay society in which he moved, and of which in this respect he was not a step in advance. Had he been so he would have been at once less strong and less narrow—would have sung more wisely, but scarce so well. For it is strange, though true, that the greatest minds, apart from the Saints, are never those which see most clearly and combat most vigorously the errors of their time, but those which move for good or evil, in blind sympathy with the strongest current of contemporary thought.

Now the temper of the age of Dante was that of recently converted paganism, and the Gospel, accepted without question, had as yet scarcely leavened the tone of society. The spirit of Christianity required a more gradual preparation in the mind than its dogma, and it took many ages of faith to mature, as it will many of scepticism to extirpate it among mankind. Nevertheless, even the thirteenth century had seen some striking instances of the triumph of Christian meekness; but with these Dante has as little sympathy as a Homeric hero. The story of the young noble who, meeting his brother's murderer on Good Friday, by a way-side shrine, spared his life, and believed he saw the Image on the crucifix bow its head in approbation, was one of the favourite traditions of his native Florence; yet Giovanni Gualberto has no place in the poet's heaven. Filippo Benizi again, an apostle of peace in that age of violence, who travelled from town to town preaching reconciliation to the divided citizens, was an actual contemporary of Dante, and one of the most prominent figures of his time, yet his name does not occur in the "Divine Comedy." "The good Mar-

* The degrading effect of materialism, conscious or unconscious, on modern art, is visible in all its productions, but is most strikingly exemplified by comparing any contemporary portrait with one by Raphael or Titian. The one is a hollow mask—the shallow and empty semblance of a man; the other portrays his whole moral nature at its best or worst.

zocco," who embraced his son's murderer and became a Franciscan friar, is mentioned indeed, but rather in a tone of patronizing contempt; while instances of the poet's sympathy with the opposite feeling might be multiplied indefinitely. His brother-in-law, Forese Donati, is even in purgatory as vindictive as Achilles; and the eternal torments of Ugolino are tempered by the gratification of eternal vengeance.

But the pagan spirit which lingers in Dante's Christian allegory comes of the rude and vigorous paganism of the German forest, not of the corrupt and decrepit worship of the gods of Rome. Long after the temples of Mars and Apollo had been consecrated in honour of the saints, and the votaries of Pan and Bacchus driven from their sylvan haunts, the golden viper was still adored in Benevento, and strange rites of northern superstition celebrated in worship of sacred trees and fountains by baptized but idolatrous warriors.* A new element had been infused into the Latin race which had a powerful influence on its development, and without which its great future would never have been. The tradition of classical culture, preserved and purified by the early Church, was the seed of the Renaissance, but it would never have fructified without the fresh layer of virgin soil with which Northern invasion reinvigorated the worn-out population of Roman Italy; like a fertilizing deluge, which, sweeping away the landmarks of the past, prepared at the same time the more precious harvest of the future.

Of all the barbarian inroads into Italy, that of the Lombards in 568, as it was the last, was the most abiding. The subsequent conquest of Charlemagne subverted only the dynasty, leaving untouched the established social order. This may be said to have represented the military organization of a German tribe, which, occupying the conquered country like an army encamped, had associated its various grades of authority with corresponding territorial jurisdiction. Its chiefs reigned as practically independent princes in thirty great duchies, from Friuli to Benevento, while its free-born soldiers formed the lower order of nobility, consisting of *cattani*, *valvassori*, and *valvassini*, and still classed by the chroniclers, after the lapse of centuries, as *milites* or *cavalieri*. Thus the distinction between the *Grandi*, or nobles, even though untitled and dispossessed, and the plebeian citizens of the Italian towns, was a real distinction of nationality; and the haughty aristocrats who lorded it over square and market-place, as they had formerly done over valley and mountain-side, the arrogant represented self-assertion of a dominant race.

But the free-born warriors (whose long pikes or partizans, *langbart*, gave their name to the nation) were but a small proportion of

* San Barbato, Bishop of Benevento, uprooted in 633 the sacred tree, and abolished the worship of the viper, an image of which was kept in every house, beginning with the palace of the Duke Romualdo. It would appear, however, to have been subsequently restored, as its overthrow is again recorded in 990.

the strength of the Lombard army, and each *arimann* was attended in the field by a number of armed retainers, who in the contingent of Narses were in the proportion of fifteen to one. These semi-servile soldiers, when settled on the conquered lands in Italy, retained their obligation of military service, and under the names, first of *aldi* or *aldiones*, and later of *gente di masnada*, formed the main strength of the turbulent nobles for private war or public rapine. Then, following their lords in their enforced residence within the city walls, they furnished those bands of domestic assassins, or *masnadieri*, who were the great pest of mediæval society.

The alien aristocracy in Italy attained its maximum of power and splendour in the eleventh century, when the House of Este ruled extensive dominions on both sides of the Alps, and Boniface, Duke and Marquis of Tuscany, the father of the great Countess, kept a Court of more than imperial magnificence.* It might have been expected that the succeeding contest between the Empire and the Papacy might have led, as the difficulties of the sovereign did elsewhere, to an increase in the power and privileges of the great vassals. But feudalism south of the Alps encountered an unexpected antagonist in that spirit of municipal independence whose sudden growth gave its history a course widely different from that which it took elsewhere. This element supplied the third great principle of mediæval society in Italy, and stamped it with its most peculiar characteristic; for the traditions of the Latin Church, though nowhere else so strong, were common to the whole Christian world, while the predominance of a military caste was equally felt all over Europe. In Italy alone was the Commune strong enough to absorb into its system the infusion of barbaric vigour supplied by the Teutonic nobility.

This seems more strange in a society long paralyzed under the dead weight of the fallen Colossus of Rome, and reduced to chaotic disintegration by the collapse of its gigantic centre. It was long, indeed, ere the benumbing effect of this terrible incubus was shaken off, and the first symptom of reaction was an extraordinary activity in local organization, and an intense development of political feeling within the narrowest limits. Amid the turbid days of anarchy lesser centres of attraction began to emerge, round which social forces crystallized by degrees, in obedience to some new-found law of order. From the wreck of a stupendous unit were evolved a multitude of minor organizations, animated by a strong but restricted spirit of local concentration. In the monastic orders, in which the ideal of the early solitaries was developed into a community of self-sacrificing isolation, the new instinct of society found its first outlet, and in them the suppression of the individual in the corporation was fully carried out. To the same spirit Francis of Assisi appealed when he instituted his Third

* The reigning dynasty of England traces its pedigree to the Lombardo-Italian nobility, as the elder branch of the House of Este, inheriting the dukedom of Bavaria in the female line, was the parent stock of the House of Hanover.

Order, Peter the Hermit when he preached the First Crusade, and the thousands who took the Cross and the Cord from the one and from the other showed the irresistible force with which the idea of corporate unity electrified the masses. The lay confraternities which sprang up in hundreds throughout Italy about the same time were another phase of this movement; while it received a still stranger exemplification in the swarms of Flagellants or Penitents who traversed Europe in a contagious delirium of self-torturing fanaticism. Jerusalem was the magnet which drew other myriads from their homes, and bands of men, women, and even helpless children, started in blind enthusiasm for the great pilgrimage, to fall victims to the hardships of the way, or, captured by pirates and kidnappers, to be sold into lifelong slavery.*

A religious motive supplies the basis of these forms of association, but the same principle is seen at work in civil society, sifting and ordering its elements, and endowing them with a sense of separate consciousness. Men marshal themselves in ranks, according to community of interests, as in the trade-guilds; of pleasure, as in the societies for carnival shows and amusements; or of residence, as in the rival combinations of the inhabitants of towns, or even of different quarters of towns. Communities seem possessed by more than individual passions, while the feelings, the sufferings, the very existence, of the individual are merged in those of the community. Collective seems to take the place of separate emotion; no one voice gives utterance to the feelings of the multitude, swayed by corporate volition alone; nor can we trace to their origin in any single mind the impersonal tides of feeling which arise spontaneously from the contact of masses of men.

There is no more heroic page in history than the story of the Lombard League; but it is heroism without a hero, and we search its records in vain for the name of a single popular leader in the struggle. Milan is the protagonist, her sister cities the minor actors in the drama; and even the formidable figure of Barbarossa looms on the scene, less a personage than a personification.

Our admiration for these spirited little commonwealths in their battle against tyranny is changed into something like aversion when we turn to the next page in their annals, and find the same energy of collective passion displayed in mutual hatred and efforts at reciprocal destruction. The first symptom of reaction from the inertia of centuries is a frenzy of civil antagonism. The early annals of these ferocious little republics are but the records of a series of duels *à outrance*, in which each persecutes its nearest neighbour with a fury of hatred only to be satisfied by its destruction. Thus Milan, after four years' hostilities, annihilates Lodi; the citizens of Pavia, in

*.This was the fate of thirty thousand children, who, in 1212, on their way to the Holy Land, reached Marseilles, and were there sold to the Saracens.

1155, raze Tortona from its foundations ; and the Romans, in 1191, leave not a stone upon a stone of their rival Tusculum, massacring most of its inhabitants, while the survivors, sheltering themselves in temporary huts made of boughs (*frasche*), gave its name and origin to the present city of Frascati.

To all this seething social life and passion of the Latin race the Lombard nobles, living under their national law, and surrounded by hereditary retainers and clansmen, remained perfectly extraneous ; but their power was insensibly undermined by it, and after the early years of the twelfth century the authority of the counts as governors of the cities is no more heard of, though that of the lords of the Marches still continues a reality. When Barbarossa crossed the Alps in 1154, to receive the homage of his vassals in the great meadow of Roncaglia, near Piacenza, the spirit of municipal independence had made great strides ; and his uncle Otho, Bishop of Frisingen, has left an interesting record of the impression made on him by the Italian commonwealths. He acknowledges that in riches and power they surpassed all other cities, but laments the insubordination to imperial authority which accompanied their material advancement, and specially singles out Milan for its uncompromising and martial spirit. He finds in the Italians the polish and elegance of the ancient Romans rather than the barbarism of their Lombard ancestors, and points out the progress of independence, in the institution of consuls, elected from the three orders of captains, valvassors, and people, and in the admission of the lowest artisans to military service or municipal office. But the main proof of the domineering spirit of the cities, indicating a great social revolution, is the fact, which he is among the first to notice, that they already compelled the nobles and magnates of their districts to reside within their walls, though free feudatories of the Empire, over whom they had no legal authority. The desire to increase their population is the motive assigned for this measure ; but at least as weighty must have been that of extending their sovereignty at the expense of dangerous neighbours, and crushing a power in perpetual collision with their own. Their territory was never secure while it was hemmed in by the strongholds of a turbulent aristocracy ever ready to combine with their enemies—as did Count Guido Guerra, to mention one instance out of many, in the war between Lucca and Florence in 1154, experiencing the subsequent vengeance of the latter in the devastation of his dominions.

Still greater evils than these, however, were introduced by the compulsory residence of the nobles within the walls, as it inaugurated that second phase of mediæval anarchy scarcely less fatal than the first, when the spirit of discord which had previously impelled the cities to reciprocal aggression, inflamed one section of their inhabitants against the other, and convulsed them with intestine disorders. The animosities of rival chieftains, whose principal pastime was private war, were kept at the explosive point by perpetual enforced con-

tact within the strict compression of municipal boundaries. A cage of untamed and newly-captured wild beasts is the image most vividly suggested by a little mediæval town in Italy, when it saw a body of fierce Teutonic nobles pent within the narrow ring of its walls, and the destructive energies that had had free scope in the German forest concentrated within the compass of a few acres. For the ruling race had kept its blood pure from all intermixture with that of the conquered, and its spirit, little modified by Christianity or civilization, was still that of the rude warriors described by Tacitus. The household of the German chieftain in his native wilds, consisting of armed followers knowing no law but his will, was reproduced in that of the Florentine noble, whose domestic banditti followed him abroad on all occasions, and found impunity under the shelter of his roof for the crimes committed in his service. Classification by clans or families, collectively bound to avenge the wrongs and adopt the quarrels of each of their members, was the foundation of the social system of the German tribe, and the same code of honour formed the strongest moral obligation recognized by the Italian feudal magnates in the thirteenth century. Loyalty to the *consorteria*, or group of families bound together by ties of blood, however distant, was in their eyes a more sacred duty than obedience to any other precept, human or divine; and Dante gives a striking instance of the strength of this feeling, when, as we have seen, he represents the shade of his kinsman as turning from him in contempt because his death had remained unavenged. Giovanni Gualberto's act of Christian heroism was thus a protest against the strongest tradition of the order to which he belonged, and a check to the spirit which made every private quarrel a cause of discord between whole sections of the community.

The dwellings of these *consorts*, or kinsfolk, were always grouped together, and formed a series of intrenched camps, carrying on hostilities more or less active against each other. The dark palaces which still frown mutual defiance across the narrow streets of the Italian cities, are standing monuments of the spirit of the proud aliens, who thus sullenly fortified themselves amid the despised burghers, making their enforced submission a new threat to the community they dared not persistently defy. A compact knot of these dwellings communicating by the roofs, or where at opposite sides of the way by bridges thrown from window to window, formed an impregnable citadel if held by a stout garrison; and the chroniclers narrate many a siege and assault in which the inmates gallantly repulsed the attempts of the hostile faction. Their preparations for defence consisted in barricading the street (*asserragliare* or *fare il serraglio*) and bridging it with beams thrown from the first-floor windows (*fare il ponte*) so as to command the assailants from above. Their offensive operations were carried on from their terraces or flat roof-tops, as well as from their lofty towers armed with catapults, mangonels, and other engines capable of hurling formidable missiles at the neighbouring dwellings.

Eccelino da Romano at the siege of Este in 1249, is reported to have had machines throwing projectiles of twelve hundred pounds weight, and it was a favourite pleasantry to launch a dead ass within the walls of a besieged city ; so the power of mischief of these instruments, however insignificant in comparison with that of modern artillery, was not altogether contemptible. Reducing the height of the palace towers was a favourite measure of the magistrates for curtailing the power and bridling the insolence of the nobles, and enactments to this effect abound in the records of the Italian towns throughout the thirteenth century. In Florence a law was passed in 1252, ordaining that all towers exceeding a certain limit (some had reached the extravagant height of 120 braccia) should be destroyed ; and with the *débris* to which they were reduced the walls of the city beyond the Arno were in part constructed. But the spirit of discord and insubordination was too inveterate to be checked by any legislative enactment, and only the utter extirpation of the contending parties would have sufficed to stamp it out.

It would be interesting to inquire if this profound and irreconcilable split in the ranks of the Italian aristocracy, extending to every town and village in the Peninsula, and lasting unchanged for generations, can be traced to any general source, or was merely produced by the same local causes acting simultaneously, though independently. It took the form everywhere of a struggle for power, but had not the personal character which municipal competition for office usually assumes. The same clear line of demarcation is universally to be observed between the parties, which nowhere lose their identity, or break up into a confusion of minor factions. Political distinctions have a permanent and hereditary character, seldom maintained where they are based on mere questions of opinion. Abstract preference for the side of the Empire or the Church seems scarcely sufficient to account for a division of society so persistent and keenly marked, without some more radical and intrinsic principle of disunion. The chroniclers of those days are by no means given to speculation on remote causes of existing facts, which they merely record without seeking to account for them ; but a few scattered hints here and there may perhaps be held to imply the existence of some such principle in a certain diversity of origin dividing the nobles into two distinct sections. The original aristocracy was, as we have seen, of exclusively Lombard descent ; but a new class of feudatories of more recent creation had been intruded into its ranks. The various Frankish and German Emperors, from Charlemagne down, bestowed lands and dignities on their followers on coming into Italy, with the double object of rewarding faithful servants and of founding their authority in the country on a firmer basis than the doubtful allegiance of the conquered race. Innumerable instances of this imperialist origin occur in the family history of the actual Italian nobility. Thus, the House of Cavour derives its German motto, *Gott will Recht*, from Al-

bert, a Saxon follower of Barbarossa, who, after returning from the Holy Land, married the heiress of the Bensi, adopted her name, and settled in Piedmont. The history of the famous counts of Poppi illustrates the same state of things. Originally great barons of Germany, they accompanied Otho I. into Italy, where they became counts of Modigliana and lords of Ravenna, but were massacred in revenge for their cruelty, one child alone, who was out at nurse, escaping the fate of his kindred. His son, Guido Vecchio, was established in the Casentino by Otho IV., with the rank of Count Palatine of the Empire, and, marrying the beautiful G. aldrada, became the ancestor of the celebrated Counts Guidi, who retained their independence for many generations. The Emperors, who spent nearly as much of their time in Italy as in Germany, would naturally look with greater favour on the courtiers endowed with lands and dignities by themselves or their ancestors, than on the older and more independent nobles, whose jealousy of the upstart imperial favourites would follow as a matter of course.

The great social feuds of Italy thus represented a natural and intelligible diversity of feeling, and the names of Guelf and Ghibelline been not mere shibboleths caught up by blind fury of faction, but symbols of the broad distinction between a national and imperialist party. Of the former, the Church—Latin by language and tradition, and by adoption if not by origin—was the obvious champion, and the authority of the Pope in matters temporal as well as spiritual, the sole counterpoise to that of Cæsar. The House whose name furnished the party with its rallying cry, and whose chiefs were its great leaders against the rival House of Swabia, belonged to the ancient Lombard aristocracy, and though partially transplanted back to Germany by its acquisition of the dukedom of Bavaria, left in the House of Este a powerful bulwark to the national party in the Peninsula. The ancestor of Ecelino da Romano, on the other hand, came into Italy under Otho III., and his descendants, true to their imperialist origin, were the principal Ghibelline leaders in Lombardy. The great feudatories, however, holding fiefs immediately of the Empire, and deriving their own authority from it, were often Ghibelline irrespective of their remote origin, and it was rather among the dispossessed nobility inhabiting the towns that jealousy of race had free play.

There we can sometimes trace it, following the obscure hints of the chroniclers who have themselves lost the clue to it.* We find, however, that they regard party policy as something inherent in the race, and inseparable from its traditions, as they speak frequently of families as “of ancient Guelf (or Ghibelline) origin,” and individuals as belonging to one or other faction by birth, even when acting with

* Giovanni Villani ascribes the dissensions of Florence to the difference between “the noble and virtuous Romans and the rude and warlike Fiesolans.” The distinction of race is here recognized as their source.

the other. Thus, Giovanni Villani calls Maghinardo da Susinana "Ghibelline by nation," "*Ghibellino di sua nazione*," though at the time favouring the Guelf cause as the ally of Florence. Machiavelli applies the same term to the Cardinal Niccolo da Prato, in whose case the nationality thus referred to could only have meant remote family origin, as Prato was Guelf. And speaking of the Albizzi, he says that "many supposed them to be Ghibelline," evidently by origin, as the politics actually professed by them could not have been matter of conjecture.

In two of the leading Florentine families we find an indubitable coincidence between origin and hereditary politics, for the Uberti and the Lamberti, for generations the leaders of the Ghibelline faction, both originally bore the name of Della Magna, proof positive that they had come from that smaller portion of Imperial Germany to which the term was then applied. The patronymics, on the other hand, traceable to the old Teutonic forms, are almost invariably found on the Guelf side. "Aldo" was, as we have seen, the denomination of the Lombard semi-serf, and names compounded of this word are found, almost without an exception, on the Guelf side in politics. The Aldovrandi and Aldobrandini, Monaldi, Rinaldi, and Tedaldi in Florence, are Guelfs to the last; as are the Monaldeschi in Orvieto, and the Grimaldi in Genoa; one of whom, Francesco, entering Monaco in the disguise of a friar in 1297, captured it and founded the principality which still subsists in the family. Dante's patronymic, in its primitive form Aldighieri, belongs to this category, and the family was Guelf until the poet was driven into the opposite ranks by the great split in the party at the close of the thirteenth century. Aldighieri occurs too as a Christian name, in 1271, in the Guelf family of Fontana in Ferrara, and seems identical with that of Totila's brother, Aligerno, or Aligero, whether derived directly from it, or independently from the same root. The Bardi, whose name is perhaps an abbreviation of Longobardi, were ardent Guelfs; as were the Frescobaldi, in compliment, no doubt, to their descent from some ancient Teutonic warrior, whose valour merited the appellation of "Frekbald." Fresco, used as a Christian name in the House of Este, is also the corrupt Italianized version of the German adjective. The Donati, the great Guelf leaders in Florence, were originally called Calfucci, a name of not very obvious origin, but probably a corruption of some such word as "Gott-half," the Florentine *c* being an aspirate. Of this name, Buonaccorso, used as a baptismal name by the Donati, and abbreviated into Corso, would be a free translation, thus giving additional colour to the conjecture.

Roughly speaking, the names traceable to the more primitive Teutonic forms occur among Guelf families, and those referable to more modernized inflections, among Ghibelline. There are found all names compounded of the termination Berto, the Uberti, Ubertini, and Lamberti in Tuscany, the Lambertazzi in Bologna, and the Ramber-

ti in Ferrara. The family tradition of the Colona, the great Ghibelline partisans of Rome, ascribe their origin to the Rhine country, and their name may be derived from that of the City of Cologne. Their rivals, the Orsini, came from Spoleto, a great centre of the Lombard nobility.

But the aristocracy, from the time they were compelled to make the cities their home, seem to have renounced all wish to claim barbarian descent, as would naturally be the case when they found it their interest to ally themselves with the national party. Thus, where foreign origin is ascribed to a noble family, it is referred to Imperial Germany, and the Pannonian invaders to make no figure in Italian genealogy. The Guelf partisans prefer to boast of Roman ancestry, and we find the Tornaquinci, the warlike race whose flower perished in the defence of the Carroccio at Monteaperto, thus seeking to link themselves with the patriciate of the imperial city. Their baptismal names (in those days almost as characteristic as the patronymic) betray a different origin, and we find among other ancient Teutonic forms, Tegghiajo, a corruption of the Gothic Teia, the name of Totila's brother.*

The age of Dante was an age of universal fusion; in which the elements of society, Lombard and Latin, Christian, classical, and barbarian, were combining in a series of explosions. Its strange medley of incongruities may be traced in its style of nomenclature, in which uncouth Teutonic compounds, imported by the barbarian conquerors, are seen passing in various stages of assimilation into the semi-classical idiom of Tuscany. They suggest rather the stout paganism of the Northern warriors than the devotional fervour of the ages of faith; and the baptismal register of the poet's "bel San Giovanni," would have been more appropriate to its earlier patron, the god of war, had its simple tale of black and white beans, for male and female infants respectively, recorded any other distinction than that of sex. For, instead of pious or saintly associations, we find the rude spirit of martial prowess, in names derived from epithets connected with war and the chase, or compounded of adjectives expressive of manly strength or daring. These are rendered from the original German in two different ways; by translation and by mere imitative fidelity to sound; as in "Richowar," found in this form in some of the Latin chronicles, of which the sense is retained in "Forteguerra," the sound in "Riscovero." The former version occurs in the Donati, the latter in the Cerchi family, and its abbreviation "Ricco" thus signifies not the Latin "rich," but the German "strong."† The names of

* There is a curious instance of the survival of a Gothic name among the lower classes in Florence at the present day in their use of Diomiro, a corruption of Theodemir, without any idea on their part of its origin.

† A curious instance of the same double rendering of a foreign name in Italian is found in that of Hawkwood, the English condottiere of the fifteenth century, generally given by the vocal corruption of *Aguō* or *Acuto*, but occasionally occurring also in the translated form of *Falcone in Bosco*.

portions of armour, of birds, beasts, and even insects, as "Corazza," "Lancia," "Scimmia," "Giovenco," "Passerino," "Pino," and "Mosca," are common, and in many cases no doubt were derived from some device distinctive of the clan, as they are generally hereditary, and found respectively in particular families. The standards of the ancient Germans consisted of the heads of wild beasts borne on spears, whence came such family names as "Lupi," "Orsi," and "Orsini," who are all found on the Guelf side of politics.*

The variety of inflections to which names were subjected in the thirteenth century often makes it difficult to trace the original form, and abbreviations are the rule, not the exception. Thus, "Durante" is invariably contracted to "Dante;" "Filippo" and "Jacopo" to "Lippo" and "Lapo;" "Benvenuto" and "Arnolfo" are only found as "Nuto" and "Noffo;" "Rinieri," "Ruggieri," and "Olivieri," as "Neri," "Geri," and "Vieri;" while "Arrigo," "Guglielmo," and "Lamberto," after being prolonged by the addition of *uccio*, are finally curtailed into "Guccio," "Muccio," and "Tuccio." The same name sometimes splits up into several different forms, as "Bartolommeo" into "Baccio," "Tolomeo," and "Meo;" "Aldobrando," or "Aldobrandino," into both "Dino" and "Bindo;" while "Gherardo" is converted equally into "Gaddo" and "Duccio," and "Angelo" into "Gino" and "Giotto," through "Angiolino" and "Angiolotto."

Family names, generally only a perpetuation of these personal appellations, are equally flexible; for instance, that of "Rustico" develops into the patronymic "Rustichelli," which again in one branch of the family (that of Boccaccio) becomes "Cheli," and finally "Chellini." In the latter, could we not follow the intermediate links, we should not find it easy to trace the original root, represented only by a single letter. It seems probable that the common termination in *i* of Italian family names was originally derived, not from the plural of the vulgar tongue, which it was later taken to signify, but from the Latin genitive, implying son of. The same elliptical construction is still borne by the possessive in modern Italian, and the father's name appears appended to that of the son in official documents, in the form "Giovanni di (son of) Pietro." *Filius* is gradually dropped in the same way in the mediæval documents, and we find the signature "Pius Manfredi," in 1178, the Latin termination undoubtedly signifying paternity, not plurality.

Hereditary family names were not used in Italy in the eleventh century, for the Lombard chieftains living in rural state were distinguished by territorial designations, and it was only when resident in the cities that they were driven to adopt a humbler style of address. The few great nobles who retained their independence throughout the

* The New World owes its name to one of these Italian versions of German compounds, which may be resolved into a strange unconscious prophecy of its destiny, as *Amerigo* (in its older form *Aimerigo*), seems a corruption of *Ed-mer-rik* fortunate—greatly—powerful.

Middle Ages continued to dispense with a patronymic, and the House of Savoy is without one to the present day.

The external aspect of Florence was, in Dante's time, like its social condition, in a transition stage. The little mart of Fiesole had, indeed, expanded vastly since first the fierce mountaineers had begun to descend from their rock-hewn stronghold to barter in the plain; but the tradition of its origin kept the dwellings of its most important citizens clustered round its centres of traffic, and the *Merca o Vecchio* and the *Mercato Nuovo* were still the great nuclei of the life of the city. In the latter stood the fortified houses of the Bostichi, infamous for the private application of torture to prisoners within their walls; and near them another formidable group was formed by the dwellings of the Cavalcanti, a warlike clan numbering sixty fighting men. The appearance of this part of the city must have differed considerably from its present aspect, as it was ravaged by the tremendous conflagration of 1304, two years after Dante's exile, in which from twelve hundred to two thousand houses were consumed by an artificial compound of the nature of Greek fire.* As wooden roofs were then much used, even accidental fires were frequent and destructive. Some of these old houses must have been stately mansions, for that of the Tosinghi in *Mercato Vecchio*, destroyed by the Ghibellines in 1248, at the same time as thirty-five other Guelf strongholds, is described as rising to a height of ninety braccia, surmounted by a lofty tower, and with a façade adorned with marble columns. In the same party triumph was destroyed the great tower, 120 braccia high, which commanded the end of the *Corso degli Adimari*, and was called "*Guard-amorto*," because it looked towards San Giovanni, the favourite place of interment in the city.

But, though party feuds were thus making havoc in Florence, much of what is now familiar in its aspect dates from the same epoch of civil strife. The palace of the podestà or Bargello, begun in 1250, was already occupied as the official residence of the magistracy; and there, where Dante's portrait still adorns the wall, he must have resided during his term of office. The *Palazzo Vecchio*, with that wonderful tower, whose wall, carried out on brackets, overhangs its base like a projecting cliff of masonry, was only just begun (in 1298), in the midst of an unsightly waste of ruin, where the houses of the Uberti had been destroyed by the triumphant Guelfs.

Giotto's campanile was as yet unthought of, but from the stone which the tradition of Florence still points out as the favourite resting-place of Dante he doubtless often watched the workmen busy at the foundations of the new cathedral, and heard the ringing music of the masons' tools, as the first outlines of Santa Maria del Fiore were traced on the site of the older basilica of Santa Reparata. The

* "*Fuoco lavorato*" it is called by the chronicler, who says it left a blue colour on the ground where it fell.

work, begun in 1294, was, however, soon suspended amid the civil discords of the city, to be resumed in 1331; after which the marble mass of the Duomo rose rapidly under the patronage of the guild of wool, its cost being met by the *danara di Dio*, collected in the factories for the great work.

Florence had in Dante's time outgrown two sets of walls, and that completed in 1078 was already superseded by the last, which existed until very recently. It may be conjectured that the earlier walls of Florence were not detached ramparts like those of later construction, but rather a defensive system of the compound nature, still exemplified in the villages which form so striking a feature of the mountain scenery of Italy. These little strongholds, called *castelli*, are girt by a mural ring, which forms at the same time the external wall of a continuous circuit of houses, and the bulwark of the town. It is pierced with windows in its upper portion, for the convenience of the inmates, and the gates consist of vaulted passages, generally four in number, passing under the houses like the archway of a *porte cochère*.* Through such an archway the Borgo Pinto is still reached, from what was in Dante's time the inner circuit of Florence, and it is probably the very postern gate by which Corso Donati forced his way into the city in 1301, finding himself baffled by the main gateway of San Piero Scheraggio close beside it. For we learn from Giovanni Villani's detailed account of this event that the old mural circuit of 1078 was not only standing, but was the chief defence of the city, and that its gates were still fortified and guarded, while the *borghi*, or streets leading from them to the new walls, were either open or closed by temporary barriers called *serragli*. These Corso found no difficulty in passing, reaching in succession several of the gates of the ancient circle (*cerchie vecchie*), all of which he found closed; and it was only with the aid of his friends inside that he was able at last to break down the postern gate of the Borgo Pinto, and forced an entrance in the neighbourhood of his own houses. The new walls, thus easily passed, were probably intended originally for fiscal rather than military purposes, forming a *cinta daziara* in order to prevent the inhabitants of the *borghi*, now grown into populous suburbs outside the old gates, from escaping the burden of municipal taxation. It is at any rate certain that at this time they formed no part of the defensive works of the city, and that the strong gates which still exist must have been of later construction.

This forcible re-entry of Corso Donati had important consequences; for, once within, he was able by the connivance of Charles of Valois, then governing Florence, to drive his opponents, the White Guelfs,

* Of similar construction must have been, in the days of St. Paul, the walls of Damascus, outside of which he was let down "from a window in a basket," which would have been impossible if they had been detached ramparts. The windows in the walls of the Italian villages are at a great height above the ground, which generally slopes precipitously from the rear of the houses.

into that long exile in which Petrarch was born, and Alighieri died. The subsequent life of the latter, who was in his story as well as in his character a type of his epoch, gives us a more vivid idea than we should otherwise have had of the fate he shared with a large section of his contemporaries. Not Florence alone, but every Italian city, had then a portion of its principal citizens in banishment, and their return, either by the intervention of a foreign Power, or in virtue of their own warlike prowess, was only the signal for an equal number of the opposite faction to take their turn of exile. The cry of these outcasts comes to us across the centuries in the verse of Dante, who like all poets gave a voice to what thousands mutely suffered; and we realize in his passionate complaint the homeless wandering life, the bitterness and prolonged heart-burning of the nameless and voiceless crowd, who shared his fate without his genius. Six hundred was the number of his fellow-citizens actually banished with him, no inconsiderable proportion of a population, estimated, some thirty years later, as containing twenty-five thousand men capable of bearing arms—namely, between fifteen and seventy years of age—of whom a thousand five hundred and six ranked as nobles.

The conditions of exile were not alike for all, but varied according to the circumstances of those condemned. The more powerful were generally *confinati*—that is, restricted to a given place of residence, where they might be least dangerous to the hostile government, and most remote from their territorial possessions and rural adherents. If they broke bounds (*rompere il confine*, as it was called), they became outlaws, condemned in person and property (*nell'avere e nell'a persona*)—that is to say, their goods were confiscated, and they themselves, if taken, were liable to capital punishment. Their property, indeed, would seem to have been at all times administered by the Government, as we sometimes find an allowance per day made to them for their expenses, and the trusteeship of Ghibelline possessions, as well as the exclusion of the proscribed party from office, was one of the functions of the vigilance committee instituted by Charles of Valois, with the title of *magistrato di parte guelfa*.

On the mass of the less formidable exiles a simple sentence of banishment was pronounced, as in the case of Dante, who was free to wander where he chose, save within the territory of Florence. In some cases the city chosen as a refuge by these outcasts would peremptorily expel them, at a few days' notice, in consequence of some change in its policy. Thus, Dante's fellow-exiles were driven from Arezzo by Ugucione della Faggiuola, in the hope of recommending himself to the favour of the Pope. And Lucca, being defeated by the Florentines in 1263, was driven to make peace at the expense of the Guelf refugees; who, expelled from her territory at three days' notice, had to cross the Apennines in haste and misery, to seek shelter at Bologna. At other times the banished party was strong enough to wage war against the one in power, devastating the territory, and sacking the castles and villages of their adversaries.

Before Dante's time, between 1248 and 1267, Florence had seen four of these party revolutions, and alternate proscriptions of Guelfs and Ghibellines. The former were finally restored after the defeat of Manfred at the battle of Benevento, in 1266, only however to quarrel among themselves, and split into the famous Black and White factions, represented respectively by the Donati and Cerchi. The eventual triumph of the Black party was due to the pusillanimity of the Cerchi, which threw the game into their adversaries' hands; and the overbearing Corso Donati, Dante's enemy and brother-in-law, was able to carry all before him, and avenge on his opponents by every form of violence and oppression, the exile from which he had returned, a triumphant rebel.

In this haughty and unscrupulous noble we see a premature specimen of the Renaissance tyrant, only arrested in his career of development by the unsettled conditions of a society unripe as yet for the continuance of any permanent form, even of violence. He was wanting in the conciliatory arts, which win submission to usurped authority by masking instead of parading it, and found himself gradually superseded in power by those of his party who had the superior craft to ally themselves with the popular side. Reared in the traditions of a ruling caste, his haughty spirit could not brook even the semblance of subjection; as we learn from the arguments with which he habitually addressed himself to the prejudices of the more violent and factious spirits he gathered round him. "These men appropriate all the honours, while we, who are by birth gentlemen and grandees, are reduced to live like strangers in our native city. They are followed by trains of armed retainers, they have on their side the false popular leaders, and divide amongst them the public treasure, of which we, as their betters, ought to be masters."

The last cry of a dominant race, whose epoch of power was passing away, could not have found clearer or more emphatic utterance. The era of the tyranny of force in which Corso had graduated was gone by, while that of the tyranny of fraud had not yet begun, and the law which he had so often defied crushed him in the end. Baffled and fugitive, after seeing his palace carried by assault, he was himself overtaken and slain by the officers of the Republic, a mile outside the city. The monks of San Salvi buried him near the spot where he fell, and Florence was all the more tranquil for the extinction of his restless spirit.

The old order of things was indeed passing away, and Corso Donati was its last representative. The balance of power had shifted, and the democratic element was rapidly gaining the ascendant, to become in its turn an instrument of personal aggrandisement. It was thus used by a man who had all Corso's ambition, combined with a subtle genius far more dangerous than his frank insubordination, for it enabled the "Father of his country" to be at any rate the father of its rulers. Tyranny in the future must have the law as its

accomplice—the masses as its associates ; and princes, taking a lesson from their own flatterers, must learn to court the many in order to oppress the few. The undisguised class-tyranny of the nobles was gone forever—their position as a ruling caste undermined—and they were gradually amalgamated with their fellow-citizens, among whom they thenceforward lived as equals.

Their influence as an element of the race was more abiding, and to it Florence owes all that is most glorious in her annals. The barbarians crossed the Alps not only to destroy but to renovate, and the intellectual revival of Italy was due as much to the fresh graft of Northern vigour on the subtle intelligence of the Latin race, as to the resuscitated traditions of classical culture. The illustrious Tuscans, who have made their little country the choicest shrine of genius in Europe, belonged with scarcely an exception to the old patrician race, and stamped on all time its impress of energetic vitality. The turbulent aristocracy, whose feuds long distracted Florence, gave her also the pacific heroes whose fame is her best inheritance ; and the names of Dante and Boccaccio, of Cimabue, Brunelleschi, Alberti, Da Vinci, and Buonarroti,* of Pulci, Machiavelli, and Galileo, show the value to Italy and the world of the legacy of the Lombards.

E. M. CLERKE, in *Dublin Review*.

FIRST AND LAST.

THEY told me Love would only bring me woe,
 His words all false, his sweetest smiles all feigning,
 His promises a cheat ; but I, disdain
 To heed a prophecy I hated so,
 Determined for myself to learn and know.

Love knocking at my door, I let him in :
 A shining angel he, who entered singing.
 I gave him a blithe welcome, proudly bringing
 Choice viands, wines the rarest and the best,
 And spread a feast before my glorious guest.

He deigned to eat, I standing humbly by,
 And vowed a hundred vows, and swore an oath
 Never to leave me ; and I, nothing loth,
 Was listening to his words with great delight,
 When suddenly he spread his wings for flight.

* Buonarroti is probably an incorrect translation of the same Teutonic compound more accurately rendered in the name Buonconsiglio, the German *Rath* (counsel) being confounded, as the meaning of the language became lost, with *Rad* (wheel), and accordingly translated *ruoto*.

“ Ah, treacherous !” I cried, in wild dismay ;
Then wept in silent impotent despair
To find that radiant angel, heavenly fair,
As false as any fiend ; and threw away
The fragments of my banquet on that day.

One knocked again who said his name was Love,
But had no wings ; and, though his voice was sweet,
He sang no songs. Then I came down to greet
This second stranger, moving slow, and sore
Misdoubting if he owned the name he bore.

He read my doubt in my foreboding eyes,
And would have reassured me by his name.
Straightway I told him how another came
And said his name was Love, and vowed to stay,
And even as he spoke had flown away.

“ That was False Love,” he said, “ and I am True ;
The years to come shall prove me.” Then his face
Beamed suddenly with such a wondrous grace
As the false, winged angel never knew,
And made him shine the brighter of the two.

I brought no wine, I made no dainty feast
For this true Love. My bread was salt with tears,
And this he ate ; my cup was bitter too,
Yet he drank from it, and asked no other fare,
Content with my poor portion for his share.

His answering eyes met mine at every look ;
His ready hand anticipated need ;
His willing feet my servants were indeed ;
Till, shaken from the chill reserve of doubt,
In grateful words I told my gladness out.

No wings to fly, but arms to clasp me round,
To raise me from the low ground where I lay,
And guide my faltering steps a better way.
No vows, no songs ; but such sweet daily speech
As no mere music has the skill to reach.

What can I do, for whom so much is done ?
It seems so little to give heart and brain,
Whith every pulse and every thought ; in vain
I count my treasures over one by one—
I find all worthless, and can offer none.

A. K.

ION.

A GREEK tragedy rarely stood alone. If it was not actually a member of a trilogy, it was generally one of a group of closely related plays : so that its principal characters either came before the audience as persons already known to them, or else as the descendants of familiar ancestors. Even the scanty remains which are all that we possess of the Hellenic drama abundantly illustrates this ; and but a small number of its surviving treasures are wholly disconnected from the rest. " Ion," a very charming play by Euripides, is, however, one of these. No character in it revisits us in any extant Greek drama ; nor do any of these rehearse the eventful story of Erechtheus, the father of its heroine. That heroine, Cræusa, is, as we shall hope to show, an interesting personage on her own account ; but, as the last survivor of her famous house, her sorrows must have doubly touched an Attic audience, who had assisted with awe and reverence at many representations of the strange fate of Erechtheus and his children. A modern writer has kindly undertaken to supply the deficiency for us, and to enable us to behold the mother of Ion, environed by the sacred light of her parents' and sister's self-sacrifice ; the author of " Atlanta in Calydon " has written us an " Erechtheus."

It is a play which may claim from us a few moment's attention not only on account of its story, but as indicating the extent and depth of the classical revival which is going on around us. The Hellenic aspirations of the last generation were amply satisfied by Talfourd's " Ion." Now, if we compare that beautiful play with Mr. Swinburne's " Erechtheus," we shall be struck by many points of difference. First, as to the language : Talfourd's tragedy is written in pure English readily intelligible to the ordinary reader ; Mr. Swinburne's is in a Greek-English, which it requires some scholarship to appreciate. Then as to the personages : Talfourd's characters are the more lifelike, but have here and there something of a too modern tone ; while Swinburne's are faultlessly correct in attitude and grouping, but unreal and ghost-like. And as to the structure of the drama, Talfourd very sensibly deserts the Greek for the English stage tradition, and enacts his catastrophe in the presence of his spectators ; while both the first and second catastrophe of the " Erechtheus " are narrated, strictly according to precedent, by the time-honoured lips of our old friend the Messenger. There are no lyric passages in

Ion. Eur. Opera.

Ion : A Tragedy. By T. N. Talfourd

Erechtheus. By A. C. Swinburne.

Talfourd's "Ion," and no chorus; whereas these are by far the strongest points in Mr. Swinburne's play, the ringing resonance of whose chorus charms the ear, even when it fails to convey very distinct notions to the mind; and who can surely defend his occasional practice of "taking care of the sounds and letting the sense take care of itself" by most venerable antique examples. Finally, Talfourd's "Ion" was acted before and applauded by an ordinary London audience. If we were requested to collect one for Swinburne's "Erechtheus," we should have our fears lest, however carefully culled from masters of public schools, University Dons, and devoted partisans of the classic revival, our chosen band of spectators might disgrace us and themselves by yawns.

Perhaps we may be allowed to illustrate our meaning by a quotation or two from each play—the rather as Talfourd's "Ion" is at present, very undeservedly, out of print, and Swinburne's "Erechtheus," for sufficient cause," is unlikely to be perused at length by many of our readers.

To begin, then, with the elder play. Judge Talfourd borrowed little from Euripides but the name and the first idea of his hero—a foundling (although of royal parentage) nurtured in the temple of Apollo, whose priest, Mendon, discovered the infant in his sacred grove. Now the young Ion's real father is Adrastus, tyrant of Argos, whose unknown son is selected by lot to kill him, in order to appease the wrath of the gods, who are wasting Argos with a plague, and who have declared by an oracle that Adrastus and his line must perish. The discovery of Ion's real parentage comes just in time to save him from incurring the guilt of parricide. Another hand gives the fatal blow to Adrastus, who dies, repenting of the crimes into which he was driven by his own early wrongs, and bidding his son reign better than he has done himself. His long-warped nature is healed by the reconciling touch of Death, and his affecting converse with his new found son begins thus:

ION.

How is it now with thee?

ADRASTUS.

Well, very well:—

Avenging Fate hath spent its utmost force
Against me: and I gaze upon my son
With the sweet certainty that naught can part us
Till all is quiet here. How like a dream
Seems the succession of my regal pomps
Since I embraced thy helplessness. To me
The interval hath been a weary one.
How hath it passed with thee?

So soon as his sire is dead. Ion bethinks how he is to keep his promise to him, complicated as it is by the oath which he took "to

slay Adrastus and his son—*i. e.*, (as he now finds) himself. Despite his love for Clemathe, the priest's beautiful daughter, and the attractive prospect of a beneficent reign with her for the partner of its joys, he resolves to give up the life which he has promised, and which the gods have claimed, for the benefit of Argos. The finest and most pathetic scene in the play is that in which Ion, still keeping his fatal secret, hints to Clemanthe that the crown about to be placed on his brow will separate them. The maiden has asked whether she may not sit embroidering his great deeds, cheered in her labours by an occasional word or smile from him? Many as may be his royal cares, yet surely love may be suffered to brighten them.

ION.

Not for me ;
My pomp must be most lonesome. far removed
From that sweet fellowship of humankind
The slave rejoices in : my solemn robes
Shall wrap me as a panoply of ice,
And the attendants who may throng around me
Shall want the flatteries which may basely harm
The sceptral thing they circle.* Dark and cold
Stretches the path which, when I wear the crown,
I needs must enter ;—the great gods forbid
That thou shouldst follow in it !

CLEMANTHE.

O unkind !
And shall we never see each other ?

ION (*after a pause*).

Yes,—
I have asked that dreadful question of the hills
That look eternal ; of the flowing streams
That lucid flow for ever ; of the stars,
Amid whose fields of azure my raised spirit
Hath trod in glory : all were dumb ; but now,
While I thus gaze upon thy living face,
I feel the love that kindles through its beauty
Can never wholly perish. We shall meet
Again, Clemanthe.

—Talfourd's " Ion "

So hoping, the new king of Argos hastens to fulfil the promise that he made to his unhappy father. He dismisses the mercenary soldiers who upheld the tyranny of Adrastus ; and binds the citizens by a solemn oath to establish an equal republic in Argos so soon as his own life shall end. Having done this, he turns to accomplish his oath to the gods, makes his last prayer for his country's welfare before the

* This fine passage contains an anachronism—if that matters. Its speaker thinks of the grave and the worms. A Greek would have been looking forward to the funeral pile and its results,—

" A handful of white dust, shut in an urn of brass."

altar, and then stabs himself there. His last moments are cheered by joyful news. The plague ceases ; and Ion dies, knowing that his sacrifice has been accepted.

No special training, no unusual acquaintance with antiquity, is required in order to appreciate the beauty of a poem like this. We can scarcely say the same of Mr. Swinburne's very clever restoration of the lost "Erechtheus" of the Greek stage. Its reader must think in Greek while listening to English, and even, while doing so, cannot feel the strife between the son of the earth and the son of the sea to be a reality like that betwixt "The Seven against Thebes" and its defenders ; or the death of the maiden Chthonia (generously as she yields her life for her country) to be a source of true anguish like that of Polyxena or of Iphigenia. Still there are real echoes of very grand strains in the specimen which we are about to represent to our readers.* It is part of the scene in which the daughter of Erechtheus goes forth to the altar, where she is to give her life for Athens—the price of her father's victory over the Thracian Eumolpus.

CHTHONIA.

People, old men of my city, lordly wise and hoar of head,
I, a spouseless bride, and crownless, but with garlands of the dead,
From the fruitful light turn silent to my dark, unchilded bed.

Day to day makes answer, first to last, and life to death ; but I,
Born for death's sake, die for life's sake, if indeed this be to die,
This my doom that seals me deathless till the springs of time run dry.

O city, O glory of Athens, O crown of my father's land, farewell !

CHORUS.

For welfare is given her of thee.

CHTHONIA.

O goddess, be good to thy people, that in them dominion and freedom may dwell.

CHORUS.

Turn from us the strength of the sea.

* A few lines in the adieux of Chthonia and her mother Praxithea, are all but a translation from the farewell of Polyxena and Hecuba, in that play of Euripides which bears the last of these two names.

CHTHONIA.

On earth
I see now but the shadow of mine end,
And this last light of all for me in heaven.

PRAXITHEA.

Farewell I bid thee ; so bid thou not me,
Lest the gods hear and mock us.

CHTHONIA.

Let glory's and theirs be one name in the mouths of all nations made glad
with the sun.

CHORUS.

For the cloud is blown back with thy breath.

CHTHONIA.

With the long lost love of mine eyes I salute thee, O land where my days
are now done.

CHORUS.

But her life shall be born of thy death.

CHTHONIA.

I lift up mine eyes from the skirts of the shadow,
From the border of death to the limits of light;
O streams and rivers of mountain and meadow,
That hallow the last of my sight.

O crown on the world's head lying
Too high for its waters to drown,
Take yet this one word of me dying,
O city, O crown.

Though land-wind and sea-wind, with mouths that blow slaughter,
Should gird them to battle against thee again,
New-born of the blood of a maiden thy daughter,
The rage of their breath shall be vain.

Be blest and beloved as I love thee
Of all that shall draw from thee breath;
Be thy life as the sun's is above thee;
I go to my death.

Should this sample of Mr. Swinburne's lyric dialogue excite the wish to see how he succeeds in the yet more ambitious effort of the Chorus, we are ready to gratify it by presenting our readers with part of the fine one, early on in the play, which bewails the hard fate of Chthonia's elder sister Oriethyia, torn (like Persephone from Enna) from the flowery bank of the Ilissus, to be the spouse of Boreas, ruler of the north wind. Its roar is as of a mighty tempest, with ominous lulls between each wild gust of wind, and before the final crash. Readers undesirous of such fierce music have a ready pretext for skipping in the "Excusez-moi, monsieur; je n'entends pas le grec," of Molière's "Henriette," which it is quite open to them to employ.

CHORUS.

1st Strophe.

Out of the north wind grief came forth,
And the shining of a sword out of the sea.
Yea, of old the first-blown blast blew the prelude of this last,
The blast of his trumpet upon Rhodope.

Out of the north skies full o' his cloud,
 With the clamour of his storms as of a crowd
 At the wheels of a great king, crying aloud,
 At the axle of a strong king's ear
 That has girded on t' e girdl' of war—
 With hands that lightened the skies in sunder,
 And feet whose fall was followed of thunder,
 A god, a great god strange of name.
 With ho se-yoke fleeter-hoofed than flame,
 To the no ntain-bed of a maiden came,
 Oreithyia, the bride mis-mated.
 Wofully wed in a snow-strewn bed,
 With a bridegroom that kisses the bride's mouth dead;
 Without garland, without glory, without song,
 As a f. w. l. y night on the hills belated,
 Given over for a spoil unto the strong.

1st Antistrophe.

2d Strophe.

With a leap of his limbs as a lion's, a cry from his lips as of thunder,
 In a storm of amorous godhead filled with fire,
 From the height of the heaven that was rent with the roar of his coming in sunder,
 Sprang the strong god on the spoil of his desire.
 And the pines of the hills were as green reeds shattered,
 And their branches as buds of the soft spring scattered,
 And the west wind and east, and the sound of the south,
 Fell dumb at the blast of the north wind's mouth,
 At the cry of his coming out of heaven.
 And the wild beasts quailed in the rifts and hollows
 Where hound, nor elation of huntsman, follows;
 And the depths of the sea were aghast and whitened.
 And the crowns of their waves were as flame that lightened,
 And the heart of the floods thereof was riven.

2d Antistrophe.

But she knew not him coming for terror, she felt not her wrong that he wrought
 her,
 When her locks as leaves were shed before his breath;
 And she heard not for terror his prayer, though the cry was a god's that besought
 her,
 Blown from lips that strew the world-wide sea with death.
 For the heart was molten within her to hear,
 And her knees beneath her were loosened for fear,
 And her blood fast bound as a frost-bound water,
 And the soft new bloom of the green earth's daughter
 Wind-wasted as blossom of a tree;
 As the wild god rapt her from earth's breast lifted.
 On the strength of the stream of his dark breath drifted,
 From the bosom of earth as a bride from the mother,
 With storm for bridesman and wreck for brother,
 As a cloud that he sheds upon the sea.

—Swinburne's "*Erchtheus*."*

* English readers of this play will learn from it much about the Greek drama. They will learn still more by patiently reading and comparing the two most recent versions of the "*Agamemnon*" of Æschylus—those of Mr. Browning and of Lord

With an apology for tarrying thus long among modern antiques, we hasten to guide the steps of those inclined to follow us to the veritable frieze of ancient sculpture, for which we began by claiming their attention. Not that our survey of Mr. Swinburne's well-modelled group is lost time as a preparation for an examination of the "Ion" of Euripides. Its heroine, Cræusa, is, as we have already said, the daughter of the very Erechtheus who gives its name in the modern play. The thunderbolt which slew him in the moment of victory, just after he had smitten down Eumolpus, leader of the adverse host, the narration of which forms the catastrophe of Mr. Swinburne's tragedy, left Cræusa the orphan heiress of his kingdom, in place of her elder sisters—the slain Procris, the immolated Chthonia, and the vanished Oreithyia. It was a head consecrated by all these sorrows that an Athenian spectator felt prepared to revere as he awaited the entrance on the scene of the mother of the eponymous founder of his race: the fate of the Erechtheid princess whom Boreas wooed so roughly, prepared him to hear that Cræusa, too, had for her misfortune attracted the admiring gaze of a god, and to learn that from thenceforth her destiny, whether for good or for ill, could not be entirely as the destiny of other women. Our hasty glance at Mr. Swinburne's drama has therefore been a rapid passage through the ante-chamber which leads to the hall that contains "the Mother and the Son" of Euripides; and as their anxieties and sorrows unfold themselves to us, it will help us to remember that this tale of simple domestic interest has a past full of demigods and heroes behind it, a vast historic future before it; and that, in dramatising the fortunes of Ion and Cræusa, Euripides was paying a compliment at once to his great patron, the city of Athens, and to the widespread Ionian race.

The scene of the play is laid in front of Apollo's temple at Delphi. It is the son who is first introduced to us—one of the most charming pictures ever painted of early youth. The boy steps forward, with a matin-greeting to Phœbus, too busy himself in the faithful performance of his task for the god's honour; his artless lyrics letting us into the secret of his own orphan state—a foundling by the temple-door, who has found, from the pity of the god, a mercy denied him by his human parents. Yet there is something noble about the boy which seems to promise highly concerning his origin, should we ever

Carnarvon. That of the first named will show them what that famous tragedy is like—in the same way that an ugly dried flower can show a naturalist what were some of the distinctive features of the lovely blossom which it once was; but in Lord Carnarvon's translation they will enjoy many of the fair hues, and much of the perfume, of the flower itself. In other words, Mr. Browning's work is a facsimile of the "Agamemnon," very cleverly executed, but with all the beauty left out: Lord Carnarvon's a faithful and scholarly transcript of his great original, made happily with due regard to the differing genius of the English language, and to that principle of compensation without attention to which it is impossible to produce a satisfactory version of a poem.

discover it; just as the wise answers of Joash, in still tenderer years, in the "Athalie" of Racine, suit well with his royal descent, and prepare for his elevation to the throne of his ancestors.

It is thus that Euripides introduces us to his youthful hero. It is early morning: first the great temple of Apollo stands calm in the clear light of dawn, while the peaks of Parnassus above it flush rose in the first beams of the sun; then, as those beams fall on the temple-door, there stands there a figure with a quiver on his shoulder, like a statue of the youthful Apollo in beauty, whose semi-childish features accord well with the early freshness of the scene—whose words, child-like and melodious, find the following lyrical utterance, while he performs the various tasks which they indicate:—

ION.

Now, his four coursers and gold chariot guiding,
The sun down to earth sends his light;
From his fires in the air see the stars flee for hiding
To dear, holy night:

See the trackless peaks of Parnassus upholding
Day's great disc to the mortal sight;
See mists of incense the temple-roof folding,
Steamed from censers bright.

The Delphic priestess her sacred chair
Has taken, in song to Greeks to declare
The word by Apollo sent.
Now, servants of Phœbus, your steps be bent

Down to swift Castalia's silver wave;
Thence to fetch pure dews and the temple lave,
And with heed speak no word save of good intent,
To men who the god's responses crave

Mine the task, as from childhood it still has been,
The porch with the laurel bough to sweep,
And hang there its chaplets of glossy green;
To sprinkle with water the holy floor;

And with bow and arrows good watch to keep,
Chasing the birds from the temple-door,
Lest they make the statues unclean.
Motherless, fatherless, thus do I
Serve this fane, my nurse from mine infancy.

Strophe.

Tender branch of laurel tree,
Fairest on the ground that grows,
Come and sweep that temple's floor,
Which great Phœbus' splendour shows:
Tree in beauty, waving free
From immortal garden-bed,
Where the holy dews are shed,
Fount that flowing evermore
Has this myrtle's tresses fed,

In my hand the pavement sweeping ;
 While I with the swift-winged sun
 Still my course of service run,
 Daily her : my station keeping,
 Pæan, hail ! hail, mightiest !
 I thy name adore ;
 Leto's son be blest,
 Now and evermore.

Antistrophe.

This I count of labours best,
 Phœbus, here to wait on thee,
 Honouring thy prophetic seat :
 Glorious is my toil to me ;
 Slave to the immortals blest,
 Not o meaner mortals, I
 Weariness in work defy,
 For my labour's praise is sweet,
 And my father, Phœbus high.
 I his praises still am singing
 Who has fostered me from birth ;
 Ever would I chant his worth
 Through his temple-courts loud ringing ;
 Pæan, hail ! hail, mightiest !
 I thy name adore ;
 Leto's son be blest,
 Now and ever more.

Now my earliest task is done,
 Rest thee, laurel bough ;
 From their golden vase must run
 Waters now,
 Which the fount of Castaly
 Scatters free ;
 Bounteous shed
 From holy bed.
 Ever thus to Phœbus may
 In my duteous service pay,
 Nor cease till life be fled.

Lo ! the birds, their nests forsaking
 On Parnassus' height,
 Here their way are taking.
 Shun, I bid you, in your flight
 Lofty cornice, gold-decked room.
 Zeus' own herald, thou whose claw
 To weaker birds gives law,
 Thee my bow
 Can lay low ;
 If thou heed'st not, fear thy doom.
 'Tis a swan his way now steering
 Towards the temple-door.
 Thy red-glancing foot uprearing,
 Flee my shafts before ;
 Lest thy song to Phœbus' lyre
 Save thee not from death, retire,
 With thy white wings seek the Delian wave,
 Lest, my charge unheeding,
 Thou thy sweet song bleeding
 Raise in death, with none to save.

Lo ! what other birds appear ?
 Swallow ! would'st thou build a nest
 For thy callow young ones' rest
 'Neath the cornice ? Ah ! but fear,
 Nor my bowstring disobey.
 Where Alpheus' waters play
 Haste thy progeny to rear,
 Or within the Isthmian dells ;
 Only harm not Phœbus' cells,
 Do not wrong his statues dear.—
 Much I shrink to hurt you, birds,
 Who of gods the fateful words
 Bring to mortal ear ;
 But 'tis Phœbus that I serve,
 From his will I ne'er must swerve.

In strong contrast to this picture of life in its spring-time, is seen advancing a stately lady, fair still in her matured beauty like an embodiment of late summer ; but with marks of sorrow on her lofty brow, and a wistful eye that seems looking into distance for something which it cannot find.

It is Crœusa, daughter and heiress of Erechtheus, King of Athens, newly arrived at Delphi with her husband Xuthus. Their union has now lasted many years, and is still childless. They have come to Delphi to consult Apollo as to whether the gods will yet give them an heir. Such are the causes, so far as are known to her attendants, of Crœusa's sad looks. They trust that she may leave the shrine with better hopes and a more cheerful countenance ; and so they survey the stately columns and fine proportions of the temple with even more than the artistic admiration which eyes trained amidst the architectural magnificence of Athens (antedated, of course, by Euripides) might be expected to bestow. Dividing themselves into two companies, they sing the praises of the fine sculptures which adorn it, recognising amongst them, with especial pleasure, the form of their patron goddess, Pallas ; and receive information from the young acolyte, Ion, concerning the hidden glories of the inner shrine, which it is not lawful for them to enter.

But meantime it is far otherwise with their mistress. She turns pale at the sight of Apollo's temple, as if stung by some agonising memory, and stands weeping amid the smiling faces that surround her. Her answer to the boy, who, struck by the grace and dignity of the unknown lady, ventures to ask the cause of her tears, points to some hidden and mysterious source or them. He says (after expressing his admiration for the form which guarantees her noble birth) :

Yet this amazes me ; you close your eyes,
 And wet your high-born cheek with streaming tears,
 At sight of Phœbus' holy oracle
 Oh, woman ! whence this anguish in thy mind ?
 When all men else, beholding the god's cave,
 Rejoice, thine eye alone o'erflows with tears.

Cræusa. Stranger ! thou well mayst wonder that I weep.
 But I, soon as Apollo's house I saw,
 Went measuring o'er in mind a memory old,
 Dwelling at home, in thought, though present here.
 Alas, for woman's sorrows ! for the rash deeds
 Of gods ! Ah, whither can we flee for justice
 When 'tis our lords' injustice that destroys us ?

Ion. What strange and secret thing awakes thy wrath ?

Cr. Nothing ; my bolt is shot. Henceforth my lips
 Are silent upon this ; need it no more.

Yet another hint of her secret trouble soon escapes her. The youth, who seems well versed in the fortunes of Athens, asks her many things concerning them, after she has disclosed her name to him. The lady answers willingly, till at one question, seemingly of all the least important, she starts as if a serpent bit her.

Ion. Is there not there a district Macræ named ?

Cr. What askest thou that ? what memory stirrest thou ?

Ion. By Pythias honoured in his radiant light ?

Cr. Dishonouring honoured. Would I ne'er had seen it !

Ion. What ? Hatest thou the place our god loves best ?

Cr. Nay ; but I know of shame within those caves.

There is also an artfully-veiled equivocation in Cræusa's reply to Ion's subsequent inquiry, when, discoursing about her present errand to Delphi, he says, "Thou hast then never been a mother," and she answers, "Phœbus knows that I am childless." So, too, it is rather the eye of a woman who had known a mother's feelings by experience, if but the experience of one short hour, than that of one to whom those feelings were a matter of conjecture only, which Cræusa fixes on the beautiful boy before her when she asks him his name, that she may call the mother of so fair a son blessed. "I bear no name save the god's," * replies the youth. "I know not my father, nor yet who bore me ; never did I suck the breast ; the priestess of Phœbus, my adopted mother, reared me ; the god has fed and clothed me from my earliest infancy, and I have no marks by which to discover my unknown parents." "Sorrowful myself, I find sorrows elsewhere," says Cræusa ; "thine unknown mother is indeed miserable. And what she has endured another woman has likewise suffered—one known to me, and for whose sake I have preceded my husband to the oracle, to put there a question in private on her account." And then, though not to her young listener, yet to the discerning spectator, Cræusa discloses the secret of her sadness and her half-hidden indignation against the god. This hapless friend of hers who, wedded forcibly by Phœbus, bore him a son in secret, exposed the child, and, finding it not when she returned to seek it, feared it had been devoured by wild animals, is of course herself. The lost child

* Ion is a name given to him in the course of the play. He is nameless at its commencement.

would now be about of Ion's age ; and she wishes to learn from the god whether he is still alive. "Alas !" says Ion, "this case seems like my own." But he dares not do Cræusa's bidding, and insult the god in his own house by an inquiry concerning a misdeed of his own. At this refusal, reasonable as it is, the lady's wrath arise ; not, however, against the young doorkeeper of the temple, but against the god, "unjust now as heretofore, who neither protected his own son then, nor yet will now let the hapless mother know where to find him alive, or where to raise a tomb to him dead." Her words painfully affect her young listener. By herself they are soon forgotten in the joy caused by her husband's approach with a good report of his own preliminary inquiry at the cave of Trophonius. He has heard these glad tidings there—that he and his wife will not return childless as they came ; so he goes in with good heart to consult the great oracle itself, bidding Cræusa offer prayers meantime for a favourable result at all the various altars. But Ion, who remains behind, has overheard Cræusa mutter as she left him that now perchance the god may make up for his former offences ; though not even then (accept as she must a god's atonement) could she wholly feel his friend. And this smothered indignation cannot seem unjust to him after what she has narrated. His faith in the perfect goodness of his honoured master has been rudely shaken. And as he turns once more to ply his task with the golden pitcher, he cannot refrain from apostrophising the god, with more sincerity than reverence, thus :

Yet let me bid thee, Phœbus, wed no more
 Virgins by force, betray them, and neglect
 Their babes cast out in secrecy to die.
 Do not ; but, being mighty, follow virtue,
 For when men sin, they are the gods who punish.
 How can it stand with justice then, for you,
 Our lawgivers, yourselves to be lawbreakers ?

Cræusa's maidens now occupy the scene, to aid their mistress with their prayers. Their choric song begins with a supplication to the two virgin goddesses, Athené and Artemis, to procure her a favourable response, and to bless the race of Erechtheus with children. And then, in language which reminds us of that of a well-known psalm, they thus declare their sense of the greatness of the blessing which they implore for her :

Stay of vast prosperity
 None is found so firm to rest
 As a house by children blest ;
 When, a light to father's eye,
 Strong young sons his old hall crown,
 Fit his riches to receive,
 Fit ancestral wealth to give
 To their children's children down ;
 In the evil day a ward,
 In the gladsome morn a joy,

They when foes the land destroy
 Stand its ever-watchful guard.
 Better far than royal treasure
 In the secret chamber piled
 Is the wealth of one dear child ;
 Where can childless age find pleasure ?

Proportionate to the strength of their desire to see their mistress made a joyful mother is the dismay of these faithful handmaids when Xuthus issues forth from Apollo's temple with a cheerful countenance, and salutes the young Ion, who meets him on its threshold, as his son, saying that the oracle has declared that the first person he should meet as he went out would stand to him in that relation. For his joy must, as they think, prove Cræusa's sorrow. A step-son, born to her husband years before his marriage with her, is a sorry substitute for the child which they had trusted that the gods were about to bestow on both. Nor does the young Ion view the new prospect opened to him with unmixed satisfaction. At first he is incredulous, and thinks that Xuthus has lost his wits. Afterwards, when assured of the tenor of the oracle, his first inquiries are, by a beautiful instinct, for the unknown mother, about whom Xuthus can tell him nothing ; and he cries :

O mother ! shall I ever see thee too ?
 Now, whosoe'er thou art, more than of old
 I long to gaze on thee ; but thou perchance
 Art dead, and never shall mine eyes behold thee !

Nor does he like the idea of going to live at Athens, to be despised there for his doubtful birth, and looked upon as an alien intruder by the citizens ; and to be at the same time a standing grievance to their childless princess—a step-son whom she might come both to fear and hate. Rather than expose himself to the annoyance and the risk which he foresees, he asks his new-found father to let him remain at Delphi. To this Xuthus replies by declaring his own equal fear of grieving a wife whom he loves and honours by flaunting before her a happiness in which she has no share. Rather will he take Ion home with him as a stranger friend, in the hope that Cræusa herself may learn to love him, and be won in course of years to adopt him as her heir. Meantime, he carries him off with him to a feast, in which he means to celebrate his birth as well as his recovery, enjoining silence under severe penalties on his wife's attendants. But their wrath at seeing him happy while such misfortune is befalling their lady, and the strong suspicion of collusion, and of an oracle unfairly obtained to suit his own purpose, which their lyric song expresses after his departure, give small hope of their obedience to the injunctions of Xuthus.

Ere long Cræusa is seen returning from her visits to the altars. She is not alone. An aged slave, the guardian of her father's infancy and

of her own, has joined her. Him she bids share the joy which she hopes the oracle has in store for her ; or, if misfortune after all awaits her, it is, she says, sweet at so sad a moment to look into the eye of a friend—much more of an adopted father, as the old man is to her. Her hopeful glance is quenched as it falls on the sad and anxious countenances of her maidens. Their doleful exclamations prepare her for the worst ; and, though they protest that it is dangerous for them to speak, yet the “ faithful handmaids of her loom and shuttle ” (as she calls them) cannot find it in their hearts to keep back the fatal knowledge which their mistress imperatively requires from them. Out it comes, with a wild burst of grief from their leader, who professes herself ready, rather than deceive her lady, to die a double death. “ Never, my mistress,” she exclaims, “ shalt thou take a babe of thine own in thine arms, or press it to thy breast.” Overcome by this sudden downfall of her high hopes, Cræusa cries out for death. Then comes the second, and yet more staggering, blow—the tale of the blessing denied to herself being granted to her husband ; of his being proclaimed the father of the youth who had so powerfully attracted Cræusa’s attention on her first arrival at Delphi ; and the news that they are even now celebrating by a feast of joy in which she has neither part nor lot. Her old tutor cries out that she is betrayed ; that her husband, ungrateful for the honour which their union has bestowed on him, has beguiled her to Delphi, and laid an artful plot in order to introduce into her house the son of some strange woman, who, nameless though he be, will quickly make himself master there. Nay ! he, together with Cræusa’s faithless spouse, will plot her death. Had she not better be beforehand with them, and slay them sooner than let them slay her ? Before these terrible suggestions, pressed alike by her early and her later sorrow, the poor lady’s mind seems on the point of giving way. She bursts into wild invectives against the god, whose original offence against her, so long concealed, is now being forced on to her lips by the pressure of this new injury. The old guardian of her childhood, who never dreamed that his dear adopted daughter kept any secret from him, stands amazed as, in her helpless wretchedness, the words escape her, opening what a handmaid fitly calls a storehouse of woes, which no eye can look on tearless. It is thus that she boldly makes her complaint against great Apollo himself, at his own temple-door :

Cræusa.

Oh heart ! my lips how can I seal ?
 Yet how my nuptials hid reveal ?
 How fling away the bonds of shame ?
 What hindrance in my path is left ?
 What yet from me can duty claim ?
 Has not my husband’s hand betrayed me ?
 O home, of child am I bereft ;
 Those hopes are fled that silent made me ;

While I to grasp thine tried,
 Content to hide
 My marriage, —my sad childbirth to conceal.
 But now, by Jove's star-spangled seat I swear,
 And by the goddess of our rock's high crest,
 By Lake Tritonis' holy shore,
 I will no more
 Those nuptials cloak, but free my breast
 From weight of secret hard to bear,
 Mine eyes are running down with tears,
 Ill counsel my grieved spirit fears
 Of men and gods, whom I will prove
 Traitors to love,
 Thankless for all my goodness in past years.
 Sounder of the seven voiced strings,
 Making rustle folds around
 Hymns the Muses love resound,
 Breathing life from lifeless thing,—
 Leto's son! before this light
 I my charge against thee bring.
 Thou, thy hair all golden-gleaming,
 Cam'st on me, whilst gathering
 Crocus flow'rets (gold too gleaming),
 I wove from them garlands bright.

Woe is me! my child has perished.
 Snatched by ravening birds away,
 Mine and thine; by both uncherished.
 Wretched; yet thou singest gay
 To the lyre thy pæan lay,
 Hear then, Leto's son divine,
 Utterer of the oracle
 Where the golden tripods shine
 At earth's centre round thy cell,—
 Hear in turn these words of mine:
 Oh! bad immortal spouse!
 Thou, having earned of old no grace
 Of him my husband now, dost place
 A stranger's child within my house;
 Whereas thy son and mine perished unknown;
 By fierce birds torn,
 And stripped forlorn
 Of swaddling-bands by me about him thrown,
 Thou hast shamed Delos' laurel-grove,
 And that high palm with fair leaves crested,
 Propped against which once Leto rested,
 That day she bore thee unto Jove.

The old tutor stands aghast: he demands explanations. Cræusa reminds him of the cave of Macræ in the Cecropian rock. "There," she says, "sorely against my will, I contracted my unhappy marriage with Phœbus. There, all alone, I bore him a son; and there I left him abandoned to the beasts and birds."

Tutor. Died he? Did bad Apollo give no aid?

Cræusa. No aid: my child was reared in Hades' house.

Tu. Did none but thou know of thy child's exposure?

Cr. Two others only: Grief and Secrecy.

Tu. How couldst thou bear to leave it in that cave ?

Cr. Ah ! how indeed ? with piteous words of wailing.

Tu. Woe for thy fatal rashness ! yet I blame
The god still more.

Cr. Ah ! if thou couldst have seen
How the babe stretched his little arms to me.

Tu. But with what hope didst thou cast out thy child ?

Cr. The god I trusted his own son to save.

Tu. Alas ! what tempest shatter thy great house !

Cr. Why veil thy head, old man, and take to weeping ?

Tu. Because I see thy misery and thy father's.

Cr. All mortal things are such ; nought stays the same.

But this sorrowful tenderness soon gives place to a fiercer mood. The old man bids his beloved princess revenge the wrongs that she has suffered, and suggests to her wild schemes of retaliation. "Burn the god's temple." "I dare not," says Cræusa. "Try something more practicable then ; slay thy husband." "The memory of our wedded days, happy till now, restrains me," is her reply. "If not that, then kill this son, thy new-found foe."

Unhappily this last piece of advice finds favour. Cræusa and her foolish old friend have worked themselves up to the belief that she must either slay or be slain ; and therefore they do not scruple to plot the luckless Ion's death at the very banquet where his poor father is now feasting him. A deadly poison, the Gorgon's blood, given by Pallas to Cræusa's grandsire, is to be dropped into his wine-cup by the tutor's own hand, who undertakes his wicked errand with a calm confidence in its righteous nature which nerves his aged frame to youthful deeds. To his mind the strict rules of piety are for peaceful and prosperous times : when at war with foes, law must needs be set aside.

But while Cræusa, in her wild passion, sees the old man grasp the deadly phial and depart without misgiving, the audience tremble. To them the horrible nature of the imminent catastrophe is but too apparent : the death of a son by the contrivance of his own mother.* For that Ion is in truth Cræusa's lost child is to them an open secret. The horror of the dark thundercloud thus so suddenly drawn over the clear blue sky under which the drama opened, is deepened by the first strains of the choric ode, sung by Cræusa's maidens when she has herself withdrawn. It is dreadful to hear their prayer to Persephone, the great goddess adored at Eleusis, for a blessing on the poisoned bowl ; little dreaming that it is the latest descendant of that very Erechtheid house, for whose honour they are so jealous, that those fatal draps are meant to destroy—that the torch which they fear to see borne in the Eleusinian festival by an alien hand, will (if this plan of theirs succeeds) be quenched in the royal line forever. It is thus they sing :—

* A similar risk gave its interest to the lost Merope—restored by Matthew Arnold.

CHORUS.

1st Strophe.

Daughter of Demeter, thou whose reign
 Stretches over the night-haunting powers,
 Speed the deadly draught in daylight hours ;
 Draught my honoured lady sends,
 Wherein wine with Gorgon blood-drop blends,
 Grasp unhallowed to restrain
 Laid on her great house by worthless hand.
 Oh, may never Athens' king
 From some newer lineage spring !
 Be her ruler still of the Erechtheid band.

Antistrophe.

Should this death-stroke fail, my lady see
 All her toil made vain and bold design,
 Quenched her hopes, she for her neck will twine
 Noose, or death by sword-stroke bring ;
 So, by sufferings sufferings finishing,
 She to other life will flee.
 Never could she bear, that high-born dame,
 Strangers ruling to descry
 In her house, while yet her eye
 Living can drink in the sun's bright shining flame.

2d Strophe.

I must blush in Bacchus' sight,
 Bacchus whom sweet songs delight,
 Should his eye, that sleepless glances,
 Spy by Fountain of Fair Dances
 Such a king, that sixth great night,
 Where the torch-lit troop advances ;
 When the star-eyed æther bright
 Dances moved by inward gladness,
 And the moon her stately measure
 Treads, and beams out tranquil pleasure ;
 When, where rivers whirl in madness,
 And within the sea's blue waters,
 Dance to Nereus' fifty daughters,
 Honouring the Maid gold-crowned
 And her mother far renowned—
 Where, a king by Phœbus made,
 Hopes this alien to reap treasure
 In safe store for others laid.

Happily, however, the prayer of these injudicious supplicants is answered according to the final purpose in view of which it is made ; and not according to the means which they themselves choose for the fulfilment of that purpose. Crœusa does not succeed in compassing her unknown son's death : nevertheless, her failure at first seems only about to replace one horror by another, and to substitute for the prevented crime Crœusa's death at her own son's hand. For presently an affrighted servant rushes in to warn his mistress that her attempt has been discovered, and that she has been condemned to be stoned to

death. Such is the sentence of the Delphic elders on the stranger who has tried to take the life of one of Apollo's servants. The narration is long and ornate, considering the critical moment at which it is spoken ; but such was the traditional practice of the Greek stage. So the handmaids are supposed to suspend their anxieties sufficiently to hear a somewhat prolix account of the sumptuous banquet spread by Xuthus for the whole city ; under fair hangings on which were portrayed all manner of astronomical shapes—Pleiads and Hyades, and Orion with his sword, black-robed Night, the bright chariot of the Sun, and Dawn in swift pursuit of the stars. Most thrilling, however, becomes the tale, when Ion unsuspectingly raises the fatal goblet to his lips. But the god protects his own, and the cup falls untasted at a chance word of evil omen. Its contents are poured out on the floor as a libation ; and the discovery of their real nature follows on this wise. Just then flew in a number of feathered revellers, the doves that dwell fearless in Apollo's house ; and one of these tasted the liquid which had filled Ion's goblet, and shrieked and died. The old tutor was seized, charged with poisoning it, and implicated his mistress by his confession. The youth demanded justice against her ; and having obtained her condemnation and her sentence, is now on his way to see it executed. The Chorus loudly bewail Cræusa's peril ; and see, all too late, how wrongly she has acted, and how just will be the retribution which seems likely to overtake them all. Her executioners advance ; they consist of the whole multitude of the city, all eager to punish her sacrilege. And from their cruel onslaught there is one refuge, and one only, open to her, the last she would herself have chosen—the altar of the god whom she so lately defied. At first, moreover, it does not seem as if even this asylum would protect her long. Flushed with righteous indignation, the young Ion strides up to where his murderess (in intention) cowers, and, with all the pitiless logic of youth, denies the criminal's right to the shelter of the innocent. Strange and pathetic is the scene to the audience, who know how these bitter foes are in truth related to each other. They tremble when youth in its innocent ignorance prepares to deal such hard measure on the sin that is so apparent, while its root of bitterest sorrow is so deeply concealed ; they shudder when, with matricidal hand uplifted, the pious Ion prepares to lay Cræusa's head, still beautiful with its golden tresses, low beneath the Parnassian stones—which, he says in ghastly mockery, are to comb them out. A thrill of horror runs through them when, on Ion's asking her whether she means to pollute the holy altar by dying beside it, Cræusa replies, "Yes, since so shall I grieve one who has grieved me ;" for in those low accents they overhear alike her undying sense of the wrong she has suffered, and her last appeal to the great deity, whose presence they divine in the background ; whose interposition at this most critical moment they urgently desire.

Nor is that interposition long delayed. It comes in the form of that

aged Pythian priestess, who of old picked up the deserted child at the temple-door and cared for him like a mother ; to greet whom Ion for a moment forgets his wrath, with a

Hail, O dear mother ! though thou didst not bear me.

Whether the worthy old woman's entreaty to him to forgive his foe, and enter Athens pure from her blood, would have prevailed with him finally is uncertain : at any rate she creates a momentary diversion in Cræusa's favour by presenting Ion with the swaddling-clothes in which she found him wrapped, and the open chest in which he was laid—tokens which she never showed him while he was in Apollo's service ; but which, now that the god has resigned him to a mortal, she thinks it right to give him, that by their means he may seek out his unknown mother.

The boy unfolds the rich robes with dread, lest they should reveal to him some unwelcome secret, yet with a heart melting towards the hand which wrapped them round him ; and with a soft pity for his own infant self, left with (as he feels sure) sore unwillingness, unprotected in its helpless state—

For I, when in my mother's kind arms fondled,
I should have had a happy, gladsome life,
Was snatched away from that dear mother's care.
And she who bare me, to was wretched ; felt
A like woe, losing all her chilk s caresses.

But another eye than Ion's is scanning his birth-tokens even more eagerly than his ; nor is the result of its scrutiny long doubtful. Cræusa has recognised in them her own handiwork, and leaves the altar at the peril of her life to claim the youth whose death she so lately sought to compass, as her son. By her knowledge of the contents of the chest which, as yet, she has only seen from afar—gold ornament, olive crown, and patterns wrought by her own girlish hand at the loom on the swaddling-clothes—she convinces her at first reluctant hearer of the truth of her story ; and mother and son are at last folded in each other's arms. Ion has found the love for which his heart has been hungering : to Cræusa it seems as though the grave had restored to her her dead ; and she acknowledges that she has received compensation in full for her long sorrows by exclaiming—

Child, I did not bear thee tearless,
Left thee full of anguish, cheerless ;
But my lips, thy cheek now pressing,
Win delight past earth's best blessing.

Sonless, childless now no longer,
Now my cold hearth flames, now stronger
Is my land made by a king ;
Now Erechtheus once more rises,
Night his house no more surprises,
But bright rays fresh morning bring.

Still memory must fling its passing cloud, when Ion, having wished to send for his father, has to learn that, in strict truth, he has no right so to call Xuthus. Then Cræusa exclaims, in tones of mournful pride blended with anguish—

Not amid torches and the dances cheerful
Was I a proud bride led.

Where on the rock the nightingales sing tearful
In secret to great Phœbus was I wed.

To no fond nurture might my breast receive thee :
Thine infant limbs I might not lave ;
Cast out to Hades, I was forced to leave thee,
To birds a prey in lonely cave.

“How nearly I requited this by slaying thee—a far worse deed than such unwilling desertion !” is Ion’s remorseful reflection, as he sees his mother’s penitent sorrow. But may he venture to believe that his is indeed the glorious parentage attributed to him by Cræusa? Can he claim Phœbus for his father on her unsupported word alone? All doubt on this score is set at rest, according to the custom of the Greek stage, by a glorious apparition—that of Athené ; who, as the patroness of Athens, may be relied on to guard the purity of its king’s descent. Apollo has sent her, rather than awaken memories of past wrong by appearing himself. From her lips Ion receives full satisfaction, and the promise of a glorious reign on the throne of his Erechtheid ancestors. He, with his two half-brothers, Dorus and Achaius, whom Cræusa is yet to bear to Xuthus, are to be the three eponymous heroes of Hellas.

And now Cræusa lays aside her long enmity to Apollo. She sees that while she accused him of neglecting her infant, he in truth was watching over it with parental fondness ; despatching Hermes to bear it to his own temple’s shelter, and there nurturing it up to be the noble boy who now stands beside her. She perceives how the oracle to her husband, which she thought an act of treachery to herself, was really meant for her advantage ; to lead Xuthus to receive her own son willingly into their house. She discerns how, while in her passionate sadness she was exclaiming (like a more pious sufferer), “All these things are against me,” a divine hand was really dexterously weaving the tangled threads of her life into the smooth and shining fabric of perfect joy. She has come to Delphi a childless mourner ; she returns from it a joyful mother, alike in possession and in expectation, with her good husband’s love unforfeited, and all her desires fulfilled. And so at last she retracts the charges she brought in her haste against the deity, and offers him her praise instead. Athené graciously accepts it on his behalf, saying with deep significance—

'Tis well that with changed mind thou Phœbus praisest,
 For, though the gods may long delay their help,
 Yet, when at last it comes, it comes with might.

And so the play comes to an end, and the audience depart with the happy feeling that they have been assisting at a very complete *theodicea*, or vindication of the ways of the gods to men ; and with an increase of pious confidence in their goodness.

And yet, and yet, is the poet himself satisfied? Hardly ; if we may judge, not so much by Crœusa's bitter words spoken in passion, as by the calm and deliberate utterances of the young Ion concerning his great patron's misdeeds. For, after all, even on the most favourable representation, a god who may be wise and mighty, and occasionally beneficent, but who is not perfectly holy, is but a poor object of worship. And so, to an intelligent and thoughtful listener among the Greeks, this fine drama must have left painful thoughts, strong doubts as to whether the conceptions of the "gods whose dwelling is not with men," entertained by his fathers, could be the right ones ; a conflict between the promptings on the one hand of piety, and on the other of morality ; since, if gods, like men, can do amiss, and have youthful frailties to make up for, can there be a moral law of strictly universal and eternal obligation ? or, if such a law in truth exists, then must not its Framer be yet to seek, and dwell, if indeed He dwells anywhere at all, in some region far higher than the highest summit of Olympus ?

The faulty theology of this beautiful story is also a serious drawback on the reader's pleasure now. The more charming the picture presented in it of the young Ion, sheltered (like the child Samuel at Shiloh, or the infant Joash at Jerusalem) by a holy place, guided and guarded by a sacred priesthood, and early initiated into the mysteries of a divine worship, the sadder it is to think of the tremendous contrast between the object of Ion's infant veneration and the true God. An atmosphere of awe and religious reverence surrounds the young nurslings of each sanctuary alike ; to each it is an honour and a delight to perform the most menial service in the house of his great master ; but alas for the awakening intelligence which has to disapprove of his mighty guardian's conduct, instead of basking, like the young Samuel, in the light of perfect justice and goodness, and finding year after year only set a fresh seal to the truth earliest taught him, that "there is none holy as the Lord !"* Who can wonder, too, at poor Crœusa's readiness to right herself by unhallowed means, thinking as she must have thought of the lawgivers above ? But with this important exception there is little to alloy the reader's delight in the "Ion" of Euripides ; in its skilful construction and most artistically developed story ; in its pathetic portraiture of maternal and

* 1 Samuel ii. 2

filial affection ; in its beautiful lyrics ; and, above all, in its exquisite delineations of youth at its brightest and loveliest in Ion—and of womanhood in its most pathetic sorrow, and its fairest and most queenly dignity, in Cræusa.

Such is a brief account of one of the most pleasing of Greek plays—of one which allows more scope to individual character, which more subordinates the chorus with its generalities to the lyrical utterance of strong personal feeling, than the drama of Hellas often does ; which, deriving its interest from the most sacred fount of human affection, can never seem antiquated or hard to understand, since, although in very precious materials, and with a costly setting, it but presents to us the simplest yet the most pathetic of groups—the mother and the son.

The dewy morning freshness of its opening, the “clear shining after rain” of its close, must be welcome to every heart ; and seldom has the poet’s magic wand been waved to a better purpose than when at its touch the tangled thickets and yawning precipices in which Ion and Cræusa seemed about to perish, disappear, and before them (in the words of the later singer of another Ion)—

“The pansied turf ‘grows air to wingèd feet,
And circling forests, by ethereal touch
Enchanted, ‘wear’ the livery of the sky,
As if about to melt in golden light
Shapes of one heavenly vision.”

Blackwood’s Magazine.

WHAT IS RELIGION?*

IN Professor Max Müller’s, “Lectures on the Science of Religion,”† the best part of the book is its title. This suggests that Religion may be treated scientifically, after the same method of induction and classification which has been applied so successfully to the study of language, and which is in use in the physical sciences. Indeed, Müller would associate comparative theology with comparative philology not only in method but also in material. He finds “the outward framework of the incipient religions of antiquity” in a few words—such as names of the Deity, and in certain spiritual and technical terms—which were substantially the same among all earlier peoples. “If we look at this simple manifestation of religion, we see at once why religion, during those early ages of which we are

* A sequel to “What is Science?”

† “Introduction to the Science of Religion.” Four lectures delivered at the Royal Institution. By F. Max Müller, M. A. London ; Longmans, Green, and Co.

here speaking, may really and truly be called a sacred dialect of human speech; how, at all events, early religion and early language are most intimately connected, religion depending entirely for its outward expression on the more or less adequate resources of language."* But while finding in words the key to religions, Müller furnishes no terms by which to define or describe religion. His nearest approach to this is a formula which would cause physicists peremptorily to reject religion from the category of science. "As there is a faculty of speech, independent of all the historical forms of language, so there is a faculty of faith in man independent of all historical religions; * * * that faculty which, independent of, nay, *in spite of sense and reason* (!), enables man to apprehend the Infinite under different names, and under varying disguises * * * In German we can distinguish that third faculty by the name of *Vernunft*, as opposed to *Verstand*, reason, and *Sinne*, sense. In English I know no better name for it than the faculty of faith, though it will have to be guarded by careful definition, in order to confine it to those objects only which cannot be supplied either by the evidence of the senses or by the evidence of reason. No simply historical fact can ever fall under the cognizance of faith."†

The phrase we have italicised above would bar the claim of religion to a place among the sciences; for though the physical sciences themselves employ faith as a prelude and guide to discovery, science could never admit an hypothetical belief "in spite of sense and reason." And, on the other hand, the Christian faith does rest throughout upon the "simply historical facts" that Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary, was crucified under Pontius Pilate, was buried, and rose from the dead.

By the "science of religion" Müller intends what is better styled "comparative theology." Now, to theology, as the logical statement and systematic arrangement of the facts and doctrines within its province, the title of a science is commonly conceded; and the comparison of different systems of religious belief and worship, by discovering resemblances in conceptions, in terms, and in usages and forms, and by classifying these systematically under general principles, may create a science—say, if there be not a contradiction in the terms—the science of beliefs. Since the faculty of believing, equally with the faculty of knowing, is a native quality of the human mind, not only must this faculty itself fall within the categories of psychology, but the objects of belief must be capable of being reduced to some form of logical statement and classification. But theology and comparative theology are themselves but outward forms or expressions of the religious idea or sentiment. In religion we have to do with a conception, a feeling, a state of mind, which is common to mankind;

* "Introduction to the Science of Religion," p. 153.

† *Ibid.* pp. 13, 17.

and the essence of religion lies at the back of all forms of theology and of worship. What then is this universal phenomenon of the human spirit?—this which experience and history testify, through all migrations and mixtures of races, through all fluctuations of social and political institutions, through all systems of philosophy and theology, and through all developments of science and art, is the one transmigratory soul, for ever inspiring human thought, for ever influencing human life?

It is said of Comte that, towards the close of life, he openly confessed that "the human mind could not rest satisfied (*ne peut se passer*) without a belief in independent wills which interfere in the events of the world." Of this concession Comte's biographer says: "Never was there an avowal more fatal to the positive philosophy. If this be true, the human mind is necessarily *theologic*, and it would be as great a folly to contend against that necessity as against all other necessities, physical or organic."* This fatal concession of Comte Littré imputes to the weakness induced by excess of work, "a serious nervous disease," which caused the author of the "*Philosophie Positive*" to relapse into the subjective method and its theological tendencies. But the influences under which the great positivist admitted the universal necessity of a religious faith are of minor importance; what here concerns us is that the thing itself is true; that the human mind is "*necessarily theologic*;" † that a something within us impels us to religion; that metaphysical analysis lands us at last in the absolute; that the induction of physical facts and the unification of the laws of the universe, through the correlation of forces, leads us to the conception of a supreme cause or power; and that the study of mankind under all conditions forces us to conclude, with Spencer, that "religion everywhere present as a web running through the warp of human history, expresses some eternal fact." ‡ That *fact* is the aim of our inquiry.

Religious questions shift their ground, change their form, vary in interest and importance, according to the temper of the times, the school of thought, the bent of leaders in church or in state, in politics or in philosophy. The theological, the ecclesiastical, the speculative, the practical phases of religion are by turns predominant or antagonistic. Many a dogma and theory has been exploded, many a form set aside, many a practice abandoned, in the endeavour after that union of knowledge and freedom, of reason and will with faith, which is the ideal of a philosophical religion. But while religious questions have been thus relative and fluctuating, *the question of religion* has suffered no abatement in its moment to the individual man and to the well-being of mankind.

* "*Auguste Comte et la Philosophie Positive.*" Par E. Littré, p. 573. Troisième partie, chap. vi.

† The late Professor Trendelenburg of Berlin once said to the writer "I believe in logic as strongly as did Hegel, but I believe also in *theo*-logic."

‡ Herbert Spencer's "*First Principles*," p. 20, chap. i., "Religion and Science."

Whether with Lecky we regard religion as “modes of emotion,” in distinction from theology, which consists of “intellectual propositions ;” * or, with Kant, hold that “religion, subjectively considered, is the recognition of all our duties as divine commands ;” † whether, with Comte, we “refer the obligations of duty, as well as all sentiments of devotion, to a concrete object, at once ideal and real—the human race conceived as one great being ;” ‡ or, with Herbert Spencer, we find the root of religion in “the mystery of an inscrutable Power in the universe ;” § whether, with Mill, we rest in a dry formula of “the infinite nature of duty ;” || or share with Schleiermacher “the immediate feeling of the dependence of man upon God ;” ¶ —under all modes of statement, of expression, and even of negation, behind all objects of adoration, personal and impersonal, Humanity, Nature, God, there lies the reality of religion—an inalienable, indestructible, irrepressible *something* in the constitution of man, testified to by the finer instincts of the soul, by its sense of duty, its aspirations after virtue, its yearnings towards the invisible, and confirmed by man’s experiences of nature and by the course of human history. It is this something in man that we are seeking to analyse and define : What is Religion? This question is broader than any question of natural science or of theology ; broader than the question of adjusting theology with natural science ; broader than the stream of human history, with all the collective interests of society, government, letters, art ; broader than the measure of the earth and of the peoples that inhabit it ; more vital and imperative than any question of reform in church or in state, or of progress in knowledge or in society ; it is the question of every race and of every time, from the savage with his fetish to the Platonist with his ideas, and the positivist with his laws ; and a question new to each man and binding upon every man—the question of his own being,** its origin, its rela-

* “Rationalism in Europe,” vol. i., p. 356.

† “Der philosophischen Religionslehre,” viertes Stück, erster Theil.

‡ “The Positive Philosophy of Auguste Comte,” p. 121. By John Stuart Mill. With Comte *le grand être* is always *l’humanité*.

§ “First Principles,” chap. ii., “Ultimate Religious Ideas.”

|| John Stuart Mill, Essay on Comte.

¶ “Reden über die Religion.” In the same discourse Schleiermacher says, “Religion is neither a special mode of thought nor a special mode of deportment ; it is neither knowledge nor action ; it is *feeling*.”

** John Stuart Mill says in his autobiography, “I was brought up from the first without any religious belief, in the ordinary acceptation of the term.” Yet we find Mill feeling his way toward “an ideal conception of a perfect Being,” as the guide of conscience ; we find him arguing “the beneficial effect” of a hope in God and immortality, in that “it makes life and human nature a far greater thing to the feelings ;” and at last rendering a sublime homage to the character and teachings of Christ. Then, with a pathetic weakness, which in a Bushman he would have smiled at as superstition, this great philosopher, after the death of his wife, records : “In order to feel her still near me, I bought a cottage as close as possible to the place where she is buried. . . . Her memory is to me a *religion*.”

tions, its obligations, its possibilities, its destiny. "What can I *know*? What *ought* I to do? What may I *hope*?" *

As in defining science we were careful to eliminate from the definition all theoretical prepossession—all that the Germans style *Tendenz*—so, in seeking to define religion, we should divest ourselves of every theological bias, and in the very spirit of science search for the primary facts in this phenomenon of human consciousness. We should especially guard against a devout tendency to forestall the inquiry by assuming that this or that religion is the true religion; and should accept only that as truth which gives the *reality of things*. In every sphere of investigation truth is the sole demand of an honest mind; in physical science, the facts of nature and the true explication of her phenomena; in the science of mind, the facts of consciousness, the laws of a true psychology, and also what logic may determine to be true in the region of ultimate ideas and of the absolute; in the sphere of ethics, the true ground of virtue, the true science of rights, and the ultimate source of moral obligation; in history, not only truth in the record of events, but the true philosophy of human society; in theology, truth as seen in nature, felt in consciousness, or revealed by God. It is truth that Helmholtz is in quest of in his laboratory and Darwin in his cabinet; it is truth that Lepsius would decipher from the hieroglyphics of Egypt, and Broca from the remains of prehistoric man; it is truth that Sir William Hamilton and his critic Mill have sought with equal honesty in the study of the human intellect and of the unconditioned; it is truth that Huxley seeks in the hints of biology and Spencer in ultimate ideas; from Plato to Schleiermacher, his translator and expounder, truth has been the ideal in the world of thought; from Aristotle to Humboldt, his royal successor in the priesthood of nature, truth has been the objective in the world of fact; above all sects in Christianity, above all schools in theology, truth is confessed as the standard and authority. Truth is the pole of every explorer, around which he hopes to find an open sea, and either safe anchorage or a sure outlet into the infinite. And what if science at last shall discover that the star that must guide to that pole is religion, which there sits enthroned above all night, unchanged by all the revolutions of the world? What then is this constant fact of human experience? In the name of truth we ask, *What is Religion?*

It should be easy to define a term which the Romanic and Teutonic peoples have alike appropriated from the Latin for the same thing; or to describe the thing itself, which exists almost universally in the experiences and usages of mankind. Yet the conception of religion varies according as the term is taken etymologically, popularly, or scientifically. Cicero has given the etymology of the word *religio* with a precision that has the air of authority.

* Kant, "Kritik der reinen Vernunft:" "Der Kanon der reinen Vernunft," zweite: Abschnitt.

"They who diligently and repeatedly review and as it were rehearse again and again everything that pertains to the worship of the gods, are called religious, from *religendo* [going over again in reading or in thought]; as the elegant from *eligendo* [choosing with care; picking out]; the diligent from *diligendo* [attending carefully to what we value]; the intelligent from *intelligendo* [understanding persons and things]. In all these words the derivation of meaning is analogous to the word religious."*

Lactantius,† however, derives *religio* from *religare*, to bind back or fast. This meaning is retained in the French *religieux*, which denotes a person who is bound by vows to a life of sanctity. Critics are pretty evenly divided between these two derivations. Under the first, religion is a voluntary act, either mental or outward, though inspired no doubt by a sense of obligation; under the second, religion is the sense of obligation, which finds expression in pious feelings and in acts of devotion. In Cicero's meaning, religion corresponds nearly to the German *Andacht*, "the careful pondering of divine things,"‡ which Kant so beautifully describes as "the tuning of the soul to a susceptibility to divinely given impressions."§ But apart from his etymology of the word *religio*, Cicero uses the term in a gradation with "piety" and "sanctity," which requires for "religion" the sense of moral obligation.

"*Pietas* is a sincere loyal disposition toward those with whom one stands in near relations—relatives, colleagues, superiors, and especially toward the gods as rulers and benefactors. *Sanctitas* is an irreproachable, faultless carriage toward the gods. But *religio* is the recognition of the obligation by which one feels himself bound."||

With the Greeks religion, though perhaps more assiduously practised than among the Romans, was less rigidly defined. Their *θρησκεία* was religious worship and usages, rather than the essence of religion in spirit and motive; *εὐσέβεια* was the *pietas* of the Latins, reverence for parents, elders, superiors, authorities, gratitude toward benefactors, though Plato uses this term to describe a reverent devotion toward the gods, and bids us "exhort all men to piety, that we may avoid the evil and obtain the good."¶ Mommesen goes so far as to say that "the Roman designation of faith, *religio*, that is to say, *that which binds*, was in word and in idea alike foreign to the Hellenes."** Perhaps "that idealizing sense, which knew how to breathe a higher life even into inert stone," refused to be confined within the bonds of duty.

* "Qui autem omnia, quæ ad cultum deorum pertinerent, diligenter retractarant et tanquam relegent, sunt dicti religi si ex *religendo*, ut elegantes ex *eligendo*. itemque ex *diligendo* diligentes, ex *intelligendo* intelligentes. His enim in verbis omnibus inest vis legendi eadem quæ in religioso."—"De Natura Deorum," lib. ii., cap. 21. † Lactant., iv., 28.

‡ See Andrew's Freund's Lexicon, art. *Religio*.

§ Kant, c. 353.

¶ Schömann, "De Natura Deorum," lib. i., cap. 2, 3. See also Cicero's own definitions, lib. i., chap. 41: "Est enim pietas *justitia adversum deos*; sanctitas autem est *scientia colendorum deorum*."

¶ Symposium, 198.

** Mommesen's "History of Rome," book i., chap. 2, Dickson's translation.

What religion was among the Greeks in respect of worship, beliefs, rites, and customs, it is easy to learn from their poets and philosophers, their temples and statues. The presence and agency of the gods were universally recognized in nature and in human affairs; through the Amphictyons religious union became the basis of political confederation; behind the symbols of faith and the objects of worship lay an inner spiritual devotion to higher spiritual powers; above the circle of the gods was a supreme unifying principle, rule, or fate; man, as the head of the physical creation, was divinized, and the divinity was humanity idealized. The religion of the Greeks was anthropomorphic, even to reproducing the baser passions of men in the presence of the gods. But all this helps little toward a conception of religion in respect of ground or motive; and in the absence of an infallible hierarchy, a dogmatic revelation, and even of systematic treatises on theology, it is not possible to reduce to a simple definition the Greek conception of religion in itself. This is remarkable if one considers how early the Greek mind showed its bent toward synthesis and speculation; how the Greek poetry is pervaded with the presence of divinity, and the Greek philosophy with the ethical sense; and with what a free and unclouded spirit the Greek religion contemplated the relations of the gods with men. Perhaps the very natural and human way in which the lives and doings of the gods were conceived of, and the childlike simplicity with which the gods were honoured and served, rendered a definition of religion as difficult and as superfluous as a description of light and air. "The most godly man was he who cultivated in the most thorough manner his human powers, and the essential fulfilment of religious duty lay in this, that every man should do to the honour of the divinity what was most in harmony with his own nature." *

Then there was the *δαίμων*, or tutelary deity, a connecting link between gods and men, which might be a celestial attraction toward the good or a fatalistic impulse toward the evil, in either case modifying that freedom of choice which gives to actions their moral quality. And yet, by faith in his attending genius, how gradually did Socrates struggle after the pure and just, the beautiful and good. No reader of the *Phaedo* can fail to feel how deep and vital is the religious spirit that here endeavours to give a dialectic form to the conceptions of God, the soul, right, duty, immortality; and yet the highest morality and the highest philosophy combined in the subject and the framer of this most perfect of the Platonic dialogues, have failed to direct us to the origin and nature of the faith which it fundamentally implies. For the mythology of Greece there is a rich vocabulary; for its religion, none.

Turning from the greatest sage of Greece to the older sage of China, we find in the dialogues or analects of Confucius a system of

* Zeller, "Die Philosophie der Griechen," erster Theil, vierte Auflage, Einleitung, p. 42.

social and political ethics pervaded with the religious spirit, but which gives no distinct conception of the nature or the source of religion itself. Custom, ceremonies, proprieties, filial piety, the worship of the spirits of ancestors and of sages, as also of the spirits of the land and of places, these all are enjoined, though in a somewhat formal, perfunctory way, and with no express statement of the principle or the authority upon which their obligation rests. Virtue and righteousness in the outer life are prescribed with a sententious wisdom, but the ultimate law of righteousness, whether in nature, in reason, or in God, is nowhere clearly enunciated.

Admirable, indeed, were some of the rules given by Confucius for the conduct of life. "To subdue one's self and return to propriety is perfect virtue;" "Benevolence is to love *all* men;" "We should be true to the principles of our nature, and the benevolent exercise of them to others;" "Let the will be set on the path of duty;" "Let every attainment in what is good be firmly grasped;" "Let relaxation and enjoyment be found in the polite arts;" "Let every man consider virtue as what devolves on himself. He may not yield the performance of it even to his teacher;" "The man who, when gain is set before him, thinks of righteousness, who, with danger before him, is prepared to give up his life, and who does not forget an old agreement, however far back it extends, such a man may be reckoned a *complete* man;" "Virtue is more to man than either water or fire. I have seen men die from treading on water and fire, but I have never seen a man die from treading the course of virtue." When, however, he was asked to define virtue, Confucius described it under certain manifestations, without pointing to its inward essence. "To be able to practice five things everywhere under heaven, constitutes perfect virtue; to wit, gravity, generosity of soul, sincerity, earnestness, and kindness." Again, he seemed to resolve virtue back into obedience to knowledge.

"The ancients who wished to exemplify illustrious virtue throughout the empire, first ordered well their own states. Wishing to order well their states, they first regulated their families. Wishing to regulate their families, they first cultivated their persons. Wishing to cultivate their persons, they first rectified their hearts. Wishing to rectify their hearts, they first sought to be sincere in their thoughts. Wishing to be sincere in their thought, they first extended to the utmost their knowledge. Such extension of knowledge lay in the investigation of things."

It is a special honour of Confucius that he applied his teachings to the benefit of mankind at large, and had no esoteric doctrines: "The man of perfect virtue wishing to be established himself seeks also to establish others: wishing to be enlarged himself, he seeks also to enlarge others." And it is certain that this remarkable sage did anticipate the "Golden Rule" of Christianity, at least upon its negative side: "What I do not wish men to do to me, I also wish not to do to men." A favourite disciple asked, "Is there not one word which may serve as a rule of practice for all one's life?" Confucius

answered, "Is not *reciprocity* such a word? What you do not want done to yourself, do not do to others." When, however, we seek for the ultimate principles upon which Confucius founded such lofty precepts of morality, we find a certain vagueness and reserve quite in contrast with the clearness and force of the precepts themselves. Though after his death Confucius was worshipped by his disciples with divine honours, and though he remains to this day a chief object of religious homage to the Chinese nation, he never claimed divinity, and hardly assumed a divine commission and warrant for his teachings. Once, when his life was threatened, he said, "Was not the cause of truth lodged here in me? If Heaven had wished to let this cause of truth perish, then I should not have got such a relation to that cause. While Heaven does not let the cause of truth perish, what can the people of K'wang do to me?" Yet he spoke of himself with humility, as the compiler of the wisdom of the ancients, and not an originator of wisdom or the author of a system.

That all which Confucius said and did was prompted by a religious sentiment, is the impression one receives from an impartial reading of his works. "Man," said he, "has received his nature from *Heaven*. Conduct in accordance with that nature constitutes what is right and true—is a pursuing of the proper path . . . The path may not for an instant be left . . . There is nothing more visible than what is secret, and nothing more manifest than what is minute, and therefore the superior man is watchful over his *aloneness*." This seems to carry the distinction of right and wrong behind actions to the innermost thoughts and feelings, and to find in conscience "the eye of the mind" implanted by Heaven. It is held by some commentators on Confucius that he had no conception of a personal God, but used the term Heaven impersonally, to denote the pantheistic principle in the universe; but Professor Legge,* whose careful translation and commentary we have followed in the foregoing citations, is of opinion that the term Heaven is fitly explained by "the lofty one who is on high." There seems to be eternal evidence of this in the saying of Confucius, "He who offends against Heaven has none to whom he can pray." The idea of offence, of prayer, and of such alienation by offence that prayer can no longer avail, implies the recognition of a personal being, and the term Heaven is but a reverential veil for the name of God. Upon the whole we may gather from Confucius that religion is an inner sense of rightness or fitness implanted in man by his Creator, and which prompts to reverence toward God and the spirits of sages and of ancestors, to virtue in the conduct of life, and to justice and kindness toward others.

Pursuing our analysis of the religious idea to a still more remote antiquity, we pass from China to India, from the preceptive philosophy of Confucius to the mythological poetry of the Vedas.† In

* "The Life and Teachings of Confucius" By James Legg. D. D.

† Socrates died B. C. 399; Confucius died B. C. 473. The hymns of the Rig Veda

Greece were divinities and a worship, but neither sacred books nor a hierarchy; in China sacred books of morality, and a hierarchy of sages, but in the more ancient times, little of organized worship or of priestly functions; in India, however, as far back as we can trace her records, institutions, traditions, we find sacred writings, a sacred order,* and sacred observances, public and domestic: religion the very warp and woof of her literature and history. To a superficial view, the religion of the Vedas might seem a mass of fables worthy of the childhood of the race—the crude polytheism of primitive tribes. But in reality this was pre-eminently the religion of thought—the spiritual nature of man tasking itself with speculations upon the origin of things, and using this visible material universe to personify the spiritual and unseen. Behind the multifarious array of gods and goddesses, and the sensuous, sometimes grossly material, conceptions under which these are presented, there is a subtle spiritual essence which is “the ONE,” supreme, infinite, eternal, absolute.

“There was then neither non-entity nor entity; there was no atmosphere, nor the sky which is above. . . . Death was not then, nor immortality; there was no distinction of day or night. That One breathed calmly, self-supported; there was nothing different from it [that One] or above It.”†

This abstract self-sustained essence is afterwards described as Mind. “Desire first arose in It, which was the primal germ of mind; [and which] sages, searching with their intellect, discovered in their heart to be the bond which connects entity with non-entity.”

All the attributes of this mysterious impersonal One are ascribed in different hymns to different divinities, which again are clothed with material forms, and are subject to the incidents and the passions of human life. Thus “Purusha himself is this *whole* [universe], whatever has been, and whatever shall be. He is also the lord of immortality. . . . This universe was formerly *soul* only, in the form of Purusha.”‡ Yet Purusha was born, and was immolated in sacrifice. Again, “This entire [universe] has been created by Brahma.” And yet “Brahma, the eternal, unchanging, and undecaying, was produced from the ether.”§ These discrepancies are perhaps best harmonized by the supposition that each divinity who is invested with supreme attributes is but another expression for that One who is himself unnameable; or all the several divinities are but members of one soul, attributes or manifestations of the eternal, invisible essence. Whether the Vedic hymns mark an upward tendency of

are the most ancient remains of Indian literature. No authority in Sanscrit assigns to these a date more recent than B. C. 1000, while some scholars carry them back to a period between B. C. 2000 and 2400.

* It is uncertain how old is the origin of four castes, but the priestly office is of great antiquity.

† Hymns of the Rig Veda, x., 129. Translated by Muir. “Original Sanscrit Texts,” vol. v., p. 356.

‡ Muir, “Sanskrit Texts,” vol. i., pp. 9, 23.

§ Ibid., vol. i., pp. 17, 115.

the religious feeling from naturism to theism, and from polytheism to monotheism, or whether their symbolism, like the adornments of a cathedral, used at first to body forth the supersensible, had come to supplant spiritual worship by a species of idolatry, can hardly be determined from the internal evidence of the books or from contemporary monuments or traditions. Rather the subjective and the objective seem here to be combined, to a degree which transcends the union of the subtleties of the schoolmen with the sensuous worship of images in the Middle Ages. In the Vedic religion there is scope for every faculty of the human mind—the dialectic, the speculative, the imaginative, the contemplative, the observative—and these all struggle together to give expression to the theme which comprehends all thought, all being, all space, all duration.

“ There is no great and no small
To the soul that maketh all ;
And where it cometh, all things are ;
And it cometh everywhere.” *

Hardly a theory of physics, hardly a speculation of metaphysics, concerning the origin of things—force, motion, heat, evolution, light, spirit—but is anticipated in the Rig Veda. There nature is etherealized and spirit materialized. “ The intellectual and the sensible, the ethical and the naturalistic, are there conjoined in the most inartificial and also inseparable way, as kernel and shell in the yet unripe fruit grow indissolubly together.” † Nature and Soul are one. The powers of nature personified, and by turns invested with all the attributes of Deity, or the universal soul manifesting itself in the phenomena of nature, especially in light—the dawn, the sun, the sky—all-pervading, all-renewing, all-beneficent, these worshipped with hymns, prayers, oblations, represent the religion of India in the oldest and purest of the Vedas.

In reading these hymns of more than thirty centuries ago, one is puzzled by the frequent mixture in the same verse of seeming puerility with real profundity. Where we find such metaphysical acumen and such poetic sublimity as often occur in the Rig Veda, it is fair to presume that connected passages, which a literal translation makes meaningless or childish, had a higher meaning, which is veiled from us by some symbol or mystery of language. Yet this very commingling of metaphysical acumen and poetic fervour with a certain childish credulity, which characterizes the Rig Veda, is found also in the Hindoos of to-day. Indeed, as these qualities are combined rather than contrasted in those early hymns, do they not show how human nature, at all points, was open to the influence of religion—the philosophic thought, the poetic fancy, equally with the childlike faith? And if at length materialism shall establish its atomic theory

* R. W. Emerson.

† Prof. O. Pfleiderer, “ Die Religion, ihr Wesen und ihr Geschichte,” vol. ii., p. 82.

of the universe, this vaunted outcome of *physical* science could but reaffirm an old *metaphysical* theory of the Indian mind—the development of the universe from motion and heat, “impregnating powers and mighty forces, a self-supporting principle beneath, and energy aloft.”* If physical science would make God “the sum of all the forces of the universe,” the Vedic religion made of Nature “a metaphysical deity.”

Recent researches in Babylon have brought to light evidences of a religion there remarkable for simplicity and purity—teaching the unity of God and doctrines concerning sin, forgiveness, and the resurrection of the body, with singular analogies on some points to the Hebrew Scriptures.† But as there is still some controversy among Assyrian scholars concerning the proximate date of these memorials and their inscriptions, we simply bring them into notice here, and pass to a single additional example.

Older than the oldest of the Vedas, and, with the possible exception just mentioned, the most ancient landmark between the prehistoric chaos and the recorded course of the world’s history, is the religion of Egypt, as read in her temples and monuments, and especially in the “Book of the Dead.” If in the liturgy of Egypt, as in that of India, we find a mingling of the puerile and grotesque with the thoughtful and sublime, there is, on the whole, in the faith of Egypt more of mystery, and in her worship more of majesty. In Egypt, as in India, we find in the religious odes a frequent interblending of subjective and objective, of metaphysical conceptions rising to pure monotheism and nature-worship, taking upon them much sooner than in India the symbolic form of idolatry. At the same time we are left in suspense as to the order of manifestation—whether polytheistic forms sprang from a monotheistic root,‡ or from the broad base of nature-worship religion rose like a pyramid tapering upwards to a single point. But the Egyptian, whether he worshipped the sun as god or as a manifestation of the Deity, whether he worshipped Osiris as the vivifying, fructifying potency in nature, or as a type of the ever-living, ever-progressing soul, did certainly conceive of a supreme divinity, self-originated, invisible, incorruptible, imperishable, the creator and lord of all. The worship was elaborate and imposing, and the priesthood almost absolute over domestic life, and even in affairs of state. “The Egyptians,” said Herodotus, “are religious to excess, far beyond any other race of men.” But that faith can hardly be called a superstition which projected itself beyond the world and time into the regions of spiritual life, and drew thence motives to the noblest conduct of this life—to justice, honesty, temperance, chastity, truth, reverence, piety, kindness, and beneficence.

* Rig V da, x., 129.

† Sayce’s “Lectures on Babylonian Literature.”

‡ Bunsen held that “all polytheism is based on monotheism.” (“Egypt’s Place in Universal History,” book v., part i., sec. 2, C.)

It seems a complete collapse to pass from the high plane of religious thought and worship in Egypt and in Ethiopia to the fetichism of inner Africa. Yet even in fetichism is found a belief in supernatural power, in fate and mystery, in the spirits of the dead, and in other spirits of good and evil ; and in all this the groundwork of a spiritual faith. In attributing to a doll the speech and passions of a human being, the child makes this thing of wax or wood a reflection of the personality which is just developing in its own consciousness ; it projects the spiritual beyond its inner self to be mated with some other spirit which it feels *must* be. And so, in the infancy of the race, man makes the stone, the block, the material thing that pleases him or does him harm, a spirit to be conversed with, to be propitiated, or to be shunned. The spirit within him, felt though unseen, reaches forth after the spiritual without, which is felt though it cannot be seen.

Whether belief in a personal God is so general that it may be regarded as native, or at least normal, to the human mind, it does not fall within our present scope to consider. Neither is it the place for a general review of comparative mythology. Our sole aim in analyzing the religions of different races and different periods has been to get at a conception of religion itself at once so fundamental and so comprehensive that, in defining this, we shall fix the place of the religious idea or sentiment in the system of philosophic thought, distinct from forms of worship and dogmas of theology. Thus far it is evident that religion is reverence or homage to an object external to the worshipper, which is looked upon as superior in nature, in character, or in power. That this object should be conceived of as a personal Being, or as one only God, is not essential ; but religion does require an *object* of faith or worship, a something exterior to the man, which he looks upon with a sentiment of admiration, of loyalty, or of awe, which leads him to acts of homage. The virtue which proceeds solely from one's inward impulses, or from self-regulation, with no reference in thought or feeling to any external source or motive of obligation, is morality or goodness, but not piety or religion. But, on the other hand, the lowest form of fetichism, having an object of worship, is called a religion ; and, on the other hand, usage allows the term religion to the homage to an ideal, such as nature or humanity in the abstract, since such an ideal as the commanding motive or power over the soul is to all intents personified or deified as the object of worship. This application of the term—perhaps a little overstrained—Mr. Mill has pointed out in the case of Comte, and also of his own father. * Speaking of Comte's homage to collective humanity as the "*grand être*," Mill says, "It may not be consonant to usage to call this a religion ; but the term, so applied, has a meaning, and one which is not adequately expressed by any other word. Candid persons of all creeds may be willing to admit that, if a person has an ideal object, his attachment and sense of duty towards which are able

to control and discipline all his other sentiments and propensities, and prescribe to him a rule of life, that person has a religion." He then argues that, in the majesty of his idea of humanity as the object of reverence and love, and in his golden rule of denying self to live for others—" *vivre pour autrui*"—Comte "had realized the essential conditions of a religion." * And in describing his father's character and opinions, Mr. Mill contends that many whose belief is far short of deism may be "truly religious," since "they have that which constitutes the principal worth of all religions whatever, an ideal conception of a perfect Being, to which they habitually refer as the guide of their conscience." † This ideal, though existing purely in thought, is nevertheless projected before the mind as a reality; and the bare conception of such an existence creates an obligation to conform to this as the standard of life. Hence there enter into religion three elements or conditions more or less pronounced—Nature, Man, or God; and the precedence of one or the other of these elements, in the proportion in which they are combined, gives to different religions their distinguishing characteristics. The first of these elements is Nature. Now this term is so used by materialists as to exclude from the categories of science every form of the religious idea; hence a strict definition of nature must precede and prepare our definition of religion.

Going back to the Greek conception of nature, we find τὸ φυσικόν sharply distinguished from τὸ ἠθικόν and τὸ λογικόν.

In his *Metaphysics* Aristotle gives a definition of φύσις, or nature, which separates it equally from the sphere of mathematical speculations and from that of spiritual powers.

"Physics are concerned with things that have a principle of motion in themselves; mathematics speculate on permanent but not transcendental and self-existent things; and there is another science separate from these two, which treats of that which is immutable and transcendental, if indeed there exists such a substance, as we shall endeavour to show that there does. This transcendental and permanent substance, if it exists at all, must surely be the sphere of the divine, it must be the first and highest principle. Hence it follows that there are three kinds of speculative science—physics, mathematics, and theology." ‡

When he comes to speak of nature more specifically, in his lectures on physics, Aristotle gives this twofold definition: "Nature may be said in one way to be the simplest and most deep-lying substratum of matter in things possessing their own principle of motion and change; in another way it may be called the form and law of such things." § And so Bacon, in the second book of the "*Novum Organum*," in the first aphorism, speaks of *forma* as *natura naturans*, and in the thirteenth aphorism as *ipsissima res*.

Passing over from the Greeks to the Latins, we find the equivalent

* "The Positive Philosophy of Auguste Comte," by John Stuart Mill, pp. 121-124. Also "Westminster Review," April, 1861. † "Autobiography," book 46.

‡ *Metaphysics*, x., vii. 7.

§ *Nat. Aux.* II., i., 8. See Sir Alexander Grant's "*Ethics of Aristotle*," Essay iv.

of φύσις in *natura*, from *nascor*, which the German accurately renders by *geboren werden*—not simply born or coming into being, but both origin and genesis. Hence *natura* denotes not only result, but ongoing process, that orderly becoming what comprehends both that which is produced and also the producing agent. In the individual, nature becomes the constitution or the quality of a thing as produced; and when conceived of collectively or in continuity, nature is the order or course of things, as being and “about-to-be.”

Curiously enough, Lucretius, in his poetical disquisition on “The Nature of Things,” has omitted to give a strict definition of nature. Cicero, however, in discoursing of “the nature of the gods,” gives these notions of the term—

“Some think that nature is a certain irrational power, exciting in bodies the necessary motions; others, that it is an intelligent power, acting by order and method, designing some end in every cause, and always aiming at that end. . . . And some again, as Epicurus, apply the word nature to everything.”*

Cicero himself personifies nature, using this as an equivalent for the gods, and speaking of nature as an artificer and an intelligence.

Nevertheless, in strict usage, nature stands in contrast to both spirit and art. Etymologically, as we have seen, the *natura* is generation, but in the double sense of that which is born and that which is in course of parturition—the thing or event which is and is continually becoming; *Werden* and *Dasein* in perpetual flux and reflux. Hence nature comes to mean the constitution of the world and the universe and the course of things. In German philosophy the term *Natur* is chiefly used to denote the world of matter in contrast to the world of spirit or intelligence. How, then, do we form our conception of nature? In strict contemplation of philosophy, nature is that established constitution and course of things the knowledge of which we gain by observation or experience, and by induction; whereas that which we know by intuition, or establish by logic, or which the imagination conceives, lies within another category. Observing certain phenomena in regular sequence, we learn by experience to depend upon their relations, and to look for their repetition; and thus we ascertain, for example, that it is the *nature* of fire to burn, and the *nature* of water to expand with heat and to freeze with cold. Extending the range of such observations and inductions, we find an established course or order of things in general, and this we term nature. But that which makes the observation, records the experience, classifies the induction, call this what we may—whether a spiritual entity or the functional activity of the brain—though it may have a nature of its own, is not included within that nature of whose phenomena it thus takes cognizance. From a higher plane of vision the observer might perhaps be comprehended within the scope of nature; but to him nature is confined within the periphery of *things*, from

* Cicero, “De Deorum Natura,” ii., xxxii.

which he, at least *quoad hoc*, is distinguished as a person. Hence in worshipping nature, whether as a whole or in detail, the worshipper sets before him, either in visible form or as a conception, an *object* separate from himself, to which he renders his homage and devout regard. In nature-worship, religion takes its hue from the phases of physical phenomena as these are reflected in the phases of the mind. Sometimes it is the propitiation of terrible and hurtful elements; again it is the worship of sensuous beauty;* and, with a more advanced culture, it becomes the homage of reason to material laws, and of the imagination to the divinity immanent in the universe as a soul; now its prevailing sentiment is an awe of phenomena which suggests mysterious and destructive forces; and again, this feeling of reverence is modulated in art and worship to a delight in whatever ministers to taste, beauty, love, as being either a divinity or some divine attribute or gift. In a word, the extremes of superstition and naturalism meet in nature as the central object of the religious idea. Religion is, then, either the worship of objects and forces in the material world as themselves divinities, or the symbols of divinities; or it is a rationalistic atheism, which makes nature, or the universe in its totality, the only power above man; or again, it is a sentimental, poetic personification of the grand and beautiful in the physical universe; or, it may be, a subtle pantheism, which denies to its divinity personality and independence, and holds the unconscious world-principle bound within the visible universe, as the life-principle is imprisoned within bodily forms. Thus nature-religion, starting from fetishism, runs at last into sheer *neuterism*, the favourite form of modern pantheism—"modern" in a certain freshness of assertion by recent schools of philosophy, but not modern as a theory of the universe, since Pliny held that the world and the heaven, or universal ether, which embraces all things in its vast circumference, may be regarded as itself a deity, immense, eternal, never made, and never to perish; and the Stoics declared that "God is the world, and the world is God; God is all matter and all mind."

Where man is made the chief factor in the world-scheme, the type of religion is *Humanism*, whether as hero-worship or a divinized selfhood. To that spiritual worship of the invisible and unknown God which the Hellenic races shared with other branches of the Aryan family, and to the individualizing attributes and powers as themselves separate and local divinities, the Greeks added myths of heroes whom they first revered as nearer to the gods in gifts and powers, and afterwards worshipped with divine honours. These heroes personified successive acts and periods in the development of man above nature;† and yet the deified humanity of the Greeks was still, in

* "The Homeric gods spoil no man's full enjoyment of the desires of his senses."
—Curtius, "History of Greece," book i., 64.

† Thus Heracles, Cadmus, the Argonauts, Danaus, &c. This point is well treated by Curtius, "History of Greece," i., 2.

some sort, under bondage to nature through the doctrine of *fate*, or through that dread of mysterious and destructive forces which overhangs the religions of paganism.

By conquering this dread of nature, modern science has ministered to a yet bolder man-worship. A supreme selfhood, an intensified egoism, characterizes much of the rationalism of our time. Humanity and reason alone are divine, and worship is homage to human nature. "Ineffable," says Emerson, "is the union of man and God in every act of the soul. The simplest person who in his integrity worships God, becomes God." The highest theology of this school is man *divinized*.

Such are the results of an exaggeration either of nature or of man, as terms in the scheme of religion. But there is also a conception of God which relegates Him to the sphere of the past or the unknown, as an abstraction or a fate, not personally cognizant of human affairs, not providentially acting in them—a deism which postulates nothing concerning the Deity, but the infinite and the absolute, and ends with making of God an infinite and absolute nothing. "God is a name for our ignorance." For God is nothing to a man as a conception unless He is conceived of as an objective, substantive reality, possessing personality, will, holiness, and authority; and God is nothing to us as the cause of nature unless He is the author of nature in a sense which distinguishes Him from nature, and sets Him above nature as the intelligent and controlling cause of all things.

Yet this view may be so exaggerated upon the other side, that God becomes the *Deus ex machinâ*; and the miracle or the intervention is ever at hand to supply any defect of observation or of logic upon the facts of nature. And so, paradoxical as it may seem, religion may be falsified by introducing into it too much of God! It is through this tendency to use the name of God as a dogmatic formula, and to resort to the supernatural as an expedient for solving all mysteries in nature, that some theologians have brought religion into a seeming contradiction of science.

But our analysis has shown that under all forms of conception and representation the religious idea is constantly the same. *Religion is an inner sense of obligation in man to an external object of a nature different from his own, which is regarded as superior in nature, position, or power; which obligation prompts to acts of reverence, devotion, or obedience, with a view to please or to placate its object.* Recalling our definition of science, we see how readily religion falls within these limits—the systematic summation of all the knowledges pertaining to a given subject-matter, and the formulating of these in abstract general conceptions. Physical science purports to concern itself exclusively with things; but, in reality, science is not concerned directly with things, but with our *thoughts* of things. Professor Jevons has shown that "scientific method must begin and end with the laws of thought," and we cannot better conclude this reference of religion to

the categories of science than by quoting the words with which Jevons concludes the second edition of his "Principles of Science."*

"Among the most unquestionable rules of scientific method is that first law that *whatever phenomenon is, is*. We must ignore no existence whatever; we may variously interpret or explain its meaning and origin, but if a phenomenon does exist, it demands some kind of explanation. If, then, there is to be competition for scientific recognition, the world without us must yield to the undoubted existence of the spirit within. Our own hopes and wishes and determinations are the most undoubted phenomena within the sphere of consciousness. If men do act, feel, and live as if they were not merely the brief products of a casual conjunction of atoms, but the instruments of a far-searching purpose, are we to record all other phenomena and pass over these? We investigate the instincts of the ant and the bee and the beaver, and discover that they are led by an inscrutable agency to work towards a distant purpose. Let us be faithful to our scientific method, and investigate also those instincts of the human mind by which man is led to work as if the approval of a Higher Being were the aim of life."

JOSEPH P. THOMPSON.

JOSEPH DE MAISTRE ON RUSSIA.

Lettres et Opuscules inédits du Comte Joseph de Maistre. 6th Edition.
2 vols. Paris, 1873.

"ALWAYS," says Goethe, contradicting a popular modern tenet, "always it is the individual that works for progress, not the age. It was the age which made away with Socrates by poison; it was the age which burnt Huss at the stake; the ages have always been the same."

We listen to Goethe with respect, yet we cannot help remembering that it has been said, on the other hand: "There is somebody who is cleverer even than Voltaire, cleverer than any man you can name; this somebody is all the world, *tout le monde*." Nor is that a bad saying, either. But it is not really at variance with the saying of Goethe. Only we must guard it a little, must explain that the *all the world* which is cleverer than the cleverest individual is not the world of his contemporaries, but the world which comes after him, and which he has contributed to form. He was not perfect, he did not see the whole truth; there were at work other eminent individualities besides his; other aspects of the truth were seen besides the aspect which he saw. There was confrontation and collision, and out of the shock came the next age, an *all the world* clearer and cleverer, in many respects, than even the chief individuals of the age preceding. But to these individuals and to their shock it owes all its advance. Individuals emerging from its own life, again, superior to

* "A Treatise on Logic and Scientific Method." By W. Stanley Jevons. 1877.

their age, contradicted by it and contradicting it, dissatisfied with its actual gains, in collision with it and with one another, can alone carry it further and make the future.

We must not forget, then, in laying stress with Goethe upon the individual, that the individual is not perfect, and that he works for a future larger and better than himself. Keeping this well in mind, we may admit, as much as ever Goethe pleases, the interest and significance, the overwhelming interest and significance, in human history, of the individual. As his time recedes he and his strain of thought grow more distinct, his contemporaries and their thoughts grow fainter. They become more and more to us like hollow shadows, saying they know not what: he alone remains among them a living man, who knows what he is saying, and whose words keep a freshness and power. Burke stands thus to us now, as we look back at him among his contemporaries. In the sphere of thought which was his, in politics in the high sense of the word, in what concerns the general influence to be exercised on man's welfare and progress by the means of government and society, Burke's voice is still for us Englishmen a living voice out of the age preceding our own, it is the one living voice left of innumerable voices; the rest are shadowy. A good deal is wanting to Burke's political philosophy; there are many important things which either he cannot see or does not care to see. Whoever followed his teaching simply and absolutely would make shipwreck. Still, such is his weight and power, that while the chatter of a whole wilderness of friends of "the ideas of 1789" is dead and cold, the voice of this great enemy of the Revolution lives—moves us and makes us think to this day.

Joseph de Maistre is another of those men whose word, like that of Burke, has vitality. In imaginative power he is altogether inferior to Burke. On the other hand, his thought moves in closer order than Burke's, more rapidly, more directly; he has fewer superfluities. Burke is a great writer, but Joseph de Maistre's use of the French language is more powerful, more thoroughly satisfactory than Burke's use of the English. It is masterly; it shows us to perfection of what that admirable instrument, the French language, is capable. Finally, Joseph de Maistre is more European than Burke; his place at the great spectacle of the Revolution is more central for seeing; moreover, he outlived Burke considerably, and saw how events turned. But the two men are of one family, having in common their high stamp of individuality, and their enduring vitality and instructiveness. They have in common, too, their fundamental ideas. Their sense of the slowness of the natural growth of things, of their gradual evolution out of small beginnings, is perfectly expressed by Joseph de Maistre's maxim: "*Aucune grande chose n'eut de grands commencements*"—"Nothing great ever began great." That is entirely in Burke's spirit, and the maxim has its indubitable and profound truth. Things grow slowly, and in a gradual correspondence

with human needs. Phrases are not things, and a Liberal theorist, some revolutionary M. Cherchemot, striking in with his "Tout est à refaire"—"Everything is to be made afresh"—is impertinent and vain. Only, in their aversion to M. Cherchemot and his shallowness, Burke and Joseph de Maistre do not enough consider the amount of misformation, hamper, and stoppage, coming at last to be intolerable, to which human things in their slow process of natural growth are undoubtedly liable. They do not enough consider it; they banish it out of their thoughts altogether. Another trenchant and characteristic maxim of Joseph de Maistre, which Burke, too, might have uttered, is this: "Il faut absolument tuer l'esprit du dix-huitième siècle"—"The spirit of the eighteenth century must be stamped out utterly." One is reminded of Cardinal Newman's antipathy to "Liberalism." And in a serious man a strong sense of the insufficiency of Liberal nostrums, of the charlatanism of Liberal practitioners, as also of the real truth, beauty, power, and conformity to nature of much in the past of which these practitioners are intolerant, is abundantly permissible. Still, when one has granted all that serious men like Joseph de Maistre and Cardinal Newman may fairly say against the eighteenth century and Liberalism, when one has admired the force, the vigour, the acumen, the sentiment, the grace with which it is all said, one inquires innocently for that better thing which they themselves have in store for us, and then comes the disappointment. Joseph de Maistre and Cardinal Newman have nothing but the old, sterile, impossible assumption of their "infallible Church;" at which a plain man can only shake his head and say with Shakspeare, "There's no such thing!"

It cannot be too often repeated: these eminent individualities, men like Burke, or Joseph de Maistre, or Cardinal Newman, are by no means to be taken as guides absolutely. Yet they are full of stimulus and instruction for us. We may find it impossible to accept their main positions. But the resoluteness with which they withstand the prevailing ideas of their time, the certainty with which they predict the apparition of something different, are often a proof of their insight. Whatever we may think of Ritualism, its growth and power prove Cardinal Newman's insight in perceiving that what he called Liberalism, but what we may perhaps better describe to ourselves as the mind of Lord Brougham, was in general, and in the sphere of religion more particularly, quite inadequate, and was not destined to have things for ever its own way. In like manner, whatever we may think of Ultramontaniam, its growth and power signally prove Joseph de Maistre's insight. Continental Protestantism, he declared, was going to pieces, Gallicanism was doomed, "the Sovereign Pontiff and the French priesthood will embrace one another, and will stifle in that sacred embrace the Gallican maxims." Rome would become a power again; by no other power could the French Revolution, "satanic in its principle," be effectually resisted. "If England

grants, as she probably will, Catholic emancipation, and if the Catholic religion in Europe comes to speak both French and English, remember what I say, my good hearer, there is nothing which you may not expect." It is enough to make Mr. Whalley turn in his grave. "A great revolution is preparing, to which that which is just ended (as people say) was only the preface. The world is in fermentation, and there will be strange sights seen; the spectacle, it is true, will be neither for you nor for me, but we may well say to one another in taking leave of this insane planet (if it is allowable to recall one's Horace at such a moment): '*Spem bonam certamque domum reporto.*'" Ultramontanism is but a stage in this new revolution prophesied by Joseph de Maistre; it is not, as he imagined, the end; but steadily and confidently, all through the first twenty years of our century, to have foreseen and predicted this stage, is no mean proof of insight and originality.

This remarkable man is far less known in England than he deserves to be. We know him chiefly by one of his publications, the "*Soirées de Saint-Pétersbourg*," in which the Baconian philosophy is vigorously attacked. Most of us are no further acquainted with the man or his work. Let us run quickly over the main points in their history. He was born at Chambéry in 1754, the eldest of ten children, of a family of ancient descent and austere manners. His father was president of the Senate of Savoy. The young Joseph-Marie de Maistre was educated by the Jesuits, and took vigorously to his studies. As a young man he knew five languages—French, Latin, English, Italian, and Spanish; to which in later life he added two more—Greek and German. He entered the magistrature like his father, and in 1786, at the age of thirty-two, he married. In the fermentation of mind which preceded the French Revolution, he became a member of the Reformed Lodge of Chambéry, avowed himself an enemy of abuses, and was even accused of Jacobinism. But from the moment of the French invasion and occupation of Savoy in 1793, his fidelity to his own sovereign, his hostility to the French Revolution, never faltered. He quitted Savoy in January, 1794, the day after the birth of his third and youngest child, his daughter Constance; he never saw her again until 1814. His property was confiscated. For two years he was employed at Lausanne on the business of the Sardinian government, and it was during his stay at Lausanne that he published his "*Considérations sur la France*," a work in which his power and his characteristic ideas first revealed themselves. In 1797 he was moved to Turin; Turin was occupied by the French in 1798, the royal family of Sardinia lost all its possessions on the mainland, and the Court of Turin became the Court of Cagliari. Joseph de Maistre was at first employed as chief magistrate of the island of Sardinia, but in 1802 his government sent him as minister plenipotentiary to Russia. At St. Petersburg he remained fifteen years, all through the great struggle with Napoleon. Ill-paid and ill-understood by the

petty government of Cagliari, he was esteemed and admired by the Emperor Alexander, by Russian society, and by his diplomatic colleagues; a still better alleviation of the pressure of embarrassment and anxiety he found in study. During his stay at St. Petersburg his principal works were written, but they remained for the time in his portfolio. - He was joined in 1803 by his son Rodolphe, then just sixteen years-old, to whom the Emperor Alexander gave a commission in the Russian Guards. His wife and his two daughters rejoined him in 1814. In 1817 he left Russia and proceeded by way of Paris to Turin, where he was made Chancellor and Minister of State. He now published the works on which he had been long busy in Russia, his "Du Pape," his "De l'Église Gallicane," and the "Soirées de Saint-Pétersbourg." He died at Turin in February, 1821, at the age of sixty-seven.

His Correspondence was published in two volumes by his son, a quarter of a century after his death, and has passed through six or seven editions. Striking and suggestive as are works like his "Considérations" and his "Soirées de Saint-Pétersbourg," it is his Correspondence which best makes us feel his variety, his attractiveness, his superiority. These two volumes of his Correspondence will live, and will take their place not merely in Catholic libraries, and as part of the polemics of a great Catholic champion, but in general literature. The literary talent of this Savoyard, whose letters, of far weightier contents than the letters of Madame de Sévigné, are not surpassed by even hers in felicity and vivacity, may well make the French adopt him with pride as one of their classics. But for us, for the world at large, what will preserve his letters is the impression given by them of admirable vigour of mind in union with admirable force and purity of character. We should read them; but alas! we do not even read Burke. Our days go by, and the hour with Mr. Yates in the "World" is followed by the hour with Mr. Labouchere in "Truth;" and this fascinating course of reading leaves us with little leisure or taste for anything else. Yet what a pity to be so absorbed by our enchanters as to be unable to feel also the beauty of things like the following, a cry coming from Joseph de Maistre at the end of his hard day, his life of strenuous and grievous travail:

"I know not what the life of a rogue may be—I have never been one—but the life of an honest man is abominable. How few are those whose passage upon this foolish planet" [we had "*incane* planet" a little way back] "has been marked by actions really good and useful! I bow myself to the earth before him of whom it can be said, '*Pertransiit benefaciendo*;' who has succeeded in instructing, consoling, relieving his fellow-creatures; who has made real sacrifices for the sake of doing good; those heroes of silent charity who hide themselves and expect nothing in this world. But what are the common run of men like? and how many of us are there in a thousand who can ask themselves without terror: 'What have I done in this world, *wherewith have I advanced the general work*, and what is there left of me for good or for evil?'"

The great Napoleon, who ill observed his own maxim, was fond

of saying : One must know how to set bounds to oneself—"Il faut savoir se borner." The advice is particularly good when one has to speak of a personage so rich in matter of interest, and at the same time so little known to the generality of one's readers, as Joseph de Maistre. The public is prone to demand grand review-articles, but there are subjects which are too large for the limits of a single review-article, even a grand one. Joseph de Maistre is such a subject. He ought to be treated by installments. And now, when Russia and the Russian people are objects of so much importance to us in this country, we propose to take that portion of Joseph de Maistre's Correspondence which deals with Russia and things Russian ; to observe the impression made by Russia and the Russians, during his fifteen years' experience of them, on this independent and powerful spirit, one of those minds which stand out from the crowd, and of which the thoughts are still fresh and living as on the day when they were uttered.

Joseph de Maistre had every reason to speak well of Russia. In spite of his poverty, in spite of the insignificance of his Sovereign, he was received there from the first with kindness ; he inspired, as time went on, the most cordial liking and esteem, and was treated with the most flattering distinction. Not only did the Emperor Alexander, as has been already mentioned, give a commission in the guards to the young Rodolphe de Maistre, but he placed Joseph de Maistre's brother Xavier, the well-known writer, at the head of the library and museum of the Russian Admiralty. The society of St. Petersburg was as favourable as the Czar. Joseph de Maistre had in his character, had even in his demeanour and conversation, something impetuous and trenchant. He knew it himself :

"I have said and done in my life," he writes to Madame de Pont, "things sufficient to ruin a public man five or six times over. People have been provoked ; they have talked of me in the way you may have heard ; and yet here I am, still on my legs—nay, in spite of all obstacles, I have gone on mounting higher and higher. Every character has its inconveniences. Do you suppose me not to be aware that I yawn when I am bored ; that a sort of mechanical smile says sometimes, '*You talk like a fool!*' that in my way of speaking there is something original, something *vibrante*, as the Italians say, something trenchant, which seems—and particularly in moments of heat or inadvertence—to announce a certain imperiousness of opinion to which I have no more right than any other man ? I know it perfectly well, madame : *Chassez le naturel, il revient au galop.*"

In spite of this impetuosity, this imperiousness he pleased. A diplomatist said of him : "Count de Maistre is a most fortunate person ; he says just what he likes and yet he never comes to grief." Not only did he inspire respect, he inspired warm liking also, he pleased. He was original, full of knowledge, of high honour and integrity : but at the same time he was entirely free from peevishness, narrowness, or littleness : he was not in the least a prig or a pedant. "I am very bookish in my own study," he said, "but in the world I try

to be as little bookish as possible." Accompanied by simplicity, integrity, good temper, and largeness of mind, his vivacity in conversation warmed and charmed people without offending them, and in the society of St. Petersburg he was a signal success.

His life in Russia had its drawbacks, indeed. The first July after his arrival showed him what the Russian climate was. The warm season is supposed to begin in May, and in July every one who can get out of St. Petersburg is enjoying the country :

"I spent yesterday with the English ambassador, who is in the country in the direction of Cronstadt. We never left the fire but for a minute or two, to look through his telescope at some vessels in the Gulf. To-day, too, I am obliged to sit by the fire ; how long this queer state of things will go on I don't know. People in the country here pave the ground with gold in order to overcome the difficulties of all kinds which nature puts in their way ; for climate has to be overcome, and soil also. I have just seen a man spend 10,000 roubles in digging a ditch round a piece of ground which cost 25 roubles. And all this for three months in the very finest years, and for six weeks at the outside in bad years. No outlay seems too great if it will purchase any enjoyment. As I look at all this magnificence, I think of what kind nature does for us by her own unaided power."

Not only of landscape-gardening and of luxuries was the expense in Russia, to a man of moderate means, prohibitory, but of other and more necessary things also :

"A foreigner here who has a daughter cannot possibly get her educated (I mean so far as accomplishments are concerned) unless he be the English ambassador or something of that sort. A young lady's education costs ten thousand francs ; you can have no idea what it is. People thus go without masters for their children because they cannot afford them."

Finally even the kindness and hospitality which he met with at St. Petersburg, a capital offering such a contrast to his own "*capitale peu fraternelle*," as he called Turin, were good so far as they went, and were gratifying, but they were something altogether distinct from the friendship of congenial minds, from the intimacies which elsewhere Joseph de Maistre had formed and enjoyed. In a delightful letter to one of his old friends, Madame Huber, of Lausanne, he says :-

"I meet with all manner of kindness in society and at court, but I stay at home as much as my position will allow me. I have plenty of good books, and I study with might and main ; for really one is in duty bound to learn something. As for the supreme pleasures of friendship and of confidential intimacy—a blank. You have often heard people talk of the hospitality of this country, and in one sense what they say is quite true : you are asked to dinner and supper all round, but the foreigner never gets at the heart. I never find myself in full dress amid all the Asiatic pomp here, without thinking of my grey stockings at Lausanne, and of that lantern with which I used to go and visit you at Cour. Oh, the delightful drawing-room at Cour ! that is what is lacking to me here ! After tiring out my horses along these fine streets, if I could but find Friendship in slippers and sit in slippers myself arguing with her, I should be perfectly content. When you have the goodness to say, with your worthy husband, *Quels souvenirs ! quels regrets !* lis en, and you will hear the echo of the Neva repeating, *Quels souvenirs ! quels regrets !*"

The touch of Madame de Sévigné herself, in letter-writing, has not more spirit and grace. But we are to concern ourselves with Russia,

not with Joseph de Maistre's gifts as a letter-writer. When he had been four or five years in Russia, he describes to the King of Sardinia the state of things there as follows :

"The want of money is extreme ; nevertheless luxury runs its course without troubling itself about anything, although its extravagances and its utter thoughtlessness are conducting this country to an inevitable revolution. The nobility throws its money away, but this money falls into the hands of the business class, who have only to cut off their beards and to obtain government posts to become masters of Russia. The town of St. Petersburg will soon belong to trade and commerce entirely. In general the impoverishment and the moral decay of the nobility are the true causes of the revolution which we see in France. That revolution will be repeated here, but with peculiar circumstances. I can venture to assure your Majesty that Russia affords to the observer most abundant matter for interesting reflexion, for it brings back before our eyes the Middle Age, and enables us to see in reality what we had only seen in history. But the native Russian revolution, which may be called natural, combining itself with our eighteenth-century revolution, which is abominable, produces such a complication of things as is not to be understood without the most careful attention."

The Emperor Alexander had his head full of generous projects and reforms for his people :

"There can be no mistake at present about the intentions of his Imperial Majesty. The emperor is tired of his power as handed down to him by his predecessors ; and, his youth allowing him to undertake great enterprises, he really means to constitute his people and to raise them to the European level."

Joseph de Maistre, with his distrust of written constitutions, his sense of the slow movement of things and of the extreme actual unripeness of the Russian people, regarded with disfavour these projects of reform from above. The Russians were unripe for them, he said ; and he was convinced that a law, though excellent in itself, must prove useless and even mischievous unless the nation were worthy of it and made for it. How else could a law, he asked, have any real sanction ? Bestowed by one Emperor upon unripe and passive subjects, it might be revoked by another. Had not Paul the First established with every solemnity the Salic Law in Russia ? A day or two afterwards, his son abolished it. "*Toute nation a le gouvernement qu'elle mérite ;*" "every nation has the government which it is fit for." As Georgia is to Russia, so is Russia to Western Europe ; and as it fared with the introduction of the Russian procedure into Georgia, so it will fare with the introduction of Western constitutionalism into Russia :

"Formerly the Czar of Georgia used to ride out every morning on horseback to do justice ; at a slow pace, he made a progress through the streets of Tiflis. Litigants came to him and stated their case. The Czar administered the stick to the party who seemed to deserve it. A Georgian said the other day to my brother, quite seriously : ' Well, Sir, it was found that these princes very seldom made a mistake.' The Georgians most sincerely regret this bygone street-procedure ; and as to the new procedure which the Russians have brought amongst them, with its formalities, its delays, its written documents, they cannot abide it, they are sick of it ; whoever would give them back their old stick-law would be hailed as a benefactor. There are a thousand subtleties in use amongst our old European nations which I consider to be clean over the heads of the Russians—the Russians as I know them at this moment, at any rate."

Again and again he returns to this actual unripeness of the Russian nation, in every one of the great lines along which the growth of a nation's mental life proceeds :—

“People make a mistake when in this century they put 1815 ; they ought to put 1515, for we are in the sixteenth century. . . . The kind of moral vegetation which gradually leads nations forward out of barbarism into civilization has been suspended in Russia, and, as it were, cut in two, by two great events—the schism of the tenth century and the invasion of the Tartars.”

The clergy, which in Western Europe has done so much for knowledge and civilization, has done nothing in Russia :

“Between a Russian pope and an organ-pipe I see no great difference ; both emit sound, and that is all. I have repeatedly asked intelligent Russians whether means might not be found to civilize the clergy, to introduce it into society, to get rid of that disfavour which now more than ever attaches to it, and to make it of use for education, public morality, &c. All people unite with me in desiring this, but they give me no hope of its being accomplished.”

The Religious knowledge and ideas of the Russian people in general are what might be expected with such a clergy :

“On the matter of religion the Russian knows nothing. His absolute ignorance of the Latin language shuts him out from all the sources of discussion. Of wits he has plenty ; but even the best wits can only know what they have learnt, and the Russian has not looked in this direction (I am speaking of the laity). Now that the light of science is beginning to dawn here, it produces its usual effect—that of unsettling the religion of the country : for no sect can hold out against science. The vulgar and unlearned clergy is nothing, and counts for nothing ; those who have any mind, and who know Latin and French, are all more or less Protestants. In society you hear this denied, either from ignorance, or from inattention, or because people had rather deny it than set it right ; but nothing is more certainly true.”

In philosophy Russia was as backward as in religion :

“I can hear of no good work on jurisprudence or on philosophy. In these two matters, again, as in that of religion, Russia is delivered over, bound hand and foot, to the Germans. The persons who have influence being either art and part in the thing, or else being led by the nose, I see no remedy for it.”

The actual demand in Russia for serious reading of any kind was well shown by the state of the book trade in St. Petersburg :

“A serious work, were it only a hundred pages long, can count here upon but a hundred and fifty purchasers, of whom ten will read it and two will understand it. A publisher, it may well be conceived, prints nothing at his own risk.”

And again :

“Pluchart (a bookseller) has assured me, to my great astonishment, that a publisher in this capital who brings out a philosophical work, however short, can only reckon upon about a hundred and fifty buyers. I quite understand that books are often lent ; still, a hundred and fifty is a small number for a town of this size.”

Accordingly, Joseph de Maistre was of opinion that the rulers of Russia had better proceed very gradually with their plans of reform and constitution. He doubted whether the Russian people could understand any government except the autocracy of the Czar, or could

be held together by it. He prophesied that "those who called for the enfranchisement of the serfs would be found to have been calling for the division of the empire." For the present, he thought, "the reforms of his Imperial Majesty will end in his putting his people back again into the state where he found them, and no great harm either." But what if the Russian nation, unripe as it was, should suddenly shake off its indifference and should take the Emperor's reforms seriously? What if this nation, at its actual stage of development, a nation neither sanguinary nor turbulent by nature (he always did it this justice), but which had suffered enormous losses in money and men from the great war, and was more and more being drawn into contact with the agitations of Western Europe, "should be seized by one of those fits on the brain which have attacked other nations, not more reasonable than Russia is, but more *raisonneuses*?" In this case, Joseph de Maistre foresaw nothing but additional danger and embarrassment from the course now pursued by the emperor:

"If this nation, arriving at the comprehension of our perfidious novelties and acquiring a taste for them, were to conceive the idea of resisting all revocation or alteration of what it might call its *constitutional privileges*; if some university Pougatscheff were to put himself at the head of a party; if once the people got unsettled, and instead of Asiatic expeditions, began a revolution in the European line, I have no words to express the alarm which might well be felt.

'Bella, horrida bella !

Et multo *Nevam* spumentem sanguine cerno.'"

Pougatscheff was a personage who figured in a revolt against the government of Catharine the Second.

For the present, however, Joseph de Maistre thought that all offers of code and constitution were likely to fall through, by reason of the indifference of the mass of the Russian people to them. In a letter written in October, 1815, to Prince Koslowski, he thus sums up the data presented by the actual situation:

"In general I incline to think that you have not sufficiently prepared the people for the code before making the code for the people. I have a grudge against your Peter the Great, who appears to me to have committed the greatest of faults, that of failing in proper respect for his own nation. I never read that Numa made his Romans drop their toga, that he treated them as barbarians, and so on. The *Decemvirs* certainly went to Greece for laws; but they did not bring Greeks to Rome to make them. At present, the national pride is waking up and feeling indignant; but Peter has placed you in a false position with the foreigner. '*Nec tecum possum vivere, nec sine te*'—that is the motto for you. I do not think that there is to be found at this moment, for the man who knows how to observe, a greater and a finer field than your country, my dear Prince. The good side in you every one can see. You are kind, humane, hospitable, quick, intrepid, enterprising, clever at imitating, not in the least pedantic, with a dislike to all restraint, preferring a pitched battle to a lesson in drill. But on this fine body of yours are established two fistulas which impoverish it—instability and dishonesty. Everything with you is changeable; your laws change like the ribbons in vogue; your opinions like the waistcoats in wear; systems of every kind like the fashions. A man sells his house just as readily as his horse; nothing is constant with you except inconstancy, and nothing is respected, because nothing is ancient—there is your first mischief. Your second is not less serious. Highway robbery is less common here than elsewhere,

because you are by nature gentle in as high a degree as you are brave ; but the robbery of dishonesty is chronic with you. If one buys a diamond, it is sure to have a flaw ; if one buys a match, the brimstone is sure to be bad. This spirit, traversing the channels of business from the highest to the lowest, makes endless ravages. It is against these enemies that your legislators should employ all their wisdom and all their strength. I could go on till to-morrow talking on this subject, *sed de his coram*. All I can now say is, that my interest in you and in all that concerns you is unbounded ; your people have treated me with so much kindness, that they have won my heart, and I have no longer any wish to leave you."

To these considerations of the faults, virtues, and condition of the Russian people are to be added considerations of the circumstances of the moment, and of the probable influence of the future :

"Your great country, involved in this enormous shock of the French Revolution, on the point at one time of perishing by it, has, by a rapid turn of events, been saved itself and been made the saviour of others. What will become of it, God only knows ! What is certain is, that it cannot remain as it is now. It has had its part in the general commotion ; the invasion, in the first place, has not failed to produce a very perceptible effect on the mental state of your peasants ; the soldiers who have been in France will be inculcators of a still stronger kind. May God take care of you !"

Not codes and constitutions, but the deeper working and gradual agencies of education and religion, were what Joseph de Maistre placed first in importance for Russia, as he saw and knew Russia. But neither of them was taking a direction which he approved, or which he could witness without disquietude. Of popular education there was no question, the time for it had not yet come. The only education of which at that time there was any question in Russia was the education of the middle and upper classes. The Jesuits, expelled in the eighteenth century from the chief Catholic states of Europe, had found a refuge in Russia, and education had come very much into their hands. Simply as schoolmasters, the Jesuits have great merits ; an Englishman should never forget Bacon's testimony to the goodness and success of their methods. "*Talis cum sis*," he says to their Society, applying the words addressed by Agesilaus to Pharnabazus, "*talis cum sis, utinam noster esses !*" But in the Jesuit schools, letters and literature were preponderant ; the cry of the day was already for science, for more of science and less of letters. The Russians, with their appetite for novelty and fresh fashions, joined in the cry eagerly. The worship of science took forms which were not always judicious, the professors who administered its bread of life were often personages whose walk and conversation left much to be desired :

"You mention science and the universities. What a chapter, my dear Prince, do we open there ! At Wilna they have just been maintaining a thesis that God is caloric at the highest stage (*per perfectionem*), that the human spirit is caloric at a lower stage, the sun a caloric which organizes the plant a caloric which is organized, etc. An apostate Catholic priest, who has worried two wives to death, and is at present the happy owner of a third, is professor of moral philosophy in one of your universities. Instruction with you is planted the wrong end upwards, and bears corruption for you before bearing science."

In a series of letters written in 1810, at the request of Count Rasmowsky, the Russian Minister of Public Instruction, Joseph de Maistre examines with his usual acuteness the ideas of educational reform which were prevalent, and discusses their application to the actual state of Russia. He starts from his favourite fundamental principle. Just as every plan of government is a baneful dream, unless it be in harmony with the character and circumstances of the nation, so it is with education. Before establishing a scheme of education, the habits, inclinations, and state of ripeness of the nation for which it is to be designed, are to be considered. The eighteenth century had promulgated the doctrine that education in the so-called sciences is the whole of education, whereas it is really, says Joseph de Maistre, but a part of it; it is also by far the less interesting part, and one which has no worth at all unless it rests upon moral education. The generation trained according to the new doctrine had made the French Revolution. Still, in Western Europe education had for centuries been in the hands of the clergy, and it still remained to a great extent in their hands. The clergy assign to moral training its proper and prominent place in education. In Western Europe, in spite of the revolutionary propaganda, the schools bear deep traces of the character impressed on them by the clergy, and theories of education are largely influenced by it. In Russia the clergy, "unhappily cut off from society and deprived of all civil functions," has never kept school, has created and sustained no tradition of the indispensableness of moral training as a part of education. The Russians, lovers of novelty, and peculiarly liable to be blown about by every breath of vain doctrine, take up with the new theories of scientific education as if they were a revelation, as if they were going to do for Russia just what Russia needed. No error could be greater. The Russians expect from the sciences far more than the sciences can ever give them, but in the meanwhile Russia is not even ripe for the sciences at all. The government might found scientific establishments, but until the nation was ripe for them, and really needed them, they would get no pupils. They would be like the School of Law, not long ago instituted by the emperor, which offered to every student board and lodging free, 300 roubles a year, and a degree; but no students came, and the school had to be closed. And yet, in the time which we call barbarous, the University of Paris could show 4,000 students, drawn there from all parts of Europe, and living at their own cost. Everything depends, not on what the government may found, but on what the nation can use:

"Figure to yourself a government which should go to a huge expense for the sake of covering with grand inns a country where nobody travelled; there you have the true image of a government which makes a great outlay on scientific establishments before the national genius has shown any turn for the sciences. Learned bodies of European fame, such as the Academy of Paris, the Royal Society of London, the Academy *del Cimento* of Florence, began as free associations of a certain number of individuals united together by their love for the sciences. After a cer-

tain time the sovereign, prompted by the public esteem for them, bestowed on them a civil existence by means of letters patent; so arose those great academic bodies. Everywhere they have been established because of the men of science who were there already, not in the hope of getting men of science by their means. It is a silly business to spend immense sums on making a cage for the phoenix, before you know whether the phoenix will come.

"Time," says the Persian proverb, 'is the father of miracles.' He is the prime minister of all sovereigns: with him they do everything; without him they can do nothing. And yet the Russians hold him in contempt, and will never wait. Time is affronted, and makes sport of them. It is a great misfortune that this famous nation should add to its first error of esteeming the sciences too highly, the second error of wanting to become possessed of them all at once, and of feeling humiliated because Russia is more backward than other nations in this respect. Never was there a prejudice more false and more dangerous. The Russians might be the first nation in universe, and yet have no talent for the natural sciences."

Even if the Russians have no turn for the sciences, they may console themselves, says Joseph de Maistre, by remembering that the Romans, who had none either, nevertheless managed to cut a considerable figure in the world. But the Poles, a Slave people like the Russians, produced three centuries ago a man of science who is one of the ornaments of the human race, the illustrious Copernicus. It is not likely that the water of the Dwina should have some magical property which prevents science from passing. If nature, then, has, as is probable, endowed the Russians with an aptitude for the sciences, a spark will at some favourable moment awaken it, as it has awakened it elsewhere. Public attention will be turned that way, scientific societies and establishments will spring up of themselves, and the Government will only have to give them form and acknowledgment. Until this time of natural fermentation arrives, the mania for teaching science can lead to no good result, and can only do mischief. One kind of mischief Joseph de Maistre points out with especial force:

"A terrible inconvenience springing out of this scientific mania is that the government, having no professors of their own to satisfy it, are obliged to have recourse to foreign nations; and, as men of real attainments and character are not often disposed to leave their own country, where they are recompensed and honoured, it is always merely second-rate men, often it is vicious and damaged adventurers, who come out here to the North Pole offering their pretended science for money. Russia is at the present day covered with a scum of this kind, which political storms have driven from other countries. These runaways bring little with them here except impudence and vices. With no affection or esteem for this country, with no domestic ties, civil or religious, they laugh at the undiscerning Russians who entrust them with the most precious of their belongings—their children; their only desire is to make money enough to enable them to go and live as they please elsewhere; and after trying to take in public opinion by performances which in the eyes of all good judges prove their gross ignorance, they depart back again to their own country, and turn Russia into ridicule in worthless books, which Russia is even good enough to buy of these creatures; nay, not unfrequently she translates them."

A nation's beginnings of intellectual activity are naturally in imaginative production and in poetry, and here Joseph de Maistre observed a genuine movement, as genuine as the scientific movement was fictitious. Language and letters a nation must begin with; above all, the first stage in its mental progress is the respect for its own lan-

guage and the employment of it. The predominance of the French language was a real obstacle in Russia to the development of the national genius. Joseph de Maistre talks sarcastically of "the St. Petersburg savants who know French perfectly and Russian a little." He speaks of the suppression of the French Theatre, in 1816, as favourable to the improvement of the native drama. In the chief theatre of St. Petersburg the performances were no longer to be in French, but in Russian. We do not know whether this theatrical precedence of the Russian tongue is still perfectly kept up at St. Petersburg. But Dr. Neubauer reported the other day a symptom which is full of promise for Russian literature and life; namely, that in the transactions of the Philosophical Society of St. Petersburg, which used always to be in French and German, the Russian language is now adopted.

Religion, however, was the great agency on which Joseph de Maistre relied for expelling evil where it had reigned and made havoc, and for preventing its entrance into communities hitherto unravaged by it. "The French Revolution is satanic," he used to say; "if the counter-revolution is not divine, it is null." And by this divine counter-revolution he meant "a moral and religious revolution, without which chaos cannot cease and creation begin." But he found in the religious fermentation which surrounded him in Russia a mixture of philosophism, Germanism, Protestantism, and illuminism, which seemed to him to announce a dark future for religion, except so far as this darkness was relieved by numerous conversion to Roman Catholicism. But we ought to let him speak for himself:

"Science, newly arrived here, is commencing its first exploit, which is to take religion by the throat. The conquests of the Protestant spirit, throughout all that portion of the clergy which is acquainted with French and Latin, are incredible. People talk about the Greek Church; the Russian Church is no more Greek than it is Syrian or Armenian; it is an isolated church under a civil head, just like the Church of England. If the patriarch of Constantinople were to dream of giving an order here, he would be thought mad; and mad he would indeed be to attempt it. In this state of things, the London Bible Society has come fishing in Russia. This society spent 42,000*l.* It was proposed to open a branch here, and the offer was at once accepted, for the Russian is even more greedy of novelties than the Frenchman, with whom he has many points of resemblance. Persons of the highest respectability have become members, and amongst them the Russian and the Catholic archbishops."

To the plan of "sowing Bibles broadcast in the vulgar tongue, without distinction of persons and without explanation," the Catholic Church has always, as is well known, been resolutely opposed. In Russia, says Joseph de Maistre—

"A single ancient version—nay, a few lines only of this version—wrongly interpreted by popular fanaticism, have sufficed to create the Russian *rascolnics* (sectaries), that vast ulcer which eats into the national religion and spreads further every day. What will it be when a simple people, taking things absolutely by the letter, shall possess the Bible in the vulgar tongue in all the variety of the Bible versions?"

But it was as “a Protestant enterprise” conducting men towards “*le riénisme Protestant*,” Protestant nothingism, that the Bible Society called forth Joseph de Maistre’s deepest enmity. The Society was in his eyes respectable as might be many of its members, and excellent as might be their intentions, in real truth nothing more nor less than “a Socinian machine for the overthrow of all ecclesiastical authority.” As a Protestant enterprise, he maintained, it moved infallibly towards the sure goal of Protestantism, towards Socinianism or Deism, as people then called it ;—in other words, dogmatic decay. With penetrating eye, with the acuteness of a trained observer and the joy of a bitter enemy, Joseph de Maistre saw the ruin, the certain and ever-increasing ruin, upon the Continent, of dogmatic and orthodox Protestantism. Protestantism was no longer a religion, he said ; it was become a mere negation :

“There is not a point of Christian faith which Protestantism has not attacked and destroyed in the minds of its partizans. What was sure to happen has happened ; this unblessed system has allied itself with philosophism, which is indebted to it for its most dangerous weapons ; and these two enemies of all religious belief have exercised so fatal an influence, that those fair regions of Europe where they prevail may be said to have no longer any religion at all.”

And therefore the Russian Church, which was fast imbibing “the venom of Germanism and Protestantism,” and bidding fair to become professedly Protestant, would probably announce itself Protestant at a time when there were no Protestants left anywhere else.

In his keen, bold, unsparing criticism of continental Protestantism Joseph de Maistre is wonderfully successful. What we must never forget is that his own Catholicism, by virtue of which he thinks himself entitled to treat Protestantism thus disdainfully, and on which he effects to stand as on a rock, is an hypothesis arbitrary, artificial, and unavailing. Always, therefore, in watching Joseph de Maistre attack and rout his adversaries, a good critic will have the feeling that the ultimate fate of the day is not yet by any means fully visible, that the battle is not really won. It is as with Joseph de Maistre’s haughty airs of defiance and contempt of middle-class popular opinion. “What is a nation, my good friend ? The sovereign and the aristocracy. We must weigh voices, not count them. A hundred shopkeepers of Genoa would go for less with me, as to what is to be judged expedient or inexpedient for the community, than the family of Brignola alone.” The mind of the hundred shopkeepers may be indeed but, as Bacon says, “a poor and shrunken thing ;” but whoever shall imperiously substitute for it the mind of the House of Brignola, will find the resource artificial and insufficient.

The tendency to Protestantism was favoured in Russia by another tendency, also Germanic in its origin, and which was powerfully influential in the highest quarters—illuminism. Illuminism, says Joseph de Maistre, has for its ideal a kind of transcendental and universal Christianity ; it conceives Christianity to have been transformed

and disfigured by priests, and is extremely unfavourable to hierarchies and their claims ; it looks upon Christendom as a collection of sects differing on many points, but all of them united at bottom in something good, which is fundamental Christianity. The adherents of this illuminism were very numerous at St. Petersburg and Moscow. The Emperor Alexander himself was profoundly imbued with it. The extraordinary Convention of Paris, in which Austria, Prussia, and Russia, after the defeat of Napoleon, solemnly declared their adherence to a universal Christianity, was a concession to the enthusiasm of Alexander for this ideal. "The Emperor Alexander," writes Joseph de Maistre, "with his universal Christianity, his fundamental dogmas, and his Bible Society, may be sure that he is on the high road to the destruction of Christianity." But the Emperor's subjects seemed much inclined to accompany him, and even the Catholic Archbishop joined, as we have already seen, the Bible Society, and when Rome expressed disapprobation and insisted on his leaving it, he took no notice. The picture of this Catholic dignitary, the Archbishop of Mohileff, who must indeed have been a curiosity, is in Joseph de Maistre's raciest manner. "The Archbishop of Mohileff is Sestrintzewitz, a man eighty years old ; formerly a Protestant, then an officer of hussars, finally a Catholic bishop. It was he who said one day, as he saw the Emperor pass : "That is *my* Pope !"

In illuminism, however, and also in the dogmatic decay of Protestantism, there was much out of which Catholicism could make its profit :

"The friends of illuminism swarm at St. Petersburg and Moscow : I know an immense number of them. And you are not to think that everything which they say and write is bad ; on the contrary, they have some very sound notions, and—what will surprise you, perhaps—they tend towards us Catholics in two ways. First, their own clergy has no influence over their minds ; they hold their clergy in utter contempt, and accordingly no longer listen to it ; if they do not yet listen to our clergy, at any rate they respect it, and even go so far as to own that it has better retained the primitive spirit. Secondly, the Catholic mystics having much that is in agreement with the ideas which these illuminati have formed concerning internal religion, they have plunged head over ears into the reading of this class of authors. They will read nothing but St. Theresa, St. Francis of Sales, Fénelon, Madame Guyon, &c. Now it is impossible they should steep themselves in influences of this kind without being drawn considerably nearer to us ; and in fact a great enemy of the Catholic religion said the other day, 'What annoys me is, that all this illuminism will end in Catholicism.'"

The secret societies, therefore, the centres of illuminism, which in Catholic countries are objectionable, are in non-Catholic countries useful :

"Let them be. They are coming our way, all of them, but by a spiral line resulting from an invisible attraction towards the centre, modified by a strong though less potent action of pride, which continually draws them all it can from their direct course. These societies, besides, are detestable in Catholic communities, because they attack our fundamental principle of authority ; but in non-Catholic nations I consider them to be of infinite use, because they keep fresh and alive the religious fibre in man, and preserve his spirit from Protestant nothingism."

Philosophism and Protestantism, on their part, too, serve the Catholic Church :

“From the moment that science makes its entry into a non-Catholic country, there is a division in the community ; the mass will roll towards Deism, whilst a certain body draw near to us. In all Protestant countries, there is not a man of real intelligence left who is a Protestant ; all are Socinians except that band of persons, more or less numerous, whose conversion to Catholicism makes so much noise at present.”

So much noise did it make that Joseph de Maistre quitted Russia in consequence. Amidst the ferment of the new religious movement came a crop of sudden and unexpected conversions to Roman Catholicism. The multiplicity and rapidity of these conversions, principally in the highest rank of society, was, says Joseph de Maistre, “an admirable spectacle.” They enraged the Minister of Public Worship, Prince Alexander Gallitzin ; they greatly disturbed the Emperor himself, to whose autocracy the unbending attitude of the Church of Rome was unfamiliar and unpleasant, while its high doctrine of “*Extra ecclesiam nulla salus*” went clean contrary to his notions of a universal Christianity. The Jesuits, whose connection with these conversions was evident, were in 1816 by imperial ukase expelled from St. Petersburg, and their schools were closed. Joseph de Maistre’s intimacy with the Jesuits made him suspected of complicity, and the Emperor commissioned one of his ministers to request an explanation from him upon the subject. Joseph de Maistre replied that he had never induced one of his Imperial Majesty’s subjects to change his religion, but that, if any of them had happened to confide to him their intention to change it, he could not in honour and conscience have told them that they were wrong. The Emperor received the explanation with acquiescence, and continued to treat the Sardinian Envoy with the same courtesy and distinction as before. But Joseph de Maistre felt that his position at St. Petersburg could no longer be quite what it had been—perfectly free from all constraint and perfectly agreeable ; and he made up his mind to quit a place which had become dear to him, and where he at one time thought of ending his days. He requested his government to recall him, and in 1817 he returned, as has been mentioned, to pass the last years of his life at Turin.

He left amongst his papers the sketch of a conclusion to be added to his “*Soirées de Saint-Pétersbourg*,” and with a passage from this conclusion we may fitly end our record of his comments on Russia and the Russian people :

“To my dying day I shall never cease to bear Russia in memory and to pray for her welfare. Her welfare will be a constant object of my thoughts. What will become of you amidst the general unsettlement of men’s minds ? and how will you manage to blend so many diverse elements which within a short space of time have collected amongst you ? Blind faith, grossly superstitious ceremonies, philosophical doctrines, illuminism, the spirit of liberty, passive obedience, the hut and the palace, the refinements of luxury and the rudeness of savage life—what will come

out of all these elements set in motion by that turn for novelty which is perhaps the most striking trait in your character, and which, urging you incessantly in the pursuit of new objects, makes you disgusted with what you possess? You dislike living in any house but one that you have just bought. From laws down to ribbons, everything has to follow the untiring wheel of your changes. Nevertheless, consider the nations which cover the globe; it is the contrary system which has made them famous. In the tenacious Englishman you have a proof of it; his sovereigns still take pride in bearing the titles which they received from the Popes, so hard is it to detach this people from its old institutions. And yet what people surpasses the English in might, in unity, in national glory? Do you wish to be as great as you are powerful? follow, then, this example given you by England, set yourselves steadily against the rage you have for novelty and change, alike in the smallest things and in the greatest. You say, 'My father died in this house, therefore I must sell it.' Say rather, 'He died here, therefore sell it I cannot.' Have done with all your ignoble lath and plaster; God has given you granite and iron; use these gifts of God, and build for eternity. One looks in vain for monuments amongst you; one would say that you had an aversion to them. If you do nothing for time, what is time likely to do for you? As for the sciences, they will come if they are to come; are you made for them? we shall see. Meanwhile, you start, like all the nations of the world, with poetry and letters; your fine language is capable of anything; let your talents ripen without impatience. Your case is but that of all other nations; your warriors and statesmen have come before your scientific era. Strogonoff, who gave you Siberia; Suwarow, who made your arms famous throughout the world, were of no academy; better have no academy than have to fill it with foreigners. Your time, if it is really to come, will come naturally and without efforts."

If only, until the time of Russia is fully come, we could have relays of note-takers like Joseph de Maistre, to report progress every quarter or half century!

Quarterly Review.

THE BLACKBIRD.

BLACKBIRD! with so clear a note
Hidden in thy dusky throat,
Sing thy sweetest; flowers of May
All too quickly pass away.

Blackbird! little carest thou
If they go, or when, or how;
'Tis for man to live corroding
Present pleasure with foreboding.

Let me then be taught of thee
Anxious care and thought to flee;
He who dreadeth each to-morrow
Must, perforce, have double sorrow.

SYDNEY GREY, in *The Argosy*.

PASCAL AND HIS EDITORS.

1. *Pascal*. By Principal Tulloch. Edinburgh and London, 1878.
2. *Companions for the Devout Life: Lecture II. The Pensées of Blaise Pascal*. By the Very Rev. R. W. Church, M. A., Dean of St. Paul's. London, 1875.
3. *Pascal, sein Leben und seine Kämpfe*. Von Dr. J. G. Dreydorff. Leipzig, 1870.
4. *Études sur Blaise Pascal*. Par A. Vinet. 3me Edition. Paris, 1876.
5. *Port-Royal*. By C. Beard, B. A. Two vols. London, 1861.
6. *Pensées, Fragments et Lettres de Blaise Pascal*. Par M. Prosper Faugère. Two vols. Paris, 1844.
7. *Des Pensées de Pascal; Rapport à l'Académie Française sur la nécessité d'une nouvelle édition de cet ouvrage*. Par M. V. Cousin. Paris, 1843.

IN the year 1842 a great surprise came on the literary circles of Paris. For nearly two centuries the name of Blaise Pascal had been acknowledged by universal consent to be one of the most eminent in the whole range of French literature. Short as his life had been, for he sank at the early age of thirty-nine, "the fatal age of genius," under the ravages of disease brought on by excessive study in his youth; and scanty as were the remains which he left behind him to attest the force and character of his intellect, his place among the Immortals was uncontested, and the two small works by which his fame is perpetuated—the "Provincial Letters" and the "Thoughts"—were reckoned among the comparatively few modern classics, the loss of which would have been an irreparable calamity to the world. This high place they owed to a combination of qualities too seldom associated in the same work. To originality and power of thought they added perfection of form and style. It was their author's fortune to stand at the epoch when French prose was in transition from its early stiffness and uncouth harshness to the transparent perspicacity and flexible grace of its maturity; the happy epoch, as it has been called, when nature and art were at a just balance and equipoise with each other, and co-operated in the right measure to produce consummate works. Coming at that period, it was the glory of Pascal by the exquisite felicity of his style to bestow on his countrymen a model of expression which for purity, clearness, and power of indicating every shade of thought, has never been surpassed, perhaps scarcely ever equalled.

"I regard Descartes and Pascal," says the eminent critic and philosopher, M. Victor Cousin, "as the first two masters of the art of writing." But it was not by their style alone that these works of Pascal gained the suffrages of the world. They were as original in matter as in form. The latter of them, especially the posthumous "Thoughts," although they were but fragments arbitrarily arranged by his surviving friends, revealed a thinker of intense individuality and force, who, moving in the loftiest regions of philosophical and religious speculation, bared his heart without reserve, and poured forth at white heat the emotions which had been stirred in him by an almost overpowering sense of the mysteries of life. In this union then of force with beauty we have the secret of Pascal's enduring reputation. Both works have achieved a popularity which has proved as lasting as it was immediate. Repeatedly edited, annotated, and translated into other languages, they have become cosmopolitan and have won the admiration alike of believers and sceptics, of Protestants and Roman Catholics, of philosophers and men of the world.

Confining ourselves for the present to the "Thoughts," and the story of their circulation in France, we find that in the original form in which they had been published in 1659, seven years after Pascal's death, they were current in numerous editions for nearly sixty years, the short "Life of Pascal" by his sister, Madame Périer, having first appeared in France in the edition of 1687, though printed in Holland three years earlier. In 1727 Colbert, bishop of Montpellier, and again in the following year Father Desmolets, of the Oratory, gave to the public several new fragments collected from letters and other sources. These additions, with some further pieces, were incorporated by Condorcet in his edition of 1776, in which, unhappily, he took extraordinary liberties with Pascal's text in toning it down to the taste of the free-thinking philosophers of the "Encyclopædia;" and two years later Condorcet's revision was re-issued with fresh notes by Voltaire. A year afterwards, in 1779, the Abbé Bossut brought out his standard edition of Pascal's complete works in five volumes, containing the whole of his mathematical and physical pieces. In this the "Thoughts" appeared under a novel arrangement, embracing all the additions that had been successively made to the original Port-Royal text, together with several pieces never before printed, but, unfortunately, without rectifying the falsifications introduced into the text by Condorcet. Subsequent editions of the "Thoughts" followed Bossut's with little or no change, down to M. Frantin's in 1835, which again adopted a new order of arrangement and suppressed some passages relating to the Jesuits; and what is especially to be noticed is, that throughout this century and a half of repeated publication, during which the book passed through the hands of so many editors, and was so often a subject of comment and eulogy, it continued to be accepted without suspicion as an authentic work in which Pascal's fragmentary ideas and reflections were truly given

to the world in the very words in which he had himself expressed them.

Then came the surprise. As a help towards the preparation by the French Academy of an historical dictionary of the language, M. Cousin had urged on his fellow-Academicians the importance of producing critical editions of some of the French classical authors, whose works might serve for standards, and had undertaken himself to examine whether any revision was needed to the current form of Pascal's "Thoughts." The result was the famous Report named at the head of this article, which was presented by him to the Academy in 1842, and the effect of which may, without exaggeration, be likened to the shock produced by a sudden and violent explosion. To make the matter intelligible we must briefly premise that towards the end of his life Pascal had entertained the idea of producing an elaborate work in defence of Christianity against atheists and other sceptics, and in conversation with his Jansenist friends had roughly sketched out the line he proposed to take. The complete breaking up, however, of his health, which speedily followed the forming of this intention, and the unremitted suffering in which the last four years of his life were passed, hindered him from doing more than jot down from time to time on loose sheets and fragments of paper, sometimes on the backs of old letters, such ideas as occurred to his mind while brooding over his subject, and seemed likely to be useful in the composition of his book. Should his health ever allow him to set himself seriously about it. These fragments were of all lengths, from a page or two to single sentences, sometimes left incomplete, sometimes even breaking off in the middle of a word: occasionally the same idea appeared in two or three forms as it was gradually elaborated in his mind. There were times when, being unable through infirmity to hold a pen, he got some chance visitor, or even a servant, to write down from his dictation the idea which he wished to preserve; but at least nine-tenths of the papers were traced by his own feeble and failing fingers, in a handwriting which not seldom suggests the marks that might have been left by the legs of an insect crawling over the page, and which was rendered still more difficult to decipher by frequent abbreviations, erasures, interlineations, and additions, stuck in anyhow on the margins and corners of the paper. The facsimile of a page deeply discoloured by time, which is appended to M. Cousin's report, presents to the ordinary reader about as hopeless an enigma as can be imagined. Of these confused and intractable papers, which were collected with religious care by Pascal's friends after his death, an incomplete copy was made, which is still extant, and from this copy the original edition of the "Thoughts" was drawn up, while the precious autographs themselves were fastened at random on large folio sheets of paper and bound in a volume containing altogether 491 pages. This volume afterwards became the property of the Abbé Périer, Pascal's nephew, and by him was deposited in the library of the Abbey

of St. Germain-des-Pres, whence at a later time it passed to the Bibliothèque du Roi. There it was examined and collated with the published text by M. Cousin, who in his Report expresses in a lively manner the feelings which took possession of him as he pursued his laborious task.

"It was impossible," he says, "to look without painful emotion on the great folio book where the failing hand of Pascal had traced, during the agony of his last four years, the thoughts which rose in his mind, and which he deemed might be useful to him some day in composing the great work that he meditated. He threw them in haste on the first scrap of paper that came to hand, in few words, and often even in half a word. Sometimes he dictated them to persons who happened to be present. Pascal's writing is full of abbreviations, ill-formed, almost undecipherable. It is these little papers without order or connect on which, collected and pasted on great sheets of paper, compose the manuscript of the 'Thoughts.'"

But M. Cousin had scarcely begun his labours when this first emotion was replaced by astonishment at the discovery which soon forced itself upon him. "You would be frightened," he goes on to say, "at the enormous difference which the first glance at the original manuscript will show you, between the 'Thoughts' of Pascal, as they were written with his own hand, and all the editions, without excepting a single one, not even that of 1669, published by his family and his friends, nor that of 1779, which has become the model of all the editions that every year sees put forth." He then proceeds to give "samples of the alterations of all kinds" that he had detected, "alterations of words, alterations of turns, alterations of phrases, suppressions, substitutions, additions, arbitrary and absurd piecings together, sometimes of a paragraph, sometimes of an entire chapter, by the help of phrases and paragraphs foreign to each other; and, what is worse, decompositions still more arbitrary and truly inconceivable of chapters, which in Pascal's manuscript are perfectly connected in all their parts, and profoundly wrought out." The original Port-Royal edition is stigmatised by him "as combining all the faults which ought to have been avoided. (1.) It omitted a great part of the 'Thoughts' contained in the autograph manuscript, and it omitted precisely the most original, those which laid bare the soul of Pascal, his desolate scepticism, his restless and despairing faith. (2.) It changed sometimes in their substance, and awakened almost always in their form, the 'Thoughts' which it preserved. (3.) It gave a great number of 'Thoughts' which are not in the autograph manuscript, and which yet bear the visible imprint of Pascal's hand without indicating the sources whence they are drawn." "I defy analysis," he exclaims, on reviewing his discoveries, "to invent any kind of alteration of the style of a great writer, which the style of Pascal has not suffered at the hands of Port-Royal!"

The utter untrustworthiness of the received text, however, furnished only half the surprise. The world had imagined that in the celebrated "Thoughts" it passed the outlines of a powerful defence of Christianity by a firm believer, in whom reason and faith went

harmoniously hand in hand together. Great, therefore, was the astonishment when M. Cousin, having disinterred Pascal's authentic words, proclaimed aloud in the most confident tones that Pascal himself was a sceptic, a Pyrrhonist, whose reason plunged him into a bottomless abyss of doubt, out of which he could discover no escape except by a convulsive resolve to shut his eyes, and at all hazards believe. "The very substance of Pascal's soul," says the Report, "was a universal scepticism, against which he found no asylum but in a faith voluntarily blind; the difficulties which he encountered his reason did not surmount, but his will pushed aside, and his last, his true answer is that he *will not* have annihilation." "The ideas of Pascal," it says in another place, "are not a play of his intellect; it is the painful travail of his soul: they penetrate it, they consume it; it is the fiery dart fastened in his side, and he soothes his pain in expressing it." And again, "the man in Pascal does not resign himself to the scepticism of the philosopher; his reason cannot believe, but his heart needs to believe." To the heartrending scepticism which he thus discovers in the authentic "Thoughts" M. Cousin attributes the extraordinary mutilation which they underwent at the hands of his editors. "There escape from Pascal, in the midst of the fits of his convulsive devotion, cries of misery and despair which neither Port-Royal, nor Desmolets, nor Bossut have dared to repeat." And taking this view, it was but natural for M. Cousin to point out how essentially Pascal's religion, such as he conceived it to have been, differed from the reasonable, wholesome faith of the Church. "His religion is not the Christianity of the Arnaulds and Malebranches, of the Fénelons and Bossuets, and solid and sweet fruit of reason and heart in a well-conditioned and wisely cultivated soul; it is a bitter fruit, ripened in the desolate region of doubt, under the arid breath of despair."

Such was the tenor of this celebrated Report, and, proceeding from a philosopher and critic of the very eminent standing of M. Cousin, its effect could not fail to be immense. The Pascal literature was already considerable, and appeared to comprise almost everything that could be said on its illustrious subjects, but under this fresh impulse it at once entered on an enormous extension; the withered stock blossomed anew, and has ever since been yielding abundant fruit. The first result was the publication, in 1844, by M. Prosper Faugère, of an edition of the "Thoughts," reproducing with the severest accuracy every decipherable word and even half-word of the autograph manuscript, which, he says in his preface, "we have read, or rather studied, page by page, line by line, syllable by syllable, from the beginning to the end, and with the exception of a certain number of words, which we have taken care to mark as illegible, it has passed entire into our edition." It was a work which severely tasked both eye and brain, but he wrought at it, he says, not only with patience, but with "an indefatigable passion;" and it had its recompense, for,

as Principal Tulloch remarks, "Nothing can deprive M. Faugère of the credit of being the first editor of a *complete* and *authentic* text of the 'Pensées'." In some respects, indeed, the work failed to satisfy the more fastidious of Pascal's admirers. The grouping of the fragments was after a scheme of M. Faugère's own, founded on indications which he imagined himself able to trace to Pascal's notes; and it was objected to as being fanciful, and even misleading, as well as novel. Besides, M. Faugère printed indiscriminately everything that was found in the medley of the autograph scraps, however trivial or crude, or foreign to the projected work of which the "Pensées" were the rough outline. Other editors, accordingly, soon entered the field, claiming a liberty, not indeed to alter a single word, but to weed and rearrange the text; and the fruits of their labours are to be found in numerous subsequent editions which have continued to pour from the press, the chief of which, we believe, are those of Havet, 1852; Lahure, 1858; Louandre, 1866; and Victor Rochet, 1873.

To the interest excited by M. Cousin's Report the students of Pascal owe more than a restoration of the authentic text of the "Thoughts." Both he and Faugère pushed their researches further, and were rewarded by discoveries that have brought out the figures of Pascal and his remarkable relatives with a clearness which they never possessed before, and have enabled us to recognise in them something more of our own flesh and blood. Of these discoveries we shall speak presently. What made the liveliest stir, however, and gave rise to the keenest discussion, was the charge of scepticism urged against Pascal, as we have already seen, by M. Cousin with "a pen incisive," to use Sainte-Beuve's phrase, "as a sword of fire." "All at once," adds the same writer in his vivacious way, "there arose a universal conflict; everyone rushed into print, or at least into speech, for or against Pascal." High as the authority of the accuser stood on such subjects, the accusation found not a few writers of the first rank to challenge its correctness. In France Faugère* and Sainte-Beuve† entered their protest, and were followed by the Abbé Flottes‡ and the Abbé Maynard, § and later by Prévost-Paradol. From France the controversy quickly spread to other countries. In Germany Neander made a powerful defence of Pascal as a Christian philosopher, in two lectures delivered before the Royal Academy of Sciences at Berlin; ¶ and more recently Pascal's life and conflicts have been treated by Dr. Dreydorff with truly German industry and thoroughness. In Switzerland Pascal found a congenial exponent in the eloquent Vinet, the most eminent perhaps of the French Protestant divines of the present century, and the nearest to him in thought, of

* "Pensées," Introd.

† "Études sur Pascal," 1846.

‡ "Études sur les Moralistes Français," 1865.

¶ Translated by Dr. Tulloch in Kitto's "Journal of Sacred Literature," 1849.

† "Revue des deux Mondes," 1844.

§ "Pascal, sa vie et son caractère," 1850.

whose collected papers and lectures on Pascal the third edition is now before us. Our own country, to which Pascal had long been dear, was, as it might have been expected, not slow to add her share to the debate, and in proportion to the favour which the "Thoughts" had long enjoyed with the religious portion of our community was the warmth shown in their defence. Mr. Henry Rogers led the way in his well-known brilliant essay,* afterwards translated into French by M. Faugère, and was followed by Mr. (now Principal) Tulloch, † who, to use his own words, "ventured with the confidence of youth to draw from the 'Pensées' the outlines of a Christian philosophy." At the same time the authentic text of the "Thoughts" was introduced to English readers by Mr. Pearce's translation of Faugère's edition; ‡ and, in the excellent history of Port-Royal by Mr. Beard, which we have named at the head of this article, good use was made of the recent French authorities, and Pascal's philosophical and religious position was indicated with much discrimination. Lastly, not to extend this list of writers, we have Principal Tulloch's recent monograph on Pascal, the ripe fruit of his "long and loving familiarity" with the subject, and written with the aim of "setting before the English reader perhaps a more full and connected account of the life and writings of Pascal than has yet appeared in our language." Of this little work we have formed a very favourable opinion, and it will probably be for some time to come the favourite popular biography in English of its illustrious subject. A marvel of neat and skilful compression, it only needs a revision of some of its renderings of Pascal's French to be almost perfect in its kind. § Within its couple of hundred pages may be found everything of importance that is known of

* "Edin. Review," January, 1847, on the "Genius and Writings of Pascal."

† "British Quarterly Review," Aug., 1850.

‡ London, 1850.

§ We feel bound to justify this exception by producing a few samples of inaccurate translation. In the "Amulet," p. 91, the soul's penitent self-accusation of having departed from God, "Je m'en suis séparé" (*I have separated myself from Him*), is twice rendered "*I am separated from Him*." On p. 169, Pascal's saying, "Ceux-là honorent bien la Nature, qui lui apprennent qu'elle peut parler de tout, et même de théologie" (they honour Nature most who teach her that she can discourse of everything, even of theology), is turned into "they humour Nature most who learn from her that she can speak best on all subjects, even on theology." On p. 174 the thought, "Incrédules les plus crédules. Ils croient les miracles de Vespasien, pour ne pas croire ceux de Moïse" (the incredulous are the most credulous. They believe the miracles of Vespasian to escape believing the miracles of Moses), is given as "Unbelievers are very credulous; they believe the miracles of Vespasian, but not those of Moses;" and "Les athées doivent dire des choses parfaitement claires" (Atheists are bound to say [only] things which are perfectly clear), is ambiguously represented by "Atheists must pronounce things perfectly clear." Once more, on p. 171, we find a singular perversion of Pascal's meaning; he is suggesting a way of reminding ourselves of a duty which we dislike, and says, "Pour s'en souvenir il faut se proposer de faire quelque chose qu'on hait, et lors on s'excuse sur ce qu'on a autre chose à faire et on se souvient de son devoir par ce moyen" (to remember it we should propose to do something we dislike, and then we excuse ourselves on the ground that we have something else to do, and we recollect our duty by this means); in Tulloch the last clause is unaccountably translated "and so again forget our duty in this manner."

the author of the "Provincial Letters" and the "Pensées," whether as a man or a writer; and both his character and his remains are treated with an insight and a breadth, an affectionate sympathy and yet an enlightened discrimination, which leave little to be desired.

Having sketched the story of the revived interest in Pascal, which has stimulated so many researches, and set so many pens at work in the present generation, we propose to use the materials, new as well as old, thus gradually accumulated, taking care to indicate their sources, for the purpose of setting before our readers as full an account as our space will permit of the character, writings, and place in literature, of that very remarkable man, of whom a recent writer in this Review has said that "his is the greatest name in the French Church—some may even think the greatest in French literature." *

The original and chief authentic source of our information respecting the incidents of Pascal's life is, of course, the simple and affectionate biography written shortly after his death by the elder of his two sisters, Gilberte, better known as Madame Périer, whose husband, who was also her cousin, came, like the Pascals, of a family connected with the French Parliaments, and was himself Counsellor of the Court of Aides, at Clermont, in Auvergne. She had her full share in the intellectual power, the beauty, and the capacity for deep religious impressions, which were characteristic of her father, Etienne Pascal, and her brother and sister, Blaise and Jacqueline. The memoir which she has left us of her celebrated brother gives us, as Dr. Tulloch says, a—

"lively, graphic, and yet dignified, portraiture of his youthful precocity, and again of the deductions and austerities of his later years. But it leaves many gaps unsupplied. Like other memoirs of the kind, it is written from a somewhat conventional point of view. No one, as M. Havet says, was nearer to him in all senses of the expression, or could have given a more true and complete account of all the incidents in his life; but she was not only his sister, but his enthusiastic friend and admirer, in whose eyes he was at once a genius and a saint—a man of God called to a great mission. It was from a consciousness of this mission, and from the full glory of his religious fame, that she looked back upon all his life; and the lines in which she draws it are coloured, in consequence, too gravely and monotonously. Certain particulars she drops out of sight altogether."

How much is wanting in this biography may be conjectured from the single fact, that from the first page to the last Port-Royal is not so much as once named in it! The idea of Pascal without Port-Royal seems even stranger and more incomplete than would be that of Port-Royal without Pascal. This silence arose from motives of policy, for at the time when Madame Périer wrote, the truce known as the "Peace of Clement IX.," or the "Peace of the Church," existed between the Jesuits and the Jansenists, and it was deemed prudent to avoid everything that might have disturbed it, or been seized upon as a pretext for renewing the persecution under which the famous convent had already so severely suffered. Even when making

* "Quarterly Review," "The Church of France," July, 1873.

an allusion to the authorship of the "Provincial Letters," which had come out under the pseudonym of Louis de Montalte, Madame Périer carefully guards herself from saying a word about the subject which is handled in them with such inimitable raillery and force, for fear of irritating the Jesuits, who were still smarting under the terrible castigation which they had received at Pascal's hands. Her account also of the middle part of her brother's life is very meagre—that part of it between his "two conversions," as they are called, which he spent "in the world," a period when he was much in the company of his friend the Duc de Roannez, and was frequently an inmate of his house, and a member of the gay and not too select society which used to meet there. On this part of his life his sister "does not care to dwell, but hurries forward to the later and more edifying period of his career."

Fortunately, what is wanting in her memoir is to some extent supplied from other sources, rather of a loose and fragmentary kind, which, if they fail to satisfy all our legitimate desires, are yet sufficient to enable us to form a tolerably vivid conception of Pascal's genuine personality and character. It is in the investigation of these sources that MM. Cousin and Faugère have done such good service to the biographies both of Blaise and Jacqueline Pascal in the works which we name below;† yet so confused is the whole matter, owing to the incoherent and gossiping nature of the materials, the imperfect use made of them by successive editors, and the loss of the original manuscript authorities, that of M. Lélut, in his curious work on the alleged hallucinations of Pascal, arising from bodily disease, is not without plausibility when he throws ridicule on the pretensions of the modern editors to have made any important additions to our knowledge of Pascal's life, and goes so far as to assert that the only new matter brought to light by them is a silly story of Pascal's having been bewitched in his cradle!* That this way of representing the matter is substantially unjust to those who have laboured to set the genuine Pascal before us as clearly as is now possible, we have no hesitation in saying; and in fairness to them we shall endeavour to explain how the case, as it appears to us, really stands.

It will be recollected how carefully the friends of Pascal, after his death, collected and bound together the autograph fragments from which the volume of the "Thoughts" was published. But besides these invaluable remains, they gathered together and reverently treasured up every document which they could obtain relative both to him and his saintly sister Jacqueline, who had died shortly before him in the convent of Port-Royal, in the tenth year of her profession. In this way they amassed a considerable quantity of letters,

* "Jacqueline Pascal;" par M. V. Cousin. 1845. "Lettres, Opuscules et Mémoires de Madame Périer, et de Jacqueline, sœurs de Pascal, et de Marguerite Périer, sa nièce;" par M. P. Faugère. 1845.

† "L'Amulette de Pascal." p. 220, par M. Lélut. 1846.

which had passed between them or from them to their friends, together with short anecdotes, notices, extracts from the archives of Port-Royal, and other fragmentary documents bearing upon their history; altogether a pretty extensive collection of materials invaluable for the biographer. Among these was a simple memoir of Jacqueline, drawn up by her sister, Madame Périer, which it was not deemed prudent to publish during the Port-Royal troubles, but of which a mutilated version first saw the light nearly a century afterwards in a volume entitled "*Vies des Religieuses de Port-Royal*," published in 1751.* After the death of the elder Périers, and their son the Abbé, all these papers came into the possession of their daughter Marguerite, the last survivor of the family, who enriched them with a supplementary life of her uncle Blaise from her own pen. This Marguerite was the same who, when a child under education at Port-Royal in the midst of its sorrows, was the subject of the famous so-called Miracle of the Holy Thorn, by which she was supposed to have been instantaneously cured of an inveterate running fistula of the eye; an event all the more remarkable for its not only having obtained for itself the unhesitating belief of Arnauld, the most profound scholar, Le Maître, the most eminent advocate, and Pascal, the greatest genius of the time, but also for having so strongly impressed the minds even of the enemies of Port-Royal, as to stay for a considerable period their endeavours to break up and disperse the community. For us it is sufficient to say, with Sir James Stephen,† that "time must be at some discount with any man who should employ it in adjusting the balance of improbabilities in such a case as this." But what is certain is, that Marguerite Périer survived the miracle nearly fourscore years, and died unmarried at Clermont in 1733, at the age of eight-seven, being the last depositary of the traditions of Port-Royal. By her all the Pascal papers in her possession were finally confided to the keeping of the Fathers of the Oratory at Clermont; with the exception already mentioned, they were never printed, and they are believed to have perished in the ravages of the Revolution.

While, however, the original manuscripts have disappeared, and their loss has deprived us of the means of getting the additional facts of Pascal's life at first hand, a considerable part of the information contained in these papers was given to the world in a small but thick volume of 600 pages, published anonymously at Utrecht in 1740, and commonly cited as the "*Recueil d'Utrecht*," its full title being "*Recueil de plusieurs pièces pour servir à l'histoire de Port-Royal*." The longest piece in this volume, occupying 167 pages, is called a "*Memoir on the Life of M. Pascal*, and containing also some particulars about his relatives." No author's name is given, but a notice prefixed to it says that it was "compiled from a considerable number of pieces

* Cousin's "*Jacqueline Pascal*," p. 29, *note*.

† "*Essay on the Port-Royalists*."

found among the papers of Madlle. Marguerite Périer, who wrote a life of Pascal and some other pieces." Of this anonymous Memoir, which is very loosely put together, subsequent writers on Pascal seem to have made free use, with little or no acknowledgment, to supplement the well-known but meagre life by his sister, commonly prefixed to the editions of the "Thoughts;" but, owing partly to the absence of the original authorities, and partly to the gossiping and incomplete character of the Utrecht Memoir, these additions were enveloped in a vagueness and uncertainty which were far from being satisfactory.

At this point comes in M. Faugère's fortunate discovery. Hearing that papers relative to Port-Royal and the Jansenist Solitaries were believed to be in the possession of a certain M. Bellaigue, whose ancestors had been connected with the Pascals, and who was living in the neighbourhood of Clermont, of the local court of which town he had been for many years a judge, M. Faugère paid him a visit, and found in him a devout and somewhat austere octogenarian, of reserved and ascetic manners, who cherished the memories of Port-Royal with intense enthusiasm, and might himself be not improperly designated as the last of the Jansenists in France. As they talked over St. Cyran and the Arnaulds, over Singlin, De Saci, and the Pascals, the old man's heart warmed to his visitor, and in reply to his enquiries for relics of these heroes of Port-Royal, he drove off with him to his house in the town, unfastened his shutters, opened his dusty drawers, took out two precious manuscripts from their long hiding-place, and placed them in M. Faugère's hands. It does not need to be oneself a keen and enthusiastic editor, to conceive of the eagerness with which M. Faugère turned the pages of these resuscitated treasures, and of the astonishment and delight with which he recognised in them authentic copies of a large part at least of the Pascal papers which had been committed by Marguerite Périer to the care of the Oratorian Fathers at Clermont. These copies, as it appeared from their superscriptions, had been made by one of the Fathers, whose pupil M. Bellaigue had been in early youth, Pierre Guerrier by name, a relative as well as friend of Marguerite, being a great-nephew of Blaise Pascal by the mother's side; and they comprised Madame Périer's Life of Jacqueline, Marguerite's supplementary memoir of Blaise, and a large number of letters and documents connected with the Pascals and other members of the Port-Royal group. Comparing the Utrecht memoir with these recovered papers, which have been published by M. Faugère in the volume already named, it appears that almost every fact contained in them relative to Pascal's life had been in some way incorporated in that memoir, so that scarcely anything which can be called absolutely new has resulted from the discovery of the Guerrier manuscripts. But it is no less true that, besides the verification thus afforded of many of the current facts, the facts themselves have been brought into a clearer light, and stamped with a new value. It is by their contributions to this result that

MM. Cousin and Faugère have earned their laurels. To claim for them the merit of having added new chapters to the story of Pascal's life would undoubtedly be to exaggerate their achievements; but in the sense of verifying, illustrating, and rendering more precious what we already possessed, their claim to have made us better acquainted with that illustrious man seems to be indisputable.

There was certainly one discovery made by M. Cousin which, if we can trust it, is of singular interest. Searching for manuscripts of Pascal he came across one of considerable length, and hitherto entirely unknown, bearing the title, "Discourse on the Passions of Love, attributed to M. Pascal;" and such was the importance attached to its discovery by the finder, that he declared it to be in itself a sufficient recompense for all his labours. To doubt that the author of this piece, whoever he may have been, described love from his own experience is scarcely possible. As Faugère remarks, "It is truly the language of one who has loved;" and Dr. Tulloch, "There is the breath of true passion all through the piece and touching as with fire many of its many fine utterances." The personal feeling in such sentences as the following is too marked to be easily overlooked:

"The pleasure of loving without venturing to speak of one's love has its pains, but also its sweetnesses. . . . When we are absent from the beloved object, we resolve to do or say many things; but when present with her we are irresolute. Why is this? It is because in absence the reason is not so much disturbed; but it is strangely so in the presence of the object, and to be resolute needs a firmness which the disturbance dispels. . . . When we love deeply, it is always a new sensation to see the beloved one; after a moment of absence, we feel her wanting in our heart. What joy to find her again! We instantly experience a cessation of inquietude."

Yet there was something so startling as to provoke resistance and incredulity in the idea of the austere, ascetic author of the "Pensées," the Solitary of Port-Royal, having ever felt the sweet pain of earthly passion and poured out his heart in such glowing sentences. To use again Sainte-Beuve's words: "They went from surprise to surprise; from Pascal sceptical to Pascal amorous!" One cannot wonder that in some quarters M. Cousin's discovery met with ridicule. He himself, however, had never any doubt of the authorship. "In the first line," he says, "I felt Pascal, and my conviction of its authorship grew as I proceeded." Faugère and Havet express themselves as equally certain. "The soul and thought of Pascal," remarks the former, "reveal themselves everywhere in these pages;" and the latter, "The mark of Pascal is everywhere in it." But granting it to be Pascal's, who was the lady? Here the biographies fail to give us any assistance. Pascal's ascetic friends at Port-Royal would probably have deemed it a treachery to his sainted memory to betray such an earthly weakness, even had they been well aware of its existence. His niece, Marguerite, does indeed tell us that at the time when we know that he was living "In the world," in intimacy with the Duc

de Roannez, her uncle contemplated procuring an appointment and marrying. This statement, however, while giving to the supposed authorship of the discourse a not inconsiderable colour of probability, fails to afford us any clue as to the fair one. But the piece itself gives a hint, if we may trust the intimation which the following passage appears not indistinctly to supply :

“In solitude man is an incomplete being ; to be happy he needs companionship. He usually seeks this in a like rank with his own. . . . But sometimes he fixes his affection on one above his own rank, and the flame burns the fiercer because he is compelled to conceal it. When we love without equality of rank, ambition may accompany the commencement of love, but in a little time love becomes the master. He is a tyrant who does not suffer a companion ; he wills to be alone : all passions must yield to him and obey him.”

On this passage Havet remarks, “It is clear that a woman of high rank had touched the heart of Pascal,” but he refuses to indulge in any conjecture as to who she was. Faugère is bolder and suggests that the object of Pascal’s flame may, in all probability, be found in Charlotte Gouffier de Roannez, sister of Pascal’s friend the Duke. This high-born lady’s story is a sad one. She was about ten years younger than Pascal, and was therefore in the earliest bloom of womanhood during the few years of his close intercourse with her brother. From Marguerite Périer we learn that about two years after Pascal’s final retirement from the world, Madlle. de Roannez, while engaged in a nine days’ devotion to the Holy Thorn at Port-Royal for a cure of a disorder in her eyes, was seized with a fervent desire to become a nun, and clandestinely flying from her mother’s house to the convent, she took the first vows and became a novice under the name of Sister Charlotte of the Passion. Compelled, however, by a royal order to leave the convent, she shut herself up at home and lived for a time in rigorous seclusion, continually renewing her vow of virginity at the Sacrament, and being encouraged by her Port-Royalist friends to persevere in her resolve to enter the cloister. This lasted for several years, but after the death of Pascal and of her director, M. Singlin, her resolution gave way and she was persuaded to marry, and through her brother’s surrender of his rights in her favour she became Duchesse de la Feuillade. The marriage was not a happy one ; she had children, but lost them early ; her own health failed, and at last, sinking under an operation, she found in death the rest which neither the cloister nor the world had been permitted to yield her.

It is to this lady that circumstances, in M. Faugère’s opinion, point as the object of Pascal’s attachment, “with the force of a real demonstration.” All that we venture to say to this attempt at identification is, that she was young, charming, intimate with Pascal, and endowed with a mind capable of appreciating him ; and that if, as Cousin objects, the social usages of the time would have forbidden a marriage, at least they could not have secured Pascal’s heart against the entrance of a silent, adoring passion for her. In after years he certainly corre-

sponded with her as a kind of spiritual director, and portions of his letters to her are still extant, which, although pruned down by the Jansenist copyists, are marked, as Faugère says, by a warm attachment and tender solicitude. Nor perhaps ought it to be overlooked that Pascal's second conversion and final retirement from the world followed almost immediately after the cessation of his personal acquaintance with her; a fact which appears to Dreydorff so significant as to make him wonder that "none of Pascal's biographers have thought of connecting his quick transformation with this grievous disappointment," and gives rise to the following remark of Dr. Tulloch's, with which we close this part of the subject:

"How far this [the motive of his final retirement] was the working of his old religious convictions, continually renewing their influence through the conversation of his sister, how far it was mere weariness and disgust with the frivolities of fashionable life, and how far it may have been baffled hope and the disenchantments of a broken dream of love, we cannot clearly tell."

It will be our endeavour now to put before the reader an intelligible account of the two works on which Pascal's fame chiefly rests, in doing which we shall give credit to his recent editors and commentators for the help which they have furnished to enable us to appreciate better than was before possible these imperishable fruits of his genius.

As far as the "Provincial Letters" are concerned, the "Little Letters," as they were familiarly styled by the thousands of readers who eagerly expected and greedily devoured them, as one by one they came out in the height of the Jansenist disputes, there was no room left for achieving anything of importance. They are a finished work the text of which, after their collection into a volume, received Pascal's final revision. They tell their own tale with such admirable lucidity, as to leave no obscurities for the commentator to clear up; and nothing new remained to be said of the perfection of their style and art. The only thing added to our knowledge about them by the recent researches were supplied by M. Faugère's discovery amongst the manuscripts of some of Pascal's rough notes and first drafts, which are interesting as showing us the consummate artist in language actually at work, elaborating and refining his exquisite sentences. It is as if we were admitted into the sculptor's studio and permitted to watch his movements, as with modelling tool in hand he adds new graces to the figure which is growing into beauty beneath his touch. In our own time we imagine the "Little Letters" are not so much read as formerly; many more persons probably know them by name than have any acquaintance with their contents. The fact is that to us the controversies with which they deal are practically extinct; the deadly battles between Jansenist and Molinist over such incomprehensible subtleties as the "proximate power" (*le pouvoir prochain*), which empowers without enabling, and the grace which is sufficient but does not suffice, and requires something more to make it

efficacious—these theological battles, which the earlier Letters treat with such inimitable ridicule and wit, have long since passed into richly merited oblivion; while upon the morality taught by the Jesuit casuists, such as Escobar, of which the larger part of the Letters is an indignant and crushing exposure, the verdict of the world in general has been irrevocably pronounced. It is rather for the unrivalled felicity of their style than for their substance that the Letters are of enduring value. Yet, in one point of view, they still possess and will possess for a long time to come, it is to be feared, a living interest which grows out of them apart from their particular subject, though far perhaps from having been consciously intended by the author. Never were the depths to which it is possible for theological controversy to sink illustrated with such irresistible wit and scathing satire; never were the barren subtleties, the dishonest evasions, and rancorous personalities, which are its besetting danger, so vividly and instructively depicted. If the actual controversy in which Pascal dealt those terrible strokes on the Jesuits is laid up among the fossil remains of the past, it would be too much to flatter ourselves that there are no longer any religious disputants to whom he holds up a mirror, or any Churches which may derive profit from the warning which his pages insinuate. Indeed, as we laugh over the admirable irony, it almost seems as if we had but to change the names and terms to fit it to many an ecclesiastical conflict of our own day. How modern in spirit is the following extract from the first Letter! The puzzled enquirer, whom Pascal ingeniously depicts as endeavouring in the simplicity of his heart to understand what is really meant by the proximate power, to acknowledge which the Jesuits and the Doctors of the Sorbonne declared to be indispensable to orthodoxy, after in vain applying to one and another for an explanation of the uncouth term, at last exclaimed in despair:

“Tell me, I entreat you, my fathers, for the last time, what I must believe in order to be a Catholic. ‘You must say,’ they all cried at once, ‘that all the righteous possess the *proximate power*.’ . . . What need can there be, I argued, for using a term which has no authority, and to which no one is able to attach a definite meaning? ‘You are an opinionated fellow,’ they replied; ‘you *shall* use the word, or you are an heretic, and M. Arnauld too; for we are the majority, and if necessary we can bring the Cordeliers into the field to vote with us and carry the day.’”

And again this, from the third letter:

“Here is a new species of heresy. It is not the opinions of M. Arnauld that are heretical, but only his person. The matter is one of personal heresy. He is not a heretic for anything that he has said or written, but merely because he is M. Arnauld. This is all that they are able to say against him. Whatever he may do unless he ceases to exist he will never be a good Catholic. The grace defined by St. Augustine will never be the true grace so long as he defends it. It would be all right, if only he would attack it.”

One of the charms of the Letters is found in the transitions from mocking irony and light banter to indignant and sustained denunciation. If of the former it may be said, with Dr. Tulloch, that Pascal

“hits with the lightest stroke, and in the most natural manner, yet his lash cuts the flesh, and leaves an intolerable smart,” the latter may be described as rising to the sublime, and being terrible as the strokes of doom. For as Pascal’s acquaintance with the system of casuistry unfolded by the Jesuit teachers increased during the controversy, his austere soul was appalled by the subtle equivocations and scandalous refinements by which sin was extenuated and guilt robbed of its terrors; and in his righteous wrath he flung away the foils, as he expresses it, and betook himself to deadly earnest. We can give but a single specimen of each style from this part of the Letters, and we must warn the reader that no translation can do justice to the felicitous turns and delicate points and edges of the phraseology of this consummate master of language. Our first extract is taken from the fourth letter, where the enquirer, with an air of ingenuous simplicity, is drawing the Jesuit on to make a frank exposition of the system :

“‘Read,’ said he, ‘the Summary of Sins,’ by Father Bauny, the fifth edition, which shows that it is a good book; look at page 906’ I read as follows: ‘In order to sin and be guilty before God, one must be conscious that the thing one wishes to do is not good; at least one must suspect or fear that it is not good; one must be pretty sure that God is not pleased with it and forbids it, yet boldly take the leap and go in for it.’ This begins well, I remarked. ‘Yet,’ said he, ‘just observe to what lengths envy will carry some people. It was on this very passage that M. Hallier, before he joined us, rallied Father Bauny, saying of him, ‘Behold the man who takes away the sins of the world.’ True, I replied, this is quite a new view of redemption, according to Father Bauny.’ ‘See again the writings of M. Le Moine, approved by the whole Sorbonne. . . . He shows that all these things [just specified] must consciously take place within the soul to constitute sin; unless they all pass there the action cannot be really sinful.’ O my father, cried I, what a blessing is this for many of my acquaintances! Never were people of fewer sins met with, for they never think about God at all! . . . Their sad excesses used to make me fear that they must certainly be lost; but, my father, you tell me that the very excess of their vices renders their salvation certain. Blessings on you, my father, for whitewashing people in this way! What a capital mode of being happy in both worlds! I had always fancied that one sinned the more, the less one thought of God; but now I see that as soon as one can get Him out of one’s head altogether, all goes right for the future. No more half-and-half sinners, who retain a lingering inclination towards virtue; they will all be damned, those sinners by halves. But for the out-and-out sinners, the hardened sinners, the sinners without reserve, in full and brimming measure, no hell for them; they cheat the devil by the very thoroughness with which they abandon themselves to him.”

Of the severer invective, the following sample is taken from the peroration of the tenth letter; it deals with the casuistry by which the obligation to love God is refined away :

“They violate the great commandment in which the law and the prophets are summed up; they strike at the very heart of religion: they take away the spirit which giveth life. They aver that the love of God is not necessary to salvation; they even go so far as to profess that a deliverance from the obligation to love God is the special privilege which Jesus Christ has obtained for us. This is the very climax of impiety. The price of the blood of Jesus the purchase for us of a dispensation from loving him! . . . Strange theology of our time! They dare to take away the anathema which St. Paul pronounced against those who love not the Lord Jesus; they overthrow the saying of St. John, ‘He that loveth not abideth in

death,' and even Christ's own words, 'He that loveth Me not keepeth not My commandments.' Thus it is that they make those worthy of enjoying God in eternity who have never loved God in all their lives. There is the mystery of iniquity accomplished !"

To these extracts we will add a fine specimen of declamation from the close of the twelfth letter ; which we select the more readily, because it is the passage distinguished by M. Villemain's glowing eulogy, "Neither Demosthenes, nor Chrysostom, nor Bossuet, ever produced anything more sublime than these sentences" : *

"The abuse which you pour forth on me will throw no light on our controversy and the menaces with which you assail me will not hinder me from defending myself. You think that you have force and impunity on your side ; but on mine I think that I have truth and innocence. A strange and long warfare it is, when violence endeavours to oppress truth. All the efforts of violence can avail nothing to weaken truth, and serve only to make it supreme. All the light of truth can avail nothing to arrest violence, and only provokes it the more. When force combats force, the stronger destroys the weaker ; when arguments are opposed to arguments, the truer and more convincing confound and scatter those which rest only on vanity and falsehood ; but violence and truth are powerless against each other. Yet think not that they are therefore on a level. Between them is this absolute difference, that the course of violence is limited by the decree of God, who compels it to promote the glory of the truth which it attacks ; while truth subsists eternally, and finally triumphs over its enemies, because it is eternal and stronger even as God Himself."

It must be conceded to Frenchmen, that they are the best judges of style in their own language, and with the exception of a few aggrieved theologians and apologists for the Jesuits, like De Maistre and the Abbé Maynard, their judgment on the style of the "Provincial Letters" is unanimous, and in a strain of eulogy which may be pronounced unique. For the sake especially of our younger readers we may be pardoned for reproducing here some of the leading testimonies to its excellence. Writing within a generation of Pascal, Perrault points with triumph to the Letters as more than rivalling anything in antiquity. "Everything is there," he says ; "purity in the language, nobleness in the thoughts, solidity in the reasoning, and throughout them an agreeableness which one can scarcely find elsewhere. A small work, you object ; but what matters the smallness, if in those eighteen letters there is more wit than in all the dialogues of Plato, more fine and delicate raillery than in those of Lucian, more force and art of reasoning than in those of Cicero ?" † If this sounds extravagant, we may turn to a contemporary of Perrault's, whose own proficiency in style fully entitles her to be heard, Madame de Sévigné, who in a letter dated Dec. 21, 1689, writes : "Sometimes, to divert ourselves, we read the little Letters of Pascal. Good heavens, how charming ! Can any one have a style more perfect, a raillery finer, more natural, more delicate, a worthier daughter of

* Essay prefixed to his edition of the "Prov. Letters" Paris, 1829.

† "Parallèle des Anciens," &c, vol. ii published in 1689.

those dialogues of Plato which are so beautiful?" From another of her letters, Jan. 15, 1690, we get the opinion of Boileau (his proper name, it will be recollected, was Despréaux), whose encounter with the Jesuit Corbinelli is told in the following lively fashion :

"They were talking of the works of the ancients and the moderns, and Despréaux backed the ancients with the exception of a single modern writer, who in his opinion surpassed both the old and the new. Bourdaloue's companion asked what was the book he prized so highly, and Despréaux being reluctant to name it Corbinelli said, 'I beg you, Sir, to tell me that I may spend the night in reading it. To which Despréaux answered with a laugh. 'Ah, sir, you have already read it more than once, I am sure.' Assuming a look of disdain, the Jesuit pressed him to name this marvellous author. 'My father, don't urge me,' replied Despréaux. But the father still insisting, Despréaux squeezed his arm very hard and said, 'My father, you *will* have it; morbleu, it is Pascal.' 'Pascal,' cried the father, reddening and utterly astonished; 'Pascal is as fine as what is false can be.' 'False!' retorted the other, 'false! know that it is inimitable; it has just been translated into three languages.' The father replied that it was no more true for all that. On this Despréaux grew warm and shouted like a madman, 'What, my father, will you deny that one of your order has declared in a book of his that a Christian is not obliged to love God?' 'Sir,' said the father in a rage, 'one must distinguish.' 'Distinguish!' roared Despréaux, 'distinguish, morbleu, distinguish, distinguish if we are obliged to love God!' and taking Corbinelli by the arm he rushed with him to the other end of the room; then returning, running like one out of his senses, he would not again go near the father, but joined the company in the dining-room; and there the story ends, and the curtain falls."

It is reported of Bossuet by Voltaire, in his "Age of Louis XIV.," that when asked what book next to his own he would like best to have written, he replied, "The 'Provincial Letters.'" Voltaire's own admiration of their literary qualities is freely expressed by him in the same work, where he pronounces them to have been "the first work of genius in prose," and affirms that "the best comedies of Molière have not more wit than the earlier ones, nor has Bossuet anything more sublime than the later ones."* The great Chancellor D'Aguesseau says that "the 'Provincial Letters,' especially the later ones, may be placed boldly beside our great orators, and I know not which ought most to fear the comparison. The fourteenth especially is a masterpiece of eloquence, rivalling all that is most admirable in antiquity, and I doubt if the Philippics of Demosthenes and Cicero present anything more forcible and more perfect."† D'Alembert calls the work "a *chef-d'œuvre* of wit and eloquence," which will be "eternally esteemed a model of good taste and style," and notes that "there is not a single word in it which has become obsolete; and, although written a hundred years ago, it seems as if written yesterday." "This work," he adds, "has the more merit, as Pascal, in composing it, appears to have hit intuitively upon two things which do not seem made to be reached by intuition—namely, language and

* "Siècle de Louis XIV.," chaps. xxxii. and xxxvii.

† Œuvres, tom xv., p. 121. Paris, 1819.

pleasantry.”* Chateaubriand says that it “fixed the language which Bossuet and Racine spoke, and gave a model of the most perfect pleasantry as well as of the closest reasoning.”† In our own time the eulogy of Voltaire has been adopted by Sainte-Beuve, who, speaking of the influence of Pascal on Molière and La Bruyère, adds that “the author of *Tartuffe* and the painter of *Onuphre* are the direct successors and heirs of the Pascal of the ‘Provincial Letters.’”‡

Such has been the almost unanimous verdict of Pascal’s own countrymen on the literary merits of his finished work ; and so far as Englishmen have any right to speak on such a topic, they have amply confirmed it. Gibbon ascribes to his frequent study of the “Letters” his own proficiency in the art of sarcastic innuendo. “From the ‘Provincial Letters’ of Pascal,” he says, “which almost every year I have perused with new pleasure, I learned to manage the weapon of grave and temperate irony, even on subjects of ecclesiastical solemnity.”§ Lord Macaulay is reported to have classed them with two other works as the most perfect that he knew in the whole range of literature.|| Sir J. Stephen speaks of “the prodigies of Pascal’s pen,” and having contrasted him with Junius, very greatly to the disadvantage of the latter, adds that “in the whole compass of literature, ancient and modern, there is probably nothing in the same style which could bear a comparison with the ‘Provincial Letters.’”¶

To the same effect, if more poetically expressed, is the judgment of Mr. Rogers, who writes that Pascal’s “just image is that of the youthful athlete of Greece, in whom was seen the perfection of physical beauty and physical strength ;” and that “the French, under the hands of Pascal, assumes forms of beauty by a still and noiseless movement, and as by a sort of enchantment.” Such testimonies might easily be multiplied, but it is enough to supplement them with Dr. Tulloch’s remark, that “none can doubt the immortality of the genius which has so long given life to such a controversy, and charmed so many of the highest judges of literary form.”

In regard to the fairness of Pascal as a polemic, and the merits of

* “*Sur la destruction des Jésuites en France*, ’ *Œuvres*, tom. ii. Paris, 1821-’2. In Mr. Rogers’s *Essay*, the latter of these passages is quoted without any reference being given, and probably at second-hand ; and by a curious blunder, which remains uncorrected in the collected editions of his essays, its sense is entirely altered. It is made to run thus : ‘This work is in so much the more admirable, as Pascal, in composing it, seems to have *theologized* two things, which seem not made for the theology of that time—language and pleasantry.’ The original is as follows : ‘Cet ouvrage a d’autant plus de mérite, que Pascal, en le composant, semble avoir deviné deux choses qui ne paraissent pas faites pour être devinées, *la langue et la plaisanterie*.’ Is it possible that by a misprint the translator was betrayed into connecting *divine* with *divinity*, and so with theology ?

† “*Genie du Christianisme*,” part iii., liv. ii., ch. 4.

‡ “*Port-Royal*,” vol. ii.

§ “*Autobiography*,” p. 84.

|| See Article on “*The Church of France*,” in “*Quarterly Review*,” July, 1873.

¶ Essay on “*The Port-Royalists*.”

the cause which he so vigorously defended, there has been, as might have been anticipated, less unanimity of opinion. Those who smarted under his lash could not fail to accuse him of misrepresenting them ; and the name bestowed by them on the " Letters," " the immortal liars," which neatly expresses the mingled rage and admiration of the party of the Jesuits, has been seriously re-echoed by later writers of note ; as by De Maistre in his remark, " No man of taste can deny that the ' Provincial Letters ' are an extremely pretty libel " (un fort joli libelle) ;* and by Chateaubriand, who, to use Dr. Tulloch's words, " in his new-born zeal for the Church could say of their author—Pascal is only a calumniator of genius, he has left us an immortal lie." Even Voltaire says that the book rests on a false foundation, because it charges on the Jesuits at large the extravagances of a few ; † a remark which seems to overlook the fact that none of the Jesuit books could appear without the sanction of the Order. With greater reason it has been pointed out by M. Bordas-Demoulin, in his " Eloge sur Pascal," which received the prize of the French Academy, ‡ that the right was by no means all on Pascal's side ; it was Molina and the Jesuits who defended the cause of human freedom, and on that side they were strong, for they had the truth with them. To the same effect is the contention of the Abbé Maynard, in his passionate indictment of the " Letters," contained in the " Introduction Générale " prefixed to his edition of them. § The reference here is of course to the part of the dispute which turned on the nature and effect of the Divine grace, and its bearing becomes evident when we recollect that beneath the verbal forms of the controversy lay the insoluble antagonism between predestination and freewill. The Augustinian doctrine, inherited through Jansen and St. Cyran by the entire group of Port-Royalists, and clung to by them through all their persecutions as being of the very essence of their Christianity, was embraced by Pascal with all the fervour of a soul overpowered by a conviction of the nothingness of man, and the sovereign omnipotence of God ; and, when pushed to its logical consequences, it seems necessarily to reduce man to an irresponsible machine. In their recoil from this result the Jesuits had espoused the opposite doctrine, which ascribes to man at least such a measure of freewill as makes him responsible, and empowers him to co-operate with the Divine grace ; but fearing, on one hand, openly to contradict St. Augustine, and to incur the accusation of Pelagianism, and on the other to lose the support of the Dominicans and Thomists, who were really Augustinians, they had recourse to those absurd distinctions and discreditable evasions on which Pascal poured out his matchless raillery. That

* " De l'Église Gallicane," liv. i, ch. 9

† " Siècle de Louis XIV.," ch. xxxvii.

‡ " Mélanges Philosophiques et Religieux." Paris 1846

§ " Les Provinciales et leur Réfutation." Paris, 1851.

their shifts and equivocations were supremely ridiculous is beyond question ; but unless we are prepared in our aggrandizement of grace to surrender human freewill altogether, the cause which in advocacy of the Jesuits became both ridiculous and odious is perhaps at bottom more deserving of respect than the harsh dogma that really lay at the foundation of this part of Pascal's polemic.

In his attack on the moral theology of the casuists, which is carried on through the larger portion of the Letters, Pascal's good faith is unquestionable ; from no disposition could conscious and wilful misrepresentation be more alien than from his. What pains he took to be accurate in his statements and quotations, he tells us himself. He read Escobar's seven volumes twice through ; and, while compelled to avail himself of the services of his friends in hunting out pertinent passages from the ponderous volumes of other standard writers on casuistry, he assures us that he never quoted a passage without having actually " read it in the book from which it was cited, without having examined the subject of which it treats, and without having read what went before and what followed it." Yet, to a certain extent, the result must be held open to the charge of unfairness : it made the Jesuit system appear even fouler than it really was. Those who have looked into the huge works of the scientific writers on casuistry know how complicated and inexhaustible are the distinctions and qualifications with which all conceivable kinds and degrees of human sin are described, catalogued, and appraised by them, and how easy it is to lose one's way in the monstrous and endless labyrinth. For an assailant of the system to extract from such works hundreds and thousands of telling passages, which revolt the unsophisticated moral sense, and seem purposely intended to smother the path of sin, is the simplest thing possible, and every one of them may be quoted correctly, and exhibited with unimpeachable fairness. Yet, when all these passages are skilfully marshalled by the hand of the controversialist, detached from the scientific discussions in which they were embedded, and from the interminable qualifications that were woven around them, the almost inevitable effect is to produce a picture so charged with lurid and revolting hues that it might with sincerity be accused of wilful and calumnious misrepresentation. Even Dreydorff allows this, although for himself, in his intense abhorrence of Jesuitism, he adopts Pascal's view without qualification, and thinks him even moderate in drawing up his terrible indictment.

"If," he writes, " even in these days it is not easy to bring home to everybody the conviction, that no heathen system of religion, no materializing philosophy, has ever produced a more shameless and fatal system of morals than Jesuitism, we can readily understand how the best of Pascal's opponents, who clung to the established order of things at any price, might be honestly of opinion that he had allowed himself to be drawn into exaggerations."

Nor was it only by presenting the incriminated passages in their shocking bareness, and concentrating them in an overwhelming ac-

cusation, that Pascal's polemic may be said to have dealt somewhat hardly with the Jesuit writers on casuistry. He pilloried them as if the whole perverted system of moral teaching which he assails and denounces was exclusively theirs, overlooking the fact that they were but the most thoroughgoing and logical exponents of a principle by no means peculiar to them, but common to the Church to which both he and they belonged. Let it once be admitted that the conscience is to be directed by an external rather than by an internal authority, through a discipline of confession and penance reduced to an elaborate scientific system, and one has no right to be scandalized at the fruits which the principle bears, when applied with the aim of driving none to despair and losing none from the Church. In the hands of those who, like ourselves, reject and condemn the principle, Pascal's contention is as just as it is forcible ; but for him who, at least tacitly, accepted the principle, as he accepted the whole system of the Church of Rome, of which he always professed himself a faithful son, it was not equally open to complain of the consequences to which that principle led, when applied by those who had not the safeguard of a moral sensibility as acute as his own to restrain them from carrying it out to its extreme results. This is well put by Dr. Tulloch in a few weighty sentences which we quote with pleasure :

"The Jesuit system of morality was the growth of the Jesuit principle of accommodation, added on to the Roman principle of authority. Looking at morality entirely from without, as an artificial mode of regulating life and society for the supreme good of the Church, the Jesuit casuists were driven, under the necessities of such a system, from point to point, till all essential moral distinction was lost in the mechanical manipulations of their schools. . . . In the pages of Pascal the Jesuits too obviously made a deplorable business both of religion and morality. But they were as much the victims as the authors of a system which Rome had sanctioned, and which came directly from the claims which it made to govern the world, not merely by spiritual suasion, but by external influence. Jesuitism may be bad, and the Jesuit morality exposed by Pascal abominable, but the one and the other are the natural outgrowth of a Church which had become a mechanism for the regulation of human conduct, rather than a spiritual power addressing freely the human heart and conscience."

We must pass on now to Pascal's other immortal work. It has been already seen with what force of language M. Cousin's Report exposed the inaccuracy of the text of the "Thoughts" in all the editions, without exception, which up to that time had been given to the world. The more minute examination of the manuscripts, made afterwards by M. Faugère, led him to a conclusion which was substantially the same, if expressed with a less vigorous rhetoric. Of the Port-Royalists he complains that "they modify the style of Pascal in a thousand ways ; sometimes breaking up his thoughts into many fragments, which they scatter in an arbitrary manner ; sometimes, on the other hand, joining together isolated and distinct fragments to form out of them a complete passage ; and, lastly, introducing incessantly into the text of the great writer expressions, and occasionally whole phrases, which replace the originality of genius by periphrasis and

commonplace." "Never," he adds, "whether in the first edition, or in those which followed, do twenty consecutive lines occur without presenting some alteration, large or small. As to total omissions or partial suppressions, they are innumerable."

Entirely accurate as this statement is in its separate particulars, the impression left by it as a whole seems to us to exceed the truth. At first we might be inclined to say, with M. Faugère, that M. Cousin's Report had caused one of the finest works in the French language to disappear from our libraries; and Vinet is quoted by Faugère as expressing himself to that effect. But then Vinet immediately adds, "Let us not exaggerate; we did not possess the 'Thoughts' of Pascal, but we certainly possessed his thought. In the restored text the outlines of his thought will be more clearly and sharply defined, but that is all." No doubt many of Pascal's remarks had been suppressed, many toned down, attenuated, and mutilated: of the most original and exquisite turns of his phraseology not a few had been barbarously pruned away; of the freshness and force of his thought much had been enervated and reduced to mediocrity and commonplace. He had fared at the hands of his editors as the delicate traceries of the masterpieces of mediæval architecture used to suffer under the brush of the Philistines of the last century, who thought by a uniform coating of whitewash to array them in a prim and smug respectability. But although under this treatment his thought was often robbed of the grace, the fire, the sharp precision, with which it sprang from his genius, its substance was apparent through every disfiguration. As Sainte-Beuve observes: "The task of the original editors was not so ill done, since they gave us a book which everyone admired, the most eminent minds approved, and we have lived on for two centuries." Still less does it appear just to say, with M. Cousin, that the restoration of the genuine text has made a sceptic of Pascal. The difference between the Pascal of the modern editions and the Pascal of the old is assuredly not one of kind, but at the most only of degree. "The Pascal of the Duc de Roannez," Vinet rightly says, "the Pascal of the Abbé Bossut is neither more nor less of a Pyrrhonist than the Pascal of the manuscript." If he may be justly charged with scepticism now, there was evidence enough to sustain the same charge before. The passages on which it is founded may be more numerous, more accentuated, than those which his friends saw fit to publish; but they certainly do not change the basis of his faith, nor reverse his intellectual attitude towards Christianity. Whether even now they justify M. Cousin's indictment we shall consider presently, after we have given such an account of the book as our space will allow.

As we have already seen, the loose papers to which Pascal committed his ideas when meditating a work in defence of religion, furnished the materials for the volume of "Thoughts" published after his death. The selection, however, was not strictly confined to the fragments intended to be used in that work; interesting thoughts on

various subjects were found among his papers or were otherwise known to the editors, and some of these were incorporated in the volume, which was accordingly described as "A Collection of the Thoughts of M. Pascal on Religion and some other subjects." It is to the part of the work containing the miscellaneous thoughts that most of the larger subsequent additions properly belong, and the pieces gradually added during nearly two centuries have now nearly doubled the size of the original. Among the most important of these are the conversations on "Epictetus and Montaigne," and on the "Condition of the Great;" the "Art of Persuasion;" the discussion on the "Use of Authority in Philosophy;" thoughts on the Jesuits and memoranda for the "Provincial Letters;" and the discourses on the "Geometrical Intellect," and the "Passion of Love." Striking as some of these are, even in their fragmentary state, and important as illustrating the incisive character of Pascal's genius, they can hardly take rank in general interest beside the more strictly religious portion of his remains, the bulk of which, though not the whole, belonged to his projected work on Christianity. A few pithy sentences are all that we can give from these miscellaneous fragments which form Faugère's first volume; they will barely serve to illustrate the *netteté*, the peculiar sharpness and clearness of Pascal's style. Here is a remark from the paper on the geometrical intellect, where he is showing the folly of attempting to define such primary ideas as those of time and space:

"Nothing is more futile than the talk of those who wish to define these primitive words. What need, for instance, of explaining what we mean by the word *man*? Do we not know well enough what we intend by this term? What help does Plato think to give us by saying that he is a two-legged animal without wings? As if the conception of man which I have naturally, and which I cannot express, is not clearer and surer than that which he gives me by a useless and even ridiculous explanation: since a man does not lose humanity by losing his two legs, nor a fowl acquire it by losing its wings."

Here are a few disjointed thoughts on "Eloquence and Style:"

"Eloquence is a depicting of the thought; hence those who, after having depicted it, add more, make a picture instead of a portrait."

"Those who make antitheses by forcing the words are like persons who make false windows for the sake of symmetry."

"When we see the style natural, we are surprised and delighted; we expected to see an author, and we find a man. . . . Those honour nature most who teach her that she can discourse of everything, even of theology."

"The last thing we discover in making a book is to know what to put at the beginning."

And here are some miscellaneous fragments gleaned out of a considerable mass of unclassified thoughts:

"Man is neither angel nor beast; the bad luck of those who wish to play the angel is that they play the beast."

"A man no longer loves the woman he loved ten years ago. Very likely. She is no longer the same, nor is he. He was young, and she too; she is quite different now. Perhaps he would love her still, were she what she was then."

"This dog is mine, say these poor children, that is my place in the sunshine: there is the beginning and picture of the usurpation of the whole world."

"Cleopatra's nose—if it had been shorter, the whole face of the world would have changed."

"The last act is bloody, however fine the comedy may be in all the rest. They throw the earth on one's head at last, and there it is for ever."

"Cæsar was too old, it appears to me, to betake himself to the amusement of conquering the world. That amusement was suited to Augustus or to Alexander; they were young fellows whom it is hard to stop; Cæsar should have been maturer."

"There are only two kinds of men: the righteous who believe themselves sinners, and the sinners who believe themselves righteous."

"Are you the less a slave for being liked and caressed by your master? You are fortunate, slave; your master caresses you. He will beat you presently."

The following sentences may be classed with these, although re-mitted by M. Faugère to his second volume; the first of them is an anticipation of the familiar lines—

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
Man never is, but always to be, blest."

"We never live, but we hope to live; and always preparing ourselves to be happy, it follows inevitably that we never are so."

"The mind of this sovereign judge of the world is not so independent as to escape being disturbed by the first uproar that breaks out around him. It does not require the noise of a cannon to put a stop to his thinking; the creaking of a weathercock or a pulley is sufficient. Do not be surprised if he reasons badly just now; a fly is buzzing in his ears; that is enough to render him incapable of good sense. If you wish him to discover truth, drive away that animal which holds his reason in abeyance, and disturbs that mighty intelligence which governs cities and kingdoms. A fine god this! O most ridiculous here!"

"Would you not say that this magistrate, whose venerable old age impresses a whole nation with deference, is governed by the dictates of a pure and sublime reason, and judges of things by their nature alone, without allowing himself to be affected by any of those idle circumstances which tickle the fancy of the weak? Well, observe him going to church, full of devout zeal, the solidity of his intellect sustained by the ardour of his charity. Here he is, ready to listen with an exemplary respect. Let the preacher appear: if nature has given him a croaking voice, or grotesque cast of face, if his barber has shaved him badly, or accident has left a smudge on his cheek, however momentous the truths which he announces, I bet that our senator will lose his gravity."

In Faugère's second volume we find arranged under various headings, with the genuine text restored and considerable additions printed for the first time, all the thoughts which appear to him to have been intended by Pascal for use in his apologetic treatises. To estimate justly these precious remains it is needful to bear in mind that they are but fragments, and in many cases even less; if some of the paragraphs and sentences are shaped and polished and ready for insertion, others are only half-wrought, or are left in the rough, or are mere memoranda of ideas for future consideration. In picking our way through them we seem to be walking over ground strewn with blocks of stone in various degrees of preparation for some projected building: here a few exquisitely carved, there others but rudely hewn, and mingled with these not a few so shapeless as to make it difficult to discover their destination. Scarcely in any case can we be sure of

having the final form of Pascal's thought. It is the process of his thinking, the fermentation of his genius, that is going on before us : we overhear his *asides* ; he is unsuspectingly thinking aloud, unaware of our presence ; we catch him in *deshabille*, and surprise his movement before he has time to put on his coat. It is only genius that can bear to be surprised in this way, and undoubtedly there is a piquant charm in catching these glimpses of it undressed and unconconscious of being observed ; Sainte-Beuve says with truth, "Pascal, admirable as he is when he completes, is perhaps still greater when he is interrupted." But to take seriously every line and every word of these fragments, these memoranda, these ejaculations and self-questionings, these hasty jottings down of the mood of the moment, as the great soul strove and agonized in its perplexities—to scan and judge them one by one, as if they expressed Pascal's full and mature thought as he would finally have given it himself to the world—would surely be both to do him an injustice, and to land ourselves in a very incorrect estimate of his position as a philosopher and a Christian. The basis and outline of his thought are not hard to discover ; and if here and there we are startled by sharp paradoxes and impulsive contradictions, these perhaps are but gleams of the opposite sides of the shield, echoes of the antinomies which dwell, irreconcilable yet without conflict, in the bosom of truth itself.

Of Pascal's principle and method we must endeavour to convey some idea. And, first, it must be premised that it is less with the logic of the theologian than with the voice of the heart that he justifies Christianity. "The glory of Pascal," writes Vinet, "is, that in theology he was a man." It is not by an array of arguments marshalled by the intellect that he seeks to convince ; his proofs are fashioned in his heart, and issue from it warm with his own emotions, and moulded by his own conflicts. Thus, to quote Vinet again :

"This apology is brimful of the apologist himself. . . . It is not the abstract truth that he propounds to us, but truth gathered up into a human heart, truth completed and realised by its moral effects, truth presented in that incarnation of which the incarnation of the Divine Word has been the pledge and foundation. It is here that one may justly say, 'The voice is at the full only in the echo.' To insist that all theology, every defence of Christianity, should be a drama or a confession, would be going much too far ; but what a loss if it were never so ! . . . This character of personality—but a personality thoroughly spiritual—makes itself felt in every page of the book, and more or less accentuates it throughout ; sometimes the emotion mingles with the thought to such a degree as to divert its course, and make us imagine that many of these movements would have been suppressed in its final form."

If Pascal's pleading for religion is suffused with personal emotion, it is because he finds the basis of faith not in the intellect but in the heart. His constant thought, as Dr. Tulloch remarks, is that "religion is born not of science but of love and faith." "Pascal," says Neander, "is the advocate of that evidence which is superior to all reasoning, and is founded on the immediate consciousness. His ap-

peal is to a truth which is inseparable from the very nature of the soul, and it is from the heart that he derives intuitive certainty. Thus he vindicates his affinity with the prophetic race who are called to bear witness to what is holiest in humanity." To the same effect writes Dreydorff, when he finds Pascal dwelling on "the self-evidencing power of the truth to the heart which thirsts for it, as being more cogent than the logic of Aristotle." How true these representations are we shall discover without difficulty, if we are careful to note how Pascal employs his terms for the different human faculties. With him, *heart*, *nature*, *sentiment*, and *instinct*, are habitually opposed to *reason* and *mind* (*esprit*), the former expressing the whole intuitive faculty, the primary instinct or perception, by which truth is directly apprehended or felt; the latter, the logical faculty and its argumentative processes. Bearing this in mind, we find the clear key-note of his strain in such passages as these :

"*Instinct; Reason.*—We suffer under an incapacity of demonstration which no dogmatism can overcome. We possess an idea of truth which no Pyrrhonism can destroy."

"Nature sustains the powerless reason, and preserves it from falling into universal doubt."

"Nature confounds the sceptics, and reason confounds the dogmatists."

"We arrive at truth, not by reason alone, but still more by the heart. It is thus that we obtain first principles, and it is in vain that reasoning, which has no hand in this, endeavours to combat them. . . . We know that we are not dreaming, powerless as we are to prove it by reason; this powerlessness establishes only the feebleness of our reason; not the doubtfulness of all our knowledge, as the sceptics pretend. . . . It is on the cognitions of the heart and the instinct that reason must rest, and base all its arguments. . . . It is as ridiculous for reason to ask the heart for proofs of its first principles before assenting to them, as it would be absurd for the heart, as the condition of its assent, to demand that reason should *feel* all the propositions which it demonstrates. . . . Would to God that we never needed to reason out things, but knew them all by instinct and sentiment!"

"The heart has its reasons, of which the reason knows nothing."

"It is the heart which feels God, and not the reason. This is what true faith is : God felt by the heart, not by the reason."

To the absolute accuracy of the language in these passages exception has been taken, and perhaps not unfairly, especially as regards the interchange of *reason* and *reasoning*; but the general drift seems to us to be unmistakable. All our knowledge, Pascal would say, rests on primary, instinctive beliefs or intuitions, which are felt to be true, but are incapable of demonstration, and on these all the logical processes of the intellect must ultimately be based. It is upon such of these intuitions as are of a moral or spiritual character that religion is founded; its truth must be felt, but cannot be strictly demonstrated; here, to use Neander's phrase, the over-curious logical temper must be subordinated to the living intuition. Is it too much to say that, if this great principle had been better understood by Pascal's successors in the defence of religion against sceptics, we should have been spared much bad logic, and Christianity have suffered much less damage at the hands of its friends?

How Pascal applies the principle we must now see. He begins with man, in order to arrive at God. This is the order which his own personal experience, the history of his own soul, suggested ; for as a student of Montaigne, that prince of sceptics and careless mockers, he had stood within the terrible shadow of universal doubt, and his heart, gnawed by that worm of unbelief to which the preceding century had given birth, had for a time almost despaired of finding any remedy for the weaknesses, the contradictions, the miseries of human nature. Man seemed to him to be a dethroned and beggared monarch ; a king in tatters and filth ; an atom, a nothingness, in the presence of the terrifying Infinite ; tormented by a heart full of unclean passions, yet craving restlessly for light and purity ; with an intellect impotent to grasp truth, yet incapable of being satisfied without it ; the feeblest reed in nature, which a vapour, a drop of water, can destroy, yet greater by virtue of thought and knowledge than the whole unconscious universe around him :

“What a chimera, then, is man !” he passionately exclaims, “what a novelty, a monster, a chaos, a contradiction, a prodigy ! A judge of all things, yet an imbecile worm of the earth ; a depository of truth, yet a sink of doubt and error ; at once the glory and the refuse of the universe.”

What shall explain this mystery, resolve this contrariety, restore this ruin ? In vain does philosophy undertake the task ; Stoics, Epicureans, Pyrrhonists, all labour to no purpose. “A fine thing,” he cries, “to tell a man ignorant of himself to find his own way to God ! A fine thing, too, to say the same to a man who has come to know himself !” Reason must be pronounced ineffectual ; God cannot be discovered in suns and stars and material organisms ; the alleged metaphysical proofs of His existence are too remote and feeble, and “if they have force with a few, it is only for an instant ; the next moment doubt returns.” What then remains ? Revelation.

“Recognise, O proud man, what a paradox you are to yourself ! Humble yourself, impotent reason ; be silent, imbecile nature ; understand that man is infinitely beyond man, and learn from your Master what your true condition is. Listen to God !”

It is Revelation, then, which alone furnishes the word of the enigma, and brings the whole mystery into light. In Christianity a voice from God reaches the heart, and is felt to be true. Not, indeed, every heart—for all conviction of religious truth, all finding of God, depends on the bias of the disposition—but the heart which is disengaged from the passions and is thus prepared for the truth ; to such a heart Christianity is its own evidence, and bears the broad signature of its own veracity. With Pascal, then, the first step towards faith is taken by bridling in the passions and abasing the heart ; and the indispensable basis of intelligent belief is a perception of the congruity of Christianity to the human soul, a conviction of its power to touch the inner life at every point, and give satisfaction to all the higher wants of humanity. When the Gospel has thus approved

itself to the spiritual instincts and rooted itself in the affections, the external evidences of its truth—history, types, miracles, prophecy—furnish their corroborations and confirm the verdict of the heart. In Pascal's scheme, therefore, these were intended to follow in their due order; and as they present themselves to his mind, with a grand swell of emotion he exclaims:

"Thus I stretch forth my hands to my Deliverer, who, after having been predicted for four thousand years, came to suffer and die for me on earth in the time and the precise manner which had been foretold; and by His grace I wait for death in peace, in the hope of being eternally united to Him; meanwhile I live with joy, whether in the prosperity which He is pleased to give me, or in the adversity which He sends me for my good, and which He has taught me to bear by His own example."

Such, in brief, was Pascal's method as indicated in the fragments which have come down to us; and it appears to be well characterized in Prévost Paradol's striking remark: "Pascal did for theology something analogous to what Socrates used to do for philosophy; he recalled it to earth and wished to give it for a solid foundation the facts which are grounded in the very nature of man. For if those facts be admitted and if Christianity explains them all, and alone can explain them, must not the Christian religion, which thus becomes the key of the moral world and the last word of human nature, be indeed the true religion?"

It is, perhaps, questionable whether the world would have been the gainer had Pascal lived to complete his treatise. His genius was not critical, nor was the state of historical knowledge in his day such as to admit of his elaborating any survey of the external evidences of Christianity which would have been of permanent value. Where his real strength lay was in his profound apprehension of the perplexities of human experience, and the relation of spiritual truth to the wants of the soul; and here his fragmentary utterances possess a grandeur, a depth, a power of arresting the attention and thrilling the heart, which could scarcely have been increased, and would probably have suffered diminution by their incorporation in a formal treatise. As they are, they really stand alone in literature. Comparing them with the comments in which the older editors tried to expound and complete them, Chateaubriand likens them to "the ruins of Palmyra, proud relics of genius and of time, at the foot of which the Arab of the desert has built his miserable hut!" It seems to us that in such thoughts as those on the "Greatness and misery of man," broken and disjointed as they are, we have Pascal at his best. Flashes like these out of the darkness would have been ill exchanged for a paler if steadier light. By these we are placed, as we could not have been by a finished work, in the very presence of his vivid personality, his burning emotion, the inmost ferment and conflict of his soul. It is this fusing of himself with his thought, this baring of his heart with all its pain and strife and hope in these first jets from its depths, that forms his peculiar and perennial charm. We are not

listening to the professor or the theologian spinning ingenious theories, or drawing out long trains of reasoning; it is the drama of a living soul that we are permitted to see. There lies the fascination of this wonderful book; and nowhere have we found it more eloquently or truly described than in Dean Church's interesting lecture. Pascal, he says:

"Writes out of the deeps, as one absorbed and awestruck, and with every fibre strung, by his vivid consciousness of the strange contrasts, the inevitable alternatives, the mighty interests at stake, amid which man's course is to be run. His view of religion rises out of these solemn and unfathomable depths, the abyss of life and pain and death, the abyss of sin and ignorance and error, the abyss of redemption and God's love. . . . For him the overwhelming certainty of religion arose out of its deep and manifold correspondence with what he knew of himself and man, with what conscience told him of the moral law, and the world showed him of degradation and sin. What brought religion home to his inward sense of reality was, that it had the key to the tormenting contradictions of nature, which he knew so well."

It is time that we should deal with M. Cousin's attack on Pascal's faith. In its first form, as we have seen, the charge ran thus: "The very substance of Pascal's soul was a universal scepticism;" and, expressed in this way, it seemed to impugn the sincerity of his profession of Christianity. What was really meant appeared more clearly from M. Cousin's defence of his position, published a year afterwards in the "*Revue des deux Mondes*." "Pascal," he there says, "believed in Christianity with all the powers of his soul. It was in philosophy, not in religion, that he was a sceptic; and, because he was sceptical in philosophy, he clung all the more closely to religion as the only asylum, the last resource of humanity, in the impotence of reason, and the ruin of all natural truth among men." It was, then, an utter divorce between reason and religion which M. Cousin meant to attribute to Pascal, and to brand as "universal scepticism;" and this divorce he goes on to trace to the Jansenism in which Pascal's faith was cradled: for "Port-Royal, being founded on the double principle of the nothingness of human nature and the sole power of grace," could not logically admit reason to have any share in the discovery or reception of truth. In short, Pascal's faith, according to this view, was sincere but consciously irrational. He believed, while convinced that there was no logical ground for believing. His reason pronounced against faith as a baseless dream, and yet he held the faith in fact, and was honestly a Christian. Thus his sincerity was saved at the expense of his consistency. Of course some explanation was required to show how he could be a sceptic to the bottom of his soul, at the same time that he devoted his life to the defence of Christianity against the attacks of unbelievers, and in his personal religion was an impassioned devotee. And the explanation given is that he was a living contradiction, an unresolved discord, whose head and heart, whose principles and practice, were in avowed and irreconcilable antagonism. To add that he was "the enemy of

all philosophy," was inevitable, since of all philosophy the basis is found in the congruity of truth with the reason.

Such was the celebrated writer's view of the Pascal of the genuine *Pensées*, and the question is, how far it is a just one. That Pascal found in human nature no basis at all for faith must, we think, be pronounced an over-statement, a statement *ex-parte*, founded on a consideration of only one side of his mind; for the passages which we have already quoted show clearly enough that he held religion to have a foundation in the heart of spiritual instinct, though not in the logical understanding or reasoning faculty. It cannot, of course, be denied that Pascal recoiled with the utmost vehemence from the deistical position that man needs no revelation, but is able by natural intuition to attain to a right knowledge of God; for any approximation to that he was much too deeply convinced of the debasement of human nature by the Fall. But to sustain M. Cousin's view it would be necessary to go a good deal further, and to prove that Pascal held the religious faculty in the believer to be absolutely and entirely a new creation by divine grace, an element supernaturally added to human nature at conversion, and that is a conception of which there is no trace in Pascal's mode of thought. Yet we must confess that M. Cousin carries us a considerable way with him before we part company. There is unquestionably a strong strain of scepticism in Pascal's remains. In him there existed, as it were, two men, the man of reason and the man of faith; and to the last, it may be, they were never thoroughly in accord. Some, probably, of his most startling sentences are not so much expressions of his own thought as memoranda of difficulties to be considered, a sort of short-hand notes, as Sainte-Beuve calls them, to fix in their most accentuated form ideas which flashed across his mind. But after deducting everything that can be thus explained, there remains a large body of fragments which are as deeply tinctured with scepticism as anything in Montaigne. No one whose soul had not been swept over by the storms of doubt could have penned the famous wager-essay, in which it has been said that Pascal plays at pitch and toss with the existence of God and the immortality of the soul.

"Either there is a God or there is not," he says; "to which side shall we incline? Reason can give us no assistance, yet we must take one side or the other; we must stake on the question. Heads, then, that there is a God! If you gain, you gain everything; if you lose, you lose nothing. And thus, since you are forced to stake, it would be contrary to all reason to cling to this life, rather than to stake it for an infinite gain, of which there is an even chance; while the loss, even if it should happen, would after all be the loss of nothing."

Such language as this, after every attempt to justify it, remains as shocking in the presence of Christian faith as it is indefensible on any principle of sound philosophy. Yet if we cannot justify it, we may perhaps account for it by attributing it, as Dr. Tulloch does, to "moments of terrible doubt, when the soul is so borne away on the surge

of the sceptical wave that rises from the depths of all human speculation, that it can only cling to the Divine by an effort of will, and with something of the gamester's thought that this is the winning side." A similar explanation may be given of the advice which Pascal goes on to address to persons who wish to believe, but find themselves unable :

"You cannot believe, you say, and ask what you must do. Do as others have done, who were once hindered as you are now, but stake their all on the side of faith; they know the path that you wish to follow, and have been cured of the disease of which you desire to be cured. Follow the method with which they began; it was by acting as if they believed, taking holy water, getting masses said, &c.; even naturally this will cause you to believe, and will make fools of you (*vous abetira*)."

To these extracts we must add a few more, which in their naked cynicism and contempt of human nature certainly look ugly enough, and justify Voltaire's remark, that "this sublime misanthrope writes against human nature almost as he wrote against the Jesuits."

"One sees scarcely anything, whether of right or wrong, which does not change its quality as the climate changes. Three degrees of elevation of the pole upset the whole of jurisprudence. A meridian decides what is truth; after being in force a few years, the fundamental laws change; right has its epochs. The entrance of Saturn into Leo marks the time when such or such a thing began to be a crime. A queer sort of justice of which a river is the boundary! True on this side of the Pyrenees, false on the other."

"All men naturally hate one another."

"Man is nothing but a disguise, a falsehood, an hypocrisy, towards both himself and others. Human life is nothing else than a perpetual illusion."

"Man is only a subject full of error, which is natural to him and ineffaceable without grace. Nothing shows him the truth; everything deludes him."

"We desire truth, and find nothing but uncertainty in ourselves. We seek happiness, and find only misery and death."

"Here is our true condition. This is what renders us incapable either of knowing with certainty or being absolutely ignorant. We sail along on a vast surface, always uncertain and drifting, swept along from one end to the other. . . . Nothing is stable for us. We burn with desire to discover a firm platform and enduring basis on which to build a tower that may rise to the infinite; but our whole foundation cracks, and the earth opens beneath us down to the abysses."

"When I consider the brevity of my life, swallowed up in the eternity before and after it; the littleness of the space that I occupy and even perceive, engulfed in the infinite immensity of the spaces which I am ignorant of, and which are ignorant of me: I am terrified and astonished to see myself here rather than there; for there is no reason why here rather than there, why now rather than then. Who has put me here? By whose order or arrangement have this time and place been assigned to me?" "How many kingdoms of being have no knowledge of us?"

"The eternal silence of these infinite spaces terrifies me"

Now if all that Pascal wrote had been in this strain, to vindicate him from the charge of having been at bottom a sceptic would have been impossible. But in such utterances as these we have only one side of his thought, as M. Cousin admits when he says that "no man ever contradicted himself more." The real question is, not whether some of his utterances were sceptical, but whether these were his deliberate and final utterances. In the wrestling of the soul with passing doubts, and during fits of depression caused by morbid nerves

and harassing pain, things may look for a time so gloomy and desperate as to force from the sufferer bitter cries of mockery or despair; but to stamp him on that account with the brand of scepticism would be as unreasonable as cruel; for such experiences have happened to many who were certainly not sceptics but saints. We know that Pascal's heart was a passionate one, from which the emotions leaped forth like jets of flame; we know that on a temperament saddened by almost unremitting pain his stern Jansenism acted so as to deepen its gloom; let us add to these causes of an exaggerated sense of human frailty and wretchedness that he probably had, as Dreydorff puts it, "to contend often not only with outer but inner doubts, and that it must have been against these, no less than against other temptations, that he sought the terrible help of the spiked girdle on his bare flesh;" and the derisive and sceptical effervescences of his thought seem to be fully accounted for, without the need of M. Cousin's violent solution. In dealing with a psychological problem like this it should never be forgotten that in proportion to the depth and thoroughness of the thought will the merely logical basis of knowledge and religion appear insecure and inadequate, and the stress be thrown on those deeper but vaguer intuitions which in times of mental conflict and distress are the first to grow dim and to swim before the eyes. Pascal had looked with too piercing and unshrinking a gaze into the mysterious depths of human nature, not to feel what a terrible strength there is in the Pyrrhonist or, as we say now, agnostic position, when encountered by bare reason, to which the heart brings no reinforcement. No wonder, then, that in moments of agony and temptation these ebullitions of a faithless cynicism should have forced their way to the surface, and that he should have thrown out and committed to writing impatient, one-sided, extravagant words, which in "his moments of clear mental sanity and insight" he would surely not have endorsed, much less have given to the world as the expression of his harmonized and completed thought. On the whole, M. Faugère seems to set the matter in the fairest light possible, when he writes as follows in his Introduction to the "Pensées":

"Faith and reason may equally claim Pascal for their own. If they appear sometimes to conflict in his soul, it is because he lacked time not only to complete the work which he meditated, but above all to finish his own interior work—that sort of creation which genius performs within itself—and to fuse into an harmonious whole the diverse elements of his thought. Among the hitherto unpublished pages of Pascal are found these remarkable lines: 'One ought to have these three qualities, the sceptical, the dogmatic, and that of the humble Christian; these unite and modify each other, making us doubt where we ought to doubt, be sure where we ought to be sure, and submit where we ought to submit.' These bold words are the whole history of Pascal, and sum up the state of his mind. . . . For us, after our intimate study of the author of the 'Pensées,' it is beyond all question that he had a profound conviction of moral and philosophical excellence, and of the supernatural and divine pre-eminence of Christianity; this faith was supreme in him over all the storms of his thought. . . . Here in truth is Pascal's scepticism: it was that he held all systems engendered by human reason apart from Christianity to be insufficient and incomplete. He would have been undecided and sceptical had he ceased to be a Christian."

We have dwelt so long on Pascal as a writer, that we have left ourselves scanty room for considering him as a man. It is, however, of the less consequence, since in the highest possible degree his writings are himself. Yet we are unwilling to conclude without an attempt to portray him a little more clearly, and we cannot introduce what remains to be said better than by extracting from Chateaubriand the entire paragraph from which we have already quoted a couple of lines :

"There was a man who at twelve years old, with *bars* and *rounds*, created mathematics ; who at sixteen composed the most learned treatise on conic sections since the ancients ; who at nineteen reduced to mechanism a science which is entirely mental ; who at twenty-three demonstrated the weight of the air, and exploded one of the greatest errors of the old physics ; who at an age when other men are scarcely beginning to be born, having achieved his course round the circle of human sciences, perceived their nothingness and turned to religion ; who, although from that moment until his death, which took place in his thirtieth year, he was always feeble and in pain, fixed the language which Bossuet and Racine spoke, and furnished a model of the most perfect wit as well as of the closest reasoning ; lastly, who in the brief intervals of his pain solved by abstraction the highest problems of geometry, and threw on paper thoughts which breathe as much of God as of man : this astonishing (*effrayant*) genius was named Blaise Pascal."

Now, such writing as this must be confessed to be too theatrical and forced to be of much critical value ; still the passage may be accepted as a dashing and not inaccurate sketch of Pascal's life and achievements. The story of his working his own way, at twelve years old, as far as the 32nd Proposition of the 1st book of "Euclid," with a piece of charcoal on the floor of an unused garret, without even knowing the common terms of geometry, is so astonishing that had it not been told by his sister with all the simplicity of truth, we should have been tempted to class it with the legends in which the surprising quickly grows into the miraculous. But as the feat was at no long interval followed by the treatise on conic sections, which excited the mingled incredulity and astonishment of the veteran Descartes, and that by the construction of an arithmetical machine to assist his father's financial calculations, and that again by the invention of the barometer, we cannot doubt that Pascal was not merely one of those precocious children who are a nine days' wonder, but was endowed by Nature with one of the most extraordinary capacities for mathematical reasoning and physical research that ever fell to the lot of man. From this line of labour, however, he was early turned aside by the failure of his health, which suffered so greatly from excessive application to scientific study, as to expose him to an attack of "dynamical paralysis;" and the result was to leave his constitution so disordered, and his nervous system so shattered, that to the end of his life he scarcely ever passed a day without pain. In his twenty-fourth year occurred what his biographers call his "first conversion;" when, owing to the influence of teachers of the Jansenist school, with whom he became acquainted, and who introduced him to the books of St. Cyran and Jansen, he received a strong bias towards

a religious life. Of the change at that time wrought in him too much, perhaps, has been made by those who have regarded the years afterwards spent by him in the gay world of Paris as a period of apostasy, which entailed a bitter expiation in the seclusion and austerities of his later period. We rather side with Dreydorff in putting a lower estimate on the contrast between the first fervour of his youthful religion and the mixed occupations of his life in the capital. It is no doubt true that, as we find from Pascal's own letters preserved among the Guerrier manuscripts, he took up religion with the warmth of his enthusiastic temperament, and sprang almost with a bound into a mystic devotion, which would have required solitude for its nutriment, and failed to hold its own amidst the distractions of social and busy life; but there is not the slightest ground for believing that he ever in any real sense apostatized, or became infected by the dissoluteness and profanity which were too characteristic of the age of the Fronde. To use Faugère's somewhat high-flown phrase, "His feet rested for a moment on the mire of that corrupt society, but his divine wings were never soiled by it." It was his "second conversion," when he was in his thirty-first year, which changed the whole current of his life by giving him over to asceticism and Port-Royal. To that momentous and final movement several causes seem to have contributed. The influence of his sister Jacqueline, then in the first glow of her profession; the increasing gloom of his own temperament, aggravated perhaps by disappointed love; a shuddering recoil from the levity and vice of the society around him, intensified by a conviction that in his struggle with the doubts and perplexities which surged up tumultuously within his restless soul, he needed a support that could only be found in retirement and mortification and converse with the austere solitaries of Port-Royal: these were causes sufficient to prompt his decision and drive him from the world, without our having recourse to the more questionable incidents of narrow escape from being dashed to pieces in a runaway carriage at the bridge of Neuilly, and the vision of an abyss opening beside his chair, the supposed record of which, and of the act of self-dedication to which it led, was ever afterwards secretly worn by him stitched inside his clothes, where it was found after his death. This curious and not too intelligible paper was the "amulet" which excited the sneers of Condorset and Voltaire, and furnished the theme of M. Lélut's volume. It appears to record the very day and hour of his final resolve to give himself wholly to God, and breathes an ecstatic fervour characteristic of the critical moment when the struggle of his soul issued in triumph and joy. Let us remember that this document in a double form, the paper original being folded within a parchment copy, was worn on Pascal's breast day by day till the breath left his worn-out frame, and that, even while penning the very fragments on which the charge of scepticism has been founded, it was this that he was pressing to his heart, and we shall feel that without taking ac-

count of it no estimate of Pascal's religion would be complete. It is headed by a small cross, and is as follows :

"The year of grace 1654. Monday, 23rd November, day of St. Clement, pope and martyr, and others in the martyrology. Eve of St. Chrysogone, martyr, and others. From about half-past ten in the evening to half-past twelve. Fire. God of Abraham, God of Isaac, God of Jacob, not of the philosophers and savants. Assurance, Assurance. Feeling. Joy. Peace. God of Jesus Christ, my God and your God. Thy God shall be my God. Forgetfulness of the world and of all but God. He is found only by the ways taught in the Gospel. Greatness of the human soul. Righteous Father, the world has not known Thee, but I have known Thee. Joy, joy, joy, tears of joy. I have separated myself from Him. They have forsaken Me the fountain of living water. My God, wilt Thou forsake me? Let me not be separated from Him eternally. This is life eternal that they know Thee the only true God and J. C. whom Thou hast sent. Jesus Christ—Jesus Christ. I have separated myself from Him. I have fled from, renounced, crucified Him. Let me never be separated from Him. He is retained only by the ways taught in the Gospel. Renunciation total and sweet."

In the spirit which evidently animates this extraordinary and incoherent document Pascal henceforth lived. Body and soul, he gave himself up to religion, and, whether consorting with his Jansenist friends at Port-Royal, or living as a recluse in his own house in Paris, whether contending against the Jesuits in the "Provincial Letters" or corresponding in mystic strains with Madlle. de Roannez, or meditating his apologetic work, the entire remainder of his life was spent in the renunciation of the world, the practices of an ascetic devotion, and the consecration of all he was and all he had to the service of God.

Of Pascal's mental organization the most characteristic features, as revealed in his writings, may be described as an intense, audacious individuality, and a passionate love of reality and truth. No man's thoughts and sentiments were ever more emphatically his own. His voice was no echo of current opinions, but issued clear and sharp from the depths of his own being. What he had received from others he never gave back without having incorporated it with himself, shaped it in his own mould and stamped it with his own mark. Conventionalities and masks of all kinds were hateful to him ; to tear them away with a vehement contempt and penetrate to the very core and naked reality of things, was like a fierce joy to his soul. Nothing was too daring for him to utter, if only it appeared to him to be true ; of truth, what ever it was, he felt an imperious need, and to speak it forth without compromise and without reserve was his overmastering impulse. It was this frank conscientiousness, this ardour for the exact truth, which made his mode of expression, his literary style, so singularly real and pure, so accurately true to the thought ; it could tolerate no superfluity, no circumlocution, no ambiguous vagueness ; it was, as Faugère says, "the thought itself clothed like an antique statue with its own chaste nudity." These characteristics point to a genius intense rather than broad, penetrating more than constructive ; and, as we have already said, the illumination thrown by Pascal on

the mystery of our being resembled the vivid but fitful flash of the lightning rather than the calm, steady light of day. We have ventured to differ from M. Cousin's estimate of his scepticism ; but that eminent writer has our hearty concurrence when he says, "The man in Pascal was profoundly original, but the creating mind had not been given him. He had more depth in sentiment than in thought, more force than breadth." To the same effect is Mr. Beard's thoughtful estimate :

"This is the character of Pascal's originality. He does not construct systems of the universe, or mark an era in philosophical thought, or compass the whole sphere of human knowledge, like Descartes. He is not conversant with all the literature which it becomes a learned man to know, like Arnauld. He probably knew little Greek and no Hebrew ; much of his classical learning came to him at second-hand from Montaigne ; all the books with which his writings betray any acquaintance might be enumerated in half-a-dozen lines. What he knew and thought came almost wholly out of himself, and was the result of his independent thought, and bears in the completeness of its symmetry the impress of his nature."

"Pascal," says the Protestant Vinet, "was born in the Roman sect, and in a sect of that sect, Jansenism ; but without separating himself from the sect to which we may say he belonged, he rose superior to it ; the substance to him was more than the form ; the spirit ruled over the body. He was one of those who are united by the heart to the living principle of truth, but to their sect by the inferior parts alone of their intellect." Notwithstanding his Jansenism, which placed him on the confines of Geneva, and his mortal defiance of the Jesuits, who were the real wire-pullers of the Vatican, his allegiance to his Church never wavered. "I will never separate myself from her communion," he wrote to Madlle. de Roannez after Arnauld had been condemned by the Sorbonne, and no provocation ever shook his resolve. However it may be now, the Roman Church then, especially to a French Catholic, was more than the Pope ; and though, as Dreydorff remarks, "Pascal saw and lamented that he was in a strait between God and the Pope, he never appears to have felt himself in a strait between God and the Church." Hence when the Jesuits accused him of making common cause with the heretics, he indignantly retorted, "When have I been absent from mass or scant of my duty to my parish church ? What act of fellowship with heretics or of schism towards the Church can you lay to my charge ? What Council have I contradicted, what Papal constitution have I transgressed ?" The Church might be ruled by a corrupt faction, yet to him it was still the house of God and the appointed guide to salvation, and without a thought of separating himself from it, he was content to commit his cause to the Judge of all. The Pope might pronounce against him and place his book in the Index, but Pascal could sustain himself with the thought, "God does not perform miracles in the ordinary management of His Church ; it would be a strange miracle if infallibility resided in a single person. . . . If my letters are

condemned in Rome, what I condemn in them is condemned in heaven. To Thy tribunal, Lord Jesus, I make my appeal."

It is impossible to clear the religion of Pascal's declining years from the taint of superstition. As his health grew feebler he became increasingly subject to fits of depression, and had recourse to austerities which aggravated the physical mischief and shortened his days. It is inexpressibly touching to watch this fiery yet loving spirit burdened with its frail and morbid organism, striving to get nearer to God by a daily martyrdom of self. The spiked girdle on his bare flesh, the stern refusal of the commonest comforts, the recoil from a sister's affection and from a child's caress as dangerous to spirituality, the protest against an advantageous marriage for his niece, as if honest wedlock were "the most perilous and basest of conditions in which Christian people could live;" these in the author of the "*Pensées*" furnished a melancholy illustration of his favourite theme—"Nothing is stranger in the nature of man than the contrarieties of all kinds which are found in it." We rise from our study of him with the sad sense of a life uncompleted, a promise unfulfilled, a glorious possibility but half realized. Yet viewed in the light of Christian hope, there is more to cheer than to depress in this spectacle of mingled weakness and strength. For if even amidst the shadows of mortality and under the burden of premature decay, man can be so great, of what height may he not be capable when the burden is unbound from his shoulders and mortality is swallowed up of life?

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HANS SACHS AND THE MASTERSONG.

"Not thy councils, not thy Kaisers, win for thee the world's regard,
But thy painter, Albrecht Dürer, and *Hans Sachs*, thy cobbler bard."

SUCH are Longfellow's words to the old merchant town of Nuremberg as he paces its streets and courtyards and dreams over its busy past. The memories of old Nurembergers crowd upon him; their fame is the fame of their city; yet many of us know Hans Sachs only through this very poem. Such knowledge must be nebulous, but need not be incorrect. To associate his name with Albrecht Dürer, to recognise in him a Nuremberg burgher of the sixteenth century, the poet of its toil and traffic, is to find the right stand-point from which to judge him. For Hans is essentially the poet of handworkers and traders, he has the honesty and humour and good sense of the thriving *bourgeois*. He does not detect the passing shadows and delicate tints of life; its crimes and sorrows have for him no mystery; they have a

moral ; but he sees the world "as Albrecht Dürer saw it ; its firm life and manliness, its inner force and steadfastness." *

This plain unromantic way of looking at things was very characteristic of the Reformation. Great pleasure and interest in daily life were accompanied by a certain dullness to its problems. After all the liberty which Luther claimed was in the main a practical one. In his famous doggrel he rejects the cant of the cloisters, "Who loves not woman, wine, and song, remains a fool his whole life long." But he would not permit much speculative liberty. The suspension of judgment on which modern science insists, he would have denounced as doubt, as a temptation of the Devil. The obstinate questionings of unseen things which makes Shakespeare's plays so free and human, never sounded in his ears, or if they did, were dismissed with a text from Scripture. He occupied a sort of double position. On the one hand, his appeal to private judgment and his joy in the world could not rest within the limits he prescribed, and on the other his resumption of a whole body of Divinity could not harmonise with his other principles. Thus we have in the sequel theologians more Lutheran than Luther condemning pleasure, condemning reason ; and we have as his true followers those who face the problems of thought and existence, even should they sink under them in despair. Meanwhile the phenomenon at the Reformation was a hearty acceptance of the facts of life and a hearty acceptance of a theological system. That is what we find in Hans Sachs, and in this aspect he is the poet of the Reformation as before the poet of the guilds.

Not that he was the first whom these influences inspired. The spirit of reform was working in all the towns, rousing the ablest citizens (e.g., Sebastian Brandt) to satirise old abuses and inculcate a sober, practical morality. And not only did a few such writers arise whose vigour and talent won them fame in other lands, there was a general literary fermentation among the labouring classes. Never before or since did so many workmen devote their time to music and verse-making ; indeed those were in the minority who could not rhyme. They formed societies, modelled on their trades guilds, with statutes, penalties, and masters ; and their authorised poetry was called the *Mastersong*. This is the third great influence under which Hans Sachs was formed, and as less familiar it must be described more in detail.

One of the official documents sets forth how "certain godless fellows go about the town screaming out shameless street-songs all night long." The staid burghers are much disturbed, perhaps in both senses of the word, by such misconduct, and take measures to suppress "these evil lays and give praises to God." Their remedy is the mastersong which as a harmless and even edifying entertainment is meant to supersede one more questionable. The hard-worked citizens were to find their needful relaxation and religious profit in the

* Goethe's *Hans Sachsen's Poetische Sendung*.

Mastersingers' School. These schools had a double function, an exoteric and an esoteric; they had their public festivals for the uninitiated, and their private festivals with the necessary rehearsals and practisings for their associates. At the former any one might be present, and all could take part; the subjects of the songs were passages of Scripture, "fair maxims of Ethics," or even stories from profane history, "provided always they be true and profitable." It was in its private meetings that the school showed itself as a school. In virtue of its religious and social character it was held in the town hall, or oftener in the church, and met on the holidays and the Sunday afternoons. Its songs must be religious, and indeed, after the Reformation, scriptural in subject. The rolls were rigidly kept, no member could absent himself without good excuse, and none but members were admitted. Entrance into the association was guarded, the applicant having to satisfy the board of his good character and birth in wedlock. When baptised into the fraternity his labours only commenced. The school was ranged in grades, and before passing from a lower to a higher he must undergo certain tests, for which he was prepared gratis by mastersingers of established fame. When taking his first lessons the associate was called a *scholar*, when he knew the technical rules by heart he became a *school-friend*, when able to sing certain of the existing songs he was raised to the rank of a *singer*, after producing verses of his own in the recognised measures and to the recognised melodies he became a *poet*, and finally he was entitled *mastersinger* only when he had invented a new *tone* or *weise*—terms which include both metre and music. He was called the father of his tone, and choosing godfathers baptised it with some "befitting" name. Thus we have ruddy tones and green tones, long tones and high tones, tones named of dragons, of princes, of "strong nightingales," of "woman's honour." Wherein precisely the fitness consists the present writer is generally unskilled to say. No tone was considered original which encroached on another for more than four syllables, or was sanctioned without solemn deliberations. None was accepted if it violated oftener than seven times the rules of the art laid down in the *Tabulature*. This was the codex of the mastersong, a table of definitions, injunctions, and warnings. It fixes that the strophe must be of a threefold form, two like parts followed by one unlike, as we still see in the sonnet. It gives in its uncouth terminology a list of permissible rhymes and verses; a line containing only one syllable was called a *pause*, such as had none to rhyme with them were *orphans*, those which found their rhymes in the next stanza were *grains*. It enumerates the possible blunders, some artificial enough, others all too glaring; the common speech must have been barbarous indeed when it was necessary to point out the latter. The want of the connecting particle between the words was condemned as a *blind meaning*, a false rhyme was a *vice*, the transposition of letters a *difference*, the compression of two syllables into one a *Klebsylbe*, a

lumped syllable. It is well known how much Luther did for the German language both by his theoretical researches and by the practical examples that he gave of a purer style. We can easily imagine what a godsend they would be to the mastersingers in their struggle with lawlessness and vulgarism. His translation of the Bible was adopted as their standard ; idioms to be found in it were accepted, all others were condemned. And it was the final authority, as for the expression so for the thought. We saw that the mastersong was always religious and latterly scriptural in subject. At the scrutiny of a new piece the author had to cite chapter and verse, and the official critic or *maker*, who sat behind a screen with a slate in his hands and a Bible on his desk, jotted down not only the mistakes of form but the *false meanings*, the variations from Scripture, and the wrong interpretations.

Besides the ordinary practisings, the school had its solemn contests when the masters competed for the prizes ; these were chains and wreaths, often of considerable value. In Nuremburg the first prize, a cord with three silver-gilt medals attached, was called King David, after the Hebrew psalmist, who was represented on the centre medal with crown and harp. It was a great event for the master and his friends when he gained a prize, and where the school possessed many such decorations the prize-takers were enjoined to wear them on all ceremonious occasions. It was these prize-takers who initiated the young apprentices into the mysteries of the art, who explained the Tabulature and taught them the more difficult measures, often sitting up late into the night without expecting or receiving any fee. When not busy in composing verse, instructing others, or perfecting themselves, they spent their leisure in copying out the standard songs. It is this unwearied devotion that strikes us as so strange and admirable. No doubt the mastersong is on the whole without much merit. It attended only to the form and not to the matter, which it tortured into stubborn and unfitting moulds. Even in form it is scrupulous, laboured, and artificial, on the one hand ; yet surprisingly rude and barbarous on the other. We must, of course, remember that we judge of it only by half, and may easily be one-sided ; for of the accompanying music we know next to nothing, and Gervinus conjectures that with that before us we should see in the mastersong the germ of the oratorio. But leaving this out of account, it seems a thing quite without parallel for wearied workmen, on leaving their tools and their booths, to devote themselves to a liberal art with, at lowest, the disinterestedness of artists. All their spare time they spent in teaching, practising, or chronicling what was to them their 'benignant art.'

Such then was the association of which Hans was the scholar and the teacher, which cherished his powers and grew with their growth. This fact must not be lost sight of in estimating his work. On the one hand it acted on him favourably, supplying him with an appre-

ciative audience ; on the other it tied him down to a mechanical style. To understand his mastery over such tools and materials as he had, the state in which he found them, and the improvements which he made, we must know the history of the mastersong.

Strange to say, it is descended in direct line from the minnesong, the old love lyric. Much indeed is altered. The poets are no longer adventurous knights, but cautious burghers ; the meeting-place is changed from the castle to the church ; the worship of ladies has yielded to the praise of God. Yet the connection is not hard to prove between these latter theologico-didactic rhymesters and the dreamy minnesingers who sang like birds of love and ladies and flowers. Even in these old days, when chivalrous poetry was in full vogue, the more solid and instructive verse of the Renner and Freidank had appealed to the citizens ; and at the break up of chivalry, when the degenerate minstrels were no longer received in the degenerate courts, they found a welcome and a refuge in the large towns. There they not only sang, but taught ; for after a time the burgher, from listening, began to imitate. He attempted the measures of the court poets, but their melody escaped him ; their silken net-work of sound was changed in his hands to a tangled yarn. And if the form was unlovely, the matter was barbarous : not prosaic, because unfit even for literary prose. Many subjects were treated, but naturally the religious interest preponderated, and the religion of the day could supply only subtle scholastic questions about the Trinity, the sacraments, the atonement. Where God was before the creation of the world ; how He could be born by one of His own creatures ; how the Holy Virgin could be the Holy Mother as well—on points like these the honest workmen dilate in stanzas which sometimes contain 120 lines. In such verse, then, did the minnesong issue when transplanted from the castle garden to the town green. The transition is proved beyond question. To some extent we can follow the historical change. To some extent the ancient peculiarities of the verse, and notably the three-fold division of the strophe, are still preserved ; and among the twelve patriarchs from whom the legends of the mastersong trace its descent, some are famous minnesingers. The story runs that these twelve reformed the shameless lives of the clergy, and were found guilty of heresy ; but, on appeal, were acquitted and rewarded by the Emperor, who is sometimes called Henry I., sometimes Otto the Great. This story is not historically true. With Frauenlob, chief of the twelve, and the smith Regenbogen, both minnesingers of the decline, it associates others who lived long before ; but probably it contains a reminiscence of the real origin of the mastersong.

The reverent regard in which the minnesingers or twelve wise masters were held shows no less the divergence than the connection between the two schools. In olden times it was considered plagiarism to employ the stanza of another man, whether predecessor or contemporary. The originality of a poet lay in his power of inventing

new verse forms. But the unskilled artisans dared not alter their models ; they feared to be original. Certain measures were attributed to the twelve masters and called by their names ; to these their disciples were tied down, and no new tone was admitted. Such, at least, was the theory. In point of fact the perpetual recurrence of the same leathern forms, and the same wiredrawn subjects, proved too much for the most timorous piety. From time to time new melodies were smuggled in ; but they were at once labelled with old names. In the middle of the thirteenth century some such fraud was detected by the mastersingers of Mainz, who seem to have been especially conservative, and the culprit was publicly censured. But, meanwhile, the craftsmen had been working hard at their new craft, and were ready to throw up their indentures. The wiseacres of Mainz must have stood aghast at the reception which their verdict found in the neighbouring town of Worms. Hans Folz, a barber, broke a lance, or perhaps a razor, on behalf of the new art. He ridiculed the pretended enthusiasm for old melodies which were, in fact, chiefly new ; he laughed at the pedantry and barbarous language of the schools ; he extolled the teachings of nature, and maintained that the best masters were Spring, Summer, and Autumn.

These opinions were revolutionary in art, and in those days a literary quarrel had very practical consequences. Folz made the district too hot to hold him. He had to emigrate to Nuremberg, where, partly through his influence, a new period of the mastersong commenced. Artificial and wooden it remained to the last, but Folz at any rate vindicated a larger sphere to individual talent. Dogmatic riddles still remained the theme of his verse ; but probably the new regulation dates from his time, which grants the name of master only to the maker of an original tone.

Few towns of the day were so ready to receive new ideas as Nuremberg. For generations it had steadily grown in mercantile importance, till in 1427 the inhabitants purchased city rights from the Emperor. After this its development became more rapid. The fame of its manufactures, especially in hardware, spread far and near. In commerce it rivalled Augsburg as depôt for the drugs, silks, and spices of the South, which poured in upon it by way of Venice. The prosperity of the great Southern Republic brought new wealth to Nuremberg, and the advantage of their intercourse was not merely commercial—it fostered the taste for gaiety, culture, and art. The streets were always bright and tumultuous at the Carnival ; the processions were celebrated with a splendour hitherto unknown ; the wealthy burghers' sons had their tilts and tournaments, and knew how to maintain their rights against the neighbouring nobles, who disliked such sports among the commonalty. The governing council was a little despotic and overbearing to the plebs ; but it had the interests of all at heart, and the whole population shared in the municipal prosperity. Of great men the town had nourished not a few. It

could boast one alleged inventor of gunpowder, one alleged discoverer of America ; Schwarz, in the thirteenth century, was its citizen ; Behem, in the fifteenth, was its son. Less questionable were other of its claims. The humanist Wilibald Pirckheimer, the friend of Hutten and Erasmus, was a member of its council ; Konrad Baumann, the blind organist of St. Sebald's, had a reputation throughout Germany and Italy. Its churches, its fountains, its sculptures, bore witness to the talents of Adam Krafft and the Fischers ; and now, at length, it had produced Albrecht Dürer, the genius of earnest and truthful work.

It was in this stirring town that Hans Sachs was born in 1494, when his great townsman was a youth of twenty-three. His father was a tailor, and seems to have succeeded fairly in his trade. But a modest competency did not save a man in those days from narrow alleys and close rooms, and Hans was born at once into the common trials of the time. The plague was raging in the city ; both parents were struck down, but not fatally, and strangely enough the infant escaped altogether. In due season, at the age of seven, he went to school, and began a curriculum which quite appals us. Even in these days of higher education what schoolboy but would tremble at the programme : grammar, rhetoric, music, logic, arithmetic, astronomy, geography, astrology, philosophy, poetry, and the "science of many creatures in air, water, earth, and *fire*." Later, he confesses that he has forgotten it all, perhaps fortunately for his readers ; but, in the first place, it cost him ten years to acquire. This period deserves attention, and if the usual one is a credit to his age and his class. For, despite his formidable row of accomplishments, Hans was not to follow any of the learned professions, which if we may trust Hutten, were all three gigantic swindling societies. Hans was to be useful at any rate, and turned his philosophy, rhetoric, and astrology to account in making boots. We are apt to consider his ten years at school rather badly employed ; but, after all, he learned the best the age had to offer. And only when the sciences dwell among the people are they secured against useless flights, only when they become national property can there be a national development. Hans, and perhaps many like him, had a certain acquaintance with the technical world of the schools. They knew something of its ways, could judge roughly of its results, and were not simply puzzled in the controversies which were soon to arise. But, on the whole, the best thing that Hans learned was to speak his mother tongue "neatly, purely, and truly," to play on stringed instruments, and to sing. These lessons at least he did not forget amidst the new cares and duties of his trade. As shoemaker's apprentice he could join the mastersingers' school, and so have a right to instruction in their art. This he did, and was taught by Leonhard Nuppenbeck, "the weaver liberal in song." At the same time he did not neglect his business; he seems to have felt a kind of love for it, and did not shrink, at a later day, from singing the praises of pitch and leather, of bradawl and

last. Meanwhile, after an apprenticeship of two years he became journeyman, and entered on his *Wanderjahre*, or years of travel, working his way from place to place after the manner of German artisans. This enlarged his circle of ideas, and by lifting him out of the Nuremberg world qualified him to become its exponent. For despite the fuller life of the town and its stimulating influences, the artisan may be as dull as the agricultural labourer. If the peasant is connected with no larger existence, the townsman is only a part of such; if the one is naturally a vegetable, the other may become a machine. The years of travel obviate this, and in contact with other principles and ways we get to know our own. Hans was now brought into relation with the confused, restless life of the time, which in Nuremberg he could only learn at second-hand. The government there was, on the whole, just, enlightened, and autonomous. It was a shrewd, orderly trading city; but in less favoured districts what abuses, what ignorance, what superstition did not exist! Hans, tramping the country, learned the ways of the peasants, and the smart young tradesman was vastly amused with their simplicity and slowness. Later, when he could make verses, it was a favourite theme. Thus he tells of certain villagers whose whole wardrobe, like that of the future Bolivar, was a blanket with a hole in the middle; but Hans does not discuss it so profoundly as the philosophic *Teufelsdröckh*. A crab which a peasant has caught, and which incurs the displeasure of the township, is condemned to death *by drowning*. A country fellow finds a crossbow in the forest, and, taking it for a cross, lifts it reverently to his lips; but the bow goes off, carrying away his nose, so he throws it to the ground, exclaiming, "You may lie there a whole year—before I pick you up again." At another time the peasants go to the wood to gather acorns. One slipping from a tree is decapitated by a forked branch and falls headless to the ground. By and by his friends find him and debate whether he had his head with him in the morning. They take him home and appeal to his wife, but she does not know; she is sure he had it on Saturday, but after that she cannot say. Hans, though often harping on the contrast between town and country life, knows that the advantage is only half with the former. In one of his fables the gout meets a spider, and complains that he can't thrive or even live among the peasants. The spider replies that the town housewives won't leave her in peace. They exchange quarters and the spider is never molested more; while the gout is comfortably housed and fed.

The poor peasants, indeed, were little exposed to such an ailment, harried as they were by a 1 who were stronger or cleverer. They had their oppressors recognised and unrecognised, spiritual and temporal, but always irresistible. The nobles exacted their dues, the priests their tithes; the wandering soldiers robbed in the Emperor's name during war, in their own during peace; the wandering magicians, embryo Fausts, and the resident witches, extorted the rest by threats

and promises. Much of this Hans, no doubt, would see; much more he would hear. For, despite their alleged stupidity, these peasants had their share of shrewd mother-wit. They told stories against themselves and their oppressors, stories that were in every mouth, but had no author. The French monarchy has been called a despotism tempered by epigram; their condition was misery solaced by anecdote. Such anecdotes Hans would lay up for future use; meanwhile misery needs no boots, and he went further. But to work one's way is a precarious method of travelling. Shoemaking seems to have been as superfluous in town as in country, and at Innsbruck we find Hans with trade changed, acting as forester to Kaiser Maximilian. At this he remained long enough to learn the rules of venery, of which he afterwards compiled a poetical code, and to gain some knowledge of the ways of the Court where the Emperor fostered the arts and sciences, the false and the true. But the independent tradesman could not long remain a servant among the great lords whom he loved to make fun of and ironically calls the "pious nobles." Perhaps, too, in his kindness for all created things, he had a plebeian dislike to his work. By and by, at least, he describes a "wonderful vision, how sundry hares pursue, catch, and roast a huntsman," and his sympathies are evidently with the hares.

But with all his homely predilections and *bourgeois* morals, Hans was not of those for whom Bohemianism has no charms. He was urged by his companions and drawn by his own desires towards the careless life of a soldier. Only when Genius, "the God of Nature," showed him the smoking homesteads, the ruined churches, the empty schools, the idle workshops, the famine, violence, and shame which filled the country; only when he heard the ribald talk of the camp, saw the rags, debauchery, and slaughter of the soldiers, did he decide for a peaceful career. Revelry and luxury also tempted him, but even in his youth he was "stern with all folly." What then was he to do with his time when business did not engross nor common pleasures content him? In this perplexity he recurred to the "lovely art of the mastersong;" he found suddenly that he was called to be a poet; for hitherto, though unconsciously gathering materials, he had written nothing. Long afterwards, he described how he awoke to his vocation, and much true feeling shines through the conventional allegory of the narrative. Weighed down with heavy troubles, the falsehood of friends, the hatred of foes, the shame of love, he falls asleep by a rocky fountain among the flowers and the grass. The Goddesses of Art appear and call him to their service, in it he will find relief. Delighted, but doubtful, he hesitates to accept till they approach and reassure him with many gifts. It is worth while noting the list, for it shows what merits he attributed to himself. Characteristically, he lays stress on "steadfast will, constant practice, wide experience;" so far he seems to degrade poetry to a handicraft, but his remaining endowments are "joy in his work, a pleasant style, and daintily-leap-

ing measures." Again, the aims set before him, "the glory of God, the praise of virtue, the blame of vice, the instruction of youth," are not exactly what we might expect from the Goddesses of Art, but they do not forget the "delight of sorrowful hearts." Thus Hans Sachs characterises his own genius. What ever else we may think, there is at least nothing affected or tumid about it. His muse is laborious, practical, didactic, but honest, pleasant, and kindly. She is no light-robed, light-limbed heathen nymph, but a homely German housewife who smiles over her work and goes to church on Sunday. To this muse Hans henceforth surrendered himself with a devotion which no chance nor change could interrupt. At Braunau he composed his first tone, and was made a master. After this, whenever he halted in a city he joined its mastersingers' school, and became one of the office-bearers and teachers.

At the age of twenty-two he returned to settle in his native town. He had learned much in his travels, accustomed himself to other men and ways, and penetrated into the mysteries of his art. But Nuremberg was his home and had his first affection; he loves to sign himself Hans Sachs of Nuremberg. In one of his allegorical dreams he sees a well-hedged rose garden on a round hill. Through the tufted boughs are visible pomegranate and nutmeg, orange and vine, fruit-trees and spice-trees in plenty, and rows of sugar-cane. The dreamer takes it for paradise. On a rose bush warbles a marvellous bird like an eagle with coal-black feathers, one side decked with roses red and white. It gathers its young under its pinions, it feeds them and keeps them safe: it rests right little by day or night for evil birds and beasts that lie in wait to devour it. When they approach it fights manfully, it rends them with beak and claw, and four noble maidens stand by to succour it. The first in robe of white has a golden scroll in her hand: the second is clad in blue, and holds a sword and balance; the third in green bears the sun in her arms; and the fourth is harnessed from head to foot and armed with a great steel hammer. The hill is the sight of Nuremberg, the stores of its gardens are the produce of the world, the eagle is emblem of the city and the other birds are its foes, the four maidens are its Wisdom, Justice, Truth, and Strength, which ensure its final triumph. When a man is so proud and glad in the civic life that surrounds him his happiness is secure, and Hans was a happy man. In a little house, at first outside the gate and afterwards in Meal Alley, he plied his trade and resisted the solicitations of Jack Idle, Hal Headstrong, Lazy Lenz, Harry Restless, and other typical figures whom his poems immortalise. At this time he married Kunegund Kreuzer, with whom he lived for forty-one years. After her death she appeared in a dream to comfort him, and his account of this portent, in the main solemn and religious, reveals by one little realistic touch that their household was not invariably peaceful: "She was ever faithful, orderly, and frugal, but somewhat violent in her words to the servants." To more than the ser-

vants, if we may trust another account. Hans begins a poem on the "Bitter Sweet of Wedded Life," with the remark that all women have long clothes and short tempers, and proceeds to describe his wife in the same antithetical style. She is his paradise and his purgatory, his angel and his demon, his rosebud and his thunderbolt—in short, all his weal and all his woe.

With a wife who was thus *everything* to him, in a city that he loved, with good business and flourishing family, we see Hans a prosperous man. To crown all he remained true to the Benignant Art. He found it sadly degenerated in Nuremberg, and set himself at once to teach the young apprentices, to heal the dissensions of the school, and to preserve its traditions. With what loving care he fulfilled his task may be seen from a manuscript of extreme beauty executed by him. It contains the songs of his predecessors, only at the end are a few of his own. There is nothing as yet to distinguish these from the ditties of Hans Folz or Nunnenbeck. The rhymes may be smoother, the style purer, but the subjects are still old dogmas, prayers to the saints, hymns to the Virgin. But now an event took place which influenced Hans profoundly in his life and his work. The time of the Reformation was come, and he left versifying for a season to study the new doctrines. In 1521 he had by him forty-one tracts by Luther and his friends; in 1522 he was poring over the Testament; in 1523 he wrote his *Whittenberg Nightingale*, the first fruits of his new style fittingly inscribed to Luther. In his morning wise he greets the dawn of the Reformation. "Wake up," he cries, "the dawn is nigh. I hear a joyous nightingale singing in the green hedge, it fills the hills and valleys with its voice. The night is stooping to the west, the day is rising from the east, the morning red is leaping from the clouds, the sun looks through. The moon quenches her light; now she is pale and wan, but erewhile with false glamour she dazzled all the sheep and turned them from their pasture lands and pastor. Both have they forsaken, they have followed the glistening moon through the forest into the wilderness. The lion, too, have they followed: they have hearkened to his voice, craftily has he led them far astray into the waste. They have lost their sweet pasture, have eaten weeds and thistles and thorns; the lion has snared them, torn and devoured them; wolves and serpents have bitten them in every limb; therefore are the sheep withered and lean. But now they are roused by the nightingale's song, the sun reveals ravening foe and deceitful pasture. The lion and his brood, swine, goats, cats, snails, and other unclean beasts plot against the nightingale. 'What new thing is he singing?' they ask; 'let him stir up no tumult among the sheep.' But he, secure in his hedge, sings ever the louder. The sheep hear and return, many are slaughtered on the way, but the sun shines on, and none can hide the sunlight."

Quaint and incongruous though it be, does not this suggest another new song to another new dawn? A song like this that welcomes the

melting of clouds and dreams and the "stars that shone as sunbeams on the night of death and sin." A song like this that hails the morning, and cannot yet sing the glory of the noon.

For the shades are about us that hover,
When darkness is half withdrawn,
And the skirts of the dead night cover
The face of the live new dawn.
For the past is not utterly past,
Though the word on its lips be the last ;
And the time be gone by with its creed
When men were as beasts that bleed,
As sheep or as swine that wallow
In the shambles of faith and of fear.

We have quoted about a quarter of the *Wittenberg Nightingale*, sometimes epitomising. The remaining three-quarters contain an interpretation "that we may understand more clearly," an interpretation which destroys the poetical charm like a bad commentary, but is there with an object which is propably served. Few of us, perhaps, would compare Luther to a singing bird ; but he, it seems, is the nightingale whose song brings back the wandering sheep to the true fold. The unclean beasts are his enemies ; Emser and Dr. Eck are the goat and the swine—their lives, says the poet, justify the comparison ; the relevancy of other names lies in a pun ; Pope Leo X. is the lion ; the snail is Cochläus, the theologian ; the satirist Murner is the cat. The fading moon is the papacy, the new risen sun the Evangel.

This poem, composed first as a mastersong and then in couplets, was received with delight, was read and reread and ran through many editions. The reform had begun among the theologians, but had soon reached the people, and now Hans Sachs, one of themselves, was found to carry on the work. He set himself to purge his early songs of the old leaven ; they appeared in altered form, "christianly revised, evangelically corrected," i.e., with the saints' names expunged and the name of Christ in their stead. His new views inspired new efforts ; he paraphrased the Bible in song after song, and his verses, sung in nearly all the masterschools of Germany, spread the Lutheran faith among the most earnest and energetic workmen of the towns. Moreover, in this he set the fashion ; his example became law, and soon in all the great singing guilds nothing but the Scriptures could be heard.

But the mastersongs were confined to the initiated, and Hans wished to teach the nation at large. He took to writing dialogues on the great topics of the day—the right of private judgment, justification by faith, the union of the churches, the new social duties which the new doctrines brought. These questions he discusses in seven tracts, which, says Goedeke, excel all the dialogues of the day, save, perhaps, Luther's ; in artistic form (and, we may add, in temper) even

Luther must yield the palm to Sachs. Earnest he always is, but never fanatical; keen, not cruel; enthusiastic, but placid. The monks dubbed him the "cursed cobbler;" he accepts the name with a smile, and Hans the shoemaker plays an important part in these colloquies.

The simplicity, force, and homely humour of these papers made them far more popular than the "blasts" of the divines, who began to see in Hans an important ally. Andreas Osiander, an eloquent Nuremberg pastor, had discovered an old book of prophetic pictures, and determined to issue a facsimile with anti-papistical interpretations. He asked and obtained assistance from Hans, whose couplets and quatrains, printed below the plate, summed up all the heavier theological explanations of the opposite page. Luther, whom one of the pictures was altered to suit, disclaimed the compliment but praised the book; he himself (he wrote) would reissue these "hieroglyphics," and, indeed, there are two other editions in the same year. But the town council of Nuremberg did not share his satisfaction. This council, though ultimately deciding for his party, was very cautious and deliberate in its behaviour. It established the new religion, but the monks and nuns were left undisturbed. When an old hymn, *Salve Regina*, was altered to *Salve Jesu Christe*, it forbade the tune altogether. The same tolerance which makes the controversial cobbler gentle as a dove, made the merchant princes wise as serpents. They considered this prophetic picture-book quite out of place, suppressed the edition, summoned, warned, and rebuked printer and authors, adding, in regard to Hans, that it was "not his place nor business to treat such matters, and the council strictly enjoin him to mind his handiwork and shoemaking, and henceforth refrain from publishing any rhyme or pamphlet whatever." Poor Hans, commended by Luther, the truest poet of his age, must "refrain" from doing what he can best do, as "it is no business of his." Strange how Dogberry in all ages insists with clamour that you write him down an ass.

Hans, however, in the midst of his family, in the midst of his township, could not disobey; probably he was too loyal to think of such a thing. His songs, printed separately on loose leaves, become rare during the following years; perhaps along with this public prohibition he may at this time have been paralysed by a private trouble. What exactly it was we do not know, for he alludes to it vaguely. He describes himself as puffed up with pride and success, walking like the hypocrite in the temple. Only through a sore temptation into which he fell was he taught humility, only through agonies of despair was he restored to his right mind. "God," he says, "drew me to him by the hair of my head." We need not take all this self-reproof too literally. Hans, we may be sure, never swerved very far from decent citizendom; it is easier to believe him unjust to himself than untrue to his principles. But if great prosperity endangered him, he was soon to be safe. His business went wrong, his seven

children died one after the other, and last of all he lost his wife. It is touching to hear him tell us in his simple way how he did not feel his loss till he got home and saw the empty rooms, the unused clothes, or how he forgot that she was dead, and kept thinking she must be with some neighbour, or was late with her marketing.

Meanwhile, from private distress, whether temptation or adversity, Hans found refuge in working all the harder for his people. His political poems became more frequent. He exhorts the nation to unity ; attacks the hostile powers of France and Turkey ; insists that every selfish man is a public enemy. He feels the importance, the vital necessity of the citizens having the civic virtues ; and it is now, as Gervinus shows, that the classical literature becomes to him a living power, which he studies and partly understands. To his amazement he finds in it exactly what he wants—the ideal citizen. He wonders over the old stores ; hunts after new translations ; cannot leave the book he has once begun. He throws himself on his study with the same *abandon* as formerly on the Bible. He had paraphrased its stories, and set others to the work ; now he will do as much for the classics. Anecdote, history, apologue, dream—inspired by some old maxim—borrowed from some old author—flow without stint from his pen, and all are animated by the same pædagogic intention. Gradually the anecdotes predominate ; the didactic moral, though not abandoned, is curtailed ; the range of the sources is widened. He returns to Boccaccio, whom he had read as a youth ; he dives into chronicles, history, folksbooks ; he studies native poetry, and listens to native humour. In his old age he turned his attention to the drama, and produced tragedies, comedies, and farces with the same marvellous fertility. Whatever we think of them now, they were popular at the time. They were in request for representation in public and in the houses of wealthy citizens ; for apparently the local magnates resented the shoemaker's fluency only while they disagreed with him. Hans now entered on a new period of prosperity. He married again, and lived happily with his second wife for fifteen years. A publisher, with his sanction, began a collected edition of his works—a rare honour for an author in those days—and the congenial labour of revising, arranging, and registering occupied Hans in his declining years. Besides this general popularity he was chief of the mastersingers, acknowledged as such in his own and other schools, and surrounded by young disciples in whose measures he would still occasionally compose. One of these admirers, Adam Puschmann, gives a pleasing, but rather suspicious account of his old age. He dreams of a little house in the garden of a merry city, where an old bearded man, grey and white like a pigeon, sits poring over his books. When strangers enter and greet him he gazes on them and nods gently, without speaking ; his senses begin to fail him.

Authentic or not, this is a likely picture of poor old Hans, and we may without scruple think of him thus in his last days ; for he lived

to a great age, and we may be sure would never leave his beloved books. When he died in 1576, in his eighty-third year, he had written more than 4,000 mastersongs, more than 200 plays, and nearly 2,000 other poems.

How are we to estimate this German Lope de Vega? Many of his works are in manuscript, many are practically inaccessible; but the ordinary editions contain quite enough to overwhelm us. Perhaps the very quantity suggests the first characteristic. Hans must have turned out a new poem almost every day—we were near writing, almost every hour. He does not think long over his work, or wait for inspiration; he does not investigate causes or harmonise motives—he takes his subject very much as he finds it. He is not a shallow writer, but his depth lies more in his temper than in his treatment. He has marvellous facility in rhyme, marvellous power of making pictures; with him everything has definite external features. He is a good storyteller. He is like a man who at his quiet family dinner gives the daily bulletin of news, retailing all that he has heard, or read, or seen. Hans has such a daily bulletin of poetry. Of course he must make considerable loans; but all is done in good faith, and he seldom omits chapter and page of his authority. Sometimes he develops these materials and works them up; sometimes he translates almost literally, adding here and there a happy phrase, or shifting time and place into contemporary Germany.

With all his borrowings, Hans had little understanding of past times or a foreign spirit. This is not strange. All his poems show him content with the present—inspired, not troubled by it. Such unquestioning absorption in his time gives him fluency at the expense of passion and thought; it also disguises the distant and the past, which are in his eyes only another—perhaps in some points a better—present. He has no feeling for tradition. If he tries something in the style of the old minnesingers, he breaks down. Thus among his mastersongs there is an imitation of their *aubades*, in which the watchman warns the lady and her lover that the sun is up and the lord of the castle will soon awake. We are astonished to hear such things from moral Hans; but he hastens to explain: the lady is the soul, the strange knight is the flesh, the watchman is conscience, and the unfortunate husband is—we dare not finish lest we seem profane. In the same fashion he approaches foreign authors; he wants above all to make them *lehrreich*. One of his most important functions is translation: like that “geant translateur, noble Geoffroi Chaucier,” he familiarised his people with the treasures of other tongues. In many cases the sources of the two poets are the same, but how different is their treatment! Thus in the story of Griselda, Chaucer tones down the improbable by humanising touches and sly sarcasms; but Hans takes it all for gospel, and sees nothing in it to laugh at. According to him the story teaches that “the husband, as saith St. Paul, is the head of the wife,” a moral which the playful *Envoye de Chaucer* distinctly rejects:

O noble wyves, ful of heigh prudence,
 Let noon humilite *your* tonges nayle,
 Ne lat no clerk have cause or diligence
 To write of *yow* a story of such mervayle.

Or, again, the history of Isabella's sorrows, which Keats concludes with the wail—

Oh, cruelty !
 To steal my basil-pot away from me,

contains for Hans two important lessons : (1) that love and (2) that murder will out. It is the same with his translations from the classics. He does not care for the acknowledged masterpieces. Homer and Virgil leave him cold. He loves little gossiping stories, like those about the death of Æschylus or the birth of Augustus, and he never fails to extract from them the inevitable moral. In this branch his versions of Scripture are probably the least interesting nowadays, but they are also the best. Here he has thorough sympathy with the foreign spirit, or rather the spirit is not foreign, Luther had naturalised it—it was the spirit of the age.

And whenever Hans is inspired by the feelings of the day, by the daily life of the time, he ceases to bungle. He is no longer an imitator, but a true original poet ; his words are instinct with life—they may be homely, but they are always fresh. He has left us a gallery of pictures, grave and gay, of feelings, customs, and men, which the historian has certainly not exhausted. His *Wittenberg Nightingale* and *Lament for Luther* are masterpieces in their way, and there are many such among his religious, his political, and above all his social poems. We mention only *Why art thou cast down, Oh ! my soul ?—All the works of God are good—The Council of Gods*. Perhaps the quaintest and most pathetic is his *Vision of the Wild Army*. It overtakes him at nightfall in a forest, he shrinks aside and sees it whirl by—a route of ghastly famished wretches ; the last one stops and hails him grimly. These are the petty criminals, the little thieves, robbers of henroosts and the like, who have been hanged on earth, and now they prick and spur to and fro hunting for justice. *They* are not guiltless ; but why do the guiltiest, the great thieves, the usurers, the oppressors of the poor, still live at ease in peace and plenty ? Justice they shall find on the day of judgment. This fancy is typical of Hans Sachs. The progress of the gods has ceased to impose, the demon host to appal ; we see instead a crowd of wretched men whose miseries call for pity and redress.

Equally good are his pictures of comic life. Alchemist and wltch, priest and lawyer, shrewish wife and henpecked husband, none escape him ; and the peasantry, as we mentioned, have the lion's share of his satire. He is at his best when his humour has a purpose, when his love of teaching and his love of laughter become indistinguishable. He warns those who consort with Hans Idle that soon their only cattle will be their cat ; he pictures the Good Monday, a day on which

workmen would not work, as a hideous beast, seven-legged, pot-bellied, with sharp teeth, and a bald head; it crawls fawning to his bedside when he lies too late—a nightmare that might rouse the laziest dreamer. In his *Schlauraffen-land*, or lubber's paradise, the German Land of Coskayne, roasted pigs run about with knives and forks in their backs; the ponds are full of nicely boiled fish, and birds cooked to a turn fly into one's mouth; the trees grow pheasants, and the horses lay eggs. Men are paid twopence an hour for sleeping; if they gamble their money away, it is restored them double; if they cannot clear their debts, the creditor hands them the amount. The archer who shoots widest of the mark, the runner who is last in the race, receives the prize; the laziest is king, and the honest man is a rogue and a vagabond.

Hans teaches without tediousness and laughs without guile. To modern readers he may sometimes seem profane; but no judgment could be more unjust. A refined man will treat every subject with delicacy, and a subtle man with subtlety; in the same way a humourist will always be humorous—and Hans is emphatically a humourist. With the gravest subject, with the most serious intention, he cannot suppress his genial smile; and because we feel that it is not quite in keeping, it makes us laugh outright. Thus it seems odd for a strict Lutheran to make fun of the devil, and the devil is Hans's favourite butt. When the Prince of Darkness is represented as a gay wooer, as a hen-pecked and then a runaway husband, as the dupe of an old witch, as rather stupid but perfectly good-humoured and harmless, it is impossible to keep one's gravity. On one occasion he hears the *Landknechte* mentioned as people after his own heart, and sends "Belzebock" up to earth to fetch him one. These Landknechte were country louts who took to soldiering, hired themselves to the largest bidder, and went about robbing the country—obviously a set of men whom tradesman Hans would particularly dislike. Belzebock goes to a tavern where some of them are drinking, and hides behind the stove to wait his opportunity. But their talk fills even him with horror; his hair stands on end at their stories, and he is afraid to touch them. At last one fellow who has stolen a cock and hung it up where Belzebock has hid, cries to the host, "Landlord, pluck the poor devil behind the stove and roast him for supper." This command completes Belzebock's dismay; he flies for dear life, and when once more among his friends implores the devil to give up thoughts of these people, and content himself, as hitherto, with monks and nuns.

A second story of these Landknechte introduces us to St. Peter, the other comic personage in whom Hans chiefly delights. This rather extraordinary selection is a new sign of his evangelicism. The Devil whom Luther can frighten with an inkbottle, and who is considered the chief emissary of Rome, is clearly fair game for all good Protestants. In the same way St. Peter, chief of the Roman Hierarchy,

has no great claim on their reverence. He is portrayed as a self-opinioned critic of the Divine Government, which he wishes to reform. One day he is allowed to try his hand; the first prayer that he hears is from an old woman to look after her goat; the weather is hot, the goat is active, red and breathless Peter must chase it up and down; he has no time for anything else, and at length, in a copious perspiration, is thankful to resign office. So, too, in the story of the Landknechte, the most amusing of which he is hero. A party of them appear before the gate of Heaven and demand admittance, but Peter has received strict injunctions not to let them in. At this they begin to swear, "Sacrament," "Body of Christ," and so on, till the porter's heart warms to them, for he thinks they are praying. "I never saw such pious people in all my life," he cries, and opens the door. But no sooner are they in than they fall to gambling and quarreling, and when Peter remonstrates they hunt him through the streets with their naked swords. He escapes panting to the Deity, and asks what is to be done. "I told you how it would be," is the answer. But the matter is not beyond remedy. An angel is sent to blow a trumpet outside the walls, the soldiers hear and think a new war must have broken out; they rush off to enlist, and the door is promptly closed behind them.

But Hans surpasses himself in the story of *Eve's Unlike Children*, the best known and most delicious of all his productions. Adam and Eve, cast out of Paradise, sit wearied and depressed with their day's work.* Adam, trying to comfort his wife, mentions, in offhand fashion, how an angel has just given him a piece of news. God will visit them to-morrow to hold high feast (*hohe fest*), and see how they are keeping house and bringing up the children. Therefore, let Eve sweep the rooms, spread the floors with sweet straw, wash the children, and dress them in their best. The first part of the injunction is easily obeyed, but not so the second. For Eve's children are sharply separated into two groups. Some are very good, pretty, and obedient; the others are bad, dirty, unruly, and deformed. Abel and those like him are soon made tidy, but Cain and his fellows are playing and quarreling in the gutter, and flatly refuse to let themselves be washed. When Abel announces who is coming, Cain replies, "I'd liefer He would stay away." When his father bids him prepare for the prayer, sacrifice, and sermon of the morrow, the wicked child wishes that "prayer, sermon, and sacrifice had never been invented." At this, Eve loses her patience and exclaims she will leave them the eyesores that they are, and God will find them a dirty rabble, foul as pigs; but in one version she relents, and stows them away in the loft, under the straw, in the chimney. Next day the visitor comes as announced, and after a hospitable welcome asks to see the children.

* It was also a favourite subject with the author, who has made use of it four different times. In the following sketch I have borrowed traits from all the versions.

Those who are dressed, with Abel at their head, advance singing a psalm, and shake hands with the guest. He asks them questions out of Luther's Catechism on the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, the meaning of Amen, the Commandments, with what they forbid or require, and the children come off with flying colours. Reassured by their success, Eve ventures to produce the other lot; but when they come tumbling in dirty, naked, shapeless, unkempt, God cannot keep from laughing (*der Her tet des rostigen haufens lachen*). They offer him their left hands, making a frightful mess of the Catechism, and excuse themselves on the plea that they don't see the use of it, that they can't remember it, that they did not know He was coming. The examiner is much displeased and determines to punish them; they and their seed shall be mechanics, fishermen, and peasants, but Abel and the good children shall be kings, nobles, rich merchants, and professors (*gelehrten*). Eve in pity for her offspring offers objections, but is told that all is for the best, only in this way can there be order in the world.

Even here, then, Hans writes with an object, and with the very Lutheran one of justifying the existence of ranks. In this sense Melancthon tells the story in another version, and to any who have found it irreverent, we may say with Hans himself, that he has it from the Latin of Melancthon. But such an excuse is unnecessary. Even the figure of the Deity is not irreverent, but only quaint, and at heart truly Protestant. Tieck characterises him as a "strict but affable superintendent." Scotchmen will rather think of the old Presbyterian catechists who used to make the rounds of the outlying districts, stopping at the farms and examining the whole household, parents, children, strangers, and servants, on the Bible and Shorter Catechism.

After a lifetime of popularity, and two centuries of neglect, he attracted the affectionate admiration of Goethe. In his autobiography the greater poet describes how this study influenced his style, and in "The Poetical Vocation of Hans Sachs" pays a sympathetic tribute to our worthy mastersinger. In this poem Goethe describes and explains an old wood-cut. Hans sits in his workshop on Sunday. The young damsel Honesty, the old crone History, and a merry-andrew, crowd round offering him their stores. Pleased with his task, but at a loss for words, he looks up and meets the friendly gaze of the Muse. She vows him to herself, promises that his heart shall be ever "merry as a bud in thaw," and shows him his wife waiting in the garden to cheer and hearten him in his work. An oak wreath floats above him in the clouds, and a frog-pond in the corner for carping critics completes the picture. "After this manifesto," says Hoffman, "Hans was safe. Few wish to be banished by Goethe into the frog-pond."

M. W. M.-C., in *Cornhill Magazine*.

THE DEMISE OF THE KAISARBUND.

THE events now passing in Europe may well teach States the instability of alliances, and ought to warn Governments of the uncertainty in value of the overtures to new alliances which are now passing to and fro, with shifting course, among the Courts of Europe. Russia is the prime fountain of these overtures. She finds herself isolated; her old alliances are crumbling; her former allies, she believes, have deserted her; and, angrily and vengefully, yet upon grounds perfectly just as well as natural, she eagerly seeks new alliances to take the place of the old. Prince Gortschakoff, beaten by his hated rival, Prince Bismarck, is wrathfully recasting his policy; and the German and Hungarian peoples stand upon guard awaiting the issue, while their Governments are preparing to meet the storm of Panslavic power and Muscovite intrigue.

While Germany lays a cable beneath the Baltic Sea to secure telegraphic communication with friendly Sweden beyond the reach of interruption by unfriendly and potentially hostile Denmark, the heir to the Russian throne pays a visit to the Swedish Court, to persuade King Oscar that the true interests of Scandinavia lie in a Muscovite alliance. Has not Germany robbed Denmark of half its territory and its only defensible frontier? and does not that upstart Empire, young and ambitious, maintain that the Vaterland must "still further go" and reach to the Sound? Sweden-Norway cannot stand alone in these times of great race empires; let Scandinavia, then, trust to Russia, which has no racial claim or motive to incorporate it, rather than to Germany, which desires to swallow it up in a vast Teutonic Fatherland. Russia, co-operating with the Scandinavian kingdoms, will withstand the northward progress of the overbearing Germans; and, as soon as fighting comes, will regain for Denmark her lost bulwarks of Duppel and Alsen. Highly plausible: but King Oscar, while he listened, must have remembered. Russia and Sweden are old antagonists. The Scandinavians, in Rurik, gave a founder and dynasty to Russia; but their war-feuds with Muscovy are older than those of any other Power save the Ottoman empire. Charles XII. by military skill matched the power and thwarted the absorbing ambition of Peter the Great; but in subsequent times Russia tore Finland from Sweden by the sword, thereby acquiring the chief recruiting ground for her navy. And in the far-reaching schemes of the czars, has not the whole of the Scandinavian peninsula been marked out for Russian dominion, as the only means of securing for her navy an outlet from the Baltic? This is the first time a Czarewitch has paid a visit to the Court of Sweden. What messages were contemporaneously flashed thither from Berlin by the new-laid telegraph cable the future may disclose. Prosecuting his Scandinavian tour, the

Czarewitch, while we write, is a guest at the Danish Court, and speaks to his father-in-law of coming revenge upon Germany.

Prince Gortschakoff also turns smilingly with new-born friendship to another and greater Power to which Russia has done many an ill turn. Russia aided Prussia in crushing the military power of France, and permitted her permanent enfeeblement by the loss of Alsace and Lorraine. Strasburg and Metz, the old portals and bulwarks of the country, have been lost, and by the possession of impregnable Metz the German power has been projected into the military heart of France. But there was a memorable alliance between a former Czar Alexander and France, and such an alliance has become more natural now. The alliance of Tilsit was for the divided empire of the world: the revived alliance would be for the restoration of France and for the triumph of Russia over her Germanic neighbours. Slav and Celt would combine for the downfall of Teutonic power; and with that would fall the barriers between Russia and the Balkan peninsula. Despite the politic silence of her Government and the intelligent patience of her people, France pants, like a leopard in the leash, to spring upon the flank of Germany and to fight a war of liberation as fiercely as the Germans themselves waged such a contest against the French under Napoleon the Great. Metz and Strasburg stand beckoning: lost bulwarks to be regained, trophies of defeat to be redeemed. Just as Russia can, without scruple, promise Duppel and Alsen to Denmark, she can promise to France not merely Alsace and Lorraine, but the realisation of her highest dream (already once accomplished) of the frontier of the Rhine. Such trafficking between France and Russia would be far too serious a matter to be allowed to transpire; yet among the news of the day from Paris (September 6) we read: "General Chanzy has arrived from St. Petersburg. His arrival coincides with an unexpected visit to Paris of the Grand Duke Constantine."

Italy is proud to have her share of the conflicting overtures of rival Powers. Impotent of herself for belligerent aggression, she seeks to acquire the much-desired power from concert with stronger States. When the great Powers are in opposite camps, the lesser States rise into temporary potency and acquire importance in the eyes of others as well as their own. They become strong by others' needs. The kingdom of Italy was made by the help of others, and midst the quarrels of its neighbours it schemes for further aggrandisement. The cold, calculating, and unscrupulous maxims of Macchiavelli still dominate Italian diplomacy. Any stick, says the proverb, will do to beat a dog—or an enemy; and the Italian Government, most of all, acts upon this maxim. Shrewder than Gortschakoff, it never counts upon gratitude—nor feels it; nor thinks of revenge except in the form of territory. It bargains for the present and exacts its *quid pro quo* on the spot. And when it can it takes a great deal more than was bargained for. In 1859 it parted with Nice and Savoy, but it

got Lombardy, while adroitly forcing the hand of the French Emperor so as to get Tuscany and all the Duchies—which Napoleon never meant. In like fashion it got Naples and even the States of the Church; and finally when its friend-France, worsted in battle by the Germans, was fighting desperately for existence, the Italian Government, instead of helping its old ally, calmly took the opportunity to seize Rome and dethrone the Head of the Church.

Likewise in the Prusso-Austrian war, Italy agreed to co-operate with Prussia: but there was no trusting to gratitude. The spoil was to be got at once, and Italy had to get it from her successful ally. The Austrian admiral played ducks and drakes with the Italian fleet at Lissa, while the Austrian Archduke pummelled the Italian army in the Quadrilateral; but Italy got Venetia all the same. Italy in 1866 trafficked with both sides, and only made short bargains, in order to be ready for any still better bargain from the other side. It is a memorable fact, showing the wariness of Italian statesmen, that the offensive and defensive alliance with Prussia was timed to a day: it was to expire unless hostilities commenced in so many weeks; and Bismarck had to drive his king into the war—the “good horse” (or use Bismarck’s somewhat irreverent phrase) being on this occasion “slow to take his fences.” More adroit diplomacy combined with the ready employment of every available means of force, was never displayed than by the new-born kingdom of Italy. The *finesse* and strong, cold, ruthless policy of ancient Rome had never died out among the Italians. For centuries they lived and triumphed in the Church of Rome—gleaming forth also from time to time among the Medicis and other temporal princes of the land; and now that there is a new Italian kingdom, they display themselves as of yore in the State.

Once more Macchiavelli is at work. Italy covets Trieste and the Dalmatian coast—covets also the Southern Tyrol—not to speak of Malta and some other places which it would be imprudent to mention all at once. *Italia irredenta*—unredeemed Italy—includes several very different parts. Southern Tyrol and the Swiss canton of the Ticino are claimed because the people are or speak Italian. The Dalmatians are not Italian; but what of that? Italy would be more powerful if she possessed these territories. She cannot seize them of her own strength. She maintains an army far in excess of her finances, and builds the most powerful ironclad ships of war, armed with cannon of heavier calibre than any yet made at Woolwich; yet, with all that, Italy cannot of her own strength add a single acre to her territories, whether by land or among the coveted adjoining isles. But the Italian Government is known to be open to all offers. It will employ both army and navy against its oldest friend or greatest benefactor if any other Power will make a higher bid for its alliance—provided the security be good. Shylock could not weigh the “goodness” of Antonio and the probable value of his argosies at sea more

warily than the Italian Government weighs the "bonds" now being tendered for her acceptance. Italian Ministers love to fish in troubled waters; so far as they can they trouble the waters for the sake of their own fishing; and the adjoining provinces of Austria are the spoil which they scheme for amid the turmoil and shifting alliances which accompany the demise of the Kaisarbund. While that alliance lasted Italian statesmanship had to bear itself meekly; the point of the German bayonet as well as the Austrian would meet it at Trieste. But now the Emperors have quarrelled; Russia wants an ally to crush Austria. Prince Gortschakoff is parleying with Italy; and the Crown Prince of Germany pays a visit to Rome.

The watering-places of Europe, of late years, have held a prominent part in the diplomacy and fortunes of the Continent. Plombières, to which the French Emperor resorted to recruit his failing bodily strength, was the scene of the secret Napoleonic bargain with Cavour, whereby Italy ceased to be a "geographical expression," and which was the first step towards that revision of the map of Europe which ever loomed dreamily before the mind's eye of Napoleon III., and ended so fatally for himself. A man of grand ideas, but lacking power for swift and persistent action, it was a characteristic close of his career when, dead-beat with bodily fatigue, he sank asleep amid the roar of artillery in the crisis of battle upon the heights of Gravelotte. Kissengen, a health resort of the old but marvellously vigorous King William of Prussia, witnessed in 1870 the diplomatic *fracas* which produced the rupture with France deliberately prepared for by Bismarck—who by the Hohenzollern candidature for the Spanish throne, and otherwise, had irritated France up to the quarrelling-point, yet made stupid Europe believe that the quarrel was all of France's making. Two years afterwards Gastein witnessed a meeting of the three and sole remaining Emperors of Europe, and the birth of the Kaisarbund—an alliance which was designed to ring the knell of the brave old Turkish empire.

The Alliance of the Three Emperors came upon Europe as a surprise—and a highly momentous one. It revived the memories of the Holy Alliance, established among the same Powers in 1815. The prime object of the Holy Alliance was to secure "peace on earth" and goodwill among the nations. Europe had been devastated by wars of ambition; each country was still bleeding at every pore from the wounds received in twenty years of ceaseless conflict; and the monarchs of Russia, Prussia, and Austria, bound themselves in the most solemn manner to the maintenance of peace, and, by their vast preponderance of power, to enforce the observance of peace upon any Power which might be disposed to break it. But, perhaps logically, but unfortunately, the Holy Alliance went further than this. The whole war-calamities of Europe had sprung out of the French Revolution, and the revolutionary spirit had bathed in blood every country where it had risen. To secure peace, therefore, it seemed to the

Emperors indispensable to nip revolution everywhere in the bud ; and thus while faithfully guaranteeing not only each other's but also all their neighbours' territories, the three Powers pledged themselves to give aid to every Government which was threatened by revolution. It was this secondary object of the Holy Alliance which has so much discredited it. England, despite her glorious victories, yearned for a long peace quite as much as her Continental allies ; but, claiming freedom of self-government for all nations, she had to protest against foreign intervention, in however honest and well-intentioned spirit it might be conducted.

The Kaisarbund of 1872 was a compact of a very different character. Territorial aggrandisement, with war, was its prime object. The Emperors pledged themselves to respect each other's territories and separate interests. That was indispensable for union among themselves ; and by their union the three Emperors felt secure of success in carrying out the contemplated work of aggression. A century ago the same three Powers formed an alliance for the destruction of Poland ; the Kaisarbund of 1872 was formed for the partition of Turkey. The matter came about in this way : At the meeting of the Czar and the King of Prussia at Warsaw in 1870, Russia engaged to help Prussia in the then impending and arranged-for war with France, by neutralising the expected hostility of Austria ; and in return the Prussian Government engaged to support Russia in abolishing the Black Sea clauses of the Treaty of Paris which closed the Crimean war, and also to allow her to work her will in the " Balkan peninsula." Before Prussia was quite out of the wood in the French war, Prince Gortschakoff took payment of the first part of the engagement by proclaiming that Russia would be no longer bound by the restrictions put by the Treaty of 1856 upon her naval power in the Black Sea. And Europe, including England, quietly acquiesced.

In 1872 Russia became impatient to act upon the second and more important part of Germany's engagement. But what was to be done with Austria ? That Power would be as good as destroyed if she allowed Russia to occupy the valley of the Danube and surround her in the anaconda-like folds of Panslavism. So threatened, Austria would probably fight ; and although Gladstonian England was reckoned as not in the field, Austria and the Turks together would take a good deal of fighting and money to beat them. Alexander II. is not bellicose ; and although bent upon wiping out the Crimean defeat, and aggrandising his dominions at the expense of Turkey, he shrinks from taking the bull by the horns. Bismarck solved the difficulty by proposing that Austria should be taken into the conspiracy, and be made a partner in the game. And so, after all their quarrels, the Emperors of Russia, Austria, and Germany united themselves in the Kaisarbund, striking a new bargain.

Austria was the first to set the ball a-rolling. The Emperor Francis Joseph became suddenly deeply interested in the welfare of his

Dalmatian subjects, and made a tour through the southeastern portion of his dominions—that is, those conterminous with Turkey. While strengthening the loyalty of the Dalmatians (ever exposed to the allurements of Italy), he sought to attract to himself the Christian portion of the inhabitants of Bosnia and Herzegovina. Soon after, insurrectionary movements began in these Turkish provinces; and the insurgents, again and again driven in flight across the Austrian frontier, were there fed and maintained and allowed to go back and resume the insurrection as soon as the Turkish troops were out of the way. About the same time Russia began her intrigues in Bulgaria, which at a later time led to the Bulgarian insurrection, the bloody suppression of which by the Turkish population is remembered as the “Bulgarian atrocities.”

Despite these intrigues from without, Turkey would not take fire. Despite Austria's fostering, the insurrection in the Herzegovina was little more than brigandage. To expedite matters, Austria again moved. A quarrel was to be fastened upon Turkey, and in the “Andrassy Note” the Turkish Government was called upon to reform her internal administration; and all the Powers of Europe were asked to support this beneficent and philanthropic proposal—which they did. Still this did not advance matters much; and Turkey was actually growing stronger under the eyes of her intriguing foes. After the Bosnian “insurrection” had lingered on for ten months, Mukhtar Pasha finally disappointed the hopes of its foreign promoters by crushing the “insurgents” at Donga, and entering Nicksich on the 29th of April, 1876. This was gall and wormwood both to Austria and Russia, by compelling them to take overt action. To expedite matters, Austria again moved. On the 4th May, the Austrian ambassador called upon Lord Derby and informed him that there was “an entire agreement between the Governments of Austria, Germany, and Russia, as to affairs in the East. Events thereafter moved rapidly. A crisis seemed impending at Constantinople. Abdul Aziz was in danger of being deposed by the Ulemas and Supreme Council, who saw that he was sending Turkey to the dogs. Then came a meeting of the Imperial Chancellors at Berlin—the Czar resolving to make matters safe and sure with his allies before delivering the home-stroke which appeared to him to be necessary. On the 13th May, the “Berlin Memorandum” (which, as has been officially stated, was drawn up solely by Russia) was issued to the Courts of Europe—England, of course, included—but an answer was required within forty-eight hours. In fact, the three Emperors had made up their minds that a *coup de main* against the Turks should be struck *at once*; and they did not care (at least they thought they did not care) what answers might come from the other Powers. Moreover, the Andrassy Note had been universally assented to; and on the face of it there was not any striking difference between it and the Berlin Memorandum. There was “coercion” for Turkey in both, only it was more specific in the latter.

The British Government, however, had looked on long enough. Genuine and generous philanthropy is so deep-seated in our people, that they are always prone to be tricked by philanthropic professions, especially as they cannot see behind the curtain and note the authors of such manifestoes getting ready the bayonet or bludgeon. But governments (as is expected of them) can see much more than meets the eye of the public, or of the sharpest-sighted of newspaper correspondents; and "secret service" money is sometimes spent to good purpose. Although assenting to, and therefore participating in, the Andrassy Note, the British Government were awake to the hollowness of the Imperial professions, and more or less aware of the manœuvres going on behind the scenes.* But manœuvres which the Berlin Memorandum was meant to cover, like a drop-scene, from the eyes of the public, were of a startling and most formidable character. The British Government instantly rejected the Memorandum, so curtly and haughtily submitted to it, and the British fleet was sent to the Dardanelles. Why was this? The opening clause of the Memorandum set forth—"That the great Powers, in view of recent events, *should agree* to send vessels of war" to certain menaced points, including Smyrna, Salonica, and Constantinople, with combined instructions for "armed co-operation in maintaining order and tranquillity." Well, they *had* agreed; and what form was this "armed co-operation" to take? Perhaps the British Government had clearer information upon this point than the Memorandum gave. Let us mention some facts of which our readers need only to be reminded; but we shall venture to begin with what we shall call an important conjecture:

Hardly was the Berlin Conference at an end than a secret despatch reached Downing street from the Continent. This was on the Friday night or Saturday morning. That very day the Channel Fleet was ordered to sail for the Mediterranean, and the Duke of Edinburgh, hastily excusing himself from a civic banquet, hurried from London to join his ship; and, as soon appeared, the combined Home and Mediterranean squadrons—in one grand word, the British fleet—made its appearance at Besika Bay; ready to steam through, and, if necessary, force the passage of the Dardanelles on its way to Constantinople. Our Channel Fleet sailed on the Sunday after the meeting of the Imperial Chancellors at Berlin; on Monday morning the German ironclads

* As regards the so-called insurrection in Bosnia and Herzegovina, Consul Holmes reported that there was "no insurrection except on the frontier, where it has been produced by invasion from without—an invasion by bands *openly formed in Austrian Croatia and Servia*." And Lord Derby wrote on the same subject (Jan. 14, 1876): "There can now be no doubt that it is fomented from without." And he added this home-thrust to hypocritical Austria and Russia: "If the Powers who advocate enjoining proposals on the Porte are desirous of pacifying the insurgent provinces, they should show their goodwill by restraining (as it is notorious that some of them have the means of doing) the open encouragement given to the insurgents, and by using real influence to restrain Servia and Montenegro."

steamed out of Wilhelmshoe in the Baltic, destined for the Mediterranean. And they came as far as the British Channel : but the British fleet had got the start ; the game was up : and they were recalled.

What was in that secret despatch which produced such energetic action at Downing street ? We do not know ; but judging from scattered statements (some of them well-known facts, others rumours) which appeared in Continental journals about that time, we give the following account, and leave it to be verified by the future. Abdul Aziz was then tottering on his throne ; a revolution was impending in the Turkish capital ; a Russian *corps d'armée*, conveyed by sea, was to land at Bourgas, and march upon Constantinople—perhaps invited by Abdul Aziz, or, under any case, to put down “disorder.” “Order” was to reign by Russian bayonets at Stamboul as of old at Warsaw. And the German fleet ? It was to co-operate with the Russian squadron in the Black Sea, and, together, overpower the Turkish ironclads, for which the Russian fleet was no match ; and the captured Turkish ironclads were to be Germany’s recompense for this co-operation and expenditure. The Eastern Question “was not worth the bones of a single Pomeranian landwehrman ;” but the Emperor William, to help his ally, was willing to let out his ironclads (one of which went to the bottom of the British Channel) for a *quid pro quo*.

Our people, in all this, saw only a sudden and welcome, but apparently excessive, display of spirit on the part of the Government. They were indignant at the curt and imperious manner in which the Memorandum had been flung to the British Government for acceptance or acquiescence ; and they were pleased to see England asserting her place in the councils of Europe—especially in so momentous an affair as the Eastern Question. But the public little dreamt of the tremendous crisis during these few days. By-and-by it will become known that Europe was within a few hours of witnessing a Russian *coup de main* upon Constantinople, and a *coup de grâce* to the independence of the Porte. That third week in May, 1876, beheld a parallel to the events connected with the secret clause of the Treaty of Tilsit, whereby Napoleon was suddenly, and without any declaration of war, to seize the fleet of neutral Denmark. Receiving private information of this secret clause, the British Cabinet boldly anticipated the Napoleonic *coup* by the Copenhagen expedition, which got possession of the Danish fleet while the French legions were advancing by forced marches to capture it and add to it their own naval power against England. This bold and rapid stroke delivered by our Government created a great outcry on the part of the Opposition, who declaimed against it as foul play to a neutral State. For long the Government had to bear the opprobrium in silence, in order to cover its secret informant ; but at length the secret clause was published, and the whole nation beheld the danger thus escaped, and united in praise of the prompt and bold decision of the Cabinet. According to our

belief a similar meed of praise is in store for the Government for its energetic action in May, 1876.

Then the Russo-Turkish war came. Baffled in her secret schemes and hardly veiled intrigues; finding the insurrectionary movements in Turkey a failure, and the Servians, despite Tchernayeff and the Russian volunteers, thoroughly beaten and forced to sue for peace—the Czar at length openly declared war, and the Muscovite legions swarmed across the Pruth and the Danube. Turkish power, after a gallant defence, was crushed both in Asia and Europe; and only the presence of the British fleet saved Constantinople from the hands of the Grand Duke. Russia had been more successful than even was contemplated in the secret councils of the Kaisarbund. But, thanks to the resolution of the British Government, aided by the energetic support of Austria and the acquiescence of all the Powers, the Treaty of San Stefano had to be submitted to a European Congress; and the Treaty of Berlin arose in its stead.

Even Germany was well pleased with this. Prince Bismarck's early statement that the Eastern Question was not worth the life of a single German soldier, was merely an announcement—to Russia as well as to England—that Germany would not draw the sword in the matter. But that patriotic statesman could not be indifferent to the fate of the great valley of the Danube—Germany's sole eastward commercial route and outlet to the sea. With perfect truth he may say that he acted as a "friendly broker" for Russia in the negotiations at Berlin; but none the less he must have been well pleased that the pressure of the other powers compelled Russia to give way—especially on the important point of speedily evacuating the conquered territories in Europe. In Asia, alas! instead of evacuation, the Treaty of Berlin gave new and unwon conquests to Russia; but no power cared for that except England—and England had to submit.

The influence of the other Powers at Berlin had another effect, very galling to Russia. Austria found herself able to claim what she had been promised under the Kaisarbund. And the public of Europe was startled to learn that the Congress had agreed upon a further dismemberment and spoliation of Turkey. Austria was to annex Bosnia and Herzegovina—her long-coveted spoil. Russia would have no objection to this "parallel occupation" if she were allowed to continue in occupation of the valley of the Danube, from Servia to the sea; and, as has since become apparent, when the Treaty of Berlin was signed, Russia entertained not merely a hope, but the belief that, by mingled cajolery and force, she would be able to preserve her military hold upon the conquered territories. Who was to turn her out? Not Turkey, for she was crushed and helpless. Not England, for—to use Bismarck's phraseology—"the whale could not fight the elephant on land." Befriended by her allies in the Kaisarbund, Russia could maintain her grasp upon Bulgaria and its impregnable Quadrilateral: the other Powers might rave or be silent as they pleased. But it was not so to

be. Austria was as imperative as England in insisting upon the withdrawal of the Russian troops behind the Pruth. Thereupon the old Muscovite hatred of Austria revived. There was the other member of the Kaisarbund to appeal to. Let Germany coerce Austria as Russia had done for Prussia in 1870, and Austria would be compelled to yield. The German Government declined to do so. Russia had signed the Treaty of Berlin, which ratified to her vast gains from the war; she was bound to fulfil her own engagements. Prince Bismarck, moreover, stood upon his dignity. As President of the Congress of Berlin, he was in a peculiar degree bound to see that the Treaty was not set at naught. Besides, his conduct was in strict accordance with the terms of the Kaisarbund. Was it not solemnly agreed that each of the allied powers was to respect the interests of the others? The German Government would not budge from this position. It had established a firm and most natural alliance with Austria, and it was of great importance that Austria should be extended eastwards, so as to be a check upon the Panslavic progress of Russia. - England, also, was in full accord with Germany and Austria, in demanding the evacuation of the Danubian valley by Russia; and the evacuation had to be carried out.

In these events may be seen the progress of the decay of the Kaisarbund. Despite the vast advantages which she had derived from the war, Russia was not satisfied. She was wroth that Austria should annex Bosnia, while she had to evacuate her own conquests in the Balkan peninsula. And when Germany stood aloof, but virtually and plainly siding with Austria, Prince Gortschakoff saw that the Kaisarbund was really at an end—supplanted by a new alliance designed to make both Germany and Austria independent of Russia. He believed he had been duped by his allies. In effect, he was so; but, chiefly, he had duped himself. It was not merely that Germany had profited more than Russia from the Russo-German alliance; nor was it only that Austria got a good slice of European Turkey, while Russia got none; but Prince Gortschakoff saw his long-sighted schemes for Russian ambition entirely breaking down. Whatever be the personal affection between the Imperial uncle and nephew, it was from no love for Prussia that Gortschakoff helped her to beat first Austria and then France. It was to make enemies for her—to surround Prussia on west and south by two powerful neighbours whom she had beaten or despoiled, and who would never rest until they had their revenge. So circumstanced, Germany must remain dependent upon the friendship of Russia, and for that friendship must pay service. Meanwhile, by reopening the Eastern Question, Gortschakoff reckoned that, supported by Germany, Russia would be so powerfully aggrandised that Austria, enfolded in Panslavic coils, would be at her mercy. Austria would be rendered useless as a future ally for Germany; while, partly for revenge, partly by necessity, she would be a ready ally for Russia. Thus, while assenting to Prussia making herself a Germanic empire,

Gortschakoff, by the temporary use of her alliance, was preparing a predominant position for Russia, for which Germany, surrounded by enemies of her own making, would be no match. Russia would then be the supreme arbiter of Europe, and could gradually and surely complete her traditional policy. Prince Gortschakoff, doubtless, has been much obstructed in his long-sighted schemes by the inclinations of his Imperial master, who preferred present comfort to distant ambition. Probably it was the personal predilections of the Czar, rather than the wishes of Gortschakoff, which assented to the German proposal that Austria should be made an ally, instead of treated as a foe, in the Eastern Question. A league of the Emperors was a congenial idea to Alexander II., especially as it vastly diminished Russia's risk in the contemplated Turkish war. Yet it was by this plan that Prince Bismarck, by rendering vitally important service to his old enemy, was able to make Austria a firm ally, while strengthening her position against future hostility from Russia.

Count Beust, who cannot forgive Sadowa, is likely to retire from the Austrian service, now that all hostility to the Court of Berlin is at an end. Prince Bismarck is at Gastein, along with the Papal Nuncio at Vienna, and Prince Hohenlohe, German ambassador at Paris—doubtless seeking a solution of the Church question, which creates so much internal discord in Germany. Thereafter the great German Chancellor goes to Vienna, to have a final conference with Count Andrassy, and draw firm and close the bonds of the new Austro-German alliance.

The Kaisarbund is dead. While it lasted it greatly injured the interest of England in the Eastern Question, especially in Asia Minor—for which Austria and Germany cared nothing. But in its dissolution it has given rise to a rearrangement of power highly advantageous for the general interests of Europe—those of England included. There is in progress a shifting of alliances, which will bear fruit in time; but there need be no apprehension of war at present. Germany and Austria have no desire or motive to attack or even quarrel with Russia. The feud must be made by Russia herself; and at present she is in no position to do so. It was at the desire of the Czar that the stout old German Emperor set out from Berlin a day sooner for his military reviews at Königsberg, in order to meet his Imperial nephew at Alexandrowo. Prince Gortschakoff is furious at seeing the failure of his far-seeing schemes for rendering both Germany and Austria dependent upon Russia; but Alexander II. is not the type of man to boldly sanction the projects of his Chancellor for setting both Europe and Asia on fire to obtain his revenge. The Czarewitch, however, is more likely to approve such schemes; and on Tuesday, the 16th, the mere rumour of the sudden death of the Czar in Livadia created a semi-panic on the London Stock Exchange.

Such, then, has been the career of the Kaisarbund. It will have, and deserves, a chapter in history to itself. In this article we but

sketch its career in outline, briefly and imperfectly. A new course in European affairs is opening, doubtless pregnant with great issues. The Teutonic empires of Central Europe have assumed a united and independent position—with Slav and Celt hostile on east and west; while Italy coldly considers to which side she should lean, and meditates an increase of her already excessive military expenditure.* This new-born kingdom has now become a chief determining factor in the balance of power in belligerent Europe.

ON FREEDOM.†

NOT more than twenty years have passed since John Stuart Mill sent forth his plea for liberty.‡

If there is one among the leaders of thought in England who, by the elevation of his character and the calm composure of his mind, deserved the so-often misplaced title of Serene Highness, it was, I think, John Stuart Mill.

But in his Essay "On Liberty," Mills for once becomes passionate. In presenting his Bill of Rights, in stepping forward as the champion of individual liberty, a new spirit seems to have taken possession of him. He speaks like a martyr, or the defender of martyrs. The individual human soul, with its unfathomable endowments, and its capacity of growing to something undreamt of in our philosophy, be-

* The correspondent of the "Standard" writes from Rome (15th September): "It is stated this evening that the War Minister has declared an increased expenditure to be necessary for the efficiency of the army and the system of national defence. The Minister of Finance, in the present state of affairs, strongly opposes any augmentation of the expenditure. A Council of Ministers will be held to decide the question, and, if possible, to conciliate both parties; but it is said that General Bonelli will resign if his propositions are not agreed to."

† An Address delivered on the 20th October, before the Birmingham and Midland Institute.

‡ Mill tells us that his Essay "On Liberty" was planned and written down in 1854. It was in mounting the steps of the Capitol in January, 1855, that the thought first arose of converting it into a volume, and it was not published till 1859. The author, who in his Autobiography speaks with exquisite modesty of all his literary performances, allows himself one single exception when speaking of his Essay "On Liberty." "None of my writings," he says, "have been either so carefully composed or so sedulously corrected as this." Its final revision was to have been the work of the winter of 1858 to 1859 which he and his wife had arranged to pass in the South of Europe, a hope which was frustrated by his wife's death. "The 'Liberty,'" he writes, "is likely to survive longer than anything else that I have written (with the possible exception of the 'Logic'), because the conjunction of her mind with mine has rendered it a kind of philosophic textbook of a single truth, which the changes progressively taking place in modern society tend to bring out into stronger relief; the importance, to man and to society, of a large variety of character, and of giving full freedom to human nature to expand itself in innumerable and conflicting directions."

comes in his eyes a sacred thing, and every encroachment on its world-wide domain is treated as sacrilege. Society, the arch-enemy of the rights of individuality, is represented like an evil spirit, whom it behoves every true man to resist with might and main, and whose demands, as they cannot be altogether ignored, must be reduced at all hazards to the lowest level.

I doubt whether any of the principles for which Mill pleaded so warmly and strenuously in his Essay "On Liberty" would at the present day be challenged or resisted, even by the most illiberal of philosophers, or the most conservative of politicians. Mill's demands sound very humble to *our* ears. They amount to no more than this, "that the individual is not accountable to society for his actions so far as they concern the interests of no person but himself, and that he may be subjected to social or legal punishments for such actions only as are prejudicial to the interests of others."

Is there any one here present who doubts the justice of that principle, or who would wish to reduce the freedom of the individual to a smaller measure? Whatever social tyranny may have existed twenty years ago, when it wrung that fiery protest from the lips of John Stuart Mill, can we imagine a state of society, not totally Utopian, in which the individual man need be less ashamed of his social fetters, in which he could more freely utter all his honest convictions, more boldly propound all his theories, more fearlessly agitate for their speedy realization; in which, in fact, each man can be so entirely himself as the society of England, such as it now is, such as generations of hard-thinking and hard-working Englishmen have made it, and left it as the most sacred inheritance to their sons and daughters?

Look through the whole of history, not excepting the brightest days of republican freedom at Athens and Rome, and I know you will not find one single period in which the measure of Liberty accorded to each individual was larger than it is at present, at least in England. And if you wish to realize the full blessings of the time in which we live, compare Mill's plea for Liberty with another written not much more than two hundred years ago, and by a thinker not inferior either in power or boldness to Mill himself. According to Hobbes, the only freedom which an individual in his ideal state has a right to claim is what he calls "freedom of thought," and that freedom of thought consists in our being able to think what we like—so long as we keep it to ourselves. Surely, such freedom of thought existed even in the days of the Inquisition, and we should never call thought free if it had to be kept a prisoner in solitary and silent confinement. By freedom of thought we mean freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of action, whether individual or associated, and of that freedom the present generation, as compared with all former generations, the English nation, as compared with all other nations, enjoys, there can be no doubt, a good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and sometimes running over.

It may be said that some dogmas still remain in politics, in religion, and in morality ; but those who defend them claim no longer any infallibility, and those who attack them, however small their minority, need fear no violence, nay, may reckon on an impartial and even sympathetic hearing, as soon as people discover in their pleadings the true ring of honest conviction and the warmth inspired by an unselfish love of truth.

It has seemed strange therefore to many readers of Mill, particularly on the Continent, that this cry for Liberty, this demand for freedom for every individual to be what he is, and to develop all the germs of his nature, should have come from what is known as the freest of all countries, England. We might well understand such a cry of indignation if it had reached us from Russia ; but why should English philosophers, of all others, have to protest against the tyranny of society ? It is true, nevertheless, that in countries governed despotically, the individual, unless he is obnoxious to the Government, enjoys far greater freedom, or rather license, than in a country like England, which governs itself. Russian society, for instance, is extremely indulgent. It tolerates in its rulers and statesmen a haughty defiance of the simplest rules of social propriety, and it seems amused rather than astonished or indignant at the vagaries, the frenzies, and outrages of those who in brilliant drawing-rooms or lecture-rooms preach the doctrines of what is called Nihilism or Individualism,*—viz., “that society must be regenerated by a struggle for existence and the survival of the strongest, processes which Nature has sanctioned, and which have proved successful among wild animals.” If there is danger in these doctrines the Government is expected to see to it. It may place watchmen at the doors of every house and at the corner of every street, but it must not count on the better classes coming forward to enrol themselves as special constables, or even on the co-operation of public opinion, which in England would annihilate that kind of Nihilism with one glance of scorn and pity.

In a self-governed country like England, the resistance which society, if it likes, can oppose to the individual in the assertion of his rights, is far more compact and powerful than in Russia, or even in Germany. Even where it does not employ the arm of the law, society knows how to use that softer but more crushing pressure, that calm but Gorgon-like look which only the bravest and stoutest hearts know how to resist.

It is rather against that indirect repression which a well-organized society exercises, both through its male and female representatives, that Mill's demand for Liberty seems directed. He does not stand up for unlimited license ; on the contrary, he would have been the most

* Herzen defined Nihilism as “the most perfect freedom from all settled concepts, from all inherited restraints and impediments which hamper the progress of the Occidental intellect with the historical drag tied to its foot.”

strenuous defender of that balance of power between the weak and the strong on which all social life depends. But he resents those smaller penalties which society will always inflict on those who disturb its dignified peace and comfort: avoidance, exclusion, a cold look, a stinging remark. Had Mill any right to complain of these social penalties? Would it not rather amount to an interference with individual liberty to wish to deprive any individual or any number of individuals of those weapons of self-defence? Those who themselves think and speak freely, have hardly a right to complain if others claim the same privilege. Mill himself called the Conservative party the stupid party *par excellence*, and he took great pains to explain that it was so, not by accident, but by necessity. Need he wonder if those whom he whipped and scourged used their own whips and scourges against so merciless a critic?

Freethinkers, and I use that name as a title of honour for all who, like Mill, claim for every individual the fullest freedom in thought, word, or deed, compatible with the freedom of others, are apt to make one mistake. Conscious of their own honest intentions, they cannot bear to be mistrusted or slighted. They expect society to submit to their often very painful operations as a patient submits to the knife of the surgeon. That is not in human nature. The enemy of abuses is always abused by his enemies. Society will never yield one inch without resistance, and few reformers live long enough to receive the thanks of those whom they have reformed. Mill's unsolicited election to Parliament was a triumph not often shared by social reformers; it was as exceptional as Bright's admission to a seat in the Cabinet, or Stanley's appointment as Dean of Westminster. Such anomalies will happen in a country fortunately so full of anomalies as England; but, as a rule, a political reformer must not be angry if he passes through life without the title of Right Honourable; nor should a man, if he will always speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, be disappointed if he dies a martyr rather than a Bishop.

But granting even that in Mill's time there existed some traces of social tyranny, where are they now? Look at the newspapers and the journals. Is there any theory too wild, any reform too violent to be openly defended? Look at the drawing-rooms or the meetings of learned societies. Are not the most eccentric talkers the spoiled children of the fashionable world? When young lords begin to discuss the propriety of limiting the rights of inheritance, and young tutors are not afraid to propose curtailing the long vacation, surely we need not complain of the intolerance of English society.

Whenever I state these facts to my German and French and Italian friends, who from reading Mill's Essay "On Liberty" have derived the impression that, however large an amount of political liberty England may enjoy, it enjoys but little of intellectual freedom, they are generally willing to be converted so far as London or other great

cities are concerned. But look at your Universities, they say, the nurseries of English thought! Can you compare their mediæval spirit, their monastic institutions, their scholastic philosophy, with the freshness and freedom of the Continental Universities? Strong as these prejudices about Oxford and Cambridge have always been, they have become still more intense since Professor Helmholtz, in an inaugural address which he delivered at his installation as Rector of the University of Berlin, lent the authority of his great name to these misconceptions. "The tutors," he says,* "in the English Universities cannot deviate by a hair's-breadth from the dogmatic system of the English Church, without exposing themselves to the censure of their Archbishops and losing their pupils." In German Universities, on the contrary, we are told that the extreme conclusions of materialistic metaphysics, the boldest speculations within the sphere of Darwin's theory of evolution, may be propounded without let or hindrance, quite as much as the highest apotheosis of Papal infallibility.

Here the facts on which Professor Helmholtz relies are entirely wrong, and the writings of some of our most eminent tutors supply a more than sufficient refutation of his statements. Archbishops have no official position whatsoever in English Universities, and their censure of an Oxford tutor would be resented as impertinent by the whole University. Nor does the University, as such, exercise any very strict control over the tutors, even when they lecture not to their own College only. Each Master of Arts at Oxford claims now the right to lecture (*venia docendi*), and I doubt whether they would ever submit to those restrictions which, in Germany, the Faculty imposes on every *Privat-docent*. *Privat-docents* in German Universities have been rejected by the Faculty for incompetence, and silenced for insubordination. I know of no such cases at Oxford during my residence of more than thirty years, nor can I think it likely that they should ever occur.

As to the extreme conclusions of materialistic metaphysics, there are Oxford tutors who have grappled with the systems of such giants as Hobbes, Locke, or Hume, and who are not likely to be frightened by Büchner and Vogt.

I know comparisons are odious, and I am the last man who would wish to draw comparisons between English and German Universities unfavourable to the latter. But with regard to freedom of thought, of speech, and action, Professor Helmholtz, if he would spend but a few weeks at Oxford, would find that we enjoy a fuller measure of freedom here than the Professors and *Privat-docents* in any Continental University. The publications of some of our professors and tutors ought at least to have convinced him that if there is less of

* Ueber die Akademische Freiheit der Deutschen Universitäten, Rede beime Antritt des Rectorats an der Friedrich-Wilhelms-Universität in Berlin, am 15 October, 1877, gehalten von Dr. H. Helmholtz.

brave words and turbulent talk in their writings, they display throughout a determination to speak the truth, which may be matched, but could not easily be excelled, by the leaders of thought in France, Germany, or Italy.

The real difference between English and Continental Universities is that the former govern themselves, the latter are governed. Self-government entails responsibilities, sometimes restraints and reticences. I may here be allowed to quote the words of another eminent Professor of the University of Berlin, Du Bois Raymond, who, in addressing his colleagues, ventured to tell them,* "We have still to learn from the English how the greatest independence of the individual is compatible with willing submission to salutary though irksome statutes." That is particularly true when the statutes are self-imposed. In Germany, as Professor Heinholtz tells us himself, the last decision in almost all the more important affairs of the Universities rests with the Government, and he does not deny that in times of political and ecclesiastical tension, a most inconsiderate use has been made of that power. There are besides the less important matters, such as raising of salaries, leave of absence, scientific missions, even titles and decorations, all of which enable a clever Minister of Instruction to assert his personal influence among the less independent members of the University. In Oxford the University does not know the Ministry, nor the Ministry the University. The acts of the Government, be it Liberal or Conservative, are freely discussed, and often powerfully resisted by the academic constituencies, and the personal dislike of a Minister or Ministerial Councillor could as little injure a professor or tutor as his favour could add one penny to his salary.

But these are minor matters. What gives their own peculiar character to the English Universities is a sense of power and responsibility; power, because they are the most respected among the numerous corporations in the country; responsibility, because the higher education of the whole country has been committed to their charge. Their only master is public opinion as represented in Parliament, their only incentive their own sense of duty. There is no country in Europe where Universities hold so exalted a position, and where those who have the honour to belong to them may say with greater truth, *Noblesse oblige*.

I know the dangers of self-government, particularly where higher and more ideal interests are concerned, and there are probably few who wish for a real reform in schools and Universities who have not occasionally yielded to the desire for a Dictator, of a Bismarck or a

* Ueber eine Akademie der Deutschen Sprache, p. 34. Another keen observer of English life, Dr. K. Hillebrand, in an article in the October number of the *Nineteenth Century*, remarks: "Nowhere is there greater individual liberty than in England, and nowhere do people renounce it more readily of their own accord."

Falk. But such a desire springs only from a momentary weakness and despondency ; and no one who knows the difference between being governed and governing oneself, would ever wish to descend from that higher though dangerous position to a lower one, however safe and comfortable it might seem. No one who has tasted freedom would ever wish to exchange it for anything else. Public opinion is sometimes a hard taskmaster, and majorities can be great tyrants to those who want to be honest to their own convictions. But in the struggle of all against all, each individual feels that he has his rightful place, and that he may exercise his rightful influence. If he is beaten, he is beaten in fair fight ; if he conquers, he has no one else to thank. No doubt despotic Governments have often exercised the most beneficial patronage in encouraging and rewarding poets, artists, and men of science. But men of genius who have conquered the love and admiration of a whole nation are greater than those who have gained the favour of the most brilliant Courts ; and we know how some of the fairest reputations have been wrecked on the patronage which they had to accept at the hands of powerful Ministers or ambitious Sovereigns.

But to return to Mill and his plea for Liberty. Though I can hardly believe that were he still among us he would claim a larger measure of freedom for the individual than is now accorded to every one of us in the society in which we move, yet the chief cause on which he founded his plea for Liberty, the chief evil which he thought could be remedied only if society would allow more elbow-room to individual genius, exists in the same degree as in his time—aye, even in a higher degree. The principle of Individuality has suffered more at present than perhaps at any former period of history. The world is becoming more and more gregarious, and what the French call our *nature moutonnière*, “our muttonlike natures,” our tendency to leap where any bell-wether has leapt before, becomes more and more prevalent in politics, in religion, in art, and even in science. M. de Tocqueville expressed his surprise how much more Frenchmen of the present day resemble one another than did those of the last generation. The same remark, adds John Stuart Mill, might be made of England in a greater degree. “The modern *régime* of public opinion,” he writes, “is in an unorganized form what the Chinese educational and political systems are in an organized ; and unless individuality shall be able successfully to assert itself against this yoke, Europe, notwithstanding its noble antecedents and its professed Christianity, will tend to become another China.”

I fully agree with Mill in recognizing the dangers of uniformity, but I doubt whether what he calls the *régime* of public opinion is alone, or even chiefly, answerable for it. No doubt there are some people in whose eyes uniformity seems an advantage rather than a disadvantage. If all were equally strong, equally educated, equally honest, equally rich, equally tall, or equally small, society would

seem to them to have reached the highest ideal. The same people admire an old French garden, with its clipped yew-trees, forming artificial walls and towers and pyramids, far more than the giant yews which, like large serpents, clasp the soil with their coiling roots and overshadow with their dark green branches the white chalk cliffs of the Thames. But those French gardens, unless they are constantly clipped and prevented from growing, soon fall into decay. As in nature, so in society, uniformity means but too often stagnation, while variety is the surest sign of health and vigour. The deepest secret of nature is its love of continual novelty. Its tendency, if unrestrained, is towards constantly creating new varieties, which, if they fulfil their purpose, become fixed for a time, or it may be forever ; while others, after they have fulfilled their purpose, vanish to make room for new and stronger types.

The same is the secret of human society. It consists and lives in individuals, each being meant to be different from all the others, and to contribute his own peculiar share to the common wealth. As no tree is like any other tree, and no leaf on the same tree like any other leaf, no human being is exactly like any other human being, nor is it meant to be. It is in this endless, and to us inconceivable, variety of human souls that the deepest purpose of human life is to be realized ; and the more society fulfils that purpose, the more it allows free scope for the development of every individual germ, the richer will be the harvest in no distant future. Such is the mystery of individuality that I do not wonder if even those philosophers who, like Mill, reduce the meaning of the word *sacred* to the very smallest compass, see in each individual soul something sacred, something to be revered, even where we cannot understand it, something to be protected against all vulgar violence.

Where I differ from Mill and his school is on the question as to the quarter from whence the epidemic of uniformity springs which threatens the free development of modern society. Mill points to the society in which we move ; to those who are in front of us, to our contemporaries. I feel convinced that our real enemies are at our back, and that the heaviest chains which are fastened on us are those made, not by the present, but by past generations—by our ancestors, not by our contemporaries.

It is on this point, on the trammels of individual freedom with which we may almost be said to be born into the world, and on the means by which we may shake off these old chains, or at all events carry them more lightly and gracefully, that I wish to speak to you this evening.

You need not be afraid that I am going to enter upon the much discussed subject of heredity, whether in its physiological or psychological aspects. It is a favourite subject just now, and the most curious facts have been brought together of late to illustrate the working of what is called heredity. But the more we know of these facts the

less we seem able to comprehend the underlying principle. Inheritance is one of those numerous words which by their very simplicity and clearness are so apt to darken our counsel. If a father has blue eyes and the son has blue eyes, what can be clearer than that he inherited them? If the father stammers and the son stammers, who can doubt but that it came by inheritance? If the father is a musician and the son a musician, we say very glibly that the talent was inherited. But what does *inherited* mean? In no case does it mean what *inherited* usually means—something external, like money, collected by a father, and, after his death, secured by law to his son. Whatever else *inherited* may mean, it does not mean that. But unfortunately the word is there, it seems almost pedantic to challenge its meaning, and people are always grateful if an easy word saves them the trouble of hard thought.

Another apparent advantage of the theory of heredity is that it never fails. If the son has blue and the father black eyes, all is right again, for either the mother, or the grandmother, or some historic or prehistoric ancestor, may have had blue eyes, and atavism, we know, will assert itself after hundreds and thousands of years.

Do not suppose that I deny the broad facts of what is called by the name of heredity. What I deny is that the name of heredity offers any scientific solution of a most difficult problem. It is a name, a metaphor, quite as bad as the old metaphor of *innate ideas*; for there is hardly a single point of similarity between the process by which a son may share the black eyes, the stammering, or the musical talent of his father, and that by which, after his father's death, the law secures to the son the possession of the pounds, shillings, and pence which his father held in the Funds.

But whatever the true meaning of heredity may be, certain it is that every individual comes into the world heavy-laden. Nowhere has the consciousness of the burden which rests on each generation as it enters on its journey through life found stronger expression than among the Buddhists. What other people call by various names, "fate or providence," "tradition or inheritance," "circumstances or environment," they call *Karman*, deed—what has been done, whether by ourselves or by others, the accumulated work of all who have come before us, the consequences of which we have to bear, both for good and for evil. Originally this *Karman* seems to have been conceived as personal, as the work which we ourselves have done in former existences. But as personally we are not conscious of having done such work in former ages, that kind of *Karman*, too, might be said to be impersonal. To the question how *Karman* began, the accumulation of what forms the condition of all that exists at present, Buddhism has no answer to give any more than any other system of religion or philosophy. The Buddhists say it began with *avidyā*, and *avidyā* means ignorance.* They are much more deeply interested in

* Spencer Hardy, "Manual of Buddhism," p. 391.

the question how *Karman* may be annihilated, how each man may free himself from the influence of *Karman*, and Nirvâna, the highest object of all their dreams, is often defined by Buddhist philosophers as "freedom from *Karman*."*

What the Buddhists call by the general name of *Karman* comprehends all influences which the past exercises on the present, both physically and mentally.† It is not my object to examine or even to name all these influences, though I confess nothing is more interesting than to look upon the surface of our modern life as we look on a geological map, and to see the most ancient formations cropping out everywhere under our feet. Difficult as it is to colour a geological map of England, it would be still more difficult to find a sufficient variety of colours to mark the different ingredients of the intellectual surface of this island.


That all of us, whether we speak English or German, or French or Bussian, are really speaking an ancient Oriental tongue, incredible as it would have sounded a hundred years ago, is now admitted by everybody. Though the various dialects now spoken in Europe have been separated many thousands of years from the Sanskrit, the ancient classical language of India, yet so unbroken is the bond that holds the West and East together that in many cases an intelligent Englishman might still guess the meaning of a Sanskrit word. How little difference is there between Sanskrit *sûnu* and English *son*, between Sanskrit *duhitar* and English *daughter*, between Sanskrit *vid*, to know, and English *to wit*, between Sanskrit *vakish*, to grow, and English *to wax*! Think how we value a Saxon urn, or a Roman coin, or a Celtic weapon! how we dig for them, clean them, label them, and carefully deposit them in our museums! Yet what is their antiquity compared with the antiquity of such words as *son* or *daughter*, *father* and *mother*? There are no monuments older than those collected in the handy volumes which we call Dictionaries, and those who know how to interpret those English antiquities—as you may see them interpreted, for instance, in Grimm's Dictionary of the German, in Littré's Dictionary of the French, or in Professor Skeats's Etymological Dictionary of the English Language—will learn more of the real growth of the human mind than by studying many volumes on logic and psychology.

And as by our language we belong to the Aryan stratum, we belong through our letters to the Hamitic. We still write English in hieroglyphics; and in spite of all the vicissitudes through which the ancient hieroglyphics have passed in their journey from Egypt to

* Spencer Hardy, "Manual of Buddhism," p. 32.

† "As one generation dies and gives away to another, the heir of the consequences of all its virtues and all its vices, the exact result of pre-existent causes, so each individual, in the long chain of life, inherits all of good or evil which all its predecessors have done or been; and takes up the struggle towards enlightenment precisely there where they left it."—Rhys Davids, *Buddhism*, p. 104.

Phœnicia, from Phœnicia to Greece, from Greece to Italy, and from Italy to England, when we write a capital F \mathfrak{F} , when we draw the top line and the smaller line through the middle of the letter, we really draw the two horns of the cerastes, the horned serpent which the ancient Egyptians used for representing the sound of f. They write the name of the king whom the Greeks called *Cheops*, and they themselves *Chu-fu*, like this : *

is to be pronounced <i>chu</i> ;		<i>chu</i>	Here the first sign, the sieve
pent, <i>fu</i> , and the little bird		<i>fu</i>	the second, the horned ser-
sive or Hieratic writing the		<i>u</i>	again, <i>u</i> . In the more cur-

\mathfrak{P} ; in the later Demotic
 as γ and γ . The Phœni-
 cians, who borrowed their
 letters from the Hieratic
 Egyptians, wrote γ and γ . The Greeks who took their letters
 from the Phœnicians, wrote \mathfrak{F} . When the Greeks, instead of writ-
 ing like the Phœnicians from right to left, began to write from left
 to right, they turned each letter, and \mathfrak{u} became K, our k, so \mathfrak{F} , *vau*,
 became F, the Greek so-called Diganima, the Latin F.

The first letter in *Chu-fu*, too, still exists in our alphabet, and in the transverse line of our H we must recognize the last remnant of the lines which divide the sieve. The sieve appears in Hieratic as $\textcircled{\text{O}}$, in Phœnician as \mathfrak{H} , in ancient Greek as \mathfrak{H} , which occurs on an inscription found at Mycenæ and elsewhere as the sign of the spiritus asper, while in Latin it is known to us as the letter H.* In the same manner the undulating line of our capital Q still recalls very strikingly the bent back of the crouching lion, which in the later hieroglyphic inscriptions represents the sound of L.

If thus in our language we are Aryan, in our letters Egyptian, we have only to look at our watches to see that we are Babylonian. Why is our hour divided into sixty minutes, our minutes into sixty seconds? Would not a division of the hour into ten, or fifty, or a hundred minutes have been more natural? We have sixty divisions on the dials of our watches simply because the Greek astronomer Hipparchus, who lived in the second century B. C., accepted the Babylonian system of reckoning time, that system being sexagesimal. The Babylonians knew the decimal system, but for practical purposes they counted by *sossi* and *sari*, the *sossus* representing 60, the *saros* 60 x 60, or 3600. From Hipparchus that system found its way into the works of Ptolemy, about 150 A. D., and thence it was carried down the stream of civilization, finding its last resting-place on the dial-plates of our clocks.

And why are there twenty shillings to our sovereign? Again the real reason lies in Babylon. The Greeks learnt from the Babylonians the art of dividing gold and silver for the purpose of trade. It has

* Bunsen, "Egypt," ii., pp. 77, 170.

† Mémoire sur l'Origine Egyptienne de l'Alphabet Phénicien, par E. de Rougé, Paris, 1874.

been proved that the current gold piece of Western Asia was exactly the sixtieth part of a Babylonian *mnā*, or *mina*. It was nearly equal to our sovereign. The difficult problem of the relative value of gold and silver in a bi-monetary currency had been solved to a certain extent in the ancient Mesopotamian kingdom, the proportion between gold and silver being fixed at 1 to 13½. The silver Shekel current in Babylon was heavier than the gold shekel in the proportion of 13½ to 10, and had therefore the value of one-tenth of a gold shekel; and the half silver shekel, called by the Greeks a drachma, was worth one-twentieth of a gold shekel. The drachma, or half silver shekel, may therefore be looked upon as the most ancient type of our own silver shilling in its relation of one-twentieth of our gold sovereign.*

I shall mention only one more of the most essential tools of our mental life—namely, our *figures*, which we call Arabic, because we received them from the Arabs, but which the Arabs called Indian, because they received them from the Indians—in order to show you how this nineteenth century of ours is under the sway of centuries long past and forgotten; how we are what we are, not by ourselves, but by those who came before us, and how the intellectual ground on which we stand is made up of the detritus of thoughts which were first thought, not on these isles nor in Europe, but on the shores of the Oxus, the Nile, the Euphrates, and the Indus.

Now you may well ask, *Quorsum hæc omnia?*—What has all this to do with freedom and with the free development of individuality? Because a man is born the heir of all the ages, can it be said that he is not free to grow and to expand, and to develop all the faculties of his mind? Are those who came before him, and who left him this goodly inheritance, to be called his enemies? Is that chain of tradition which connects him with the past really a galling fetter, and not rather the leading-strings without which he would never learn to walk straight?

Let us look at the matter more closely. No one would venture to say that every individual should begin life as a young savage, and be left to form his own language, and invent his own letters, numerals, and coins. On the contrary, if we comprehend all this and a great deal more, such as religion, morality, and secular knowledge, under the general name of *education*, even the most advanced defenders of individualism would hold that no child should enter society without submitting, or rather without being submitted to education. Most of us would even go further, and make it criminal for parents or even for communities to allow children to grow up uneducated. The excuse of worthless parents that they are at liberty to do with their children as they like, has at last been blown to the winds. I still remember the time when pseudo-Liberals were not ashamed to say that, whatever other nations, such as the Germans, might do, England

* See Brandis, "Das Münzwesen."

would never submit to compulsory education. That wicked sophistry, too, has at last been silenced, and among the principal advocates of compulsory education, of the necessity of curtailing the freedom of savage parents of savage children, have been Mill and his friends, the apostles of liberty and individualism.* A new era may be said to date in the history of every nation from the day on which "compulsory education" becomes part of their statute-book; and I may congratulate the most Liberal town in England on having proved itself the most inexorable tyrant in carrying out the principle of compulsory education.

But do not let us imagine that compulsory education is without its dangers. Like a powerful engine, it must be carefully watched, if it is not to produce, what all compulsion will produce, a slavish receptivity, and, what all machines do produce, monotonous uniformity.

We know that all education must in the beginning be purely dogmatic. Children are taught language, religion, morality, patriotism, and afterwards at school, history, literature, mathematics, and all the rest, long before they are able to question, to judge, or choose for themselves, and there is hardly anything that a child will not believe if it comes from those in whom the child believes.

Reading, writing, and arithmetic, no doubt, must be taught dogmatically, and they take up an enormous amount of time, particularly in English schools. English spelling is a national misfortune, and in the keen international race between all the countries of Europe, it handicaps the English child to a degree that seems incredible till we look at statistics. I know the difficulties of a Spelling Reform, I know what people mean when they call it impossible; but I also know that personal and national virtue consists in doing so-called impossible things, and that no nation has done, and has still to do, so many impossible things as the English.

But, granted that reading, writing, and arithmetic occupy nearly the whole school-time and absorb the best powers of the pupils, cannot something be done in play-hours? Is there not some work that can be turned into play, and some play that can be turned into work? Cannot the powers of observation be called out in a child while collecting flowers, or stones, or butterflies? Cannot his judgment be strengthened either in gymnastic exercises, or in measuring the area of a field or the height of a tower? Might not all this be done without a view to examinations or payment by results, simply for the sake of filling the little dull minds with one sunbeam of joy, such sunbeams being more likely hereafter to call hidden precious germs into life than the deadening weight of such lessons as, for instance,

* "Is it not almost a self-evident axiom, that the State should require and compel the education, up to a certain standard, of every human being who is born its citizen? Yet who is there that is not afraid to recognize and assert this truth?"—*On Liberty*, p. 188.

that *th-ough* is though, *thr-ough* is through, *en-ough* is enough. A child who believes that will hereafter believe anything. Those who wish to see Natural Science introduced into elementary schools frighten schoolmasters by the very name of Natural Science. But surely every schoolmaster who is worth his salt should be able to teach children a love of Nature, a wondering at Nature, a curiosity to pry into the secrets of Nature, an acquisitiveness for some of the treasures of Nature, and all this acquired in the fresh air of the field and the forest, where, better than in frouzy lecture-rooms, the edge of the senses can be sharpened, the chest be widened, and that freedom of thought fostered which made England what it was even before the days of compulsory education.

But in addressing you here to-night it was my intention to speak of the higher rather than of elementary education.

All education, as it now exists in most countries of Europe, may be divided into three stages—*elementary*, *scholastic*, and *academical*; or call it *primary*, *secondary*, and *tertiary*.

Elementary education has at last been made compulsory in most civilized countries. Unfortunately, however, it seems impossible to include under compulsory education anything beyond the very elements of knowledge—at least for the present; though, with proper management, I know from experience that a well-conducted elementary school can afford to provide instruction in extra subjects—such as natural science, modern languages, and political economy—and yet, with the present system of Government grants, be self-supporting.*

The next stage above the elementary is *scholastic* education, as it is supplied in grammar schools, whether public or private. According as the pupils are intended either to go on to a university, or to enter at once on leaving school on the practical work of life, these schools are divided into two classes. In the one class, which in Germany are called *Real-schulen*, less Latin is taught, and no Greek, but more of mathematics, modern languages, and physical science; in the other, called *Gymnasia* on the Continent, classics form the chief staple of instruction.

It is during this stage that education, whether at private or public schools, exercises its strongest levelling influence. Little attention can be paid at large schools to individual tastes or talents. In Germany, even more perhaps than in England, it is the chief object of a good and conscientious master to have his class as uniform as possible at the end of the year; and he receives far more credit from the official examiner if his whole class marches well and keeps pace together, than if he can parade a few brilliant and forward boys, followed by a number of straggling laggards.

* *Times*, January 25, 1879.

And as to the character of the teaching at school, how can it be otherwise than authoritative or dogmatic? The Socratic method is very good if we can find the *viri Socratici* and leisure for discussion. But at school, which now may seem to be called almost in mockery σχολή, or leisure, the true method is, after all, that patronized by the great educators of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Boys at school must turn their mind into a row of pigeon-holes, filling as many as they can with useful notes, and never forgetting how many are empty. There is an immense amount of positive knowledge to be acquired between the ages of ten and eighteen—rules of grammar, strings of vocables, dates, names of towns, rivers, and mountains, mathematical formulas, &c. All depends here on the receptive and retentive powers of the mind. The memory has to be strengthened, without being overtaxed, till it acts almost mechanically. Learning by heart, I believe, cannot be too strongly recommended during the years spent at school. There may have been too much of it when, as the Rev. H. C. Adams informs us in his “Wykehamica” (p. 357), boys used to say by heart 13,000 and 14,000 lines, when one repeated the whole of Virgil, nay, when another was able to say the whole of the English Bible by rote: “Put him on where you would, he would go fluently on, as long as any one would listen.”

No intellectual investment, I feel certain, bears such ample and such regular interest as gems of English, Latin, or Greek literature deposited in our memory during our childhood and youth, and taken up from time to time in the happy hours of our solitude.

One fault I have to find with most schools, both in England and on the Continent. Boys do not read enough of the Greek and Roman classics. The majority of our masters are scholars by profession, and they are apt to lay undue stress on what they call accurate and minute scholarship, and to neglect wide and cursory reading. I know the arguments for minute accuracy, but I also know the mischief that is done by an exclusive devotion to critical scholarship before we have acquired a real familiarity with the principle works of classical literature. The time spent in our schools in learning the rules of grammar and syntax, writing exercises, and composing verses, is too large. Look only at our Greek and Latin grammars, with all their rules and exceptions, and exceptions on exceptions! It is too heavy a weight for any boy to carry; and no wonder that when one of the thousand small rules which they have learnt by heart is really wanted, it is seldom forthcoming. The end of classical teaching at school should be to make our boys acquainted not only with the language, but with the literature and history, the ancient thought of the ancient world. Rules of grammar, syntax, or metre, are but means towards that end; they must never be mistaken for the end itself. A young man of eighteen, who has probably spent on an average ten years in learning Greek and Latin, ought to be able to read any of the ordinary Greek or Latin classics without much difficulty; nay, with a certain amount

of pleasure. He might have to consult his dictionary now and then, or guess the meaning of certain words; he might also feel doubtful sometimes whether certain forms came from *ἵμι*, I send, or *εἶμι*, I go, or *εἰμι*, I am, particularly if preceded by prepositions. In these matters the best scholars are least inclined to be pharisaical; and whenever I meet in the controversies of classical scholars the favourite phrase, "Every schoolboy knows or ought to know this," I generally say to myself, "No, he ought not." Anyhow, those who wish to see the study of Greek and Latin retained in our public schools ought to feel convinced that it will certainly not be retained much longer, if it can be said with any truth that young men who leave school at eighteen are in many cases unable to read or to enjoy a classical text, unless they have seen it before.

Classical teaching, and all purely scholastic teaching, ought to be finished at school. When a young man goes to University, unless he means to make scholarship his profession, he ought to be free to enter upon a new career. If he has not learnt by that time so much of Greek and Latin as is absolutely necessary in after-life for a lawyer or a student of physical science, or even a clergyman, either he or his school is to blame. I do not mean to say that it would not be most desirable for every one during his University career to attend some lectures on classical literature, on ancient history, philosophy, or art. What is to be deprecated is, that the University should have to do the work which belongs properly to the school.

The best colleges at Oxford and Cambridge have shown by their matriculation examinations what the standard of classical knowledge ought to be at eighteen or nineteen. That standard can be reached by boys while still at school, as has been proved both by the so-called local examinations and by the examinations of schools held under the Delegates appointed by the Universities. If, therefore, the University would reassert her old right, and make the first examination, called at Oxford Responsions, a general matriculation examination for admission to the University, not only would the public schools be stimulated to greater efforts, but the teaching of the University might assume, from the very beginning, that academic character which ought to distinguish it from mere schoolboy work.

Academic teaching ought to be not merely a continuation, but in one sense a correction of scholastic teaching. While at school instruction must be chiefly dogmatic, at University it is to be Socratic, for I find no better name for that method which is to set a man free from the burden of purely traditional knowledge; to make him feel that the words which he uses are often empty, that the concepts he employs are, for the most part, mere bundles picked up at random; that even where he knows facts, he does not know their evidence; and where he expresses opinions, they are mostly mere dogmas, adopted by him without examination.

But for the Universities, I should indeed fear that Mill's prophecies

might come true, and that the intellect of Europe might drift into dreary monotony. The Universities always have been, and, unless they are diverted from their original purpose, always will be, the guardians of the freedom of thought, the protectors of individual spontaneity; and it was owing, I believe, to Mill's ignorance of true academic teaching that he took so desponding a view of the generation growing up under his eyes.

When we leave school our heads are naturally brimful of dogma, that is, of knowledge and opinions at second-hand. Such dead knowledge is extremely dangerous, unless it is sooner or later revived by the spirit of free inquiry. It does not matter whether our scholastic dogmas be true or false. The danger is the same. And why? Because to place either truth or error above the reach of argument is certain to weaken truth and to strengthen error. Secondly, because to hold as true on the authority of others anything which concerns us deeply, and which we could prove ourselves, produces feebleness, if not dishonesty. And, thirdly, because to feel unwilling or unable to meet objections by argument is generally the first step towards violence and persecution.

I do not think of religious dogmas only. They are generally the first to arouse inquiry, even during our schoolboy days, and they are by no means the most difficult to deal with. Dogma often rages where we least expect it. Among scientific men the theory of evolution is at present becoming, or has become, a dogma. What is the result? No objections are listened to, no difficulties recognized, and a man like Virchow, himself the strongest supporter of evolution, who has the moral courage to say that the descent of man from any ape whatsoever is, as yet, before the tribunal of scientific zoology, "not proven," is howled down in Germany in a manner worthy of Ephesians and Galatians. But at present I am thinking not so much of any special dogmas, but rather of that dogmatic state of mind which is the almost inevitable result of the teaching at school. I think of the whole intellect, what has been called the *intellectus sibi permissus*, and I maintain that it is the object of academic teaching to rouse that intellect out of its slumber by questions not less startling than when Galileo asked the world whether the sun was really moving and the earth stood still; or when Kant asked whether time and space were objects, or necessary forms of our sensuous intuition. Till our opinions have thus been tested and stood the test, we can hardly call them our own.

How true this is with regard to religion has been boldly expressed by Bishop Beveridge.

"Being conscious to myself," he writes in his "Private Thoughts on Religion," "how great an ascendant Christianity holds over me beyond the rest, as being that religion whereinto I was born and baptized: that which the supreme authority has enjoined and my parents educated me in; that which everyone I meet withal highly approves of, and which I myself have, by a long continued profession, made almost

natural to me ; I am resolved to be more jealous and suspicious of this religion than of the rest, and be sure not to entertain it any longer without being convinced by solid and substantial arguments, of the truth and certainty of it."

This is bold and manly language from a Bishop nearly two hundred years ago, and I certainly think that the time has come when some of the divinity lecturers at Oxford and Cambridge might well be employed in placing a knowledge of the sacred books of other religions within the reach of undergraduates. Many of the difficulties—most of them of our own making—with regard to the origin, the handing down, the later corruptions and misinterpretations of sacred texts, would find their natural solution, if it was shown how exactly the same difficulties arose and had to be dealt with by theologians of other creeds. If some—ay, if many—of the doctrines of Christianity were met with in other religions also, surely that would not affect their value or diminish their truth ; while nothing, I feel certain, would more effectually secure to the pure and simple teaching of Christ its true place in the historical development of the human mind than to place it side by side with the other religions of the world. In the series of translations of the " Sacred books of the East," of which the first three volumes have just appeared,* I wished myself to include a new translation of the Old and New Testaments ; and when that series is finished, it will, I believe, be admitted that nowhere would these two books have had a grander setting, or have shone with a brighter light, than surrounded by the Veda, the Zendavesta, the Buddhist Tripitaka, and the Qur'an.

But, as I said before, I was not thinking of religious dogmas only, or even chiefly, when I maintained that the character of academic teaching must be Socratic, not dogmatic. The evil of dogmatic teaching lies much deeper, and spreads much further.

Think only of language, the work of other people, not of ourselves, which we pick up at random in our race through life. Does not every word we use require careful examination and revision ? It is not enough to say that language assists our thoughts or colours them, or possibly obscures them. No, we know now that language and thought are indivisible. It was not from poverty of expression that the Greek called reason and language by the same word, *λόγος*. It was because they knew that, though we may distinguish between thought and speech, as we distinguish between body and soul, it is as impossible to tear the one by violence away from the other as it is to separate the concave side of a lens from its convex side. This is something to learn and to understand, for, if properly understood, it will supply the key to most of our intellectual puzzles, and serve as the safest thread through the whole labyrinth of philosophy.

* " Sacred Books of the East," edited by M. M., vols. i., ii., iii.; Clarendon Press, Oxford, 1879.

"It is evident," as Hobbes remarks,* "that truth and falsity have no place but amongst such living creatures as use speech. For though some brutal creatures, looking upon the image of a man in a glass, may be affected with it, as if it were the man himself, and for this reason fear it or fawn upon it in vain; yet they do not apprehend it as true or false, but only as like; and in this they are not deceived. Wherefore, as men owe all their true ratiocination to the right understanding of speech, so also they owe their errors to the misunderstanding of the same; and as all the ornaments of philosophy proceed only from man, so from man also is derived the ugly absurdity of false opinion. For speech has something in it like to a spider's web (as it was said of old of Solon's laws), for by contexture of words tender and delicate wits are ensnared or stopped, but strong wits break easily through them."

Let me illustrate my meaning by at least one instance.

Among the words which have proved spider's webs, ensnaring even the greatest intellects of the world from Aristotle down to Leibniz, the terms *genus*, *species*, and *individual* occupy a very prominent place. The opposition of Aristotle to Plato, of the Nominalists to Realists, of Leibniz to Locke, of Herbart to Hegel, turns on the true meaning of these words. At school, of course, all we can do is to teach the received meaning of *genus* and *species*; and if a boy can trace these terms back to Aristotle's *γένος* and *εἶδος*, and show in what sense that philosopher used them, every examiner would be satisfied.

But the time comes when we have to act as our own examiners, and when we have to give an account to ourselves of such words as *genus* and *species*. Some people write, indeed, as if they had seen a *species* and a *genus* walking about in broad daylight; but a little consideration will show us that these words express subjective concepts, and that if the whole world were silent, there would never have been a thought of a *genus* or a *species*. There are languages in which we look in vain for corresponding words; and if we had been born in such a language, these terms and thoughts would not exist for us. They came to us, directly or indirectly, from Aristotle. But Aristotle did not invent them, he only defined them in his own way, so that, for instance, according to him, all living beings would constitute a *genus*, men a *species*, and Socrates an *individual*.

No one would say that Aristotle had not a perfect right to define these terms, if those who use them in his sense would only always remember that they are thinking the thoughts of Aristotle and not their own. The true way to shake off the fetters of the old words, and to learn to think our own thoughts, is to follow them up from century to century, to watch their development, and in the end to bring ourselves face to face with those who first found and framed both words and thoughts. If we do this with *genus* and *species*, we shall find

* "Computation or Logic," t. iii, viii, p. 86.

that the words which Aristotle defined—viz. : *γένος* and *εἶδος*—had originally a very different and far more useful application than that which he gave to them. *Γένος*, *genus*, meant generation, and comprehended such living beings only as were known to have a common origin, however they might differ in outward appearance, as, for instance, the spaniel and the bloodhound, or, according to Darwin, the ape and the man. *Εἶδος* or species, on the contrary, meant appearance, and comprehended all such things as had the same form or appearance, whether they had a common origin or not, as if we were to speak of a species of four-footed, two-footed, horned, winged, or blue animals.

That two such concepts as we have explained had a natural justification, we may best learn from the fact that exactly the same thoughts found expression in Sanskrit. There, too, we find *gāti*, generation, used in the sense of *genus*, and opposed to *ākṛiti*, appearance, used in the sense of *species*.

So long as these two words or thoughts were used independently (much as we now speak of a genealogical as independent of a morphological classification) no harm could accrue. A family, for instance, might be called a *γένος*, the *gens* or clan was a *γένος*, the nation (*gnatio*) was a *γένος*, the whole human kith and kin was a *γένος*; in fact, all that was descended from common ancestors was a true *γένος*. There is no obscurity of thought in this.

On the other side, taking *εἶδος* or species in its original sense, one man might be said to be like another in his *εἶδος*, or appearance. An ape, too, might quite truly be said to have the same *εἶδος* or species or appearance as a man, without any prejudice as to their common origin. People might also speak of different *εἶδη* or forms or classes of things, such as different kinds of metals, or tools, or armour, without committing themselves in the least to any opinion as to their common descent.

Often it would happen that things belonging to the same *γένος*, such as the white man and the negro, differed in their *εἶδος* or appearance : often also that things belonging to the same *εἶδος*, such as eatables, differed in their *γένος*, as, for instance, meat and vegetables.

All this is clear and simple. The confusion began when these two terms, instead of being co-ordinate, were subordinated to each other by the philosophers of Greece, so that what from one point of view was called a *genus*, might from another be called a species, and *vice versa*. Human beings, for instance, were now called a *species*, all living beings a *genus*, which may be true in logic, but is utterly false in what is older than logic—viz. : language, thought, or fact. According to language, according to reason, and according to Nature, all human beings constitute a *γένος*, or generation, so long as they are supposed to have common ancestors; but with regard to all living beings we can only say that they form an *εἶδος*—that is, agree in certain appearances, until it has been proved that even Mr. Darwin was

too modest in admitting at least four or five different ancestors for the whole animal world.*

In tracing the history of these two words, *γένος* and *εἶδος*, you may see passing before your eyes almost the whole panorama of philosophy, from Plato's ideas down to Hegel's *Idee*. The question of *genera*, their origin and subdivision, occupied chiefly the attention of natural philosophers, who, after long controversies about the origin and classification of *genera* and *species*, seems at last, thanks to the clear sight of Darwin, to have arrived at the old truth which was prefigured in language—namely, that Nature knows nothing but *genera*, or generations, to be traced back to a limited number of ancestors, and that the so-called *species* are only *genera* whose genealogical descent is *as yet* more or less obscure.

But the question as to the nature of the *εἶδος* became a vital question in every system of philosophy. Granting, for instance, that women in every clime and country formed one species, it was soon asked what constituted a species. If all women shared a common form, what was that form? Where was it? So long as it was supposed that all women descended from Eve, the difficulty might be slurred over by the name of heredity. But the more thoughtful would ask even then how it was that, while all individual women came and went and vanished, the form in which they were cast remained the same.

Here you see how philosophical mythology springs up. The very question what *εἶδος* or species or form was, and where these things were kept, changed those words from predicates into subjects. *Εἶδος* was conceived as something independent and substantial, something within or above the individuals participating in it, something unchangeable and eternal. Soon there arose as many *εἶδη* or forms or types as there were general concepts. They were considered the only true realities of which the phenomenal world is only as a shadow that soon passeth away. Here we have, in fact, the origin of Plato's ideas, and of the various systems of idealism which followed his lead, while the opposite opinions that ideas have no independent existence and that the one is nowhere found except in the many (*τὸ ἓν παρὰ τὰ πολλὰ*), was strenuously defended by Aristotle and his followers.†

The same red thread runs through the whole philosophy of the Middle Ages. Men were cited before councils and condemned as heretics because they declared that *animal*, *man*, or *woman* were mere names, and that they could not bring themselves to believe in an ideal animal, an ideal man, an ideal woman, as the invisible, supernatural, or metaphysical types of the ordinary animal, the individual man, the single woman. These philosophers, called *Nominalists*, in opposition

* Lectures on Mr Darwin's "Philosophy of Language," *Fraser's Magazine*, June, 1873, p. 26.

† Franti, "Geschichte der Logik," vol. i., p. 121.

to the *Realists*, declared that all general terms were *names only*; and that nothing could claim reality but the individual.

We cannot follow this controversy further, as it turns up again between Locke and Leibniz, between Herbart and Hegel. Suffice it to say that the knot, as it was tied by language, can be untied by the science of language alone, which teaches us that there is and can be no such thing as "a name only." That phrase ought to be banished from all works on philosophy. A name is and always has been the subjective side of our knowledge, but that subjective side is as impossible without an objective side as a key is without a lock. It is useless to ask which of the two is the more real, for they are real only by being, not two, but one. Realism is as one-sided as Nominalism. But there is a higher Nominalism, which might better be called the Science of Language, and which teaches us that, apart from sensuous perception, all human knowledge is by names and by names only, and that the object of names is always the general.

This is but one out of hundreds and thousands of cases to show how names and concepts which come to us by tradition must be submitted to very careful snuffing before they will yield a pure light. What I mean by academic teaching and academic study is exactly this process of snuffing, this changing of traditional words into living words, this tracing of modern thought back to ancient primitive thought, this living, as it were, once more, so far as it concerns us, the whole history of human thoughts ourselves, till we are as little afraid to differ from Plato or Aristotle as from Comte or Darwin.

Plato and Aristotle are, no doubt, great names; every schoolboy is awed by them, even though he may have read very little of their writings. This, too, is a kind of dogmatism that requires correction. Now, at University, a young student might hear the following by no means respectful remarks about Aristotle, which I copy from one of the greatest English scholars and philosophers: "There is nothing so absurd that the old philosophers, as Cicero saith, who was one of them, have not some of them maintained; and I believe that scarce anything can be more absurdly said in natural philosophy than that which now is called Aristotle's *Metaphysics*; or more repugnant to government than much of that he hath said in his *Politics*; nor more ignorantly than a great part of the *Ethics*." I am far from approving this judgment, but I think that the shock which a young scholar receives on seeing his idols so mercilessly broken is salutary. It throws him back on his own resources; it makes him honest to himself. If he thinks the criticism thus passed on Aristotle unfair, he will begin to read his works with new eyes. He will not only construe his words, but try to reconstruct in his own mind the thoughts so carefully elaborated by that ancient philosopher. He will judge of their truth without being swayed by the authority of a great name, and probably in the end value what is valuable in Aristotle, or Plato, or any other great philosopher far more highly and honestly than if he had never seen them trodden under foot.

But do not suppose that I look upon the Universities as purely iconoclastic, as chiefly intended to teach us how to break the idols of the schools. Far from it! But I do look upon them as meant to freshen the atmosphere which we breathe at school, and to shake our mind to its very roots, as a storm shakes the young oaks, not to throw them down, but to make them grasp all the more firmly the hard soil of fact and truth! "*Stand upright on thy feet*" ought to be written over the gate of every college, if the epidemic of uniformity and sequacity which Mill saw approaching from China, and which since his time has made such rapid progress Westward, is ever to be stayed.

Academic freedom is not without its dangers; but there are dangers which it is safer to face than to avoid. In Germany—so far as my own experience goes—students are often left too much to themselves, and it is only the cleverest among them, or those who are personally recommended, who receive from the professors that personal guidance and encouragement which should and could be easily extended to all.

There is too much time given in the German Universities to mere lecturing, and often simply retailing to a class what each student might read in books often in a far more perfect form. Lectures are useful if they teach us how to teach ourselves; if they stimulate; if they excite sympathy and curiosity; if they give advice that springs from personal experience; if they warn against wrong roads; if, in fact, they have less the character of a show-window than of a workshop. Half an hour's conversation with a tutor or a professor often does more than a whole course of lectures in giving the right direction and the right spirit to a young man's studies. Here I may quote the words of Professor Helmholtz, in full agreement with him. "When I recall the memory of my own University life," he writes, "and the impression which a man like Johannes Müller, the professor of physiology, made on us, I must set the highest value on the personal intercourse with teachers from whom one learns how thought works on independent heads. Whoever has come in contact but once with one or several first-class men will find his intellectual standard changed for life."

In English Universities, on the contrary, there is too little of academic freedom. There is not only guidance, but far too much of constant personal control. It is often thought that English undergraduates could not be trusted with that amount of academic freedom which is granted to German students, and that most of them, if left to choose their own work, their own time, their own books, and their own teachers, would simply do nothing. This seems to me unfair and untrue. Most horses, if you take them to the water, will drink; and the best way to make them drink is to leave them alone. I have lived long enough in English and in German Universities to know that the intellectual fiber is as strong and sound in the English as in the Ger-

man youth. But if you supply a man who wishes to learn swimming with bladders—nay, if you insist on his using them—he will use them, but he will probably never learn to swim. Take them away, on the contrary, and, depend on it, after a few aimless strokes and a few painful gulps, he will use his arms and his legs, and he will swim. If young men do not learn to use their arms, their legs, their muscles, their sense, their brain, and their heart too, during the bright years of their University life, when are they to learn it? True, there are thousands who never learn it, and who float happily on through life buoyed up on mere bladders. The worst that can happen to them is that some day the bladders may burst, and they may be left stranded or drowned. But these are not the men whom England wants to fight her battles. It has often been pointed out of late that many of those who, during this century, have borne the brunt of the battle in the intellectual warfare in England, have not been trained at our Universities, while others who have been at Oxford and Cambridge, and have distinguished themselves in after-life, have openly declared that they attended hardly any lectures in college or that they derived no benefit from them. What can be the ground of that? Not that there is less work done at Oxford than at Leipzig, but that the work is done in a different spirit. It is free in Germany; it has now become almost compulsory in England. Though an old professor myself, I like to attend, when I can, some of the professional lectures in Germany; for it is a real pleasure to see hundreds of young faces listening to a teacher on the history of art, on modern history, on the science of language, or on philosophy, without any view to examinations, simply from love of the subject or of the teacher. No one who knows what the real joy of learning is, how it lightens all drudgery and draws away the mind from mean pursuits, can see without indignation that what ought to be the freest and happiest years in a man's life should often be spent between cramming and examinations.

And here I have at last mentioned the word, which to many friends of academic freedom, to many who dread the baneful increase of uniformity, may seem the cause of all mischief, the most powerful engine for intellectual levelling—*Examination*.

There is a strong feeling springing up everywhere against the tyranny of examination, against the cramping and withering influences which they are supposed to exercise on the youth of England. I cannot join in that outcry. I well remember that the first letters which I ventured to address to the *Times*, in very imperfect English, were in favour of examinations. They were signed *LaCarrière ouverte*, and were written long before the days of Civil Service Commission! I well remember, too, that the first time I ventured to speak, or rather to stammer, in public, was in favour of examinations. That was in 1857, at Exeter, when the first experiment was made under the auspices of Sir T. Acland, in establishing the Oxford and Cam-

bridge Local Examinations. I have been an examiner myself for many years, I have watched the growth of that system in England from year to year, and in spite of all that has been written of late against examinations, I confess I do not see how it would be possible to abolish them, and return to the old system of appointment by patronage.

But though I have not lost my faith in examinations, I cannot conceal the fact that I am frightened by the manner in which they are conducted, and by the results which they produce. As you are interested yourselves at this Midland Institute in the successful working of examinations, you will perhaps allow me in conclusion to add a few remarks on the safeguards necessary for the efficient working of examinations.

All examinations are a means to ascertain how pupils have been taught; they ought never to be allowed to become the end for which pupils are taught.

Teaching with a view to examinations lowers the teacher in the eyes of his pupils; learning with a view to examinations is apt to produce shallowness and dishonesty.

Whatever attractions learning possesses in itself, and whatever efforts were formerly made by boys at school from a sense of duty, all this is lost if they once imagine that the highest object of all learning is gaining marks in examinations.

In order to maintain the proper relation between teacher and pupil, all pupils should be made to look to their teachers as their natural examiners and fairest judges, and therefore in every examination the report of the teacher ought to carry the greatest weight. This is the principle followed abroad in all examinations of candidates at public schools; and even in their examination on leaving school, which gives them the right to enter the University, they know that their success depends far more on the work which they have done during the years at school, than on the work done on the few days of their examination. There are outside examiners appointed by Government to check the work done at schools and during the examinations; but the cases in which they have to modify or reverse the award of the master are extremely rare, and they are felt to reflect seriously on the competency or impartiality of the school authorities.

To leave examinations entirely to strangers reduces them to the level of lotteries, and fosters a cleverness in teachers and taught often akin to dishonesty. An examiner may find out what a candidate knows *not*, he can hardly ever find out all he knows; and even if he succeeds in finding out *how much* a candidate knows, he can never find out *how* he knows it. On these points the opinion of the masters who have watched their pupils for years is indispensable for the sake of the examiner, for the sake of the pupils, and for the sake of their teachers.

I know I shall be told that it would be impossible to trust the mas-

ters, and to be guided by their opinion, because they are interested parties. Now, first of all, there are far more honest men in the world than dishonest, and it does not answer to legislate as if all schoolmasters were rogues. It is enough that they should know that their reports would be scrutinized, to keep even the most reprobate of teachers from bearing false witness in favour of their pupils.

Secondly, I believe that unnecessary temptation is now being placed before all parties concerned in examinations. The proper reward for a good examination should be honour, not pounds, shillings, and pence. The mischief done by pecuniary rewards offered in the shape of scholarships and exhibitions at school and University, begins to be recognized very widely. To train a boy of twelve for a race against all England is generally to overstrain his faculties, and often to impair his usefulness in later life; but to make him feel that by his failure he will entail on his father the loss of a hundred a year, and on his teacher the loss of pupils, is simply cruel at that early age.

It is always said that these scholarships and exhibitions enable the sons of poor parents to enjoy the privilege of the best education in England, from which they would otherwise be debarred by the excessive costliness of our public schools. But even this argument, strong as it seems, can hardly stand, for I believe it could be shown that the majority of those who are successful in obtaining scholarships and exhibitions at school or at University are boys whose parents have been able to pay the highest price for their children's previous education. If all these prizes were abolished, and the funds thus set free used to lessen the price of education at school and in college, I believe that the sons of poor parents would be far more benefitted than by the present system. It might also be desirable to lower the school-fees in the case of the sons of poor parents, who were doing well at school from year to year; and, in order to guard against favouritism, an examination, particularly *viva voce*, before all the masters of a school, possibly even with some outside examiner, might be useful. But the present system bids fair to degenerate into mere horse-racing, and I shall not wonder if, sooner or later, the two-year olds entered for the race have to be watched by their trainer that they may not be overfed or drugged against the day of the race. It has come to this, that schools are bidding for clever boys in order to run them in the races, and in France, I read, that parents actually extort money from schools by threatening to take away the young racers that are likely to win the Derby.*

If we turn from the schools to the Universities we find here, too, the same complaints against over-examination. Now it seems to me that every University, in order to maintain its position, has a perfect right to demand two examinations, but no more: one for admission, the other for a degree. Various attempts have been made in Ger-

* L. Noiré "Pädagogisches Skizzenbuch," p. 157; "Todtes Wissen."

many, in Russia, in France, and in England to change and improve the old academic tradition, but in the end the original, and, as it would seem, the natural system, has generally proved its wisdom and reasserted its right.

If a University surrenders the right of examining those who wish to be admitted, the tutors will often have to do the work of school-masters, and the professors can never know how high or how low they should aim in their public lectures. Besides this, it is almost inevitable, if the Universities surrender the right of matriculation-examination, that they should lower, not only their own standard, but likewise the standard of public schools. Some Universities, on the contrary, like over-anxious mothers, have multiplied examinations so as to make quite sure, at the end of each term or each year, that the pupils confided to them have done at least some work. This kind of forced labour may do some good to the incorrigibly idle, but it does the greatest harm to all the rest. If there is an examination at the end of each year, there can be no freedom left for any independent work. Both teachers and taught will be guided by the same pole-star—examinations; no deviation from the beaten track will be considered safe, and all the pleasure derived from work done for its own sake, and all the just pride and joy, which those only know who have ever ventured out by themselves on the open sea of knowledge, must be lost.

We must not allow ourselves to be deceived by the brilliant show of examination papers.

It is certainly marvellous what an amount of knowledge candidates will produce before their examiners; but those who have been both examined and examiners know best how fleeting that knowledge is, and how different from that other knowledge which has been acquired slowly and quietly, for its own sake, for our own sake, without a thought as to whether it would ever pay at examinations or not. A candidate, after giving most glibly the dates and the titles of the principal works of Cobbett, Gibbon, Burke, Adam Smith, and David Hume, was asked whether he had ever seen any of their writings, and he had to answer, No. Another, who was asked which of the works of Pheidias he had seen, replied that he had only read the first two books. That is the kind of dishonest knowledge which is fostered by too frequent examinations. There are two kinds of knowledge, the one that enters into our very blood, the other which we carry about in our pockets. Those who read for examinations have generally their pockets cram full; those who work on quietly and have their whole heart in their work are often discouraged at the small amount of their knowledge, at the little life-blood they have made. But what they have learnt has really become their own, has invigorated their whole frame, and in the end they have often proved the strongest and happiest men in the battle of life.

Omniscience is at present the bane of all our knowledge. From the

ay he leaves school and enters the University a man ought to make up his mind that in many things he must remain either altogether ignorant, or be satisfied with knowledge at second-hand. Thus only can he clear the deck for action. And the sooner he finds out what his own work is to be the more useful and delightful will be his life at University and later. There are few men who have a passion for knowledge, there is hardly one who has not a hobby of his own. Those so-called hobbies ought to be utilized, and not, as they are now, discouraged, if we wish our Universities to produce more men like Faraday, Carlyle, Grote, or Darwin. I do not say that in an examination for a University degree a minimum of what is now called general culture should not be insisted on; but in addition to that, far more freedom ought to be given to the examiner to let each candidate produce his own individual work. This is done to a far greater extent on the Continent than in English Universities, and the examinations are therefore mostly confided to the members of the *Senatus Academicus*, consisting of the most experienced teachers and the most eminent representatives of the different branches of knowledge in the University. Their object is not to find out how many marks each candidate may gain by answering a larger or smaller number of questions, and then to place them in order before the world like so many organ pipes. They want to find out whether a man, by the work he has done during his three or four years at University, has acquired that vigour of thought, that maturity of judgment, and that special knowledge which fairly entitle him to an academic status, to a degree, with or without special honours. Such a degree confers no material advantages;* it does not entitle its holder to any employment in Church or State; it does not vouch even for his being a fit person to be made an Archbishop or Prime Minister. All this is left to the later struggle for life; and in that struggle it seems as if those who, after having surveyed the vast field of human knowledge, have settled on a few acres of their own and cultivated them as they were never cultivated before, who have worked hard and have tasted the true joy and happiness of hard work, who have gladly listened to others, but always depended on themselves, were, after all, the men whom great nations delighted to follow as their royal leaders in their onward march towards greater enlightenment, greater happiness, and greater freedom.

To sum up. No one can read Mill's Essay "On Liberty" at the present moment without feeling that even during the short period of the last twenty years the cause which he advocated so strongly and passionately, the cause of individual freedom, has made rapid progress, aye, has carried the day. In no country *may* a man be so true to himself, so true to himself and yet loyal to society, as in England.

* Mill, "On Liberty," p. 193.

But although the enemy whose encroachments Mill feared most and resented most has been driven back and forced to keep within his own bounds—though such names as Dissent and Nonconformity, which were formerly used in society as fatal darts, seem to have lost all the poison which they once contained—Mill's principal fears have nevertheless not been belied, and the blight of uniformity which he saw approaching with its attendant evils of feebleness, indifference, and sequacity, has been spreading more widely than ever in his days.

It has even been maintained that the very freedom which every individual now enjoys has been detrimental to the growth of individuality; that you must have an Inquisition if you want to see martyrs that you must have despotism and tyranny to call forth heroes. The very measures which Mill and his friends advocated so warmly, compulsory education and competitive examinations, are pointed out as having chiefly contributed to produce that large array of passive men, that dead level of uninteresting excellence, which is the *beau idéal* of a Chinese Mandarin, while it frightened and disheartened such men as Humboldt, Tocqueville, and John Stuart Mill.

There may be some truth in all this, but it is certainly not the whole truth. Education, as it has to be carried on, whether in elementary or in public schools, is no doubt a heavy weight which might well press down the most independent spirit; it is, in fact, neither more nor less than placing, in a systematized form, on the shoulders of every generation the ever-increasing mass of knowledge, experience, custom, and tradition that has been accumulated by former generations. We need not wonder, therefore, if in some schools a spring, all vigour, all joyousness of work is crushed out under the load of names and dates, of anomalous verbs and syntactic rules, of mathematical formulas and geometrical axioms, which boys are expected to bring up for competitive examinations.

But a remedy has been provided, and we are ourselves to blame if we do not avail ourselves of it to the fullest extent. Europe erected its Universities, and called them the homes of the Liberal Arts, and determined that between the slavery of the school and the routine of practical life every man should have at least three years of freedom. What Socrates and his great pupil Plato had done for the youth of Greece,* these new academies were to do for the youth of Italy, France, England, Spain, and Germany; and though with varying success, they have done it. The mediæval and modern Universities have been from century to century the homes of free thought. Here the most eminent men have spent their lives, not merely in retailing traditional knowledge, as at school, but in extending the frontiers of science in all directions. Here, in close intercourse with their teachers, or under their immediate guidance, generation after generation of boys, fresh from school, have grown up into men during the three

* Zeller. "Ueber den wissenschaftlichen Unterricht bei den Griechen," 1878, p.

ars of their academic life. Here, for the first time, each man has been encouraged to dare to be himself, to follow his own tastes, to depend on his own judgment, to try the wings of his mind, and, lo, the young eagles thrown out of their nest, they could fly. Here the old knowledge accumulated at school was tested, and new knowledge acquired straight from the fountain-head. Here knowledge ceased to be a mere burden, and became a power invigorating the whole mind, like snow which during winter lies cold and heavy on the meadows, but when it is touched by the sun of spring melts away, and fructifies the ground for a rich harvest.

That was the original purpose of the Universities ; and the more they continue to fulfil that purpose the more will they secure to us that real freedom from tradition, from custom, from mere opinion and superstition, which can be gained by independent study only ; the more will they foster that " human development in its richest diversity " which Mill, like Humboldt, considered as the highest object of a society.

Such academic teaching need not be confined to the old Universities. There is many a great University that sprang from smaller beginnings than your Midland Institute. Nor is it necessary, in order to secure the real benefits of academic teaching, to have all the paraphernalia of a University, its colleges and fellowships, its caps and gowns. What is really wanted are men who have done good work in their life, and who are willing to teach others how to work for themselves, how to think for themselves, how to judge for themselves. That is the true academic stage in every man's life, when he learns to work, not to please others, be they schoolmasters or examiners, but to please himself, when he works from sheer love of work, and for the highest of all purposes, the conquest of truth. Those only who have passed through that stage know the real blessings of work. To the world at large they may seem mere drudges—but the world does not know the triumphant joy with which the true mountaineer, high above clouds and mountain walls that once seemed unsurpassable, drinks in the fresh air of the High Alps, and away from the fumes, the dust, and the noises of the city, revels alone, in freedom of thought, in freedom of feeling, and in the freedom of the highest faith.

F. MAX MULLER, in *Contemporary Review*.

THE UNITY OF NATURE: A SPECULATION.

WHATEVER view we take of Nature—by which name I intend to express the material system of which we ourselves form a part—there can be no doubt as to a certain unity prevailing it. I will not say a unity of purpose or design, because it is sometimes said that there is no purpose and no design in nature ; but those who would be most

ready to deny purpose and design would be most earnest in asserting the existence of unity of a very distinct kind.

Of course, those who adopt the old belief held by Jews, Christians and Mohammedans, in the existence of One God, Maker of Heaven and Earth, virtually assume the existence of a unity prevailing creation. The oneness of the creating mind implies a corresponding oneness in the created work. All phenomena, whether moral or physical which seem to imply diversity of will or purpose, are set down to the account of unexplained anomalies; they are the almost necessary results of a partial understanding of a complicated system; they are candidly admitted as existing; they are left for possible future explanation; but, whether explained or not, they are not permitted to interfere with the great fundamental axiom of the unity of God and the corresponding unity of creation.

This theological aspect of the subject, the name of which I have placed at the head of this essay, I mention as in duty bound, but do not intend to discuss. The aspect upon which I wish to offer a speculation is entirely scientific and experimental and in no direct manner touches upon the domain of theology. Let me illustrate it by reference to the remarkable discourse upon Biology delivered by the President of the British Association at the late meeting in Sheffield.

The ground-tone of that discourse, if I rightly understand it, is the unity of the principle of physical life, whatever that principle may be. Dr. Allman traces life up from the simplest form of protoplasm to its highest exhibition in the bodily systems of mammals and man.

No one, he says, who contemplates this spontaneously moving matter can deny that it is alive. Liquid as it is, it is a living liquid; organless and structureless as it is, it manifests the essential phenomena of life.

Then he takes us to the simplest living organism, the *Amæba*.

The science of our own days has revealed its biological importance, and shows that in this little, soft, nucleated particle we have a body whose significance for morphology and physiology of living beings cannot be overestimated; for in the *Amæba* we have the essential characters of a cell, the morphological unit of organisation, the physiological source of specialised function.

From the *Amæba* we ascend to man himself.

Examine under the microscope a drop of blood freshly taken from the human subject, or from any of the higher animals. It is seen to be composed of a multitude of red corpuscles, swimming in a nearly colourless liquid; and along with these, but in much smaller numbers, somewhat larger colourless corpuscles. The red corpuscles are modified cells, while the colourless corpuscles are cells still retaining their typical form and properties. These last are little masses of protoplasm, each enveloping a central nucleus. Watch them. They will be seen to change their shape; they will project and withdraw pseudopodia, and creep about like an *Amæba*.

But the protoplasmatic chain which connects all animal life links on also to that of the vegetable world.

All recent research has been bringing out in a more and more decisive manner the fact that there is no dualism in life—that the life of the animal and the life of the plant are, like their protoplasm, in all essential points identical.

And this truth Dr. Allman illustrates by a most curious fact, the evidence for which seems irresistible, namely, that plants, like animals, are capable of being acted upon by anæsthetics: the sensitive plant under the influence of the vapour of ether loses its sensitive properties; and seeds under a similar influence are unable to germinate, but recover their vital power as soon as the anæsthetic atmosphere is removed.

This unity of the principle of physical life may or may not astonish us according to our habits of thought: possibly we may begin by regarding it as astounding, and end with the conclusion that it would be difficult to have conceived it to be otherwise. This is a mental transition with which most persons accustomed to scientific, and especially mathematical scientific discussions, will be familiar. The real difficulty of conception seems to me to be connected with the diversity of nature, supposed to rest upon one all-prevailing principle. Grant protoplasm as the prime form of universal physical life; take that as the biological starting-point or prime postulate: and then comes the difficulty of conceiving the immensely different results in which our protoplasmic postulate lands us. The most absolute upholder of protoplasm, assisted by the hypothesis of evolution, must of necessity include that there is somehow an enormous difference between a squirrel and a codfish, between a dog and a cabbage.

I apprehend that this combination of a deep underlying unity in nature with a palpable and unlimited diversity will always afford opportunity for curious speculation, and will probably never admit of a complete solution. Mr. Darwin's hypothesis and investigations, regarded from one point of view, may be described as an attempt to solve the difficulty. To what extent the attempt has been successful I have no intention of discussing; the purpose of this essay is of a very different kind; I am content to look upon the unity and diversity of nature either from the simple theological point of view, or from that of science, as expounded by Mr. Darwin or any other leader whether in science or in philosophy; and, accepting the admission which must be made by all parties of the coexistence of fundamental unity with almost unlimited diversity, I wish to offer some considerations which may possibly be helpful to some minds in their attempts to grasp this coexistence as a thing approximately intelligible. Considerations which interest one mind may probably interest others; at all events I shall have the selfish pleasure of setting down in words a speculation, interesting as I think, which has occupied my own thoughts.

The scope of my speculation will perhaps be put before the reader in the clearest manner by propounding the following question:

Is it not conceivable that there may be a principle or law, from

which the existing order of physical life, with all its apparent anomalies, flows as a necessary result? and would not the knowledge of that principle or law, if attainable, exhibit to us the order of living nature, as one consistent system, free from exceptions and anomalies?

Let us consider what takes place with regard to geometrical knowledge. We are told that Sir Isaac Newton regarded the propositions of Euclid as necessary truths requiring no demonstration, and that he did not trouble himself to follow the steps of proof. This is not a common experience, as most students have discovered for themselves; but it is quite true that every mind that is capable of geometrical knowledge approximates by degrees to the condition from which that of Sir Isaac Newton seems to have started. A boy who begins his geometrical studies works painfully through the logical steps by which it is proved that the three angles of a triangle make up two right angles; that the squares described upon the two sides of a right angled triangle make up that described upon the hypotenuse; that the tangent of a circle is perpendicular to the radius; and so forth. But, by degrees, as his mind becomes familiar with the fundamental conceptions of straight lines, angles, circles, and the rest, he begins to perceive that propositions which at first sight seemed almost wonderful to him as protoplasm or an *Amœba* to the microscopist, are in reality self-evident, or immediately deducible from the simple axioms. And, what is still more to the point, a geometer who has thoroughly digested his science is capable of regarding the whole body of propositions into which it is divided as scientifically one, and as all obviously, and (so to speak) visibly, depending upon the simplest and most elementary properties of space. The extent to which this intuition of geometrical truth can be carried depends upon the powers of the human mind. The propositions of Euclid appear intuitively true to Sir Isaac Newton, and I suspect that this does not give us the limit of his intuitive geometrical powers; anyhow, it is quite conceivable, by merely extending in imagination the powers which we have actual experience, that all geometrical truth in any department might exhibit itself without intermediate steps of demonstration to a mind of sufficient acuteness, when the appropriate definitions had been given. It is conceivable, for example, that when the definition of an ellipse had been given, a Newton might at once conclude the various properties which would be given in a treatise on the Conic Sections.

From geometry we may rise to mechanics. The fundamental proposition expressed by the phrase *Parallelogram of Forces*, is, as all students know, generally proved upon the basis of certain definitions and axioms, much in the same manner as the fundamental propositions of geometry. Nevertheless I suppose that most minds which have studied mechanics acquire by degrees an almost if not a perfectly intuitive perception of the necessary truth of the laws of the composition of forces. To a mind like that of Newton I should imagine

that the principles of mechanics would present themselves almost in the same self-evident light as those of geometry. I endeavoured many years ago, in a memoir printed in the *Transactions of the Cambridge Philosophical Society*,* to work out in some detail the philosophy of this subject; I grouped together geometry and mechanics as members of a class of sciences which I described as science of magnitude and direction; and I argued that as the data of magnitude and direction entirely define a straight line, and the same data entirely define a force, it may be concluded that as two sides of a triangle determine the third side, so two forces represented in magnitude and direction by two sides of a triangle will have for their resultant the force represented by the third.

It is difficult to say to what extent the intuition of mechanical science may be carried. It is quite certain that to those who have thought much on the subject there is no perceptible effort in striding across from the simplest conception of force to propositions which are in a certain sense complicated, and at all events are far from elementary. The motion of a particle in a conic section round a centre of force varying inversely as the square of the distance may conceivably be grasped by an acute mind as an axiomatic truth; and if we could only reduce the law of the inverse square (which seems not impossible) to a necessary truth, just as the same law follows by geometrical necessity in the case of illumination from a centre of light, we might be able to speak of the planetary motions as an elementary truth similar to the propositions of geometry.

Now it seems worth while to suggest that possibly, as the truths of geometry help us to realise those of mechanics, so we may use the truths of mechanics to help us to realise some of the truths of the more subtle sciences, say even that of biology. A remarkable memoir in "The Theory of Matter," by the late R. L. Ellis,† concludes with the following sentence:

I venture to predict, with a degree of confidence which doubtless I shall not communicate to many, that if ever we succeed in establishing a mathematical theory of chemistry, it will be as much conversant with equations of the third or a higher order, as physical astronomy is with equations of the second.

I know from personal intercourse with Ellis that he much prized this prophecy: he said to me that he "wished it to be remembered." I am not going to dwell upon it here, further than to remark that the thought expressed by the prophecy seems to me to be capable of being expanded in a form which will well illustrate the view of science that I am endeavouring to express in words. Ellis regards chemical action

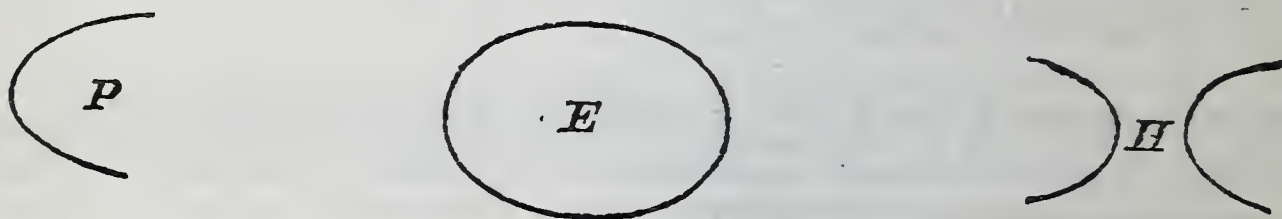
* "Connection between the Sciences of Mechanics and Geometry," *Transactions of the Cambridge Philosophical Society*, vol. viii., part iii.

† *Mathematical and other Writings of Robert Leslie Ellis*, p. 38.

as the next stage in the complicated kingdom of matter to the action of mechanical forces, and accordingly he assigns to chemistry differential equations of the third order ; and every mathematician knows how immense is the increase of complication introduced by the supposed dependence upon these higher equations. But why stop at chemistry ? and why stop at equations of the third order ? May there not be, or rather is there not, a gradual ascent from the dynamics of matter to the chemistry of matter, from chemistry to biology ? And if there be no prospect of ever reducing biology to mathematical calculation, may we not at least use the conception of a science depending upon differential equations of a high order, incapable of integration, it may be, like some by which we have already been baffled in the sciences of light, heat, sound, and hydrodynamics, for the purpose of illustrating to our minds some of the mysteries and anomalies which the science of life forces upon our consideration.

Let us go back from this transcendental region for a few moments to the consideration of mechanics. We may perhaps rise to it again presently. I wish to endeavour to illustrate the unity and diversity in the difficult department of biology by reference to what is brought before us in the simpler actions of matter.

Let us consider what takes place in the ordinary problem of the motion of a particle round a fixed centre of attraction ; the law being the natural one—namely, that of the inverse square of the distance. It is well known that the path of the particle will be a conic section. To the mind of a geometrician a conic section is a conic section, or an algebraical curve of the second degree ; but to an ordinary observer the particle may describe one of three different curves, which to the eye are very unlike each other—a parabola, an ellipse, or a hyperbola, their forms being somewhat as under :



call them for shortness' sake and for reference P, E, and H.

Now a mathematician will be aware that if a large number of particles be projected at random with different velocities about a centre of force, the probability will be that some will describe paths such as P, some paths such as E, and some such as H. If he could observe what took place after such projection, it would not appear to him in any sense strange or anomalous that some of the projected bodies should continue to revolve in orbits nearly circular, and that some should lose themselves in infinite space ; on the other hand he would regard it as practically impossible that all the projected bodies should

revolve in nearly circular orbits, and none of them go off upon infinite branches. Therefore, when an astronomer, supposed to be also a mathematician, finds by observation that there are a few bodies coursing round the sun in orbits nearly circular, that there are many following very eccentric courses, and many which go off into infinite distance, some having even the double branched course Π , of which, however, they can use only one branch, never being able to make any use whatever of the other, he sees in the result a confirmation of the laws of gravitation and of dynamics, and nothing anomalous at all. But suppose that astronomy were simply a science of observation like botany, or anatomy, or biology; suppose that the properties of the conic sections were unknown, and that the curves P , E , Π were maintained to be different curves, as certainly to mere ocular observation they would seem to be, would not the system of the heavens present some strange anomalies? Observation first indicates, we will suppose, that certain bodies, the earth amongst them, move round the sun in orbits nearly circular. A speculative mind perhaps asks the reason for this, and many reasons could be assigned, theological, philosophical, or otherwise; and it gradually grows to the general belief of those who think at all on such matters, that circular motion round the sun is the law of nature. But then further observation brings to light the fact that there are numerous bodies which do not conform themselves to this law; bodies which move in curves of exceeding eccentricity, and bodies which move in curves of an entirely different character, and which become lost in space. It seems certain that in the condition of science supposed, these eccentric, and especially the parabolical and hyperbolical, bodies must needs be regarded as anomalous, upsetting all notion of law.

From what has just now been said, it appears to be certainly possible that in the case of astronomy the mind of a man might pass from a condition, in which the motion of the members of the solar system might be regarded as full of anomaly, to one in which the same motion might present itself as a necessary result of one simple law. May it not be that a similar transition is conceivable in other departments? May there not be differences in the development and results of natural laws, which in reality are not more truly differences than that which exists between an ellipse and a parabola? And if you have a natural result which may be compared to an ellipse, may it not be that in the nature of things the existence of that result is necessarily accompanied by the possibility of other results, which may be compared to parabolas or hyperbolas? To illustrate my meaning, take that view of the world which regards it as above all things the home of intelligent man—surely a very probable and acceptable view to the human mind. The observer who thus regards the world may be compared to the astronomer who regards the solar system as consisting of a few stately spherical bodies, one of which he knows to be inhabited, moving round the sun in nearly circular orbits; and to this observer

the world will present many anomalies. He cannot account for the existence of much of the inferior department of nature—noxious snakes, mischievous insects, &c. In fact it is difficult for any one who starts with the simple notion of the world existing for the sake of man, to make out a consistent and tenable theory of nature. But may it not be that the existence of man involves the possibility of snakes as truly and as really as the existence of elliptic motion involves that of parabolical? and may not certain parts of the vegetable and animal kingdoms which appear useless, and the removal of which, we might fancy, would be no disadvantage, or even a theoretical improvement, hold a place similar to that of comets or meteoric stones, which are really inseparable in conception from the more orderly and more apparently useful planets?

There is another consideration which I should like to hang upon the facts of planetary motion. It is possible, and it is said to be the fact, that certain heavenly bodies move in hyperbolas. Let the reader contemplate the figure H; he will observe, what every geometer knows, that the curve consists of two branches. An unskilled person might possibly speak of them as *two curves*; but they are not two curves, they are only one curve; you can devise no definition, and you can invent no mathematical formula, which will represent one branch without also representing the other. Nevertheless, physically, the two branches are distinct; they occupy different portions of space, and if a body be moving in one of the branches it can never by any possibility be transferred to the other. Conceive a body to start in either branch; then it will continue in that branch for ever, its course growing more and more nearly rectilinear, till it ultimately moves sensibly in a straight line. Yet it cannot, so to speak, get rid of all connection with the unused branch; it has never visited it, it never can or will do so, and yet to the mathematician's mind that unused branch is as truly a portion of the body's path as that in which it moves; the unused branch is involved in the definition of the path and cannot be separated from it.

I have sometimes thought that this view of a planetary path might illustrate other unused things. The nipples and lacteal vessels of male animals, the rudimentary feet of certain snakes, the teeth of whales, and other useless organs of certain living things, may possibly be, like branches of a hyperbola, involved in the definition of the creature, inseparable from its existence, and yet forming no part of its active life. And as the human mind can see the necessity of the existence of the useless branch of the hyperbola, and cannot conceive the elliptic and nearly circular orbit of the earth without recognising at the same time, and in the same effort of thought, the possible existence of useless hyperbolic branches of planetary orbits, so it may be that a mind higher than human might see in the definition of man the possible existence of useless organs both in man and in other creatures.

Hitherto I have founded my transference of conclusions from dynamics to sciences not mathematical, such as anatomy and biology, upon the actual case of particles moving round a centre of force varying as the inverse square of the distance. But a further generalisation and further expansion of the speculation which I have been endeavouring to develop, may be usefully and simply effected by considering the case of the motion of particles subject to the action of centres of force of a more complicated kind. It may be that the law of the inverse square is a necessary law, of mutual attraction of particles of matter, and that no other is possible; but other laws are conceivable, and the curves described under the action of many laws can be worked out, as any mathematician knows, without any difficulty. For examples, the direct distance of which we have in fact many actual instances, and the inverse cube, admit of simple solution; and it may be observed that the inverse cube leads to a family of curves more varied than the conic sections, and containing members even more dissimilar one from another than the ellipse and the hyperbola. It is easily seen that the variety of the family of curves will increase in complexity as the complexity of the law of force increases, and it is conceivable that there may be a large number of curves which are all essentially one as being the result of the same fundamental physical conditions, and which nevertheless, when graphically traced, may exhibit no apparent resemblance to each other whatever, and would be concluded by any observer, who had only his eyes to trust, to be of altogether alien races. There might conceivably be as much difference between one orbit and another as there is between a vegetable and an animal, or between a bird and a fish.

A still greater variety would be introduced if we develop Leslie Ellis's conception of mathematical chemistry (if there be such a thing), as depending upon differential equations of the third or a higher order. Life, whatever may be its laws and limits, has certainly a much higher basis than chemistry, and may be regarded, therefore, as already hinted, as depending for its solution, if on anything, upon differential equations of a much higher order than those which pertain to chemistry. Consequently, the equation of life, if we may venture to speak of such a thing, would be one of almost indefinite complication, involving a vast number of arbitrary constants from the change of which, according to varying initial conditions, an indefinite number of families of living things would result, producing a most complicated unity and an almost unlimited variety.

Strange curves would certainly manifest themselves, just as strange species manifest themselves in the departments of vegetable and animal life. Let any one walk through the zoological galleries of the British Museum and observe the strange reptiles and sea monsters that are collected there: the survival of the fittest scarcely seems to account for the existence of some of them; but I can easily believe that their existence was a necessity, and that they are involved (so to speak) in the general solution of the great life problem.

I am tempted to illustrate the subject which I have in hand by another reference to families of curves. I have dealt with curves hitherto as the paths of particles moving under the action of forces ; but an illustration of the unity and variety of nature may be derived from curves independently of any consideration of physical genesis. The conic sections, for example, are to the mathematician curves corresponding to an algebraical equation of two variables of the second degree. The equation of the second degree has at most only five constants, and therefore its geometrical locus, when the variables are regarded as co-ordinates, cannot be exceedingly complicated. But the equation of the third degree has nine constants and its locus is therefore immensely more complicated ; still more so are the equations of the fourth and fifth and higher degrees. Now the variety of planetary motion corresponds, as we know, precisely to the variety of the locus of the equation of the second degree ; may not some other development of natural forces correspond in variety to the locus of the equation of the third, fourth, fifth, or higher degrees ? and may we not gain from our knowledge of the rapidly increasing complications of these families of curves some notion of the necessary variety of the phenomena corresponding to the same development of natural force ? The curves of the equation of the third degree have, I believe, never been entirely classified—certainly not those of the fourth and fifth : the rapidly growing complication corresponds admirably well with that which we find in nature.

We may even pursue the illustration of nature by reference to curves a step further. In his clever and eccentric work entitled the *Ninth Bridgewater Treatise*, Babbage makes use of the points which mathematicians know by the name of conjugate or isolated points, for the purpose of illustrating the relation in which, according to his view, miracles may stand to the ordinary course of nature. These points, as some of my readers will know, and as I may properly explain for the benefit of others, are as much parts of the curve to which they belong as any points in its continuous branches. No definition of the curve can exclude them. Algebraically speaking, their co-ordinates satisfy the equation of the curve, and therefore they truly belong to it. And yet they stand absolutely separated from the curve's continuous branches, and to a mere ocular observer have nothing to do with those branches whatever. Babbage's application of these points to the subject which he had in hand was ingenious and happy ; but I wish to borrow his idea for the purpose of this essay, to which it seems to lend itself quite as readily as it does to the illustration of the miraculous.

For, instead of the word *miraculous*, which would be altogether out of place in this essay, read *anomalous*, or perhaps more correctly *apparently anomalous*, and we find a good illustration of such apparent anomalies in the conjugate points to which I have referred. Haeckel, for example, tells us that the much-talked-of *purpose in nature*

has really no existence, and that, without going more deeply into the matter, the rudimentary organs of animals are a formidable obstacle to the theory; and in the same way he banishes the notion of the *beneficence of the Creator*.* Now, if we conceive for a moment, merely as an hypothesis, that nature *has* a purpose, or that it is the work of a beneficent Creator, it seems obvious that the expression of that purpose, or the law which expresses the action of that beneficence, must be of a very complicated kind. It seems not unreasonable to compare it to one of the curves of which I have been speaking. Certain anomalies, such as the rudimentary organs, may be conjugate points; they seem utterly inconsistent with purpose; and yet to one who knows the equation of the curve, they are as truly part of the curve as the more regular branches; and he will perceive that which the ocular observer does not suspect and cannot believe, namely, that these apparent anomalies and useless excrescences cannot be removed without absolutely destroying the system of which they form a part.

I remember reading many years ago (I think in an early number of the *Cambridge Mathematical Journal*) a paper on conjugate points, which supplies a thought capable of useful application either to Babbage's illustration of miracles, or to the adaptation of his illustration to nature which I have ventured to make. The writer of the paper showed that, under a more general treatment of the equation of a curve, conjugate points might be made to disappear altogether, or, at least, to take their place as points in continuous branches. According to this view the locus of the equation was to be sought not in a single plane, as is commonly done, but in the three dimensions of space; and the writer showed that, according to his method of interpretation, a conjugate point would be the point in which a branch of the curve not lying in the ordinary plane of reference crossed that plane. I think that Babbage might have much improved his illustration if he had happened to have been familiar with this idea; he might have argued that a miracle would cease to be a miracle if you could regard it outside the plane of human experience; but leaving out of consideration what Babbage might have done, I should wish to remark, in connection with the subject of this paper, that possibly the anomalies of nature may, like conjugate points, only be so because we are compelled to move (as it were) in one plane, and that, if we were free from the trammels of human experience and human laws of thought, we might possibly discover that even the anomalies of nature are part of a continuous and consistent law.

There is one other illustration of the problems of biology which may be drawn from the simpler problems of the dynamics of a particle, and which may be suitably introduced into this essay.

Every mathematician knows that when it is required to determine the orbit of a particle about a given centre of force, the mere assign-

* *History of Creation*, vol. i., p. 19. (English Translation.)

ment of the law of force is not sufficient for the solution of the problem. This assignment will enable him to integrate his equation, if it be integrable ; but his integral will contain three arbitrary constants, for the determination of which he will require to know three elements—namely, the distance, the direction, and the velocity of projection. Almost as much will depend upon these conditions of projection as upon the law of force. I have already pointed out that, in the case of the natural law of the inverse square, the path of a particle may be either a parabola, an ellipse, or a hyperbola ; and the question which of these the path will be depends upon the conditions of projection, or the initial circumstances of motion. Now, in the case of the planets we cannot actually conceive of conditions of projection or initial circumstances of motion ; but we positively know that there must have been something equivalent to these ; there must have been something corresponding to the three data of an ordinary problem in central forces, which fixed the precise orbit of the earth, for example, and determined its eccentricity.

This being realised, let us pass from the known to the comparatively unknown, from *force* to *life*. Let it be granted that all living things have been developed according to some law, not necessarily known, or even capable of description in words, but still a real law of development ; does this give us all the elements necessary for the solution of the life problem ? If we say *yes*, do we not run into the mistake of a beginner who fancies that he can solve a problem of motion round a centre when he has been told what is the law of force ? Is it not necessary to know the conditions of projection, the initial circumstances of motion or development ? and may not this portion of the data be quite as important as the knowledge of the law of force ?

It seems to me, that they who are most anxious to establish the principle of evolution should be the most ready to perceive the necessity of taking into account the consideration of initial circumstances. It is not a complete account of the earth's motion to say that it is the result of gravitation towards the sun. When a body is once in motion, the forces acting upon it may sufficiently account for all subsequent phenomena ; but the distance of the earth from the sun, the small eccentricity of her orbit, and so forth, have nothing whatever to do with gravitation ; they depend upon quite different causes. You may speculate that the planets were originally rings thrown off from the sun, and thus get one step nearer to the beginning of things ; but even then there is no cause which can be assigned why the planets should be situated as they are, and why the conditions of our own planet (to go no further than the body with which we are familiar) should have been such as they are. Given a slowly revolving mass of cooling vaporous matter, and given the possibility of this mass being transformed into a system of bodies, with the sun in the centre, and the planets revolving round it in orbits nearly circular, they themselves also assuming forms nearly spherical, you still need an initial

causation which shall determine the configuration of the system and shall make it to be what it is, and no other.

In like manner a quantity of protoplasm with an assumed power of development will not account for existing forms of life without the additional hypothesis of some causative power to determine the initial circumstances. Given an original germ, and given some power which shall direct the particular original cause of the development of that germ, and the whole subsequent development is conceivable; but the germ and the law of development left to themselves may be as insufficient as the particle and the law of attraction.

This view seems undoubtedly to let in the idea of *purpose* which Haeckel is so anxious to exclude. I do not say that purpose does not come in at an earlier point; but, anyhow, when we come to the consideration of a number of results—all of which are possible under an original law—it would seem difficult to dispense with the supposition of some power, some will, some choice, which has caused one form rather than another to have been adopted in any given part of the kingdom of nature.

Let me add one more suggestion founded upon the supposed analogy between dynamics and biology.

We have seen that the parabola, the ellipse, and the hyperbola are all possible curves for a particle moving round a centre of force. Only one of these curves—namely, the ellipse, and only the ellipse under the condition of small eccentricity or approximate circularity—can suffice for the orbit of a planet which shall be the home of the highest form of life; namely, that of a man. A body moving round a centre of force acting according to the law of the inverse square will not, therefore, form a sufficient definition of a world like our own. The original conditions of motion, the initial circumstances as a mathematician would call them, must have been delicately adjusted in order to select, out of all possible forms of orbit, that one circular or nearly circular form which is compatible with the existence, upon the earth's surface, of beings like ourselves. May we not infer from this a similar necessity of original delicate adjustment in the process of the evolution of a highly organised creature from a protoplasmic germ? If we are to accept the evolution of man from a germ or seed as a fact of the original creation, may we not also rightly conclude that the delicate adjustment of the initial circumstances was as necessary in the case of man and his evolution, as it certainly was in the production of that world and its orbit upon which the evolved man was to live?

If there be any validity in the views which have been shadowed forth in this paper, interesting and important conclusions might seem to follow. The general tendency is, I think, to suggest that neither gravitation nor evolution carries us up to the prime cause of existing nature, or renders the hypothesis of such a cause unnecessary. Professor Allman, in the address to which I have already referred, says,

I believe, with truth : "The chasm between unconscious life and thought is deep and impassable, and no transitional phenomena can be found by which, as by a bridge, we may span it over. In like manner, it seems to me that the assertion may be rightly made, that there is a deep, impassable chasm between the laws of matter, which have been or ever can be demonstrated, and the prime cause or ground of existence of the material universe. This, however, is a field of discussion upon which I do not desire to proceed.

HARVEY CARLISLE, in *Nineteenth Century*.

CINDERELLA.

THE year 1697 A. D. was rendered memorable, not only by the Peace of Ryswick which saved so great a part of Europe from the horrors of war, but also by the earliest appearance in print of Charles Perrault's "Cendrillon, ou la petite pantoufle de verre." It was in the fourth part of the fifth volume of the *Recueil de pièces curieuses et nouvelles*, published at the Hague by Adrien Moëtgens, that the narrative of Cinderella's fortunes, in the form under which it has become familiar to the whole civilised world, first saw the light. In the same eventful year it was a second time introduced to the public, figuring as one of the eight histories contained in the *Histoires ou contes de temps passé*, which professed to be written by the "Sieur P. Darman-cour ;" this "Sieur" being the author's son, Perrault d'Arman-cour, a boy then twelve years old, who may possibly have acted as an intermediate relater between the nurse who told and the parent who wrote the tales which were destined to render that parent's name immortal. Their success was one of the unexpected triumphs which fate has now and then accorded to literature. As little, in all probability, did the elder Perrault, grave member of the French Academy and erudite defender of modern writers against the claim of the ancients to supremacy, dream of the fame which Cinderella and her companions were to bring to him, as did Charles the Twelfth, who in the same eventful year succeeded to the throne of Sweden, foresee the ruinous nature of the conflict in which he was doomed to engage with his young brother monarch Peter the Great, just then, on ship-building intent, making his way towards the peaceful dockyards of Holland.

Cinderella's story had doubtless been familiar for centuries to the common people of Europe. In the opinion of many critics it had, indeed, figured for ages among the heirlooms of humanity. But Perrault's rendering of the tale naturalised it in the polite world, gave it for cultured circles an attraction which it is never likely to lose.

The supernatural element plays in it but a subordinate part, for, even without the aid of a fairy godmother, the neglected heroine might have been enabled to go to a ball in disguise, and to win the heart of the hero by the beauty of her features and the smallness of her foot. It is with human more than with mythological interest that the story is replete, and therefore it appeals to human hearts with a force which no lapse of time can diminish. Such supernatural machinery as is introduced, moreover, has a charm for children which older versions of the tale do not possess. The pumpkin carriage, the rat coachman, the lizard lacqueys, and all the other properties of the transformation scene, appeal at once to the imagination and the sense of humour of every beholder. In the more archaic forms of the narrative there is no intentional grotesqueness. It is probably because so many of the incidents in the life of "Cucendron" (as she was generally styled at home, "though the younger of her stepsisters, who was not so uncivil as the elder, called her 'Cendrillon,'") were so natural, that some mythologists have attached such importance to the final trial by slipper. "The central interest in the popular story of Cinderella," says Professor de Gubernatis in his valuable work on "Zoological Mythology," is "the legend of the lost slipper, and of the prince who tries to find the foot predestined to wear it." But if the tale be sought for in lands less cultured than the France which produced Perrault's "Cendrillon" and the Countess d'Aulnoy's "Finette Cendron," we shall see that "the legend of the lost slipper" is no longer of "central interest," being merely used to supply the means of ultimate recognition so valuable in ancient days not only to the story-teller but to the dramatist. Let us take, by way of example, a Servian version of the story.*

As a number of girls were spinning one day a-field, sitting in a ring round a cleft in the ground, there came to them an old man, who said, "Maidens, beware! for if one of you were to let her spindle fall into this cleft, her mother would be immediately turned into a cow." Thereupon the girls at once drew nearer to the cleft and inquisitively peeped into it. And the spindle of Mara, the fairest of their number, slipped out of her hand and fell into the cleft. When she reached home in the evening, there was her mother turned into a cow, standing in front of the house and mooing. Thenceforth Mara tended and fed that cow with filial affection. But her father married again, taking as his second wife a widow with one plain daughter. And the new mistress of the house grievously ill-treated her step-daughter, forbidding her to wash her face, or brush her hair, or change her dress. And as she became grimy with ashes, *pepel*, Mara received the nickname of *Pepelluga*, that is, Cinderella, or Ashypet. Her stepmother also set her tasks which she could never have done, had not "the cow, which had once been her mother," helped her to per-

form them. When the stepmother found this out she gave her husband no rest till he promised to put the cow to death. The girl wept bitterly when she heard the sad news, but the cow consoled her, telling her what she must do. She must not eat of its flesh, and she must carefully collect and bury its bones under a certain stone, and to this burial-place she must afterwards come, should she find herself in need of help. The cow was killed and eaten, but Mara said she had no appetite, and ate none of its flesh. And she buried its bones as she had been directed. Some days afterwards her stepmother went to church with her own daughter, leaving Mara at home to cook the dinner, and to pick up a quantity of corn which had been purposely strewed about the house, threatening to kill her if she had not performed both tasks by the time they came back from church. Mara was greatly troubled at the sight of the grain, and fled for help to the cow's grave. There she found an open coffer full of fine raiment, and on the lid sat two white doves, which said, "Mara, choose a dress and go in it to church, and we birds will gather up the grain." So she took the robes which came first, all of the finest silk, and went in them to church, where the beauty of her face and her dress won all hearts, especially that of the Emperor's son. Just before the service was over she glided out of church, ran home, and placed her robes in the coffer, which immediately shut and disappeared. When her relatives returned, they found the grain collected, the dinner cooked, and Ashypet as grimy as usual. -Next Sunday just the same happened, only Mara's robes were this time of silver. On the third Sunday she went to church in raiment of pure gold, with slippers to match. And when she left the Emperor's son left too, and hastened after her. But all he got for his pains was her right slipper, which she dropped in her haste. By means of it he at length found her out. In vain did her stepmother, when he walked in with the golden test in his hand, hide her under a trough, endeavour to force her own daughter's foot into the too small slipper, and when this attempt failed, deny that there was any other girl in the house. For the cock crowed out "Kikerike! the maiden is under the trough!" There the prince in truth found her, clothed from head to foot in golden attire, but wanting her right slipper. After which all went well.

In a modern Greek variant of the story (Hahn, No. 2), there is a similar but still stranger opening. According to it, an old woman and her three daughters sat spinning one day. And they made an agreement that if one of them broke her thread or dropped her spindle, she should be killed and eaten by the others. The mother's spindle was the first to fall, and her two elder daughters killed, cooked, and ate her. But their younger sister did all she could to save her mother's life, and when her attempts proved fruitless, utterly refused to have anything to do with eating her. And after the unfilial repast was over she collected her mother's bones and buried them in the ash-hole. After forty days had passed, she wished to dig them up and

bury them elsewhere. But when she opened the hole in which she had deposited them; there streamed forth from it a blaze of light which almost blinded her. And then she found that no bones were there, but three costly suits of raiment. On one gleamed "the sky with its stars," on another "the spring with its flowers," on the third "the sea with its waves." By means of these resplendent robes she created a great sensation in church on three successive Sundays, and won the heart of the usual prince, who was enabled to recognise her by means of the customary slipper. The German variant of the story given by Grimm (No. 21), represents the grimy *Aschenputtel*—a form of Cinderella's name very like the Scotch *Ashypet*—as being assisted to bear up against the unkindness of her stepsisters by a white bird, which haunted the tree she had planted above her mother's grave. From this bird she received all that she asked for, including the dazzling robe and golden shoes in which she, for the third time, won the prince's heart at a ball in the palace. One of these shoes stuck in the pitch with which the prince had ordered the staircase to be smeared, in the hope of thereby capturing her when she fled from the ball; and by it he after a time recognised her. The story is of an unusually savage tone. For not only does one of the stepsisters cut off her toes, and the other her heel, in order to fit their feet to the golden slipper—acting in accordance with the suggestion of their mother, who says, "When you are a queen you need not go afoot"—but they ultimately have their eyes pecked out by the two doves which have previously called attention to the fact that blood is streaming from their mutilated feet. The surgical adaptation of the false foot to the slipper, and its exposure by a bird, occur in so many variants that they probably formed an important part of the original tale. Thus in a Lowland Scotch variant of the story, quoted by Chambers, when the glass shoe was brought by the prince's messenger to the house wherein lived two sisters, "the auld sister that was sae proud gaed awa' by hersel', and came back in a while hirpling wi' the shoe on." But when she rode away in triumph as the prince's bride, "a wee bird sung out o' a bush:—

" Nippit fit and clippit fit ahint the king rides;
But pretty fit and little fit ahint the caldron hides "

The blinding of the pretenders, however, is a rare incident. But in one of the Russian stories (Afanasief, vi. 30) the stepsisters of Chornushka—so called from her always being dirty and *chorna*, or black—lose their eyes exactly as in the German tale.

The industry of many collectors has supplied scores of variants of this most popular narrative. But those which have been mentioned will be sufficient to throw a considerable light upon one of its most significant features. Its earlier scenes appear to have been inspired by the idea that a loving mother may be able, even after her death, to bless and assist a dutiful child. In the Servian and the Greek

variants this belief is brought prominently forward, though in a somewhat grotesque form. In the German it is indicated, but less clearly. In one of the Sicilian variants (Pitré, No. 41), the stepdaughter is assisted by a cow, as in the Servian story. Out of the hole in which its bones are buried come "twelve damsels" who array her "all in gold," and take her to the royal palace. Here the link between the girl and her dead mother has been lost, and the supernatural machinery is worked by fairy hands. In another (No. 43) the heroine receives everything she asks for, exactly as in the German story, from a magic date-tree. But nothing is said about its being planted above her mother's grave, and its mysterious powers are accounted for only by the fact that out of it issue "a great number of *fati*," or fairies. In the romantic story of "*La Gatta Cennerentola*," told by Basile in his *Pentamerone* (published at Naples about the year 1637), she is similarly assisted by a fairy who issues from a date-tree. This suggests the fairy godmother of Perrault's tale, from which our version appears to have been borrowed. For among us Cinderella's slipper is almost always of glass, a material never mentioned except in the French form of the story and its imitations. On this part of Cinderella's costume it may be as well to dwell for a time, before passing on to the further consideration of her fortunes. As yet we have dwelt only with what may be called the "dead mother" or "stepmother" opening of the tale. We shall have to consider presently a kindred form of the narrative, the opening of which may be named after the "hateful marriage," from which the heroine flies, her adventures after her flight being similar to those of the ill-used stepdaughter. That is to say, she is reduced to a state of degradation and squalor, and is forced to occupy a servile position, frequently connected in some way with the hearth and its ashes. From this, however, she emerges on certain festive occasions as a temporarily brilliant being, always returning to her obscure position, until at last she is recognised; after which she remains permanently brilliant, her apparently destined period of eclipse having been brought to a close by her recognition, which is accomplished by the aid of her lost shoe or slipper.

As to the material of the slipper there has been much dispute. In the greater part of what are apparently the older forms of the story, it is made of gold. This may perhaps be merely a figure of speech, but there are instances on record of shoes, or at least sandals, being made of precious metals. Even in our own times, as well as in the days of the Cæsars, a horse is said to have been shod with gold. And an Arab geographer, quoted by Mr. Lane, vouches for the fact that the islands of Wák-Wák are ruled by a queen who "has shoes of gold." Moreover, "no one walks in all these islands with any other kind of shoe; if he wear any other kind his feet are cut." It is true that his authority is a little weakened by his subsequent statement that these isles have trees which bear "fruits like women." These strange be-

ings have beautiful faces and are suspended by their hair. "They come forth from integuments like large leathern bags. And when they feel the air and the sun they cry "Wák! Wák!" until their hair is cut, and when it is cut they die." Glass is an all but unknown material for shoemaking in the genuine folk-tales of any country except France. The heroine of one of Mr. J. F. Campbell's Gaelic tales* wore "glass shoes," but this exception to the rule may be due to a French influence, transmitted through an English or Lowland Scotch channel. Even in France itself the slipper is not always of glass. Madame d'Aulnoy's Finette Cendron, for instance, wore one "of red velvet embroidered with pearls." The use of the word *verre* by Perrault has been accounted for in two ways. Some critics think that the material in question was a *tissu en verre*, fashionable in Perrault's time. But the more generally received idea is that the substance was originally a kind of fur called *vair*—a word now obsolete in France, except in heraldry, but locally preserved in England as the name of the weasel†—and that some reciter or transcriber to whom the meaning of *vair* was unknown, substituted the more familiar but less probable *verre*, thereby dooming Cinderella to wear a glass slipper long before the discovery was made that glass may be rendered tough. In favour of the correctness of this supposition we have the great authority of M. Littré, whose dictionary affirms positively that in the description of Cinderella's slipper, *verre* is a mistake for *vair*. In this decision some scholars, especially those who detect in every feature of a fairy tale a "solar myth," refuse to acquiesce. Thus M. André Lefèvre, the accomplished editor of a recent edition of Perrault's *Contes*, absolutely refuses to give up the *verre* which "convient parfaitement à un mythe lumineux."‡ But the fact that Cinderella is not shod with glass in the vast majority of the lands she inhabits outweighs any amount of mythological probabilities. Besides, a golden shoe is admirably adapted to a luminous myth. It was a golden sandal which Rhodopis lost while bathing, and which—according to the evidently Oriental tale preserved for us by Strabo and Ælian—was borne by an eagle to the Egyptian King, who immediately resolved to make that sandal's owner his royal spouse. In the venerable Egyptian tale of the "Two Brothers," another monarch is equally affected by the sight of a lock of the heroine's golden hair, that is borne to him by the river into which it had fallen, and he makes a similar resolve. In a Lesghian story from the Caucasus, § a supernatural female being drops a golden shoe and the hero is sent in search of its fellow, becoming thereby exposed to many dangers. We may fairly be allowed, without any slur being cast upon mythological interpretation, to give up the glassiness of Cinderella's slipper. If

* *West Highland Tales*, i., 225.

† *Spectator*, January 4, 1879.

‡ An amusing article on this question appeared in the *Daily Telegraph*, December 27, 1878, in reply to the support given by "X" in the *Times* to the cause of *vair*.

§ Schiefner's *Awarische Texte*, p. 68.

the substitution of *verre* for *vair* be admitted, it supplies us with one of the few verbal tests which exist whereby to track a story's wanderings. For in that case we may always trace home to France, or at least detect a French element in any form of the Cinderella story in which the heroine wears a glass slipper. A somewhat similar mistake to that which vitrefied Cinderella's slipper caused a celebrated picture by Rubens to be long known by an inappropriate title. Many a visitor to the National Gallery must have wondered why a portrait of a lady in a hat manifestly made, not of straw, but of beaver or a kind of felt, should be designated the *chapeau de paille*, before it was pointed out by Mr. Wornum, in the catalogue, that *paille* was probably a mistake for *poil*, a word meaning among other things wool and the nap of a hat, and akin to the Latin *pileus*, a felt cap or hat, and indeed to the word *felt* itself.

As regards the identification of the heroine by means of the lost slipper, that seems to be, as has already been remarked, merely one of the methods of recognition by which the stories of brilliant beings, temporarily obscured, are commonly brought to a close. In ancient comedy a recognition was one of the most hackneyed contrivances for winding up the plot, a convenient dramatic makeshift akin to that which proves the brotherhood of the heroes of *Box and Cox*. Thus in the numerous tales which tell how a hero who is really brilliant and majestic, but apparently squalid or insignificant, saves a fair princess from a many-headed dragon, but is robbed of his reward and reputation by an impostor, he usually proves his identity with her rescuer by producing in the final scene the tongues of the dead monster. Thus also the troubles of the golden-haired hero who, like Cinderella, emerges at times from his obscurity and performs wonders, come to a close when he is recognised by some token, such as the king's handkerchief in the Norse tale of "The Widow's Son." All this finale business appears to be of very inferior importance to the opening of the drama, that which refers to the dead mother's guardianship of her distressed child. The idea that such a protection might be exercised is of great antiquity and of wide circulation. According to it, the dying parent's benediction was not merely a prayer left to be fulfilled by a higher power, but was an actual force, either working of its own accord or exerted by the parent's spirit after death. In the Russian story of Vasilissa the Fair, a dying mother bequeaths to her little daughter her parental blessing and a doll, and tells her to feed it well and it will help her whenever she is in trouble. And therefore it was that Vasilissa would never eat all her share of a meal, but always kept the most delicate morsel for her doll; and at night, when all were at rest she would shut herself up in the narrow chamber in which she slept, and feast her doll, saying the while: "There, dolly, feed: help me in my need!" And the doll would eat until "its eyes began to glow just like a couple of candles," and then do everything that Vasilissa wanted. In another Russian tale, known

also to Teutonic lands, a dead mother comes every night to visit her pining babe. The little creature cries all day, but during the dark it is quiet. Anxious to know the reason of this the relatives conceal a light in a pitcher and suddenly produce it in the middle of the night.

They looked and saw the dead mother, in the very same clothes in which she had been buried, on her knees beside the cradle, over which she bent as she suckled the babe at her dead breast. The moment the light shone in the cottage she stood up, gazed sadly on her little one, and then went out of the room without a sound, not saying a word to any one. All those who saw her stood for a time terror-struck. And then they found the babe was dead.

In the Indian story of "Punchkin,"* the seven ill-used little princesses "used to go out every day and sit by their dead mother's tomb," and cry, saying: "Oh mother, mother, cannot you see your poor children, how unhappy we are, and how we are starved by our cruel step-mother?" And while they were thus crying one day, a tree covered with ripe fruit "grew up out of the grave," and provided them with food. And when the tree was cut down, a tank near the grave became filled with "a rich cream-like substance, which quickly hardened into a thick white cake," of which the hungry princesses partook freely. A similar appeal to a dead mother is made by a daughter in a Russian story (Afanasief, vi. 28). When in great distress, "she went out to the cemetery to her mother's grave, and began to weep bitterly." And her mother spoke to her from the grave and told her what to do in order to escape from her troubles.

The last of these tales belongs to the previously mentioned second division of Cinderella stories, that which comprises the majority of the tales in which an ill-used maiden temporarily occupies a degraded position, appears resplendent on certain brief occasions, but always returns to her state of degradation, until at length she is recognised, frequently by the help of her lost slipper. But instead of her troubles being caused by a stepmother or stepsisters, they are brought upon her, in the stories now referred to, by some member of her own family who wishes to drive her into a hated marriage. From it she seeks refuge in flight, donning a disguise which is almost invariably the hide of some animal. In some countries the "stepmother" form of Cinderella appears to be rare, whereas the "hateful marriage" form is common. In Pitré's collection of Sicilian tales, for instance, for one Cinderella tale of the stepmother class there are four which begin with the heroine's escape from an unlawful marriage. In the Gonzenbach collection there is but one good variant of the Cinderella tale, and it belongs to the second class. The specimen of this second group with which English readers are likely to be best acquainted is the German "Allerleirauh" (Grimm, No. 65), though it is very prob-

* Miss Frere's *Old Decan Days*, No. 1.

able that to the same division belonged also the story of Catskin which Mr. Burchell presented, with other tales, to the younger members of the family of the Vicar of Wakefield. Perrault's *Peau d'Âne* is a version of the same story, but as it is told in verse it has never achieved anything at all approaching the success gained by its prose companions. Besides, the theme is not adapted for nurseries. It forms the subject of the Lowland Scotch tale of Rashie-Coat, in which we are told that the heroine fled because "her father wanted her to be married, but she didna like the man." But the Gaelic story of "The King who wished to marry his Daughter" (Campbell, No. 14), states the case more precisely. The heroine almost always demands from her unwelcome suitor three magnificent dresses, and with these she takes to flight, usually disguising herself by means of a hide or other species of rough covering. In these dresses she goes to the usual ball or other festival, and captivates the conventional prince. The close of the story is generally the same as that which terminates the ordinary Cinderella tales which we have already considered. Its special points of interest are the reason given for her flight from home, and the disguise in which she effects her escape.

Cinderella's troubles are brought to an end by the discovery that a slipper fits her foot ; those of Allerleirauh, Catskin, Rashie-Coat, and the rest of her widely-scattered but always kindred companions in adventure, are generally brought about by the discovery that a certain ring or dress fits her finger or form. Cinderella's promotion is due to her dead mother's watchful care. Rashie-Coat's degradation is consequent upon her dying mother's unfortunate imprudence. Thus in the Sicilian tale of "Betta Pilusa,"* the hateful marriage from which the heroine flies, wrapped up in a grey cloak made of catskin, would never have been suggested to her had not her mother obtained a promise from her husband on her death-bed that he would marry again whenever any maiden was found whom her ring would fit. Some years later her own daughter finds the ring and tries it on. It fits exactly, so she is condemned to the marriage in question. By the advice of her confessor she asks for three dresses, so wonderful that no mortal man can supply them. But her suitor is assisted by the devil, who enables him to produce the desired robes, the first sky-coloured, representing the sun, the moon, and the stars ; the second sea-coloured, depicting "all the planets and animals of the sea ;" and the third "a raiment of the colour of the earth, whereon all the beasts and the flowers of the field were to be seen." Hidden in her catskin cloak, also procured from the same source, she leaves home, carrying her wonderful dresses with her in a bundle, and thus escapes from her abhorred suitor. To prevent him from noticing her absence, she leaves two doves in her room together with a basin of water. As he listens at the door he hears a splashing which is really due to the birds,

* Gonzenbach, No. 38. *Pilusa* is the Sicilian form of *pilosa*, hairy.

but which he supposes is caused by her ablutions. Great is his rage when he at length breaks open the door and finds that he has been tricked. We learn from another variant that he was induced to knock his head against the wall until he died, and so the dressmaking devil got his due. In one of the Russian forms of the same tale, the fugitive maiden has recourse to a still more singular means of concealing her absence. The story is valuable because it supplies a reason for the introduction of the fatal ring. That is said to be due to the malice of a malignant witch, who, out of mere spite, induced a dying mother to give the ring to her son, and to charge him to marry that damsel whose finger it would fit. The ring is evidently of a supernatural nature, for when the heroine tries it on, not only does it cling to her finger "just as if it had been made on purpose for it," but it begins to shine with a new brilliance. When Katerina hears to what a marriage it destines her, she "melts into bitter tears" and sits down in despair on the threshold of the house. Up come some old women bent on a holy pilgrimage, and to them she confides the story of her woes. Acting on their advice, when the fatal marriage-day arrives, she takes four *kukolki*, dolls or puppets of some kind, and places one in each of the corners of her room. When her suitor repeatedly calls upon her to come forth, she replies that she is coming directly, but each time she speaks the dolls begin to cry "kuku," and as they cry the floor opens gently and she sinks slowly in. At last only her head remains visible. "Kuku" cry the dolls again: she disappears from sight, and the floor closes above her. Irritated at the delay, her suitor breaks open the door. He looks round on every side. No Katerina is there, only in each corner sits a doll, all four singing "Kuku! open earth, disappear sister!" He snatches up an axe, chops off their heads, and flings them into the fire. In a Little-Russian variant of the same story, the despairing maiden flies for solace to her mother's grave. And her dead mother "comes out from her grave," and tells her daughter what to do. The girl accordingly provides herself with the usual splendid robes, and with the likewise necessary pig's-hide or fell. Then she takes three puppets and arranges them around her on the ground. The puppets exclaim, one after another, "Open, moist earth, that the maiden fair may enter within thee." And when the third has spoken, the earth opens, and the maiden and the puppets descend into "the lower world." Some vague remembrance of this descent of the heroine into the lower regions appears to have given rise to the strange opening of one of the Sicilian variants cited by Pitré (No. 42). The heroine goes down into a well in order to find her elder sister's ring. At the bottom she perceives an opening, and passes through it into a garden, where she is seen by "the Prince of Portugal," to whom, after the usual adventures, she is wedded.

As a general rule the heroine makes her escape, disguised in a coarse mantle or dress made of the skin of some animal. In another of the

Sicilian variants (Pitré, No. 43) it is a horse's hide in which she is wrapped, and the people who meet her when she leaves home are surprised to see what they take to be a horse walking along on its hind legs. But sometimes this disguise assumes a different aspect, being represented as something made of a less pliant material, a disguise akin to the "wooden cloak, all made of strips of lath," which was "so black and ugly," and which "made such a clatter" when the heroine, who was called after it, "Katie Woodencloak," went upstairs. The Norse story in which she figures commences with the stepmother opening, and it does not close with a slipper-test, but still it belongs properly to the second division of the Cinderella group. In some of the other variants this wooden cloak becomes intensified into an utterly rigid covering or receptacle of wood. Thus in the Sicilian tale of "Fidi e Cridi" (Pitré, i. 388), the two daughters of the Emperor of Austria, one of whom, Fidi, has been destined by a fatal ring to a hated marriage, make their escape from home in a coffer of gilded wood. They have previously stored it with provisions and made arrangements for its being thrown into the sea. The waves waft them to Portugal, where Fidi becomes the wife of the king. Her wedded happiness is for a time interrupted by the arrival of the Emperor of Austria, who inflicts upon his fugitive daughter a parental curse so powerful that it turns her into a lizard for a year, a month, and a day. But eventually all goes well. As early as 1550, Straparola printed in his "Tredici Piacevoli Notti" (i. 4) a romantic version of this story, telling how Doralice, the daughter of Tebaldo, Prince of Salerno, in order to elude her unnatural parent, hid herself in a large coffer of beautiful workmanship. This coffer Tebaldo, under the influence of depression produced by his daughter's disappearance, sold to a merchant from whose hands it passed into those of Genese, King of Britain. Doralice used sometimes to issue from her wooden covering, and one day the King saw her, fell in love with her at once, and made her his queen.

In almost all the tales belonging to the second or "hated marriage" branch of the Cinderella story, the heroine accepts a very humble post in the palace of the prince whom she eventually weds. Just as her counterpart, the golden-locked prince of so many tales, becomes a scullion at court, so she acts in the capacity of scullery maid or other despised domestic. But from time to time she quits the scullery and appears in all the splendour of her mysterious dresses among the noble guests assembled in the princely banqueting or ball room. In order to show the close connection between the stories of Goldenlocks and Rashie-Coat, a few specimens of their popular histories may be given. In the already quoted Russian story (Afanasief, vi. 28) of the princess who is advised by her dead mother to deceive her detested suitor by disguising herself in a swine's bristly hide, her subsequent fortunes are narrated as follows: After she had fled from home she made her way on foot into a foreign land, always wearing

her swinish covering. As she wandered through a forest one day, a terrible storm arose. To shelter herself from the torrents of rain which were falling, she climbed a huge oak, and took refuge amidst its dense foliage. Presently a prince came that way, and his dogs began to bark at the strange animal they saw among the leaves. The prince gazed with surprise at the singular being thus revealed to him, evidently "no wild beast, but a wondrous wonder, a marvellous marvel." "What sort of oddity are you?" said he; "can you speak or not?" "I am Swine's Hide," said she. Then he took her down from the tree, and set her up on a cart. "Take this wondrous wonder, this marvellous marvel, to my father and to my mother," said he. And when the king and queen saw her they were greatly astonished, and gave her a room to herself to live in. Some time afterwards there was a ball at the palace. Swine's Hide asked the servants if she might stand at the ball-room door and look on. "Get along with you, Swine's Hide," said they. Out she went afield, donned her brilliant dress with the many stars of heaven upon it, whistled till a chariot came, and drove off in it to the ball. All who were there wondered whence this beauteous visitor had come. "She danced and danced--then disappeared? Putting on again her swinish covering, she went back to her own room. Again a ball took place. Again did Swine's Hide appear in radiant beauty, dressed in a dazzling robe, "on the back of which shone the bright moon, on the front the red sun." Great was the sorrow of the prince when she suddenly left the dance and disappeared. "Whatever are we to do," thought he, "to find out who this beauty is?" He thought and thought. "At last he went and smeared the first step of the staircase with pitch, that her shoe might stick in it." And so, as she fled from the ball on the third occasion she left her shoe behind her. Vainly did all the fair maidens in the kingdom attempt to get it on. At last the unsightly Swine's Hide was told to try her chance. And when the prince saw that it fitted her exactly, "he ripped up the swinish hide, and tore it off the princess. Then he took her by her white hand, led her to his father and mother, and sought and gained their permission to marry her."

In this story, as in the Norse tale of "Katie Woodcloak," the recognition is due to a Cinderella's slipper. But more often the discovery is made in a different way. Thus in a Modern Greek version the despised goose-girl, who was nicknamed "Hairy" on account of the nature of the hide in which she was always wrapped, though she lost a shoe in flying the third time from a ball at the palace, was not discovered by means of it. But when the maids were about to take a basin of water to the king before dinner one day, she obtained leave to carry it. Before she entered the king's chamber, "she slit the hide a little at the knee, in order that her golden dress might become visible." And so it came to pass that "when she knelt down, the golden robe gleamed through the slit," and the recognition was soon

accomplished. Another method of recognition is employed in the class of variants to which the Sicilian "Betta Pilusa" belongs. When "Hairy Betty" for the third time won the king's heart, at a ball in which she appeared in the dress on which all the beasts and the flowers of the earth were to be seen, he presented her with a costly ring. One morning she came into the kitchen while the cook was making the bread for the royal table, and she obtained leave to make a loaf herself. Into it she slipped the ring. When the bread was drawn out of the oven, only her loaf proved eatable, so it was served up to the king himself, who, on cutting it, discovered the ring. The cook was examined, and "Hairy Betty" was produced in her cat-skin dress. This she flung aside, and appeared "young and lovely, as she really was, and in her beautiful gleaming robe." The recognition by means of a ring is, as every one knows, one of the commonest contrivances for bringing a story of adventure to a close.

Now with this tale of a radiant princess who adopts a degrading disguise, appears at times in her natural glory, but conceals it again without any apparent reason, till her own caprice, or an accident which she had not foreseen, leads to her final recognition, let us compare one of the numerous stories about a radiant prince who disguises herself in a like manner, reveals himself at intervals in his true form, returns to his place of concealment with an equal want of apparent reason, and is at last fortuitously recognised. The well-known German tale of "The Iron Man,"* gives a very interesting version of the story, as also does the Norse tale of "The Widow's Son." As these are accessible to every English reader, it may be as well to quote here one of the less generally available variants of this widely-spread narrative. The Russian tale of "Neznaiko," in Afanasief's collection (vii. No. 10), relates how the young Ivan was persecuted by his stepmother, who tried several methods of killing him, but was always foiled by the wise advice given to him by a mysterious colt to which he was tenderly attached. At length she persuaded her husband to promise that the colt should be killed. Hearing of this, Ivan ran to the stable, mounted the colt in haste, and fled with it from his father's house. After a time they came to a place where cattle were grazing. There the colt left Ivan, promising to return when summoned by the burning of one of the hairs from its tail which it left with him for that purpose. But before parting with its master it told him to kill one of the oxen, flay it, and don its hide; also to conceal his fair locks under a covering of bladder, and never to make any other reply to whatsoever questions might be asked him than "I don't know." Ivan did as he was told, and presently, to the surprise of all who met him, there was seen walking along "ever such a wonder; a beast not a beast, a man not a man, hide-bound, head bladder-covered," answering all questions

* *Der Eisenhans*, Grimm, No. 136.

with an "I don't know." "Well then," said they, "as you can only say *Na Znayu*, let your name be "Neznaiko," or "Don't know." Even the king to whom he was brought as an acceptable monster could get nothing but his usual answer. So orders were given that he should be stationed in the garden, to act as a scarecrow in order to keep the birds away from the fruit, but he was to get his meals in the royal kitchen. Now it happened about this time that an Arab prince proposed for the hand of the king's daughter, and when his suit was rejected, raised an immense army and invaded the king's realm. Ruin stared that monarch in the face. But Neznaiko doffed his bladder cap, flung off his ox-hide, went out into the open field, and burnt one of the magic horsehairs. Immediately there appeared by his side a wondrous steed. On to its back vaulted Neznaiko and rode against the infidel foe. To tear from a slain enemy his golden armour, and to don it himself, was the work of a moment. Then he dashed, irresistible, among the Arab ranks. "Whichever way he turned, there heads flew before him. It was exactly like mowing hay." With rapture did the king and his fair daughter view his exploits from the walls of the beleaguered city. But when they came down to greet the victor, there was no such hero to be found. In quite unheroic garb Ivan had returned to his task of scaring the crows from the palace garden. A second time did the Arab prince renew his suit and his invasion, and again did Ivan, as a warrior in golden armour, slaughter his troops and put him to flight. On this occasion he was slightly wounded in the arm, and was also brought before the king. But he would not stay at the palace; he must needs ride away for a time into the open field. Before he rode off, however, the king's daughter took a scarf from her fair neck and with it bound up his wounded arm.

Soon after this a great feast was given at the palace. As the guests strolled through the garden they saw Ivan, and wondered at his strange aspect. "What sort of a monster is this?" they asked. "That is Neznaiko," replied the king: "acts for me in place of a scarecrow, keeps the birds away from the apple-trees." But his daughter saw that Neznaiko's arm was bound up, and recognised the scarf she had given to the heroic winner of the fight. "She blushed, but said nothing at the time." Only thenceforth "she took to walking in the garden and gazing at Neznaiko, and she quite forgot even so much as to think about feasts and other amusements." At length she asked her father to let her marry his scarecrow. Naturally surprised, he expostulated. But when she cried, "If you don't make him my husband I'll never marry any one, I'll live and die an old maid," he reluctantly gave his consent. The marriage had just taken place when the Arab prince for the third time demanded the hand of the princess. "My daughter is married," replied the king. "If you like, come and see for yourself." The Arab came, saw that the fair princess was married to "ever such a monster," and challenged him

to mortal combat. Then Ivan flung off his bladder cap and his garb of hide, mounted his good steed, and rode away to the fight, manifesting himself to all eyes under his heroic aspect. The Arab suitor was soon knocked on the head. And when Ivan rode back triumphant, the king perceived that his son-in-law was "no monster, but a hero strong and fair."

In this variant of the story, nothing definite is said as to the golden nature of the hero's hair. But in many others, as in the German and Norse tales already referred to, as well as in numerous variants found in many lands, not only is great stress laid upon the fact that his locks are of gold, but an account and explanation of the gilding process is given. Into this, however, it is at present unnecessary to enter. It is sufficient for our purpose to show how closely the story of the radiant hero—who is persecuted by a stepmother and aided by a supernatural horse, and whose brightness is temporarily concealed under a covering of skin or hide, but who finally emerges from it to remain permanently resplendent—corresponds with the story of the radiant heroine who is ill used by a stepmother and assisted by a supernatural cow, and whose radiance is likewise concealed, but only for a time, under some sort of unseemly exterior, frequently formed out of some beast's hard or furry skin. The tales of "Goldenlocks" and of "Cinderella—Catskin" are evidently twin forms of the same narrative, brother and sister developments of the same historical or mythological germ. In one instance the two forms have been combined into one narrative ending with a double recognition. The Lithuanian story of "The King's Fair Daughter" (Schleicher, No. 7) tells how a princess was urged to accept a hateful suitor after the death of her mother, who had been a remarkable beauty, having "around her head the stars, on its front the sun, and on its back the moon." An old woman's friendly counsels enable her to obtain "a silver robe, a diamond ring, and gold shoes," as well as a disguising cloak lined with skins of an unattractive kind. With these she fled from court. After a time she came to a piece of water, and was obliged to go on board a vessel. The *sziporius* or skipper wanted her to marry him, and when she would not consent he threw her overboard. But "she jumped ashore," and pursued her journey. Coming one day to a place where stood great stones, she prayed that a dwelling might be opened for her. And her prayer was at once granted. In her dwelling within the rock, which always opened to let her in or out, she left her fine raiment, and went forth to live in a grand house, performing the duties of a *pelendruse* or cinder-wench. In that house she found her brother, who had also fled from home and was acting as a clerk. But he did not recognise in the grimy servant-maid his princely sister. From time to time she used to go to her stone dwelling, don her fair raiment, and drive to church in a carriage which always appeared for the purpose, her beautiful visage and costume making a great impression on the mind of the astonished clerk. One day she left the

church rather later than usual, so she had not time enough to change her dress, and merely "put her everyday clothes over those fine ones." That day she was summoned by the clerk to "dress his hair." And while she dressed his hair, his head resting on her knees, "he took to scratching her dress, and scratched through it down to the mantle" which it covered. "So when he had lifted his head from her knees, he tore off her headdress from her head, and immediately perceived that she was his sister. Then they two went forth from that house, but no one knew whither they went."

All commentators will doubtless agree that the stories of Cinderella and Goldenlocks spring from the same root. But they will differ widely when the question arises as to whether that root was or was not of a mythological nature, and also as to what was, in either case, its original form and significance. The majority of the critics who have lately handled the subject have not the slightest doubt about the whole matter. "It is the story of the Sun and the Dawn," says Mr. J. Thackray Bunce, in the latest work on the subject, a pretty little book on "Fairy Tales: their Origin and meaning;" "Cinderella, grey and dark and dull, is all neglected when she is away from the Sun, obscured by the envious Clouds, her sisters, and by her step-mother, the Night. So she is Aurora, the Dawn, and the fairy Prince is the Morning Sun, ever pursuing her to claim her for his bride." According to Professor de Gubernatis, in his "Zoological Mythology" (ii. 281), "Ahalyâ (the evening Aurora) in the ashes is the germ of the story of Cinderella, and of the daughter of the King of Dacia, persecuted by her lover, her father himself." It seems unfortunate that so many "storiologists" have committed themselves to the support of the cause of the Dawn and the Afterglow, the "Morning and Evening Auroras," before the claims to consideration of other natural phenomena or forces were fully considered and disposed of in a manner satisfactory to at least the great majority of judges. Too few of the writers on the meaning of popular tales seem to have remembered Professor Max Müller's warning that "this is a subject which requires the most delicate handling and the most careful analysis." Instead of warily feeling their way over an obscure and unfamiliar field, they race across it towards their conclusions, bent upon taking every obstacle in their stride. The consequence is that they now and then meet, or to the eyes of unenthusiastic spectators appear to meet, with mishaps of a somewhat ludicrous nature. Thus, when we are told that the justly saddened mother of Beanstalk Jack, by throwing her apron over her head and weeping, figures "the night and the rain," we are apt to be led by our perception of the ridiculous towards an inclination to laugh at the whole system according to which so many stories are resolved into nature-myths. But that system, if used discreetly, appears to lead to results not otherwise attainable. In the case of certain, but by no means all, popular tales, it offers an apparently reasonable solution of many problems. Just as it seems

really true that at least many of the stories of fair maidens released from the captivity in which they were kept by demoniacal beings "can be traced back to the mythological traditions about the Spring being released from the bonds of Winter, the Sun being rescued from the darkness of the Night, the Dawn being brought back from the far West, the Waters being set free from the prison of the Clouds," * so it appears not unreasonable to suppose that the large group of tales of the Cinderella class may be referred for their origin to similar mythological traditions. In all the numerous narratives about brave princes and beautiful princesses who, apparently without sufficient reason, conceal under a foul disguise their fair nature, emerge at times from their seclusion and obscurity, but capriciously return to their degraded positions, until they are finally revealed in their splendour by accident or destiny—in all these stories about a Rashie-Coat, a Katie Woodencloak, a Goldenlocks, or any other of Cinderella's brothers and sisters, there appears to be a mythological element capable of being not unreasonably attributed to the feelings with which, at an early myth-making period, prescientific man regarded the effect of the forces, the splendour of the phenomena, of nature. But there is a vast difference between regarding as a nature-myth in general the germ of the legends from which have sprung the stories of the Cinderella cycle, and identifying with precision the particular atmospheric phenomenon which all its heroes and heroines are supposed to symbolise. And there is an equally wide difference between the reasonableness of seeking for a mythological explanation of a legend when traced back to its oldest known form, and the utter absurdity of attempting to squeeze a mythical meaning out of every incident in a modern nursery-tale, which has perhaps been either considerably enlarged or cruelly "clippit and nippit" by successive generations of rustic repeaters, and has most certainly been greatly modified and dressed by its literary introducers into polite society. No one can fail to perceive how great a gulf divides the system of interpretation which Professor Max Müller has applied to Vedic myths from that adopted in the case of such manifest modernisations as "Little Red Ridinghood" by critics who forgot that (to use his words) "before any comparison can be instituted between nursery-tales of Germany, England, and India, each tale must be traced back to a legend or myth from whence it arose, and in which it had a natural meaning; otherwise we cannot hope to arrive at any satisfactory results" (*Chips*, ii. 249).

Let us turn now to other systems of interpretation. One school of critics utterly refuses to accept any mythological solution of fairy-tale riddles, another is at least inclined to reduce the mythological element in popular tales to a minimum, a third admits mythology into the field, but objects to its assuming what is popularly known as

* Max Müller, *Chips*, ii. 237.

the "solar" form, to which a fourth school is devoted with intense zeal. At least four different explanations of the Cinderella—Rashie-Coat story may therefore be offered to the consideration of an earnest inquirer into its significance. It may be a nature-myth symbolising the renewed brightness of the earth after its nocturnal or wintry eclipse. The rough skin or hide which "Hairy Betty" wears, not to speak of Katie Woodencloak's still tougher covering, greatly resembles the "husk" which hides the brilliance of the beast to whom the Beauty of so many tales is married, and is therefore suggestive of an origin connected with Indian mythology.* The "stepmother" opening of the story is too simple to require an explanation, and the appearance in fine clothes, at church or palace, of a usually ill-dressed damsel may be considered not incredible. As to the "slipper" termination, the opinion has already been expressed that it is merely a convenient recognition makeshift.

The "unlawful marriage" opening of the Rashie-Coat story offers a difficulty, but it is accounted for to their own satisfaction by critics both of the mythological and of the historical schools. Mythologists say that all stories about such marriages mean nothing more than does the dialogue in the Veda between Yama and his twin-sister Yami, in which "she (the night) implores her brother (the day) to make her his wife, and he declines her offer because, as he says, 'they have thought it sin that a brother should marry his sister.'"[†] But by many eyes these narratives are regarded as ancient traditions which preserve the memory of customs long obsolete and all but forgotten. It is because such stories refer to savage times that they are so valuable, it is said, and therefore it is well to compare them with such tales and traditions as are now current among existing savages. This opinion is one that is well worthy of discussion, but at present little more can be done than to point out that the popular tales which are best known to us possess but few counterparts in genuine savage folklore. Some of their incidents, it is true, find their parallels in tales which are told by wild races unable to boast of a drop of Aryan blood. But the dramatic narratives known to us as the stories of Cinderella, "Puss in Boots," and the like, in which a regular sequence of acts or scenes is maintained unaltered in various climes and centuries, seem unknown to savage countries, unless they have been introduced from more cultured lands. A few of the incidents related in the stories cited in the present article closely resemble parts of savage tales. We may take as an example the Russian account of the sister who, when pursued by her brother, sinks into the earth and so escapes. In a Zulu tale,[‡] a sister whose brother is pursuing her

* For the mythological meaning of "Beauty and the Beast," see the *Nineteenth Century*, December, 1873.

† "Max Müller, *Lectures on the Science of Language*, sixth edition, ii. 557.

‡ Bishop Callaway's *Nursery Tales, etc., of the Zulus*, i. 300, n.

with murderous intent, exclaims, "Open earth, that I may enter, for I am about to die this day," whereupon "the earth opened and Untombi-yapansi entered." In vain did her brother Usilwane seek for her when he arrived. Her subsequent adventures, also, are akin to those of Cinderella. Originally "her body glistened, for she was like brass," but "she took some black earth and smeared her body with it," and so eclipsed her natural radiance. Eventually, however, she was watched by "the chief," who saw her, "dirty and very black," enter a pool, and emerge from it, "with her body glistening like brass," put on garments and ornaments which arose out of the ground, and behave altogether like the brilliant heroine she was. There seems to be good reason for looking upon Untombi-yapansi as a Zulu Cinderella. But how far a foreign influence has been exercised upon the Zulu tale, it would be difficult to decide.

How far, also, the story of Rashie-Coat's proposed marriage refers to ancient ideas about the lawfulness of unions now disallowed, is a question not easily to be answered. There is no doubt that the memory of obsolete customs may be long preserved in folk-lore. We may take as an instance the Russian story of the Lubok or Birch Bark, in which it would seem unreasonable to look for a mythological kernel. There exists in many countries a number of stories showing how a man's unfilial conduct towards his father was brought to a close by a chance remark made by his infant son. In the forms it assumes there is considerable variety, but the moral is always the same. In a well-known German tale in the Grimm collection, an old man is obliged by his son and his son's wife to eat apart, out of a wooden bowl, on account of the slobbering habits due to his great age. His son's little boy is observed one day to be fashioning a small wooden bowl. When asked for what it is intended, he says: "It's for father to eat out of when he's as old as grandfather." Whereupon the father's conscience smites him, and the grandfather is allowed a plate at the table as before. In an Italian form of the story borrowed from one of the French *fabliaux*, a man follows the custom of the country and packs off his old father to die in what may be called the workhouse, sending him a couple of shirts by the hands of his young son, the old man's grandson. The boy brings back one of them, and explains that it will do for his father to wear when his turn comes to go to the workhouse. Whereupon the man's heart is touched, and he fetches his aged parent home. The Russian story is more valuable, because it refers to a custom which undoubtedly once existed in many lands—that of killing off old people. Among nomads, who would find it difficult to carry about with them their aged relations, such a custom might naturally arise. At all events, it is on such a custom that the tale is founded. It runs as follows: In former days it was customary, when old folks reached a certain age, for their sons, if they had any, to take them out into the forest, and there to leave them to die. Once upon a time a son thus escorted from home, on what was

meant to be his last journey, his aged father. Wishing to make that journey as comfortable as possible for the time-stricken traveller, he stretched a large piece of birch-tree bark in his cart, seated the intended victim upon it, and drove off to the forest. Along with him went his own young son, a boy of tender years. Having reached the appointed spot, he thereon deposited the aged man, having first, with filial attention, stretched on the possibly damp ground the sheet of bark for him to sit upon. Just as he was about to drive away home with his boy, that innocent child asked him if it would not be better to take back the bark. "Why so?" he replied. "Because," said the boy, "it will do for you to sit upon when the time comes for me to leave you in the forest." Touched by his child's simple words, the father hastened to where the grandfather was sitting, put him back into the cart, and drove him quickly home. From that time he carefully tended the old man till he died. And his example produced such an effect that all the other people in that land gave up the practice of exposing their parents to death when they grew old.*

Now, it would be quite beside the mark to suggest a mythological explanation of this pathetic tale. It evidently refers to an actual custom once observed by real men, not to some supposed action attributed to imaginary gods. The evidence for the former existence of the custom is copious and undeniable. Even the familiar expression "a sardonic grin" has been supposed by some philologists to contain a reference to it. For the ancient Sardones were in the habit, when they grew old, of being killed and eaten by their friends and relatives. Before their death they used to invite their kith and kin to come and eat them on a certain day. And they were expected to smile while uttering the words of invitation. But their smiles on such occasions were apt to be somewhat constrained and even at times ghastly. Wherefore, that particular kind of contraction of the risible muscles acquired the name of the "sardonic grin." On so clear a point it is unnecessary to dwell longer. But it will be as well to point out that there is sometimes risk in attributing legends and traditions to an historical rather than a mythical origin. Many customs are mentioned in popular tales which can scarcely have prevailed among mankind at even the most prehistoric period. There are a number of stories, for instance, about girls who are so fond of their relatives that they eat them up. In the Russian "Witch and Sun's Sister," and in the Avar "Brother and Sister," a maiden of this kind is described as first devouring the whole of her family, and then attempting to eat the hero of the tale, her last surviving brother. Now, a belief in such hungry lambs, perpetually seeking what they may devour, is prevalent at the present day in Ceylon, the existence of such "poison girls," as they are called, being generally accounted for by demoniacal possession. From such a wild belief tales of the kind just mentioned might

* Afanasief, *Skazki*, vol. vii., No. 51.

naturally spring without their being founded upon any real custom. It is improbable that at any period of the world's history it was customary for sisters to eat their brothers. Nor is it likely that human fathers were ever in the habit of eating their children, as might be supposed, if we thought it necessary to see in the tale of how Kronos devoured his offspring an allusion to a custom or even an isolated fact. What seems to be really demanded from every interpreter of old tradition, every explorer of the dark field of popular fiction, is a wariness that will not allow itself to be hoodwinked by any prejudice in favour of this or that particular theory. Every piece of evidence ought to be carefully tested and fairly weighed, whether it confirms the examiner's own opinion or not. If this be done he will probably find that different classes of legends must be explained in divers manners. The more he becomes acquainted with popular tales, the less he will be inclined to seek for any single method of solving all their manifold problems. Not over often will he be able to satisfy himself that he has arrived at even a fairy-tale's ultimate reason for existence. The greater pleasure will he have when he is enabled to trace the growth of a narrative, to watch its increase from its original germ to its final development. By way of a close to the present attempt to pry into the secret meaning of Cinderella's history may be given a sketch of a traceable growth of this kind. It occurs in the case of the legend of Trajan, an excellent account of which has been lately given by M. Gaston Paris.*

Tradition asserts that there once existed at Rome a bas-relief representing Trajan on horseback in all his glory, and in front of him a woman sadly kneeling. Nothing can be more probable, and if such was really the case, the suppliant female would, no doubt, represent a conquered province, just as Dacia is represented on one of Trajan's medals as a woman on her knees. However this may be, out of the tradition sprang a story illustrative of Trajan's justice. On the point of starting on a campaign, it is said, the emperor was suddenly stopped by a poor widow, who flung herself on her knees before him, and besought him to right her wrongs. He expostulated, but finally yielded, and did her justice before he resumed his march. This was the first half of the story's growth. The second seems to have followed at a later period. According to the completed legend, as Pope Gregory the Great passed through the Forum of Trajan one day, he bethought himself of that emperor's many merits, and especially of his admirable conduct in righting the widow's wrongs. And a great sorrow came over him at the thought that so excellent a pagan should be lost eternally. Whereupon he prayed earnestly and constantly for Trajan's salvation, until at last a voice from on high informed him that his prayer was granted, but that in future he was to pray only for Christian souls. A later addition to the legend told how Gregory

learnt from an angel that, by way of punishment for his indiscreet though successful intervention, he would have to suffer from certain maladies for the rest of his life. The question as to whether Gregory was justified in his procedure greatly exercised the minds of many mediæval casuists, one of whom solved the problem, and escaped from the doctrinal difficulties which it presented, by the following ingenious explanation: No one, he said, can be saved unless he be baptised. But Baptism is precisely what Gregory obtained for Trajan. At the Pope's prayer the emperor's soul returned to his body, Gregory baptised it, "and the soul, again quitting its earthly case, went straight up into heaven."*

W. R. S. RALSTON, in *Nineteenth Century*.

HISTORY AND POLITICS.

IV.

NOTED two hindrances by which our historical studies in England are cramped. The one was the party-spirit which lays waste the whole field of English history since the Reformation, closing the mouths of teachers, and perverting the minds of historians. In what way it might be possible to remove this hindrance, or at least diminish its obstructive power, I inquired in my last paper. I pass now to the second hindrance, the nature of which I have but slightly indicated. This is the indifference of the English public, and even of the cultivated class, to the more modern part of Continental history. This is a subject of study which seems to have been unaccountably overlooked. Scarcely any provision has been made either by endow-

* Since this article was written, an excellent work on savage life has been published by Mr. J. A. Farrer, entitled *Primitive Manners and Customs*. It contains two chapters on "The Fairy-lore of Savages" and "Comparative Folk-lore," to which the reader may be referred for the arguments in favour of preferring an ethnographical to a mythological solution of popular tales. And some interesting articles have appeared in *Notes and Queries* on the subject of *vair*. In No. 26, "D. P.," referring to the letters signed "X." and "E. de B." in the *Times* for December 23 and 24, 1878, quotes from La Colombière's *Science Héroïque* (Paris, 1699) a description of how *vair* was composed of patches "faites en forme de petits pots de verre." No. 29 contains three contributions to the *vair* controversy, especially as regards the old English word "miniver." As it is often supposed that the idea is a very new one that Cinderella's slipper was really of *vair*, not of *verre*, it may be as well to quote what Balzac said on the subject more than forty years ago. In his *Etudes philosophiques sur Catherine de Médicis*, published in 1826, he wrote as follows: "On distinguait le grand et le menu vair. Ce mot, depuis cent ans, est si bien tombé en désuétude que, dans un nombre infini d'éditions des contes de Perrault, la célèbre pantoufle de Cendrillon, sans doute de menu vair [or miniver], est présentée comme étant de verre."

ment or otherwise for a class of specialists who should devote themselves to it. To be at home in it is nobody's business. And no attempt having been made in this instance to counteract the natural tendency by which studies which have no immediate practical bearing fall into neglect, that tendency has been assisted by our English insularity and contempt for foreigners. For when the period in question is recent, feelings and prejudices of all kinds wake up, which are not aroused by remoter history. Modern France and modern Germany present themselves as rivals to ourselves. We have a reluctance to acknowledge their claim to be studied, which we never feel with respect to mediæval France or mediæval Germany. "What can Englishmen learn," we unconsciously reason, "from the despotic or revolutionary politics of the Continent? Thank Heaven? we have left despotism and revolution alike behind us." The assumption here implied, that no history is to be studied except what refers to states superior to ourselves, is only made in respect to recent history. It is not urged as a reason for neglecting mediæval history, though assuredly the ascendancy of the Popes and the policy of the Crusades belong to a system of politics from which Englishmen of the present day cannot well draw any direct political lessons.

The result is that no large subject lies in such total neglect and obscurity among us. There may be other subjects which are equally beyond the range of popular knowledge; but then they are safe in the care of the learned. They have their specialists, who are constantly storing up the results of their investigations in learned works intended only for the few. In this way, the knowledge which the public does not possess is at least easily accessible; a certain proportion of it is always filtering down into popular literature, while further knowledge is always at hand when it is wanted; and in the meanwhile, false knowledge, fable, and misconception are prevented by the care of the same specialists from springing up. It is the peculiar lot of this subject of recent Continental history to be neither known to the many nor to a class of specialists. Those who know it are not numerous nor organised enough to form a class; they are only a few scattered individuals whose special skill has received no public recognition. The class of specialists being in default, the learned literature fails too. There is no machinery at work to ensure the production of sound and trustworthy books of reference on this subject. To write such books is no man's business, and it is also no man's interest. The books could not but be large, and as the demand for them is exceedingly small, there is economical impossibility of producing them. The public, therefore, when it wants a sudden supply of information in this department, cannot get it. As it is not kept in the house, so it cannot be bought at the shop. Newspaper correspondents come forward with their hasty gleanings; accidental travellers tell all they know; but of authoritative, well-sifted, and precise information, there is in most cases nothing to be found in English; and

those who cannot have recourse to foreign literatures are forced to put up with their ignorance. Meanwhile, there are no critics at hand to chastise the soaring imagination of journalists and literary men theorising *in vacuo*. On this subject we say and write almost absolutely what pleases us, for on this subject alone we have no fear of contradiction ; and, indeed, since we never meet with persons clearly better informed, we do not easily become aware of our own ignorance.

From a practical point of view, it may seem strange that we should venture to treat this particular subject with such total contempt. For certainly France, Germany, and Russia are mighty powers with whom we must needs have frequent dealings, and who are capable of doing us infinite good or harm. It might seem our evident interest if not that we should understand them, at least that some of us should do so. If in any case it is advisable to provide for the creation of a learned class, it would seem to be advisable here. As to ancient Greece and Rome, they cannot now hurt us, nor even directly do us good ; yet we have so arranged matters that three elaborate Greek histories, and two or three elaborate works on Roman history, all written on the largest scale and with an infinite expense of learning and critical skill, have appeared in England, and have been eagerly read, within this century. Meanwhile, we have produced no histories aiming at any completeness, of France, Germany, Italy, or Russia ; what considerable historical works on those states we have produced, we have not had the grave scientific character of the works of Thirlwall and Grote, but, on the contrary, have seemed to angle principally for popular applause ; and for the most part we have depended upon mere slovenly complications, which neither the learned nor yet the populace could be expected to applaud.

The truth is that the organisation of the higher literature is seldom looked at from a practical point of view. Other nations are as blind as we are in this respect, and therefore it need not cost us too much pain to confess it. The Englishman does not neglect to study the Continent more than the Frenchman neglects to study all countries but France. Our ignorance is not greater than that which we remarked in the French nine years ago. The French do not write elaborate histories of England and Germany more than we do of France and Germany. Evidently, in both countries alike, it has been simply overlooked that the knowledge of other contemporary states will not spring up of itself, and will not be created by a direct popular demand ; that though the need of it is very real, it is one which no large number of people will ever feel, and that in this department, as in others, there will be neither thorough research nor serious criticism, and therefore there will be no trustworthy knowledge, without the machinery which has caused the study of ancient history or of physical science to prosper.

Where a subject has long lain in such total neglect it gets gradually

overgrown with the strangest weeds of prejudice. The popular notions about the history of modern France and Germany seem to me to be such as could never have become prevalent among us if only a few specialists had been working on the subject. It seems almost to be supposed that the great Continental countries had nothing which could be seriously called a history between the Middle Ages and the French Revolution. Since the Revolution we recognise that there has been an awakening : most countries now have a parliamentary existence like ourselves ; they have begun to criticise governments and turn out ministries much as we do ; and their affairs now might deserve attention well enough if we only had time for them. The Middle Ages, on the other hand, stand on a different footing. There we look for romantic incidents and grand, splendid characters, and we find them quite as easily on the Continent as in England. But from about the time of the Reformation—with which event naturally our insularity begins to grow upon us—up to the Revolution, we are strangers to the Continent, and regard its history without the least sympathy. Something about the great wars, a few names of kings and generals cling to our memories, but on the whole we are possessed with the idea that all is unprofitable and scarcely serious, because there is no liberty. The catastrophe of the Revolution seems to us a decisive condemnation of the whole state of things which led to it, that is, of the whole despotic system of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

I think I may say truly that all this large tract of history is neglected by us. Not, of course, that we should not feel much ashamed of falling into any monstrous blunder about its events or persons. We should not like to be caught confounding the Seven Years' War with the Thirty Years' War, or the great King Frederick II. with the great Emperor Frederick II. But our standard of historical knowledge is so low that I am obliged to say explicitly that I do not take any account of that boarding-school knowledge with which even here, I make no doubt, we are duly furnished. I do not forget that there is a view of history which is equally unlike the view of Macaulay and that of Buckle, and is far more popular than either. In this view, history is neither a poetic celebration of famous deeds nor an inquiry into the laws which govern human society ; no, but something quite different. It is simply the art of understanding conversational allusions. It is the study which teaches us to hear famous names mentioned without surprise, to pronounce them correctly, and to talk about them without trampling chronology under foot. Now I dare say that in this sense we do not particularly neglect the modern history of the Continent. No ! I am sure that a well-educated Englishman is in no serious danger of confounding William the Silent with his descendant, our own William III. ; I should not be afraid of his mistaking Prince Eugene of Savoy for Prince Eugene Beauharnais. There are perhaps few leading events of this period which he has not

heard mentioned, and he has in his head a rough chart of its chronology. And no doubt there are other large tracts of history of which he knows no more. If he could scarcely give a distinct account of the fall of Poland, neither could he narrate the dissolution of the Carolingian Empire; if he knows little of the Hapsburgs and Hohenzollerns, he knows little also of the Hohenstauffen. But what strikes me forcibly is that, when I inquire, not into the boarding-school knowledge of history, but into the serious study of it, I find many men engaged in deep investigation of Greek and Roman history, a good many students of ecclesiastical history, a good many of English history, chiefly perhaps of the ancient and mediæval part of it, but still no small number also interested in the modern part; after this I find some students of mediæval Continental history, and lately quite a school of explorers of the Italian Republics and the Renaissance. But compared to these departments I find the modern period of Continental history almost deserted. It has no school of investigators; it is left to casual writers who bring no serious criticism to their task, and only profess to furnish amusement; and in consequence, as I said, there is no large subject either within or outside of history upon which the public is so well-informed as this subject, of which nevertheless no rational man can question the momentous importance. And this neglect we vaguely justify to ourselves by a kind of unconscious comparison of the Continent in modern times to England, a comparison which we find very unfavourable to the Continent. In the first place, the greater part of the Continent chose to remain Catholic when we accepted the Reformation. From this time, therefore, the religious history of the Continent becomes a blank to us. Except where a Protestant hero, a Gustavus, a William of Orange, or a Great Elector, maintains the cause of the Reformation, all seems dark. We have here an excellent excuse for indulging in the insularity so dear to us. And to this is added another excuse equally plausible, namely, the despotism which prevailed almost everywhere upon the Continent up to the French Revolution. This despotism strikes us as a kind of political death. We are quite sincerely at loss when we take up the history of Germany, Austria, Italy, Spain, or Russia in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, to find anything worth studying or worth remembering. The court-atmosphere chokes us; for politicians we find only selfish, pampered princes, or characterless officials: for politics, only selfish aggression or dynastic war. The people everywhere lie in a sort of trance, partly brutal, partly idyllic. This disagreeable impression, it is to be observed, tends to perpetuate itself. Our dislike of continental history stops the supply of good books upon it; and then the meagre, shallow, and confused accounts of it which reach us increase our dislike of the subject. But this dislike does not extend to France. No one pretends that modern French history is not amusing. There is indeed enough of despotism in it and little enough of liberty. But there is no want of

vivacity ; and we follow it with a mixture of contempt and admiration. The old *régime*, in its splendour under Louis XIV., in its pretentious decline under his successor, is in its way as striking as any constitutional *régime* could have been. And since the Revolution the only complaint we could make of French politics would be that they are too interesting, too exciting. Thus for us France comes to take the place of the whole Continent. Foreign affairs have been seen by us through a French medium. While Germany lies concealed under the mist formed by intricate institutions and a puzzling language, and the other countries of Europe are still further removed from our knowledge, an intense light has long shown on France ; its history is known to us in outline at least as far back as the Revolution if not further, and our knowledge of the other countries is almost confined to the relations they have had with France. At the same time all this attention given to French affairs is given, as it were, under protest. Serious politics, we hold, are only to be found in England, and our highest praise of French statesmen is to say that their eyes are gradually opening to what we have long known. When we are most interested in their vivid excitements it is with a sense of superiority, as though we could still repeat the reflection Goldsmith made on them a century ago—

“ With sports like these are all their cares beguiled ;
The sports of children satisfy the child.”

In short, it may be said that our maxim is, “ No liberty, no politics, and therefore no history.” Where there is not free speech and earnest public debate, there, we think, is political death. And by this rule we seem on the whole to regulate our historical studies. This rule throws open to us the greater part of Greek and Roman history. It allows us also to take an interest, as we have lately done, in the Italian republics and in the United Netherlands. But it excludes the imperial period of Rome and modern Continental history from the latter part of the Middle Ages to the French Revolution. It would very much exclude the Middle Ages themselves, only that their romance, art, and religion supply the interest that is elsewhere furnished by politics.

Now it would be absurd to say that in taking this view we in any degree overrate the value of political liberty ; it would be absurd, I think, to deny that our country had in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the advantage over the Continent it supposes itself to have had. The Continent itself has confessed this by borrowing our liberty from us ; it has been mainly occupied in this century in appropriating and assimilating our parliamentary system. The insufficiency of that old despotic system was proved by the collapse of it first in France and afterwards in those countries which revolutionary France attacked. To question this would be to fly in the face of the principal lesson and experience of the age. And if political science,

or, what to me is much the same thing, if history had nothing else to do but to give us hints immediately applicable to the conduct of our own domestic affairs, I do not know that we should be far wrong in passing over as barren that period of Continental history. But it has other and quite different functions, of which I will point out two, the one more immediately practical, the other educational.

First, these states whose history we hold in such little esteem, are not, like Greece and Rome, to be met with nowhere else but in history. They are amongst the great powers of our own time. We have dealings with them in diplomacy; we may have to meet them in war. Witness our recent relation with Russia. How eager we have all been in these years to form a clear opinion about Russia! Was it a tyrannical half-barbarous Power? or was it a youthful heir of the future—herald of civilisation and happiness to the whole East? Was its advance a menace to ourselves, or might we safely allow and encourage it? Upon these questions it was urgent to decide, because war or peace depended on the decision. Now the questions are strictly historical. They involve the whole question of the course taken by Russia since Peter the Great, and of the character stamped by him upon the Russian Empire. Any answer to them not founded upon a right estimate of that character could not but be an answer given at haphazard. In like manner, when in 1664 we had to decide upon the Schleswig-Holstein question, we were in reality called upon to decide upon the nature of the new German Power then so eagerly consolidating itself, and upon the relations it was desirable to form with it for the future. Now in what condition does a great nation stand which is called upon not rarely to decide vast questions like these, and which, moreover, imperiously insists upon deciding them itself and will not trust the decision to any Government when it refuses to furnish itself with the knowledge necessary for such decision? Yet the English not only do this, not only refuse to study Russian or German history out of dislike of despotism, but do not even take measures that there shall be a skilled class among them from whom they may at need ask instruction. There were no good English books on Germany in 1864, no good English books on Russia in 1877; and Mr. Mackenzie Wallace told me that though he had intended to give a complete historical view of the development of Russia he had been warned that such a scheme would never succeed with the English public, and so was driven to content himself with the personal narrative we have all read, the value of which may give us some notion of how much we have lost by our own fault. Unfortunately he had no choice between presenting his historical view to the general public, which turned up its nose at such a present, and suppressing it altogether. There was no select audience of specialists to which he could present it.

But it suits my present purpose better to point out that this maxim—where there is no liberty there can be no politics and no history—

will not bear theoretical examination, and that besides the practical inconveniences it may cause it is wrong in political science. It might be true if political science were but a set of maxims intended to bear directly upon action, for a country that has prosperous liberty cannot learn directly from the precedents of despotism. But it is the nature of science to separate itself boldly from practice at the outset in order to influence practice all the more decisively in the end. If history and politics are to be united, according to our programme, in order to form a system which shall be in the highest degree both scientific and practical, such a system must be scientific first and practical afterwards. It must in the first instance lose sight entirely of practice, and occupy itself only with general laws. A first main consequence of this principle will be that it will not study only good or successful states in order to use them as models, and put the bad ones on one side, but that it will examine all states equally, for the purpose of classifying their varieties, and will put on one side only those which belong to a class already determined. What should we say of a botanist who rejected all species which he thought ugly, or of a zoologist who passed over the lower animal organisms as not worthy of his attention? And secondly, those states which are not only inferior to others but seem to have something in them radically vicious, which brings them to ruin, will not now seem uninteresting, but rather will have a special interest of their own, a pathological interest.

I can illustrate this readily from the period before us. If we took either the romantic or the merely empirical view of history, we should pronounce the age of Louis XV. to be a dreary period, which it was desirable to hurry over as much as possible. In comparison with the glory of the Grand Monarque, how humiliating this long decline of the monarchy? morally what more odious than the debauchery of the Parc-aux-Cerfs, politically what more insane and ruinous than the policy of France during the Seven Years' War? And what conceivable lesson can an age like the present—an age of democracy, publicity, and decency—learn from the last dotage of the old *régime*? But now change the point of view; look at history scientifically and the period acquires a peculiar, if not unique interest. For it affords the largest, fullest, and best recorded specimen of the process of decay in a great state. Accordingly, writers on the French Revolution, who, perhaps, in the choice of a subject, would have passed over this period as ignoble, are obliged to go back upon it in their preliminary dissertation, to search it for the causes of the great events they are to relate; and De Tocqueville has made it the subject of one of the best investigations of which political science can as yet boast.

In a great many other historical periods the same result would follow from changing the point of view. Where you complain now that there is nothing to admire, nothing to take an interest in, you would cease to complain. You would look for an interest of another

kind, and if there was nothing to admire you might find something to explain. Let me give some examples. A few years later than the French Revolution there was a German revolution not much less violent. It is concealed under the battle-smoke of Napoleon's campaigns. There fell the world-old-Empire, there for a time fell the new fabric of the Prussian monarchy. All this requires explaining as much as the fall of Louis XVI. And to find the explanation you must examine the course of affairs in Germany through the last years of the last century. This period, as a period of decay, is in itself, like the reign of Louis XV. in France, uninteresting or repulsive. But you will find it now, with your new purpose, interesting enough; for you have acquired the eye of the physiologist, who talks with satisfaction of a "beautiful ulcer!"

On the whole we might say that the interest of Continental history through the eighteenth century is mainly of this pathological kind. There is a decay in most states of Europe. The century begins with the fall of Sweden, and the decisive decline of the Papal power; it witnesses also the fall of Poland, and after the downfall of the French Monarchy it ends in that general collapse on which Napoleon's Empire was built. During the century we find only two powers in vigorous growth, Prussia and Russia. But the interest is none the less great because it is pathological. England was in a more healthy and prosperous condition than most of these powers during that period; but can we say that its history is more instructive? I scarcely think so, for we ought not to forget that the unexampled fortune of England is purchased at some expense. Prosperity is not generally so interesting to read of as misfortune, and the decay and transition of the Continental states in the eighteenth century are perhaps more pregnant with instruction than England's domestic prosperity and colonial expansion.

But let us remark next, that states which are under a despotic rule are not always in a condition of decay, and that they may excite an interest which is not pathological. Compared indeed with states in which liberty is securely established, they cannot but seem wanting; but they may easily be full of health and vigour, may surpass in many ways the states which have this particular advantage over them, and may be deprived of it themselves only by some irreparable peculiarity of position. At any rate there may be much to study, and abundant matter for political instruction in states which have no liberty.

Can *any* state be uninteresting to one who makes it his occupation to observe and classify states, who is, so to speak, a collector of states? Yes, indeed, there are large fields of history from which at present at least it is hard to cull anything. There are states under which human nature sinks into such lethargy that it records nothing, exhausted states, in which life stands still. There are others, especially in newly settled countries, where by the side of much prosperity

and civilisation, there is a kind of political nonage or nullity arising from the absence of that external pressure which commonly calls the state into life. But can it be that any of the great states of Europe have so uninformative a history through any long period !

There is something to my mind rather presumptuous in our habit of looking down upon the Continental nations as if they were afflicted with political incapacity. There are perhaps races in Asia and Africa which might justly be so regarded. But the European nations are with ourselves the most advanced, the most successful nations in the world. Modern civilisation is a treasure committed to our joint keeping. It is not England taken alone, but the Commonwealth of European states that constitutes the striking phenomenon of the modern world. In a sense we are all ready to admit this as soon as it is stated. We do not pretend to any but a purely political superiority over France and Germany. In arts and civilisation we claim to hold our own with them in the main, but not to be superior, and in many arts we acknowledge ourselves to be inferior. But in politics we do not admit any comparison between them and us. We do not merely think of them as less advanced than ourselves, but as positively at a low level. We regard them as living in the darkness of a kind of political heathenism. We contemplate the history of the Continent in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries with the same sense of strangeness, the same instinctive dislike and repulsion with which we read the history of barbarous countries. We expect to find in it horrors, misery, remorseless cruelty. In short, we seem to have settled it that the European Continent has been in modern times the seat of civilisation, of letters, learning and science, but at the same time politically barbarous.

And, of course, if it be admitted that there can be no decent or endurable politics without liberty, then this estimate must be just. But then, also, we must hold that the politics of a country are not so all-important to it as we commonly suppose. For if France and Germany were able, though their politics were barbarous, to keep in the front rank of civilisation and science, to give birth to new and pregnant ideas, to open new paths of progress to the human race, then it is evident that bad politics are an evil which may be endured. And yet it is difficult to understand how this can be so, and we ourselves commonly assert the contrary. Bad governments have the greatest power to check improvements in civilisation, to dwarf and crush human nature—as can be proved by many instances. It seems therefore difficult to understand how these French and German governments can really have been so thoroughly bad, when we consider how active and fruitful the human mind was able to show itself under them.

How strongly we ourselves feel the close connexion between good government and high civilisation appears from a theory which has been very popular among us, that the great literatures of the world have always been produced under a *régime* of liberty. In maintain-

ing this theory, our writers have remarked that it is confirmed by more than one instance which at first sight seems to run counter to it. Thus, the Augustan literature was not produced under liberty; but then Virgil, Horace, and Livy had grown up under the republic, and had been formed by it. In like manner, Corneille and Pascal, whom we reckon among the glories of the age of Louis XIV., belong to that earlier part of the age when the impulse of the Fronde still continued, and the Court had not yet swallowed up everything. Now let me ask you to consider the great intellectual movement of modern Germany. Beginning about the year 1768, it continued at its height into the present century. For depth and originality we may safely say that the movement of the Augustan age was a trifle to it. It not only created German literature, German philosophy, and the characteristic German school of history—not only excited the mind of the nation as perhaps no nation was ever excited before by mere ideas—but its influence went forth into other lands and has not yet ceased to move and shake the schools of Europe. Did this movement take place under a *régime* of liberty? Nay, it began in the very depths of the decay of the old German Empire; in that period the history of which seems so intolerable to us, in that chaos of small courts, that nation of courtiers and officials. The breath of liberty did not move over Germany till the movement was drawing near its end, and when it came it was disagreeable to Goethe, who more than any other man represented the movement.

We are wrong, then, in supposing that literature cannot flourish except under a *régime* of political liberty. But it may still be true that it cannot flourish except under a government which is in substantial respects good. Only then it follows that the system of government which prevailed in Germany in the last century, and which we regard with so much contempt, must have been better than we think. It may therefore deserve to be studied better than we think. Certainly we must not look there for a stirring tale of great men and great deeds; nor yet for lessons to guide us in the politics of this age. But from the scientific point of view it is certainly interesting to inquire what sort of institutions admitted or encouraged an intellectual excitement so extraordinary and unique.

Something similar might be said of the sociability which was developed in France under the old *régime*. Thoroughly bad government destroys sociability. There must therefore have been something worth studying in that French system which created a higher ideal of society than had been known before, which allowed the French language to be formed into so perfect an instrument of conversation, and conversation itself to become such a ready method of diffusing ideas.

In sum, what I would say is, that with respect to liberty our view as historical students must be wholly different from our view as practical politicians. In practice we cannot overrate its value nor guard

it too jealously; but in historical study we must learn to dispense with it easily. We must be ready to take an interest in despotic states as well as in constitutional ones—to think of them as possibly civilised and advanced. Nor must we study them merely in order to detect the weaknesses of a despotic system, or to mark the first symptoms of the advent of liberty. We must be prepared to find authority growing sterner from age to age, as in the time of our own Tudors, and yet not to suppose that we are watching a course of decline. For we must understand that before the yoke of government can safely be relaxed, a process of national consolidation must have been accomplished. The people who are to form the nation must have been drawn together and separated from those who are to be foreigners to them, a frontier must be formed and guarded, clannish anarchy must be curbed within, and the supremacy of law finally established; all this is rough work, and requires a hard hand; and we are particularly to note that nothing but the accident of our insular and impregnable position, and not some superior natural genius for politics, gave us in these matters an advantage over continental peoples.

Reflexions like these may, I think, help us to overcome the second prejudice which I find closing our eyes to historical truth. As party spirit cools when you discover the pettiness of party conflict, and how deceptive is that appearance of grandeur which is commonly thrown over it, so does that English prudishness which shrinks from modern Continental history and politics as if they had something heterodox or scarcely respectable about them, pass away when you take a larger view of historical development. The differences between English and Continental politics appear somewhat smaller, though still no doubt great; and it appears in a great measure explained by necessary causes. On the other hand, the large resemblances between England and the Continent come out more clearly; the great European unity founded in religion and ancient culture, under which England is part of Europe, appears more fundamental than the distinctness which arises from its insularity.

But it is time to bring these papers to a close. To what conclusion do they point? I have dealt in succession with a number of popular misconceptions on the subject of history. There was the misconception which classes history as a branch of *belles lettres*, and expects from the historian romantic, dramatic, and pictorial effects. There was the illusion which sees in all past history a reflexion of the party conflicts of the present day, which finds Liberals and Conservatives, Whigs and Tories, wherever there have been political disputes. And now I have spoken of the capricious antipathies of the public taste to certain historical periods, in particular its repugnance to the greater part of recent Continental history. These matters may seem to have little mutual connexion, but they are connected in the experience of the historical teacher, who finds them the principal hindrances against which he has to contend. They are connected too as being all alike

symptoms of the crudeness of the public mind on the subject of history. But for what practical object do I call attention to these popular mistakes? Is it in the hope that the public, being admonished, may grow wiser? Hardly, for as I look upon history as a scientific subject, I do not hope that the general public can ever conceive it rightly. All direct attempts to popularise historical knowledge seem to me likely to fail, for history only becomes interesting to the general public by being corrupted, by being adulterated with sweet, unwholesome stuff, to please the popular palate. My object is to show the necessity of organising the study of history as every other serious study is organised, and as the study of ancient history is already organised. History must have its specialists, its endowed corporation of skilled judges, who may interpret between the original investigator and the public. It is from the want of such organisation that all the misconceptions I have pointed out arise. In this subject alone the original investigator is in immediate contact with the general public, who are incompetent to judge of his work, and who spoil and corrupt it by their imperious dictation. He lives in dread, in the first place, of their petulant laziness, and in order to keep their attention awake is driven to those tasteless tricks of style which the public accept as flashes of poetic genius. He is in dread too of their violent party passions, or else, being himself more than half an *amateur*, he shares them, and so we see the political squabbles of the day reflected and idealised in the history of two thousand years, just as Homer saw all Olympus divided between the partisans of Greece and Troy. Then again he is constrained to inquire anxiously what historical subjects interest the public and what do not. For the public has the most rooted preferences and aversions, and from its caprice the historian has often no appeal. He may indeed be fortunate enough to light on a period the study of which has been already organised. If he has views on the age of Pericles or the character of Julius Cæsar, he may be easy, for he will be listened to by a University audience. But if he tries to break new ground, if he is attracted by recent Continental history, as he may well be, considering both how little has yet been done in this field and how fertile it might prove, especially if he tries to treat this subject in a serious scientific spirit, then, so to speak, "the seed falls by the wayside." He finds no audience but the general public itself, who ask, with indignant surprise, what he can mean by writing a dull book and on an uninteresting subject. Or perhaps, on better advice, he shuns the ordeal, and, like Mr. McKenzie Wallace, suppresses his researches altogether.

What is wanted is the intermediate class of specialists. The public indeed wants it as much as the original investigator. For it would perform a double function. While, on the one hand, it would protect the investigator from the injustice of incompetent judges, on the other hand it would itself popularise history as far as a scientific subject can be popularised, in the same way as we have seen physical

science popularised to a certain extent without losing its scientific character. In ancient history this is already done. Mommsen, after writing for the learned a long series of abstruse dissertations, condescends himself to give the general public the results of his research in a popular history of Rome, from the pages of which any one may now easily learn what the organised study of ancient Rome has ascertained in the course of a long time. But in modern Continental history, and to some extent even in modern English history, the intelligent popular narrative is wanting as much as the original research. The whole subject falls into the hands of nameless compilers, or of politicians retired from business. There are no specialists to pass laborious years over it, to apply to it the best criticism and the best philosophy, and then to present to the lay world, in clear and trustworthy outlines, the essence of countless volumes. Hence the result we see. Hence it is that the very best education given in England does not impart a living knowledge even of English history, while it conveys no conception whatever of the grand course of Providence in creating the modern brotherhood of European nations, the vast whole of civilisation.

J. R. SEELEY, in *MacMillan's Magazine*.

THE ANCIENT BRITISH CHURCH.

1. *The Ancient British Church: A Historical Essay* By JOHN PRYCE, M.A. London: Longmans, Green and Co. 1878.
2. *Chapters of Early English Church History*. By WILLIAM BRIGHT, D.D., Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History, Oxford. Oxford. Clarendon Press. 1878.
3. *A Dictionary of Christian Biography, Literature, Sects, and Doctrines*. Edited by WILLIAM SMITH, D.C.L., LL.D., and HENRY WACE, M.A. London: John Murray. 1877.
4. *A Dictionary of Christian Antiquities*. Edited by WILLIAM SMITH, D.C.L., LL.D., and SAMUEL CHEETHAM, M.A. London: John Murray. 1876.

WE have hardly any reliable information as to the early history of Christianity in Britain. There are traditions, improbable and sometimes conflicting, in abundance. Conjecture has for centuries been busy in attempting to compensate for the dearth of facts. But until the dawn of the fourth century there is scarcely a single incident in connection with British Christianity concerning which it is safe to speak with confidence; and even after the dawn of that century there are very few incidents—the Martyrdom of St Alban, the presence of British bishops at the Councils of Arles and of Ariminum, St. Ninian's

mission to Galloway and that of St. Gildas to Ireland, the triumph of British orthodoxy over Pelagianism, a couple of local synods, and the foundation of two or three monasteries—that can be disentangled from the legends that obscure them. Nor have the antiquaries succeeded in identifying many of the numerous relics of the period of Roman dominion in Britain as Christian. There are a few monograms on pottery, a few coins and a few doubtful gravestones, a few traces of ecclesiastical work at Lyminge and at Brixworth; but it is almost certain that the majority of these relics belong to a later period than the second century, and little more can be learnt from them than the bare fact of the existence of Christianity in Britain at an early date in our era.

That fact has been embellished in many ways, and it may be that in some of its embellishments there may be found indications of the manner and of the more exact time according to which and at which Christianity was introduced into Britain. The various theories on the subject may for memory's sake be arranged into three or four classes. There are those which ascribe the introduction to direct apostolic agency; there are the stories which have gathered around Glastonbury and Joseph of Arimathæa; the Welsh legends of Bran and his companions; the traditions which associate Lucius and Eleutherius; and one other which refuses thus to be classified—that concerning Aristobulus, who is made by some the emissary of St. Paul, by others the colleague of Bran.

A brief notice of the different apostolic traditions will suffice in all cases but one. St. John is alleged by some (Haddan and Stubbs, *Concilia*, 22–26) to have founded the church in Britain. But whilst such a theory can easily be accounted for on the ground that the long lifetime of St. John, terminating as it did some time between the years 89 and 120 A.D., might tempt the advocates of an apostolical foundation to interpose a journey to Britain amongst the events of his obscure old age, the theory has to face several insuperable difficulties. Not only does St. John's mission appear to have been one inside the church, *contra hæreses*, rather than one of active propagation of the faith, but also his labours were, according to the earliest and most reliable testimony we possess, confined almost exclusively to Asia Minor.

The name of Philip has been associated in two ways with the introduction of Christianity into Britain. Some of the Glastonbury legends make him during a supposed residence in Gaul the author of a commission to Joseph of Arimathæa and twelve colleagues (Pryce, p. 37) to preach the faith in Britain. Another tradition (Haddan and Stubbs) relates that he visited Britain himself. But in all these cases there is an inextricable confusion of Philip the Apostle and Philip the Evangelist. The Apostle, according to the earliest writers (Clement of Alexandria, *Stromateis*, iii. 52; Eusebius, *H. E.*, iii. 30 and 31), laboured in Phrygia and died at Hierapolis. And the Evangelist cer-

tainly resided for many years (Acts viii. 40, xxi. 8), and probably for the whole of his life, with his wife and daughters at Cæsarea.

For fourteen years, from the ascension to his death in A.D. 44, the life of St. James the Great, son of Zebedee, is historically a blank. Just as one legend (Roman Breviary, in *Fest. S. Jac. Ap.*) endeavours to fill up that blank with miracles wrought by him in Spain, so another represents him as preaching and establishing a Church amongst the Britons. But the most precise authority for the visit of St. James to Britain is the forged chronicle of Flavius Dexter. Flavius Dexter lived during the reigns of Theodosius and Honorius (circ. A.D. 360–390), but the chronicle attributed to him was not published until A.D. 1620, and “betrays the hand of a Spanish Jesuit, Jerome de Hyguera” (*Dict. of Biog.*, Art. “Dexter”).

St. Simon Zelotes is another of the Apostles from whom Britain is said to have received its first acquaintance with the Gospel. But there is no Apostle concerning whom we have less reliable information than concerning Simon. And if the *Synopsis* of Dorotheus relates that he was crucified and buried in Britain, it should not be forgotten that that *Synopsis* is spurious and of unknown authorship (*Dict. of Biog.*, Art. “Dorotheus”); whilst the Hebrew partiality and fanaticism of Simon render it very unlikely that he would travel far westwards. Moreover, Bæda’s *Martyrology*, which is no doubt in part genuine, though some additions by Florus in the ninth century have been incorporated with it, represents Simon as suffering in Persia.

A student of ecclesiastical history will not be surprised at finding the name of St. Peter associated with the first introduction of Christianity into Britain. There is indeed a “Welsh legend of later times” which maintains “that it was at Lampeter, ‘the church of Peter,’ that the apostle saw the vision in which he was warned that he must shortly ‘put off his earthly tabernacle’” (2 Pet. i., 14). (Stanley, *Memorials of Westminster Abbey*, p. 17. For further British legends concerning Peter, see Usher, *Ecccl. Bibl. Primordia*, cap. i.). But apart from legends, the whole theory rests upon the frailest foundation. No earlier authority can be quoted in favour of it than an anonymous commentary on St. Peter and St. Paul, which is ascribed to Symeon Metaphrastes, “a biographer of the tenth century” (*Dict. of Biog.*, i. 365), and in which we are told “that Peter stayed some time in Britain; and after he had preached the Word there, established churches, and ordained bishops, priests, and deacons; in the twelfth year of Nero he returned to Rome.” It is true that some advocates of this tradition have ventured to refer also to a decretal letter which Innocent I. wrote to Decentius, who about the year 416 (*Dict. of Biog.*, Art. “Decentius”) was bishop of Eugubium in Umbria; but Innocent’s statement amounts to nothing more than that no churches had been established in Italy, Gaul, Spain, Africa, Sicily, and “the interlying islands,” except by priests whom Peter or his

successors had appointed. Nothing whatever is said about a visit of St. Peter in person to Britain, or even about any arrangement by him for a special mission to Britain.

But no apostolical tradition concerning Britain has been received with greater favour than the one which attributes the introduction of Christianity to St. Paul in the interval between his first and second imprisonments. Soames (*Angl. Sax. Ch.*, p. 22) is disposed to accept it. Usher and Stillingfleet, and many subsequent writers who have followed their guidance, do accept it. And yet there is no satisfactory evidence for it; but what evidence there is justifies the opinion that it is unlikely, and even hardly possible. The date of St. Paul's liberation is A.D. 63, and that of his execution either 67, according to Eusebius, or 68, according to Jerome. There can be little doubt that after his release he proceeded to Spain, according to an intention he had himself expressed (Rom. xv. 24), and according to the testimony of Jerome, Chrysostom, Eusebius, and even of such early authorities as the Muratorian Canon and Clement of Rome. (The references are given at sufficient length in Conybeare and Howson, ii. 462 and 463.) If St. Paul's Pastoral Epistles are authentic, we must also acknowledge that after his first imprisonment he was travelling at liberty in Ephesus (1 Tim. i. 3), Crete (Tit. i. 5), Macedonia (1 Tim. i. 3), Miletus (2 Tim. iv. 20), and Nicopolis (Tit. iii. 12), before he was for the second time a prisoner in Rome (2 Tim. i. 16, 17). The necessary inference is that there is no time left in the four or five years' interval for a journey to Britain. Nor do the authorities that are quoted in support of this tradition prove upon examination either very distinct in their statements or very trustworthy. That the fact that some of the Welsh Triads are entitled Paul's Triads (*Trioedd Paul*) indicates nothing further than a tribute of respect to St. Paul, may be gathered from a statement of the author to whom above all others we are indebted for Welsh ecclesiastical antiquities, who says that "our native documents are silent respecting the alleged arrival of St. Paul in Britain" (Williams, *Eccl. Ant. Cymry*, p. 61). Sophronius, who was Patriarch of Jerusalem from 629 to 636 A.D., is reported to have affirmed that Paul preached the Gospel to the Spaniards and the Britons. But not only does his comparatively late date reduce the value of his testimony, but also unfortunately no such reference to St. Paul can be found in his extant writings; and Usher, in quoting him, cautiously adds: "Quot tamen ex aliorum fide refero, mihi enim ipsi authorem videre nondum contigit." Another authority is Venantius Fortunatus, who flourished about the year 480 A.D.; but all that he says, in his poem on the life of St. Martin (iii. 491), is not that the Apostle himself, but that his teaching ("stylus ille") reached "the land of the Britons, and utmost Thule." Indeed, in another of his writings (*Ep. ad. Martinum*, cap. ii. 7, 8) he distinctly makes Illyrium the farthest limit of the Apostle's travels. Theodoret, again, who wrote about 432 A.D., in one place (*G. C. Aff.*, lib. ix.), speaking of

the Apostles generally, represents them as having evangelised not only the Scythians, Indians, Ethiopians, and Persians, but also the Germans and the Britons; and adds in another place (*in Psalm cxvi.*), that "St. Paul brought salvation to the islands that lie in the ocean." But both of these passages must be regarded as qualified by his statement elsewhere (*Sermo ix. de Legib. Opp.*) that it was after the Apostle's death that the laws of the Crucified penetrated to Persians, Scythians, and the other barbarous nations." Eusebius, whose date is about 340 A.D., in a rhetorical work (*Dem. Evang. lib. iii., cap. 5*), speaks as if some of the Twelve or the Seventy had "crossed the ocean to the isles called British." But when in his *History* (iii. 1) he is describing the mission-fields of the different Apostles, he makes no mention whatever of Britain. But the authority upon which reliance is chiefly placed is a sentence in the First Epistle (i. 5) of Clement of Rome to the Corinthians, written in A.D. 97, in which St. Paul is said to have "instructed the whole world in righteousness," and to have gone before his martyrdom "to the extremity of the west." But "the extremity of the west," to a resident in Rome, is much more naturally interpreted of Spain than of Britain, especially when we find similar expressions used elsewhere (V. Paterculus, *Hist. Rom.*, lib. i. 2; Philostratus, *V. Apoll. Tyan.*, iv. 27 and v. 4, quoted by Pryce, p. 47), undoubtedly with that signification.

There is another form which this Pauline tradition sometimes assumes. Between the years A. D. 43 and 52, Aulus Plautius was governor of Britain, and his wife, Pomponia Græcina, is said to have been a Christian convert of St. Paul, and, together with the Pudens and Claudia, to whom the Apostle refers in his last Epistle (2 Tim. iv. 21), to have introduced Christianity into Britain. But since the opinion that Pomponia Græcina was a Christian rests solely upon the statement of Tacitus (*Ann.*, xiii. 32) that she was accused of "foreign superstition," and withdrew into complete seclusion, it is not easy to object to Dr. Merivale's description of it as "a surmise of the flimsiest character." Moreover, the identification of St. Paul's Pudens and Claudia with the Pudens and the British Claudia whose nuptials and married life Martial has celebrated in a couple of his epigrams, is, to say the least, precarious, and has to face difficulties alike in morality and in dates; and even if it were absolutely proved, it might suffice to indicate the presence of a British-born Christian in the Church at Rome, but not the existence of a Christian Church in Britain.

Passing from the apostolical traditions, the story of Aristobulus forms a fit link of connection between them and what may be called the national traditions. Aristobulus is the Arwystli Hen and companion of Bran of the Welsh Triads, one of the seventy disciples, and a brother of Barnabas, according to the Greek Menologies (*Die xvi. Martii.*; or Pseudo-Dorotheus, *Synopsis Menolog.*), who was ordained by St. Paul as missionary-bishop to Britain. But all these par-

ticulars have gathered around the simple mention of the name in Rom. xvi. 10, where the form of the expression suggests that Aristobulus himself was not a Christian. It is almost certain that he was a member of the Herodian family, either grandson of Herod the Great—in which case he lived in a private station, and died at Rome (Josephus, *Bell. Jud.*, ii., 11, 6)—or else greatgrandson, in which case he travelled, not northwards to Britain as an evangelist, but eastwards to Lesser Armenia, the governorship of which was given him by Nero in A. D. 55 (Tacitus *Ann.* xiii. 7; Josephus, *Ant.*, xx. 5).

The Welsh tradition of Bran the Blessed brings us again into contact with St. Paul. We may regard it as an historical incident, that Caradog was brought to Rome about the year 52; but around that one fact there has been a large accretion of legends. Martial's Pudens and Claudia became again the friends of St. Paul, and the son-in-law and daughter of the British chieftain; all embrace Christianity; and after an interval of seven years the whole family, along with the grandfather Bran, return to Britain, with the exception of one son Linus, who is afterwards appointed the first bishop of the Gentile portion of the Church in Rome. But there is a great lack of authority in support of these statements. Omitting the references to Claudia and Pudens, which have already been noticed, the earliest native appearance of the legend is in one of the Welsh Triads, composed probably in the twelfth century. Even apart from their recent origin, it is impossible to attribute much value to these Triads, of which one may be quoted as a specimen from the *Myvyrian Archæology*: "There are three ways in which a Cymro is primary above every other nation in the Isle of Britain—primary as a native, primary as regards social rights, and primary in respect of Christianity." Moreover, the silence of Tacitus and of Dion Cassius, and the jealousy of Clandius, are fatal to the supposition that Caradog was ever allowed to return to Britain; and it is equally uncertain alike that his father's name was Bran, and that Bran was a companion of his son in his exile at Rome.

It is, perhaps, impossible to say exactly how much truth there is in Bæda's story of the correspondence between Lucius and Eleutherius; though it is not probable that there is more than a very little. For the name of Lucius in the earlier centuries gradually became the centre of a whole cycle of legends. The foundations of Westminster, "St. Peter's, Cornhill, Gloucester, Canterbury, Dover, Bangor, Glastonbury, Cambridge, and Winchester," (Stanley, *Memorials of Westminster Abbey*, p. 10), have been ascribed to him. He is said to have deserted his throne for the bishopric of Coire in Switzerland. His pulpit of rock, "whence his voice could be heard a dozen miles off on the Luciensteig," is still shown, with indentations that are said to be the marks of his fervent fingers. But omitting all these embellishments, Bæda's story (i. 4) assumes the simple form that King Lucius in the year 167 sent to Eleutherius, Bishop of Rome, a letter, entreating "that he might be made a Christian, and presently obtained the

fulfilment of his pious request ; after which the Britons retained the faith thus received, inviolate and in tranquil peace, until the time of the Emperor Diocletian." We have hardly any other authority than that of Bæda for this story. Gildas is silent concerning it. The *Historia Britonum* (the author of which was probably Nennius, A. D. 853) preserves it, but with the significant addition that "the mission was the joint work of Bishop Evaristus and the Roman Emperors." And it is only when we reach the eleventh and twelfth centuries, and come into the company of William of Malmesbury, of Geoffrey of Monmouth, and of the *Liber Landavenis*, that the tradition is found to be currently received and amply garnished. But William of Malmesbury (who wrote his chronicle soon after 1120) was a chronicler rather than an historian ; and it is only when he is relating what he had "either himself witnessed, or had obtained from ex-witnesses," (Dr. Giles's *Pref. to William of Malmesbury*, p. 10, note : edit. Bohn), that he is reliable. Geoffrey of Monmouth has been branded (by William of Newburgh) as "fabulator ille," and does not appear to have been "acquainted with a single historical fact relative to transactions subsequent to Julius Cæsar which he did not derive from Gildas, Bæda, or Nennius," (Hardy, *Descript. Catal.*, 350), or from Eutropius or Orosius. And the historic value of the *Liber Landavenis* may be gathered from a single sentence of Mr. Haddan's (*Arch. Camb.*, third series, No. lv.) : "Whenever he (the compiler) ventures upon a date or upon an historical fact that can be tested, he or the document he copies is almost invariably wrong." But not only is Bæda's account thus unsupported ; it falls altogether to pieces when it is examined. Bæda appears to have derived it entirely from "an interpolation in a sixth-century copy of an early catalogue of the Roman" bishops. The original catalogue, written shortly after A. D. 353, gives merely the name and the duration of the Episcopate of Eleutherius. But in the copy which was made about A. D. 530, words are inserted which represent the bishop as receiving a letter from Lucius, asking "that he might be made a Christian by his mandate." Further, Bæda's date, A. D. 167, must be wrong, since the accession of Eleutherius is commonly dated A. D. 177. There can hardly have been a "king" Lucius reigning at that period in any part of Britain ; hardly any chieftain, if he was a Welsh native, or noble, if he resided within the Roman pale, whose influence could have been as great as that of Lucius must have been, according to Bæda. It is also entirely improbable that there was any such communication between British Christians and Rome in the second century, when what Christianity there was in Britain was of a Greek rather than of a Latin type. And it is not likely that the tradition has any further basis of historical truth in it than that after the middle of the second century application was made by British Christians to some Continental, probably to some Gallican church, for the means of further instruction in Christianity.

The only legend left is the one with which art and song have been most busy. Dean Alford has preserved it in his ballad of Glastonbury, and Tennyson has introduced it into his *Idylls of the King* :

“ From our old books I know
That Joseph came of old to Glastonbury,
And there the heathen prince, Arviragus,
Gave him an isle of marsh whereon to build ;
And there he built with wattles from the marsh
A little lonely church in days of yore.”

We may add the supposed date, A.D. 63 ; the fact that there were exactly twelve companions appointed to accompany Joseph, of whom Lazarus, Mary, and Martha were three ; and that when Joseph placed his staff in the ground at Avalon, it is said to have taken root and to have grown into the famous holy thorn that greets every Christmas with its blossoms. But these Glastonbury legends are not only suspicious by reason of their contents, they also cannot claim any higher antiquity than the eleventh century. They form a part of the cycle of Arthurian legends, which were certainly of Norman origin (Sismondi, *Lit. of S. Europe*, i. 196-199, edit. Bohn ; Hallam, *Middle Ages*, 691, 692 ; Green, *English People*, 114, 115 ; Usher, *Primordiu*, ch. xi.), and in which the fabulous so entirely prevailed, that it is even questionable whether there ever was an Arthur, Prince of the Silures. So little, indeed, were they credited even at the time of their appearance, that the almost contemporaneous William of Malmesbury qualifies his recital of the story of Joseph of Arimathæa with an “ ut ferunt.” Their construction and acceptance are readily explained upon the simple supposition that a Christian teacher of the name of Joseph, a stranger from Gaul or some neighbouring country, settled at Glastonbury in the second or third century. For just as the Gauls identified Dionysius, the first Bishop of Paris, in the third century, with Dionysius the Areopagite ; just as the German made Maternus, Eucharius, and Valerius, who lived in the third and fourth centuries, attendants on St. Peter and preachers of the first century (Mosheim, *Institutes*, second cent., ch. i., sect. 4) : so it is by no means improbable that the later British monks identified a certain Joseph from Gaul with Joseph of Arimathæa.

But whilst all traditions concerning the introduction of Christianity into Britain are thus unsatisfactory and open to insuperable objections, the forces that were working to produce them ought not to be overlooked. Throughout the early ecclesiastical history of perhaps all countries that have ecclesiastical history, there is traceable a very natural and excusable desire to connect this first knowledge of Christianity in the country with the earliest date in any way defensible, and if possible with the labours of the Apostles themselves. “ Churches,” writes Fuller (*Ch. History*, i. 11 ; edit. Nichols), “ are generally ambitious to entitle themselves to Apostles for their founders ; conceiving they should otherwise be esteemed but as of the second

form and younger house if they received the faith from any inferior teacher. Wherefore as the heathen, in searching after the original of their nations, never leave soaring till they touch the clouds and fetch their pedigree from some god: so Christians think it nothing worth except they relate the first planting of religion in their country to some Apostle." And this desire has led to much jealousy and rivalry between the Churches of different countries, to so much indeed that more than once the time of general councils has been devoted to the settlement of the differences. At Pisa in A.D. 1409, and again at Constance in A.D. 1417, the question of the priority of the origin of the French and English Churches was gravely discussed, until at last it was decided in favour of the British Church at the Council of Basel in A.D. 1434. And it may be that all the various motives which prompted the first production and secured the currency of these different traditions, may be resolved into the one element of eagerness for national or for local precedence.

There are, however, several valuable conclusions, of great importance in the formation of any opinion as to the earliest contact between Christianity and Britain, which may legitimately be derived from these traditions. It is safe to conclude that the first introduction of Christianity was not organised and systematic, accomplished according to a definite plan by a band of men under the leadership of one. The very multiplicity of the legends, celebrating as they do the different men and consecrating various localities, points to the fact that there were several diverse and independent agencies at work at different times and at different places—that Christianity gradually "crept through the pores" of Britain, rather than suddenly swept over and inundated it. It is equally obvious that this process of the unobtrusive and quiet and at first almost imperceptible leavening of Britain must have commenced at an early date, and must have slowly extended and accomplished itself. An early introduction of Christianity, an introduction with which no single name or names can be assuredly connected—the manifold traditions justify at least those two conclusions.

And if we turn from the traditions to the authentic history and the state of society in the latter part of the first and the commencement of the second centuries, both of those conclusions will become alike more trustworthy and more definite. For two factors must have been of considerable importance in the conversion of the Britons from Druidism to Christianity. The one is the steady influence of the Christian soldiery in the three legions that were stationed in Britain. It can be proved that from the time of St. Paul to the time of Constantine the Roman army was more or less affected by Christianity. Cornelius, an officer in a corps of Italian volunteers (*Akerman, Numismatic Ill. of N. Test.*, p. 34) quartered in Syria, had become a Christian during the lifetime of St. Peter. St. Paul had not been long in Rome before he could boast that his bonds had borne effectual testimony to Christ throughout the Prætorian guard (Phil. i. 13).

And whatever amount of acceptance we may be disposed to give to or to withhold from the famous legend of the "Thundering Legion," it certainly suffices to show that Christians served in large numbers in the army which Marcus Aurelius led in the year 174 against the Marcomanni. At the same time the influence of the Christian soldiers in Britain may easily be over-estimated. It can hardly have commenced before the expedition of the Emperor Claudius in A. D. 47, and it would be better to date its commencement upon the conclusion of the work of Julius Agricola in A. D. 84. Moreover, the Roman system of recruiting would largely interfere with its success. For if, on the one hand, the fact that the legions were generally retained in the same province for many years, and recruited from the locality at which they were stationed (Josephus, *Ant.*, xiv. 15, 10; Tac., *Agric.*), suggests that the Christians who belonged to them originally would be able to exert a steady and prolonged influence upon the natives; that same fact indicates, on the other hand, that the original number of Christians would receive very few additions except by the conversion of natives, that their hands would not be strengthened by the constant arrival of converts from other parts of the empire.

The other noticeable agency in the diffusion of Christianity in Britain would be the commercial activity of the period, and the attraction which drew it towards Britain. For never before had there been such freedom and facility of intercourse as existed in the first century of our era. And in Britain, as elsewhere, the work of the Roman sword was followed immediately by the work of Roman civilisation. "The conquered people," writes Mr. Green (*Eng. People*, p. 5,) "was grouped in great cities, such as York or Lincoln, cities governed by their own municipal officers, guarded by massive walls, and linked together by a network of magnificent roads, which extended from one end of the island to the other. Commerce sprang up in ports like that of London; agriculture flourished till Britain became one of the great corn-exporting countries of the world; its mineral resources were explored in the tin mines of Cornwall, the lead mines of Somerset, the iron mines of Northumberland and the Forest of Dean." Indeed, so quickly did commerce take root and thrive that London, the site of which in the year 41 (when London was founded, according to Guest, *Arch. Journal*, xxiii., 178-180) was an uninhabited marsh, could be described by Tacitus (*Ann.*, xiv. 33) as "*copiâ negotiatorum et comineatum maxime celebre.*" But, again, the influence of commerce in bringing Britons into contact with Christians must not be over-estimated or anticipated with dates. Commerce, which is rarely prospered by any kind of war, has generally to hide its head altogether in a period of civil war. And in consequence the time of the departure of Agricola would probably be the time when merchants began to frequent the ports and marts. Thence they would make their way in ever-increasing numbers to the cities and larger towns, and it would not be until after a long interval that the

villages were visited by them. In most ages Christianity has been indebted in part to commercial enterprise for its diffusion. And we have every reason to believe that our own country received its knowledge of Christ, in part, from Christian merchants, whose influence would be felt very feebly at the close of the first century, but would thenceforward increase, until some centuries later both Christianity and commerce were well-nigh destroyed amidst the calamities of the time.

There is still a little more light thrown upon the Christianisation of Britain by certain features of the native Church in subsequent years. Up to the time of the Saxon invasions, and even afterwards, in the case of what remnant of a Church was left in Wales and Devon, there is distinctly traceable a very close relationship of affection, almost of maternity, between the Gallican and the British Christians. At the Council of Arles, in the year 314, three British bishops were present, but they were summoned by the emperor in conjunction with those from Gaul, almost as if they were missionary-bishops of Gaul, and they appear to have acted and voted in all respects in accord with their Gallican colleagues. Martin of Tours, Germanus, Lupus, and Severus, were all bishops in Gaul, to whom the British Church appealed in times of need, some of whom visited it in order to purge it with authority from the taint of heterodoxy, and whose memory was long treasured up filially. In Liturgy (the *Ephesine*) and ritual generally, in the observance of Easter, and in one or two other points, there was a general agreement between Gallican and British use, which can be accounted for only upon the supposition that at some time in its history Gaul had exerted an overpowering and permanent influence upon the British Church.

A momentary reference to the condition of Christianity in Gaul, in the earlier centuries of our era, may enable us to localise more definitely the source of this influence. Sulpicius Severus (*Hist. Sacra*, ii. 32), writing about the year 400 concerning the persecution at Lyons and Vienne, says, "These were the first martyrs among the Gauls, for the Divine Religion was not received till late beyond the Alps." And it is almost indubitable that, while Gaul generally did not accept Christianity until the third century, there were, in the year 150, very flourishing churches at Lyons and at Vienne. Indeed no places seem to have offered a fuller welcome to Christianity than the Greek colonies. If St. Paul travelled to Spain by way of Massilia, as is anything but improbable, he would no doubt strengthen whatever feeble Christian organisation he found there; and it is easy to see how Christianity would quickly make its way to Massilia's daughter-settlements of Lyons and Vienne, at which places both authentic history and inscriptions show it to have numbered many and influential converts in the middle of the second century. And bitter as was the work of the persecution under Marcus Aurelius in Rome and in Asia Minor, nowhere was there practised extremity or more exterminating

cruelty against Christians than in Southern Gaul in the year 177. The mission of Pothinus and Irenæus to those Churches, shortly before the persecution commenced, had greatly confirmed and enlarged them. The effect of the persecution, merciless as it was, would be to disperse the converts, according to the example of several analogous cases. And the conclusion is almost irresistible, that these Lyonnais and Viennese, attracted at once by the remoteness of Britain, and its immunity from persecution, perhaps urged also by other more distinctly Christian motives, wandered thither, at first without any definite purpose or plan, and afterwards according to a well-designed endeavour to convert the natives, and thus established that connection between Gallican and British Christianity, than which there is hardly any more certain fact yielded by the study of the history of the Church in these islands during the earlier centuries.

One circumstance which seems at first to militate against that conclusion, proves, upon further examination, in its favour. Irenæus (about A. D. 179), in what was obviously intended to be an exhaustive list of the churches in the West (*Contra Hæresis*, lib. i. 10), does not in any way allude to a Church in Britain. Two explanations of his silence (suggested by Mr. Pryce, p. 62, *note*) may be given. It might be said that the point of his argument was the fact that well-known Churches adhering to one faith were scattered throughout the world, and that therefore there was no need for him to refer to the feeble and little-known Christianity that then existed in Britain. Or it might be said that his close connection with the Lyonnais and Viennese Christians, and his knowledge that the Church in Britain was, strictly speaking, simply one of their missionary churches, naturally led him to refuse it a place in his catalogue, and to comprehend it under and as a part of the Church in Gaul.

Other early testimony besides that of Irenæus does not justify any greater definiteness, either in affixing a date to, or in recording the first introduction of Christianity into Britain. General statements, such as the familiar ones of Pliny (*Ep.*, 97), and of Justin Martyr (*Dial. cum Trypho*, p. 345), may be omitted. Nor is it necessary to repeat those which have already been referred to in connection with the different traditions. No information can be derived from our earliest British historian, Gildas (about A.D. 516–570). Arnobius junior, in the year 460, writes (in *Ps. CXLVII.*), “So swiftly runneth the Word of God, that whereas for so many thousand years He was known in Judæa alone, now within a few years he has been revealed to the Indians on the east and to the Britons on the west”—a statement which testifies to the somewhat early conversion of Britain, and yet dates it “within a few years” of the year 460. Jerome (about A.D. 395), writes (*Epp.*, 45, 10; and 58, 3) that “the enthusiasm for pilgrimages to Palestine had touched even Britons,” and that “the road to the heavenly hall stood open from Britain as well as from Jerusalem. Chrysostom, in about the year 387 A.D., writes

(*Quod Christus Deus*, tom. i. p. 575, edit, Benedict.) that "even the British Isles have felt the power of the Word, for there too churches and altars have been erected." Athanasius, in the year 363, counts (*Ep. ad Jov.*, 2) the Britons among those who were loyal to the primitive faith. Origen, in the middle of the third century, supplies us with a threefold testimony. In his *Homilies on St. Luke* (No. 6) he says, "The power of our Lord and Saviour is with those who in Britain are divided from our world;" to which he adds more rhetorically in his *Homilies on Ezekiel* (No. 4), "When has Britain, before the arrival of Christ, agreed in religious belief in one God?" And yet in his *Commentary on St. Matthew* (iv. 271) he asserts that of the Britons and of the Germans who are near the ocean *plurimi* have not yet heard the word of the Gospel. Last of all we have Tertullian's exultant words (*Adv Judæos*, vii.), written either in the year 208 (Haddan) or in the year 201 (Kaye and Pusey), that "places in Britain not yet visited by the Romans had been subjugated to Christ." And there is no reliable earlier testimony. Evidently there was no general knowledge in Christendom of the prevalence of the Christian faith in Britain before the close of the second century.

The whole examination of the subject leads to such conclusions as the following: that the ancient traditions are all unsatisfactory and unworthy of credit—that through the ordinary channels of military and commercial enterprise the Britons would receive their first knowledge of Christianity, the communication of which might commence in the latter part of the first century, but would always be irregular, and never very fertile in results—that in the latter part of the second century organized efforts were made for the conversion of Britain, which had their source certainly in Gaul, and probably in the churches of Lyons and Vienna. Beyond the calculation of probabilities, and the assault upon conjectures, it is hardly wise for any student of early Church history to proceed. He cannot hope to do more than recover a few dates, or help to dissipate a few legends. Whenever he begins to indulge in narration, he will rarely be able to avoid himself, or to divert his readers from the suspicion that narrative in subjects of this kind means not history but fiction.

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A MATHEMATICIAN'S VIEW OF THE THEORY OF EVOLUTION.

CIRCUMSTANCES having induced me to devote some time to the study of comparative anatomy, certain reflections presented themselves to me in relation to the evolution of species, which suggested the following observations:

The indestructibility of matter has long been known. Plato evidently had some notion that matter changed its mode of existence without being annihilated, and I apprehend there can have been no doubt on the subject since the celebrated experiment of Lavoisier, from which it appeared that when charcoal is burned in oxygen gas, one body lost in weight as much as the other gained. But of late it has been seen that force also changes its mode of action, without becoming annihilated. This principle is called the law of conservation of force, and may be illustrated in various ways.

The following is an instance of friction being converted into heat : Fill a small brass tube with water, insert a cork, and cause it to revolve swiftly round its axis by means of wheelwork. If the tube is strongly compressed during its revolution between two pieces of wood, the water will boil so violently as to expel the cork.

Introduce a little of the vapour of bisulphide of carbon into a syringe constructed of glass, and compress the air suddenly by means of a piston, a flash of light will show that heat has been produced and the vapour inflamed.

Two pieces of quartz rubbed together may be made to produce light as well as heat.

There are certain batteries constructed entirely of metals which produce currents of electricity when acted on by heat ; and everyone must have noticed how the air is cooled by a thunderstorm. These are all instances of forces transformed into forces of a different kind.

Indeed the mechanical equivalent of heat may be ascertained in the following manner : Conceive a spindle coinciding with the axis of a cylindrical vessel nearly full of water, and furnished with paddles or fans. If the spindle revolved, the action of the paddles would cause the water to revolve likewise. But now suppose certain partitions or laminæ to project from the sides of the vessel, so arranged as to impede the motion of the water without obstructing the actions of the fans ; it will be found that the applied force, instead of imparting motion to the water, then imparts heat ; and as we know the force we apply to the spindle, and can ascertain by a thermometer the increase of temperature of the water, we evidently have data to determine the mechanical equivalent of heat.

Dr. Joule thus arrived at the following result, which gives the mechanical equivalent of heat : "The amount of heat necessary to raise a pound of water one degree in temperature, would, if all applied mechanically, be competent to raise a pound weight 772 feet high, or it would raise 772 pounds one foot high."

These and numerous other facts and experiments lead to the conclusion that force is indestructible, that the forces we see in action around us are to be considered as modifications of pre-existing forces, and that consequently we expect to find no unnecessary expenditure of force in creation.

Numerous examples of this economy of force are to be met with

in the forms of animal life. The bones of birds contain hollow spaces filled with air, and the bodies of birds and some insects contain air sacs; moreover the skull of a bird is for the most part a frame of remarkable lightness. All we have mentioned is of course intended to diminish the specific gravity of the animal, so as to cause it to fly with the least exertion. Again it has been remarked that the curved outline of fishes is such as to enable them to cleave the water most easily, and that bees contract the cells of the three-sided pyramids which terminate their cells, at such an angle of inclination that the greatest amount of space may be enclosed with the least amount of surface, or, in other words, of work.

When we say that a certain kind of carriage is adapted for a certain sort of road, we mean that it will travel along that road with least fatigue to the horse; when we say that a sharp knife is adapted to cut a loaf, we mean that it will cut it when urged with a less force than a blunt one; similarly when we say that mechanical contrivances in animals are adapted to their purpose, we mean that the force required to enable them to act is the least possible.

Hence we arrive at a first general principle, that, as far as we can discern, a greater force is never used in creation when the same purpose can be attained by the exercise of a less force.

But secondly, when we regard the method of creation, we find in general that changes are not instantaneous, but gradual. Laplace considered that the system of the universe was formed by the condensation of nebulous matter; and this view has of late derived much support from the fact that spectrum analysis has revealed to us large masses of nebulous matter at present existing; mathematical analysis shows us that the earth was once a spheroid, that the figure of the earth is that which a fluid mass, revolving round an axis, would assume under the influence of gravity; and that consequently in all probability the earth was once fluid through the action of heat, and has become solid by gradual cooling. Geology teaches that the crust of the earth was formed by a succession of forces acting through countless ages. These and innumerable other facts prove to us that in general, important changes in creation are affected by degrees, or, speaking mathematically, not under the influence of impulsive but of finite forces.

This is a second principle to which I would call the attention of the reader.

We now apply these principles to the theory of evolution of species. Animals must either have been created out of nothing, or out of inorganic matter, or out of vegetables, or out of each other. The first and third of these methods of creation we may leave out of consideration, and with respect to the fourth, we imagine there is no one so foolish as to believe that a horse was created out of a lobster rather than out of an ass. This leads practically to the two hypotheses be-

tween which we have to choose, namely, that animals were created suddenly and miraculously out of inorganic matter, or developed by degrees out of each other.

When we say that one animal is of a higher order than another, we mean that it has more intelligence and more activity than another. Thus a lobster or crayfish is an animal of a higher order than an earthworm, a mollusk than a lobster, a vertebrate animal than an invertebrate. We here remark that the highest mollusks, the cuttlefishes, are animals of great strength and activity, and that they are able to show their emotions by a change of colour. Moreover, it is manifest that a bird is an animal of a higher order than a fish, and a mammal, on the whole, than a bird.

Now we are going to show that the structure of animals as shown by comparative anatomy constitutes a magnificent staircase terminating in man; and that in general the higher animals possess an internal structure more closely resembling that of man than the lower.

To do this fully would require volumes. I select the organs of circulation as well adapted to the purpose. I shall commence with some definitions intended to make the sequel quite clear. As it is impossible to understand anything about the heart without distinctly understanding the nature of an auricle and a ventricle, I give the following explanation.

An auricle is a chamber endowed with the power of contraction, which expels the blood through a valve which prevents its return, into another chamber called the ventricle. The ventricle is a chamber, likewise endowed with the power of contraction, which expels the blood into the arteries.

I add a definition of the lungs. In man the blood is propelled through the pulmonary artery into the minute blood vessels of the lungs. These blood vessels are divided by very thin partitions from minute cells, which become filled with air during inspiration. These partitions are not too thin to retain the blood, while at the same time they allow gasses to pass through them. In this way the blood loses its carbonic acid, and imbibes oxygen from the atmosphere. A similar construction will be found in other air-breathing vertebrata.

I commence with the organs of circulation in an earthworm. Imagine three equal slender rods and a number of curtain rings. Conceive two of these rods to be passed through the rings, and then to be pulled asunder as far as possible, also the third rod to be near the system thus formed, and parallel to the two first rods. Now suppose the rods to become straight tubes, and the rings to become circular tubes connecting two of the straight tubes; and moreover that all these vessels are filled with a kind of red fluid, and united with a series of capillaries or very small tubes; then, if we imagine one or more of these vessels to contract rhythmically, so as to occasion a kind of imperfect circulation, we shall have an idea of the so-called arterial system of the earthworm.

The heart of the crayfish is a vessel with several sides suspended by six ligaments in a large sac called the pericardium. The blood enters the heart by six apertures, provided with valves to prevent the return of the blood to the pericardium. The heart contracting expels the blood through six arteries which ramify minutely, and thus convey the blood to every part of the body. The blood finds its way back to the heart through certain irregular channels or lacunæ, and not as it appears by a regular system of veins. These channels convey the blood to the gills where it imbibes oxygen in the usual manner. Finally the blood is carried back to the pericardium through several trunks formed by the union of different canals, and re-enters the heart as before.

The organs of circulation in some of the mollusks constitute an extremely beautiful system. To illustrate this I take the doris, which has been minutely described by Hancock and Embleton in the *Philosophical Transaction*.

The heart consists of one auricle and one ventricle, and is placed at the lower part of the body immediately above the gills. The ventricle contracting drives the blood through the aorta, which immediately divides into different branches. One of these branches carries arterial blood to the liver, the two others enter the remaining viscera. The artery which enters the liver ramifies into capillaries which reunite again into a vein which pours the blood into a circular tube communicating by means of one or more vessels with the gills. After imbibing oxygen the blood is returned from the gills, by one or more vessels into another circular tube larger than the former and concentric with it. This second circular tube passes the blood through a vein into the auricle.

We now follow the course of the blood in the other two arteries. These arteries, which enter the remaining viscera, also ramify, and at length the blood is poured into the skin through irregular sinuses, where, according to Dr. Hancock, it is partially aërated, in consequence of the skin being able to perform imperfectly the functions of branchiæ. Thus the blood enters the capillaries of the skin, which reunite into two veins, and so return it to the auricle. Thus the auricle is filled with blood from two sources, namely, with thorough aërated blood from the liver and gills, and with partially aërated blood from the skin. The auricle transmits the blood to the ventricle and the process recommences.

In the fish the heart consists of one auricle and one ventricle. The ventricle contracting drives the blood into the aorta and thence into the aortic arches, which are distributed to the gills. The capillaries from the gills reunite into three arteries, namely, the corotid arteries passing to the head, and the dorsal aorta which carries the blood to the other parts of the fish. These arteries ramify into capillaries which reunite into several principal veins—two inferior cardinal veins which are situated parallel to the spine, two superior cardinal

veins which return the blood from the head, two brachial veins which return the blood from the sides, and the hepatic veins which proceed from the liver. These discharge their contents into a sinus or vascular cavity which communicates with the auricle: from the auricle the blood passes to the ventricle and the circulation recommences.

The heart of a frog possesses two auricles and one ventricle, which have a very peculiar action. We shall endeavour to give the reader some idea of the principle of this action in the following manner: Imagine a forcing-pump propelling the water through a tube of considerable diameter communicating with a very intricate set of passages, which we will call the complex. Imagine also a hole cut in the side of this tube, and opening into a pipe communicating with a less intricate set of passages which we call the simplex. Suppose a valve in the form of a plano-convex lens to be attached by a spring hinge to that point of the circular hole which is most remote from the pump, closing the hole when shut, but when acted upon by no other forces kept open by the spring.

Now conceive the forcing pump set in action. As the valve is open the water will naturally rush up the simplex, when there is least pressure, and this will continue until the passages of the simplex become so full that the pressure there will be greater than the pressure arising from the passages of the complex. The water will then rush up the main pipe, and by the force of the current close the valve. If then we suppose the simplex to discharge itself, then as the pressure in the complex stops the current, the valve will re-open, and the water again rush up the branch pipe until the complex has discharged its contents, and the process recommences.

If we suppose the forcing pump to be the ventricle, the large pipe to represent the principal aortic tubes, the branch pipe the pulmonary aortic tubes, the complex to be the capillaries of the frog discharging their contents into the right auricle, by means of the cardinal veins, the simplex to be the capillaries of the lungs discharging their contents in to the left auricle, we shall have some notion of the mechanical principle on which the action of the circulatory organs of the frog depends.

The heart of a reptile consists of two auricles and one ventricle; the right auricle receives venous blood which has passed through the general system, the left auricle that which has imbibed oxygen from the lungs. The ventricle is divided into a right and left chamber by an imperfect partition, consequently the right chamber is chiefly filled with venous blood from the right auricle, and the left chamber with aërated blood from the left auricle, but as the partition is imperfect there is a certain amount of intermixture. There are two aortic arches, one arising from the right chamber of the ventricle, the other from the left chamber, which bend round and unite beneath the heart, so as to form the principle aorta; from the former of these

tubes, before it unites with the latter, the pulmonary artery arises which conveys the blood to the lungs. The blood which enters the system through the principal aorta is conveyed back by the cardinal veins to the right auricle; that which enters the lungs is carried back by the pulmonary vein to the left auricle, and the circulation proceeds as before.

The heart of a bird or mammal consists of two auricles and two ventricles; the right auricle receives the blood from the system, and propels it through the tricuspid valve into the right ventricle, which, contracting, drives it through the pulmonary artery into the lungs. From thence, the capillaries, reuniting into the pulmonary vein, convey it to the left auricle, from which it passes through the mitral valve into the left ventricle. This ventricle, contracting, propels it through the aorta into the general system, whence it passes through the capillaries, and is returned by means of the cardinal veins to the right auricle, and the circulation recommences.

It is needless to say that the same system holds good for the heart of man, though in man there is not that admixture of venous and aërated blood which we observe in the system we have last described. We see then that the organs of circulation in animals form a progressive system which attains its highest development in man.

Had we taken any other organs we should have arrived at the same result. Consequently we are assured of the truth of the general proposition—that the forms of animal life, as evidenced by internal structure, constitute a progressive system which attains its highest development in man.

When we turn to the geological record of creation, we find, so far as the imperfection of that record will permit, that the progress of the system coincides with the progress of geological time. Thus the first indications of animal life (leaving out of consideration the eozoon) are the casts of certain worms in the lower Silurian rocks; we then successively meet with crustacea, fishes, reptiles and mammals. We must remember that it is not easy to find traces of animals in the rocks which have neither hard nor ossified parts.

We shall now be enabled to enter upon the main subject which we proposed to consider. The question as to the truth of the evolution of species may be stated thus. Bearing in mind the two principles to which we called attention at the beginning of this communication, which is most probable—that the different species were created separately out of inorganic substances by an enormous exertion of force, or that they were developed out of approximate forms by an immeasurably less exertion of such force? Before, however, we answer this question, we must consider the following important facts.

During the process of incubation, the chick formed inside a hen's egg undergoes most remarkable changes. It is not merely that the animal grows; it experiences likewise great alterations in structure. Thus the omphalo-mesaraic veins, formed soon after the heart begins

to beat, are completely obliterated, and succeeded by organs of circulation of a totally different nature. Moreover, a tadpole is not a frog in the same sense that a baby is a human being. The body as it grows up does not undergo such structural change; its organs are enlarged and strengthened. On the other hand, the change in the tadpole when it becomes a frog is immense. It is scarcely too much to say that a tadpole is to all intents and purposes a fish. Its heart has one auricle and one ventricle: it has gills instead of lungs, and its skull is cartilaginous like the lamprey. On the other hand, the heart of a frog has two auricles and one ventricle; it breathes by means of lungs, and the skull is in a great measure ossified. The changes, therefore, which a tadpole undergoes in becoming a frog are almost the same that a fish would undergo in becoming a reptile. And it must be remembered that this change does not take place before birth, but while the animal lives and moves beneath the sun.

We are therefore able to restate the question more forcibly thus: Which is most probable—that the different species of animals were created suddenly out of inorganic substances by an enormous expenditure of force, and by a process entirely unknown to us; or that they were developed out of approximate forms by an immeasurably less exertion of such force, and by a process which is taking place every day under our own eyes? I cannot, for my own part, see how there can be a moment's hesitation in answering the question in favour of the theory of evolution.

I have held a series of skulls of carnivorous mammals in my hand and inspected their structure: the forms and divisions, or sections of the bones were similar, the holes through which the nerves came out of the brain case were similar, and they only differed in such matters as length, breadth and curvature. Are we to believe they were independently created?

The different species of crayfish only differ in matters which must appear small when compared with the points in which they agree. Again, animals exist which show transition stages between known species. Thus the ornithorhynchus shows in addition to the well-known bill many of the features of the bird; and the axylotl, the ceratodus, and the lepidosiren possess both lungs and gills. In fact, I think that the theory of evolution is confirmed by almost every aspect of creation; and that evolution is one of the countless instances of that silent, gradual change which appears to pervade the universe, so far as we are permitted to observe it.

W. H. L. RUSSELL, F.R.S., in *MacMillan's Magazine*.

BEASTS, BIRDS, AND INSECTS IN IRISH FOLK-LORE.

Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
 Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
 The bird of dawning singeth all night long :
 And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad ;
 The nights are wholesome ; then no planets strike,
 No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
 So hallowed and so gracious is the time.—*Hamlet*.

THE greater number of superstitions regarding animals, so common in all parts of Ireland, like those of France, Germany, Denmark, and Sweden, relate to the part played by the brute creation during Christ's life on earth. It is generally supposed that these stories had their origin in Pagan times, and that the early Christian teachers, despairing of being able to eradicate the superstitious observances of the people, thought fit to divert them to their own use, and rebaptised the ancient myths and legends. The reader of "Farrar's Life of Christ" will remember the extracts given from the Apocryphal Gospels, which relate how the ox and the ass in the stable knelt in adoration at the Saviour's birth. To this old tradition, and to the fact that the ass's colt was ridden by Christ, and has the mark of a cross upon its back, may be traced the esteem in which the ass is held throughout Ireland. The people consider it lucky to have one of these animals to graze in the field with their cattle, thinking its presence a protection from witch or fairy. The Roman Catholic peasantry of the county Donegal gravely assure you that every ass falls upon its knees at midnight on Christmas Eve, and brays three times ; and many of them are ready to swear that this is certainly the case, they have remained awake until the holy hour, on purpose to see and hear it for themselves. In Derry, Antrim, and Tyrone, the people say that all the animals in the stable do the same. The reader will be reminded of the Breton legend that the ox and ass receive the gift of speech for the space of an hour upon Christmas Eve.

The cock is also held in very high esteem, and is believed to be well aware of the reason for rejoicing at Christmas-tide, since for nine nights at that season he crows all night long. Nor is this belief altogether confined to Roman Catholics. A Presbyterian family in Carrigans, a village in the county Donegal, had some years ago a hen so piously disposed that she imitated her crested spouse, and crowed loudly on Christmas Eve. Now, as the crowing of a hen is at all other times considered a most unlucky omen, the mistress of the house exclaimed in consternation from her bed, "Whisht, you villain of a bird ! Just wait till to-morrow, an' I'll wring your unlucky neck."

"Deed you will not !" cried the master. "You'll no stir thon hen, for she has more wit nor many a Christian."

So the crowing hen lived on ; but had she happened to crow at any

other time than Christmas Eve, she would have been thought the herald of death or misfortune to the family, and would have met with a speedy end. Everybody in Ulster knows the old saying—

A whistling maid and a crowing hen
Was never good in one town end.

The insect known in some parts of England as the “devil’s coach-horse,” in others as the “coffin-cutter,” and in Ireland and the highlands of Scotland as the diaoul, or devil, is everywhere in evil repute. If one of the old legends regarding this insect is to be believed, it earned the enmity of mankind very early in the world’s history. It is said to have eaten the core of the apple thrown away by Eve, and to this day a strong smell of apples is perceived when it is crushed. But this ancient sinner is hated by the Irishman for quite another cause. Judas, on his way to betray Christ to His enemies, met a number of diaouls, who turned up their tails to indicate the direction in which He had gone. The Roman Catholic in Cavan, Louth, and Meath says that anyone killing a diaoul before it has time to turn up its tail, is forgiven seven sins; and if so fortunate as to kill it on a Friday, the sins of the whole week are remitted.

The common blackbeetle has gained a still worse reputation. The reason given in all parts of Ireland for the evil odour in which this insect is held is the following: Some days before our Saviour’s Passion, when the rulers of the Jews sent men to apprehend Him, they met a young man at work in the fields, of whom they inquired whether Jesus of Nazareth had passed that way.

“Yes,” replied the young man.

“But when?” No answer.

A black beetle, however, raised its tiny head and said, “Yesterday, yesterday;” since when it has always been considered a praiseworthy action to kill a beetle wherever encountered. The Roman Catholics believe that they are forgiven seven sins if they kill it on any day in the week except Friday; but if on Friday, they are absolved from the sins of the whole week. The Irish-speaking peasant, while crushing it, exclaims, “Nie, nie, a-gaddah!” *i. e.*, “Yesterday, yesterday, you thief!” Should an educated Protestant ask why this insect is persecuted with so much rancour, he is not always told the story given above, but sometimes receives this answer: “The black clock is listening; it will tell something.” A favourite cure for whooping-cough in Derry and Donegal is to catch a beetle which flies against you unawares (you must not be on the look-out for it), and to cork it up tightly in a bottle. As it slowly dies, the patient is supposed to get better. Perhaps this last superstition may somehow be connected with the virtuous action involved in the destruction of a beetle.

Before leaving the subject of Irish superstitions relating to Christ’s life on earth, we may mention that in Ireland, as in other countries,

the robin is believed to have plucked a thorn out of the crown of thorns, and to have got its breast stained with blood in so doing.

Tinkers are looked down upon in Donegal for the following reason : When the blacksmith was ordered to make nails for the Cross, he refused, but the tinker consented to make them ; and Christ condemned him and all his race to be wanderers, and never to have a roof of their own to cover them till the world's end.

"Can that be true?" we asked the woman who told us the foregoing story. "Is it not the case that tinkers must wander from place to place in order to ply their trade?"

"Na, na, miss ; it's the blessed Lord's judgment on them that keeps them from having a house o' their ain."

The same person declares that she has seen the sun dance for joy on Easter morning. "She" (the Irish peasant always makes the sun feminine) "was just risen above the mountains, when she gave three wee skips for joy that Christ is risen. Sure I seen it wi' my ain eyes."

The cock is esteemed very highly for his wisdom, inherited, in all probability, from the ancestor that crowed when Peter denied his Lord. Should he crow at an untimely hour, such as from six p.m. to eleven p.m., he is believed to prophesy some event affecting the family, and the mistress hastens to feel his feet. If they are cold, her heart sinks, for she knows that he foretells a death ; but if warm, she is comforted and reassured, sure that the house prophet is but rejoicing at the expected arrival of a good letter from America, or some other piece of luck.

A curious anecdote is told of St. Columba's last night in Ireland, in which a cock plays a prominent part. The good saint honoured the village of Ballyfay by lodging there, and informed the mistress of the house that he must positively leave her at cock-crow next morning. The woman's cock crowed very early in the night, awakening St. Columba, who departed wearily, cursing the village as he went, in the following words :

Oh, luckless Ballyfay,
Deprived of Chanticleer,
Evil to drive away,
And morning light to cheer.

Since when no cock has ever been heard to crow at Ballyfay.

The cock's superior intelligence sometimes leads him to give warning of danger, even during the daytime. About a mile from the gap of Barnsmore, in county Donegal, is a lonely inn, standing beside a black lake, which reminds the tourist of Moore's lines :

By that lake whose gloomy shore
Skylark never warbles o'er—

so dreary is the wide solitude of the surrounding boggy plains and distant frowning hills. The mountains of the gap form a majestic

background to this forbidding picture ; while to your right, as you drive along the high road, is the long low building of the inn, flanked by a couple of scraggy fir-trees, and to your left the black lough. Here the van from Stranorlar to Donegal stops, that the horses may drink ; and even so long ago as the end of last century the inn was a place of refreshment for travellers.

In the summer of 1798, when society in Ulster was completely disorganised, a poor woman, too weary to go farther, was set down with her baby, and a large trunk, at the inn door. A night's lodging was requested, and the tired traveller placed herself by the fireside while supper was being prepared. Evil-looking men moved about the room, and she saw them cast many glances at her trunk, which was unusually large for a poor woman to possess. A good deal of whispering in Irish took place, which she, being a Derry woman, could not understand ; but the host, as he sharpened knives upon the board, seemed to nod towards her in a threatening manner. A cock just then strutted up to her, plucked her dress with his beak, and crowed loudly.

“ Wring his neck, the villain ! ” said the host to the servant-girl.

The bird flew up to the rafters out of harm's way, but as soon as the commotion was over he came down again, and once more crowed and plucked the traveller's gown. Much alarmed the poor woman rose up, and said, as calmly as she could, “ I'll go a wee piece along the road, to look about me. Please take care o' my trunk, an' I'll be back before the supper's ready.”

No one attempting to detain her, she left the inn with her child. Walking quietly until out of sight of the black lake and gaunt firs, she began to run wildly along the road towards the gap. A party of yeomanry met her when she was almost exhausted, and to them she told her story. It was a time when all houses were liable to be entered and examined. The inn was thoroughly searched ; papers were found implicating the host in the rebellion ; and human remains, as well as clothing, silver, and other valuables, discovered on the premises, showed that travellers had been made away with there. The woman was conducted to her destination by the yeomanry, and did not return to Derry until the troublous times were over. She lived to tell her great-grandchildren how the cock had saved her life.

But sometimes the bird of omen has been known to utter his faithful warnings in vain. A man named Teague Gallagher, who lived on the banks of the Bush, a salmon stream in county Antrim, fell into bad company, and fished for salmon on clear nights. He and his comrades had met with many alarms since they began their dishonest courses, and had more than once been forced to run for their lives, and Teague's wife implored him to give up poaching: “ For I canna rest for the fretting, Teague, dear, and my heart's quare and heavy,” said she, on one particular night. She cleared away the supper things as she spoke, and at that moment her cock and hens flut-

tered down from their roosts upon the table, crowing and flapping the r wings. She hastened to feel their feet: they were as cold as snow. "The saints defend us!" cried the frightened woman; "listen to the birds, an' it only nine o'clock at night. It's maybe your death they're warning us of. Dinna gang after the fish this nicht, but gang till yer bed like a Chrlistian man."

Teague was somewhat impressed by the warning, but went out notwithstanding, and the wife sat listening in the cabin, with terror at her heart. About an hour afterwards she heard the report of a gun. Despair overwhelmed her; some one was killed or wounded, and who could it be but her foolhardy Teague, who had set all warning at defiance? Too true! Her husband's corpse was brought in: he had been shot by the keepers.

All readers are aware that

The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day; and at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine.

The writer has been told by a poor woman of an interview she had with her dead sister, who came to her bedside, and laid a chilly hand upon her breast.

"Why do you come, Peggy, dear?" says I.

"Just to bid you quit your crying and lamenting, Grace," says she; 'for in troth you're keeping me frae my rest.'

"An' what is it makes the hand of you that cold, Peggy?" says I, for the cold of it went to my heart.

"Troth," says she, 'you kept me flying about between earth an' heaven, an' it's cold there.'

"An' was it my lamenting did it on you, mavourneen? for if it was, sorra another tear I'll drop for you.'

"Whisht," says she,

The cocks do crow,
And I must go;

and wi' that she faded away."

"Did she never return?"

"Na, na, miss, dear; she got to her rest, for I lamented nae mair; an' forbye that I lived three year poor and hungry, till I gathered the price of masses for her soul."

In Cork and Kerry the crowing of a cock at night is thought to give notice that a ghost is in the house, and then whoever is still afoot hurries to bed in trepidation and draws the blanket over his head.

The

Little inmate full of mirth,
Chirping on my kitchen hearth,

is regarded by our peasantry of all races—Celts, semi-Scotch, and descendants of the English settlers—with superstitious interest. It is described in Ulster as ‘a gentle wee thing,’ the word ‘gentle’ always meaning of fairy origin. It is thought to be very lucky when crickets come to a house, and very unlucky when they leave it, and it is considered a dangerous thing to kill them. The writer of this article saw her cook stoop to examine something on the kitchen floor the other day, and on asking what it might be, received the following answer:

“It’s a cricket, miss; I thought it was a clock” (*i. e.*, black beetle), ‘an’ I was very near putting my foot on it. I’m sure I’m glad I did not, for if I had killed it, the other crickets wouldna ha’ left one stitch o’ my clothes that they wouldna ha’ cut holes in.”

This idea about the revengeful feelings of the crickets is universal, and is not confined to any race or religion, but how it originated we are unable to discover.

Not long ago we fell in with a “flitting” on the high road. The father went first, with the cart piled with bedding, chairs, tables, and other furniture; next walked the mother, with the cock under her arm; then the little son, carrying the cat; and lastly the younger children, each with a small bundle. We wished the family good fortune in their new home.

“Look, miss,” said the man, taking his tobacco-box out of his pocket and showing two crickets within—“look what we’re taking wi’ us for luck.”

The weasel is accredited with the same revengeful feelings as the cricket, and the people are most unwilling to kill one, lest all the weasels in the country should track out the murderer, and avenge the death of their comrade by cutting his throat. A ploughman came from his work in much agitation one evening, and on his master inquiring what was the matter, he replied—

“I killed a weasel in the fairy field, your honour, and two other weasels has been chasing me up an’ down the furrowe all day, trying to get at me. Dear, dear, but I had the ill luck!”

“What folly is t. is, Martin?”

“I beg your honour’s pardon, but it’s allowed that weasels ’ll pursue you to cut your throat if you kill one o’ them; an’ there was a grand-uncle o’ my own killed a weasel, an’ the next day he lay down by the roadside——”

“Well, Martin?”

“Well, sir, he fell asleep, an’ he was found dead and bleeding, wi’ dozens o’ weasels swarming over him!”

It is thought unlucky if a weasel should cross the path of any one setting out upon a journey:—some misfortune will surely follow. The murderous and blood-thirsty nature of this little animal is thus explained. When the Danes came to Ireland they brought their cats with them, which, when their masters were driven out of the coun-

try, escaped to the woods and fields and turned into weasels! The memory of the Danes is held in detestation, and red-haired people are considered unlucky, because supposed to be descended from them.

A curious superstition connected with the hare has come lately to the writer's knowledge. If a woman about to become a mother sees the little white tuft upon a hare's tail, it is thought that her child will be born with a hare-lip; and any man who kills a hare, pulls off the tuft of white fur at once, lest this misfortune should happen in his own family or in that of a neighbour. But the woman may avert all danger of this kind by keeping a small portion of her petticoat unsewn: if she have but the breadth of an inch of this garment unravelled, she may encounter any number of hares without fear of injury to her expected infant.

The idea that a newt is on the watch to creep down the throat of any person who happens to fall asleep out-of-doors, so prevalent in Ireland, has given rise to many strange stories. A turf-cutter in the county Antrim is said to have been afflicted with the company of a newt for several months. He had been so foolish as to sleep in the bog one warm summer day. The reptile proving a most uncomfortable inmate, he applied to a country doctress for a cure. The old woman advised him to eat largely of salt herring, which would have the effect of making his disagreeable guest so intolerably thirsty that it would have to come up to drink.

"Lie down," she concluded, "fornenst the river, wi' yer mouth open, an' yer troubles 'll soon be over."

He obeyed strictly, while a crowd of anxious neighbours kept watch at a little distance, when, *mirabile dictu*, they saw a full-grown newt, followed by seven little ones, issue from his mouth, and hasten down to the stream to drink! Of course the patient beat a rapid retreat.

This little reptile, regarded with so much fear and dislike, has however its own use in the world. Anyone who catches it, holds it by its feet, and licks its back three times from the head to the tail, will be able henceforth to cure all burns and scalds, if he apply his tongue to them immediately after they have been received, before the blisters have begun to rise. As few people have courage enough to touch a newt even with their hands, those who have acquired this gift of healing are not very many; yet we have the pleasure of being acquainted with three old men who are thus gifted.

While writing on the subject of cures performed by animals, it is only kind to inform our suffering fellow-creatures that they may obtain relief from toothache by rubbing their gums with a young frog. A young Irish frog, at any rate, is warranted to ease their pain. In Cavan, Louth, and Meath, a field-mouse made into broth is administered to consumptive patients, as in parts of Germany spiders and their webs are swallowed for ague.

We shall conclude this paper by relating the tragic fate of "the wren with little quill"—"the poor wren, the most diminutive of

birds"—who is pursued by far more than half of the inhabitants of Ireland with unflagging animosity. Every Roman Catholic of the lower classes kills a wren when he has the chance, and the reason for his rancour is well known to the Protestants. The legend is that during one of the rebellions a party of Protestant soldiers, weary from the hardships they had undergone, lay down to sleep in a glen, the sentinels also being overcome with sleep. The rebels advanced softly, hoping to surprise them asleep, when a wren tapped with its beak three times upon the Protestant drum, awakening the drummer-boy, and the assailants were ignominiously routed. This incident, not told by Mr. Froude in his History, must, we fear, be accepted with caution, as the Protestants differ very much about the date of the occurrence, some saying it took place during the massacre of 1641, others in the rebellion of 1798, and others, again, in the time of their hero King William "of glorious, pious, and immortal memory."

The writer confesses that she has heard the story from Protestants only, her researches among Roman Catholics in this direction having always been nipped in the bud. "The wren has a drop of the diel's blood in it," is all that they will ever say on the subject.

On St. Stephen's Day, in the south of Ireland, boys carry about a wren in a furze-bush, which is decorated with ribbons. They shout and dance and sing. Later in the day, when they have killed the bird, they knock at all the doors in town and country, saying that the wren is in its coffin, and they want money to bury it.

LETITIA MCCLINTOCK, in *Belgravia*.

MR. JOHN BLACKWOOD.

THE news of the death on Wednesday last of Mr. John Blackwood, senior partner of the firm of Messrs. William Blackwood & Sons, will be received with deep regret by a large number of attached friends. For some years Mr. Blackwood's health has caused anxiety, and though he rallied last season after a sojourn in Italy, it continued to fail during the past summer. Until a month ago he was able to discharge his duties as editor of *Blackwood's Magazine* with all his old clearness and vigour, and until within a few days of his death he continued to manifest his usual keen interest in business and in literature.

John Blackwood, the sixth and last surviving son of William Blackwood, the founder of the famous magazine, was born in Edinburgh, December 7th, 1818. From an early age he displayed marked literary tastes and critical discrimination. He was educated at the High School and University of Edinburgh, and finished his studies by a long tour on the Continent, under the tuition of an excellent classical scholar and well-known contributor to *Blackwood*, the late Mr. William Hay, whose translations from the Greek into English poetry

ought not to have been so soon forgotten. On his return, young Blackwood passed a short time in the house of Messrs. Whittaker & Co. in order to learn the practical part of a publisher's business, and in 1840 a branch office of the Edinburgh firm was opened under his direction in Pall Mall, which was subsequently removed to Paternoster Row. As the London representative of his brothers, Messrs. Alexander and Robert Blackwood, who, on their father's death, in 1834, had succeeded to the business, John Blackwood proved himself most active and judicious, while his literary tastes led him into society and secured him friendships which proved of great advantage to the magazine. In addition to the regular contributors to *Blackwood*, many of the most popular authors of the day used to make Mr. Blackwood's office in Pall Mall a centre of meeting. Thackeray, although he never published with the Blackwoods, was a constant visitor, and a close and cordial intimacy sprung up between him and Mr. Blackwood, which was continued unimpaired until the death of the former. Mr. Delane, too, was one of the warmest of young Blackwood's friends at this period, and the two editors, amid the shifting tides of politics, maintained their personal regard for each other until the last.

On the death of Mr. Alexander Blackwood, under whose short editorship the influence and popularity of *Blackwood's Magazine* had been largely increased, John Blackwood was summoned down to Edinburgh to undertake the management of the literary business. From the outset his editorship of the magazine was marked by signal ability and tact. He made powerful literary friends, and he always succeeded in keeping them attached to himself. As the old race of giants, the companions of Christopher North, died out, he filled their places with new and worthy successors. Chief among these was Prof. Aytoun, who devoted his many-sided talents to the service of the magazine with a zeal and a fidelity to which it would be difficult to find a parallel in periodical literature. Warren, too, was still following up, by frequent articles and sketches, the success which he had earned by "Ten Thousand a Year" and the "Diary of a Late Physician." Mr. John Blackwood had an intuitive faculty of discerning genius wherever he encountered it, as well as of penetrating through the most specious veil of pretension and cleverness. He took great pride in being the means of bringing forward young authors of talent through the magazine, and he spared no pains to advance the reputation of those who committed their works to his charge. He never paid for names, and till his death he steadily and wisely vindicated the advantages which anonymous writing as opposed to the system of signed articles affords to the rising generation of writers.

Mr. Blackwood had many editorial triumphs during the three-and-thirty years of his literary career. Prominent among these was the success which Lord Lytton's "Caxton" series of novels achieved in the magazine, and the sensation which the "Coming Race" and the "Parisians" caused before the authorship of those tales was known. But it will be as the publisher who first recognized the early genius

of George Eliot that Mr. Blackwood's name will be most permanently connected with English literature. After reading the first instalment of "Scenes of Clerical Life," which he received anonymously, Mr. Blackwood was able to make up his mind that his new contributor was an author of no ordinary power: and we believe her later successes only realized the prospects which he then saw ready to open up before her. He was also fortunate in obtaining the friendship of Charles Lever when his powers were at their highest maturity, and from his first introduction into the columns of "Maga" the pen of "Cornelius O'Dowd" continued to steadily amuse its readers until his death, more than ten years after. Mrs. Oliphant, whose ability he encouraged at a time when she was almost unknown in the literary world, has also, it is understood, been one of the mainstays of the magazine during the last ten or fifteen years. General E. B. Hamley, the author of the "Operations of War" and of the delightful novel of "Lady Lee's Widowhood," and his able brother, Major-General W. G. Hamley, R. E., have, we believe, been among the most frequent living contributors to the magazine. And among novels recently published from its columns are works by Mr. R. D. Blackmore, Mr. Anthony Trollope, Col. Chesney, Mr. Charles Reade, and Col. Lockhart, showing that Mr. Blackwood never omitted to enlarge his staff when a likely recruit could be enlisted. We shall only have to give a list of a few of those whose connection with *Blackwood's Magazine* is a matter of public notoriety to show how varied were the talents of the collaborators whom John Blackwood gathered around him; and when we remember that he exerted himself as far as possible to make each contributor a personal friend, some idea may be formed of the extent of the literary circle of which he was the centre. The names that most readily occur to us, in addition to those we have casually mentioned, are those of Laurence Oliphant, Dr. John Hill Burton, Sir Archibald Alison, and his son the present baronet, the late Sheppard Osborn, Lord Neaves, Capt. Speke, E. S. Dallas, the ex-Chaplain-General Gleig, a contributor of nearly sixty years' standing, W. W. Story, Sir Garnet Wolseley, R. E. Francillon, Prof. Bonamy Price, Principal Tulloch, William Smith, &c. In politics Mr. Blackwood was, of course, a Conservative, and a valued friend and counsellor of many of the leaders of that party; but the literary columns of the magazine were frankly opened to writers of every shade of opinion. His generosity to his contributors has always been most heartily acknowledged; and he possessed in a remarkable degree the rare faculty of being able to reject an article without offending its author. The kindly feelings and genial temperament which he showed in private life he carried into his business relations, and many of the friends who have known him longest declare that they never saw him out of temper. In the management of the affairs of his house he was always actuated by a high sense of honour and a consideration for the interests of those who were dealing with him. In all literary questions his opinion was

held by his brother publishers in very high regard, and he gave valuable evidence before the Copyright Commission in 1877. Few men of his generation have done more than he to serve the true interests of literature, and few will be more regretted by those authors who had the privilege of his friendship. *The Athenæum.*

A SERMON IN STONE.

ON A "BUST (UNKNOWN)" IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

Who were you once? Could we but guess,
We might perchance more boldly
Define the patient weariness—
That sets your lips so coldly;
You *lived*, we know, for fame and blame;
But sure, to friend or foeman,
You bore some more distinctive name
Than mere "B. C."—and "Roman?"

Your pedestal would help us much,
Thereon your acts, your title,
(Secure from dull Oblivion's touch!).
Had doubtless due recital;
Vain hope! not even deeds can last!
That stone, of which you're *minus*,
Maybe with all your virtues past
Endows . . . a TIGELLINUS!

We seek it not; we should not find.
But still, it needs no magic
To tell you wore, like most mankind.
Your comic mask and tragic;
And held that things were false and true,
Felt angry and forgiving,
As step by step you stumbled through
This life-long task . . . of living!

You tried the *cul-de-sac* of Thought—
The swift descent of pleasure;
You found the best Ambition brought
Was strangely short of measure;
You watched, at last, the fleet days fly,
Till—drowsier and colder—
You felt MERCURIUS standing by
To touch you on the shoulder.

'Twas then (why not?) the whim would come
That, howso Time should garble
Those deeds of yours when you were dumb,
At least you'd live—in Marble;
You smiled to think that after-days
At least, in Bust or Statue.
(We all have sick-bed dreams!) would gaze,
Not quite incurious, at you.

We gaze; we pity you—be sure!
In truth, Death's worst inaction
Must be less tedious to endure
Than nameless petrification;
Far better, in some nook unknown,
To sleep for once—and soundly,
Than still survive in wistful stone.

Forgotten more profoundly! AUSTIN DOBSON, in *Belgravia*.

